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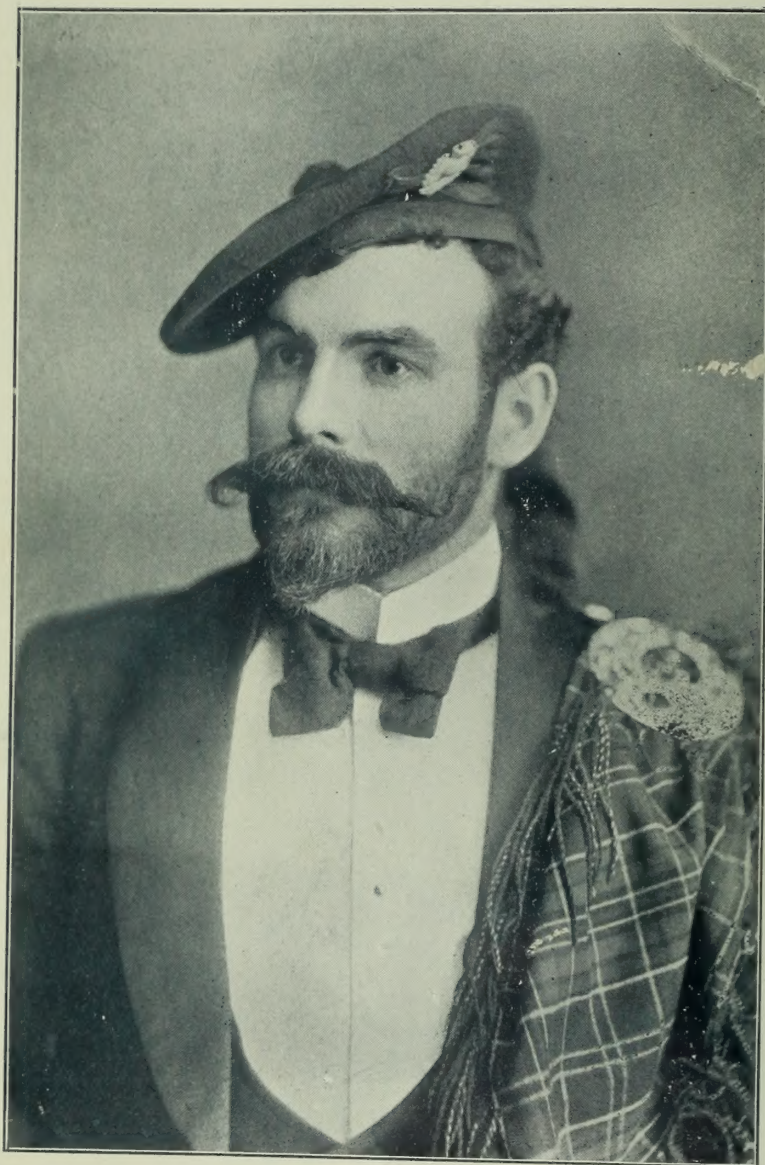


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DONALD MACGILLIVRAY,

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THE

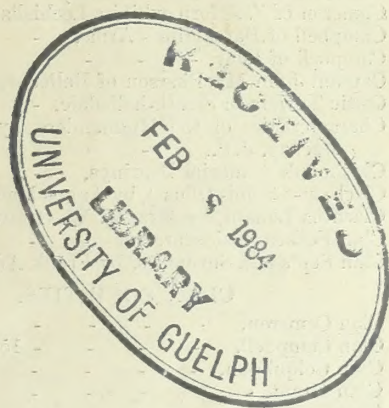
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DEDICATED

TO

PROFESSOR DUNCAN M. M'EACHRAN, MONTREAL, CANADA,

A DISTINGUISHED SON OF KINTYRE,

Whose love for his native land and its people, literature, and antiquities, has
been manifested in many useful ways.

JOHN MACKAY,

Editor.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

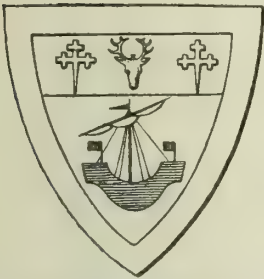
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DONALD MACGILLIVRAY.



We are pleased to be able to present our readers this month with a portrait of Mr. Donald MacGillivray, who has just been elected as Honorary Secretary of the Gaelic Society of London.

Few Highlanders are better known

among his countrymen south of the border than the subject of this sketch. A son of the late Mr. John Macgillivray, schoolmaster, Muir of Ord, he was born at Highfield, Ross-shire, in 1871. Leaving home in 1887, he went to Inverness, where he served for three years as a pupil with Mr. Duncan Cameron, architect and surveyor. From Inverness Mr. Macgillivray proceeded to Lancashire in 1890. During his two years in Blackburn he succeeded in rallying his fellow Scots and was mainly instrumental in founding the Blackburn Caledonian Society, which still exists and flourishes. But Blackburn to the young Highlander was merely a stepping stone on the road to London, and in November of 1892 he came to the metropolis, and at once threw himself into the Highland movement. It speaks volumes for Mr. Macgillivray's charm of manner and the contagion of his enthusiasm, that in practically six months after his arrival in London, he founded the London Highland Athletic Club, of which he was honorary secretary and treasurer, and of the associated annual Highland Gathering, until February, 1898, when, to the great regret of the Club and of his friends generally, he had to resign on account of his health. Mr. Macgillivray, however, as chairman of committee, still guides in a great measure the destinies of the Club. The subject of this sketch is himself no mean athlete, being able to throw the 16 lb. hammer well over 100 feet. He is equally at home on the dancing

platform, where he has taken first honours on more than one occasion.

Mr. Macgillivray has also served as captain and honorary captain of the London Camanachd Club, is a member of committee of the London Inverness-shire Association, and was one of the committee of the Highland Societies which presented Colonel Macdonald, of Omdurman fame, with a sword of honour.

For eight years Mr. Macgillivray wore the Queen's uniform as a volunteer, having served in the 1st V.B. Cameron Highlanders, as well as in London's crack corps, the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers.

But though a keen and enthusiastic Highlander, athlete, and volunteer, Mr. Macgillivray has been by no means neglectful of his professional interests. High as his name stands among his countrymen for his work connected with the societies, his name is more distinguished still as an architect. On many occasions his designs and schemes have secured large premiums and taken first places in open competitions. Among other public buildings, he designed the Hammersmith Town Hall and the Leyton Town Hall and Technical Institute. He also secured a premium for his design for the Bury Art Gallery and Technical Institute. Mr. Macgillivray is now entrusted with the designs, etc., for the public buildings of at least two of the London Vestries.

Such then is a brief sketch of Mr. Donald Macgillivray, but it is at best but a fragmentary outline of the career of one of the cleverest young Highlanders in the metropolis, a man whom his friends expect to do greater things yet. All who know him admit his charm of manner, his courtesy, and his modesty, both as regards his work for the societies and his professional work, and it is these traits which endear him to the hearts of his many friends.

The London Gaelic Society is to be heartily congratulated on the election of Mr. Macgillivray as honorary secretary of their ancient society. A Gaelic scholar, a gentleman, a man of brains, of infinite tact, he will make an ideal secretary, and we are sure that under his regime the annual Gaelic concert will increase in popularity and the society flourish even more than of yore.

WM. C. GALBRAITH.

ROB DEARG'S WAY OF IT.

A SUTHERLAND ROMANCE.

‘**T**HERE be three things that are heart-some to hear—the sound of the sea, the cry of the whaup, and the souging of wind in the trees. But it is far I am from them all. *Och, och!* to smell the peat reek, the heather and the sea-wrack, to see the hinds creeping down the side of the corries in the mouth of day! Aye, Rob Dearg, it is fain you would be on the hills this night, where the cold clean winds are blowing.”

So Rob Dearg Mac-Aoidh kept whispering to

himself as he lay in a garret far from Strath Terry. Three full years had he lived in the towns of the south, working in places where his ears were deaved with the whirl of wheels, and the air was for ever full of evil smells and the sound of strange tongues. But always his heart was turning to the hills and the glens he had left far away, and through his dreams there passed the image of a woman's face, with the eyes of her full of tears. Night after night he lay down in his poor room, and night after night the woman's face seemed to beckon him. The big red man would groan in his lonesomeness, and stare up through the skylight in the dark, where he could see the stars twinkling.



LAIRG, AND LOCH SHIN.

And his thought was the same thought always—Mairi, Mairi!

Rob Dearg was the strapping lad. Fine did he know the salmon pools on the Shin river, and the corries far up the sides of Clebrig. There was no lad about Lairg who was more namely for the quickstep and reel. But in the heat of words which he had one summer night with Paraig Gunn over Mairi, Rob Dearg took the way for the south, and next day the eyes of Mairi were red with the weeping.

Hot is the Highland heart in love, and hotter still when love is slighted.

So for three years Rob stayed in the south, working by day in the din of wheels, and play-

ing wild pranks by night. But one day there came to him the sound of a woman's weeping, sore and long and low. The clatter o' wheels could not silence the sound. Rob tried to put it away from him, but every time he tried the vision of Mairi's face rose up with the terror on it. Then he knew that it was Mairi's voice that he heard at the weeping. She was in trouble, and she was crying for him. And only those whose home is among the hills will ever know the power of the Vision, or the meaning of the sound of a weeping voice heard through the loudest clatter that is. So Rob knew that his time had come, and that not all the foolish pride in his heart that had sent him off to the

south could stand against it. He was in the trouble then, and rising up where he was at work, he flung down his tools, and marched out into the street without a word, and with a queer look on the face of him. There is one thing that never dies in the soul of a man, and that is stronger than all the other things in the world to him—it is the thought of the woman he has loved. There can be no forgetting of that.

Through the crowds of strange folks he wandered hour after hour, like one in a dream. The spring sunshine was trying to break through the grime and smoke of the foul town, and when a shaft of it fell on Rob Dearg's face he smiled a weary-like smile, and saw, in his dreaming,

the same shaft of light striking Strath Oykell—the fairest strath, with the fairest river, in the north. Beautiful are the hills of home to the Highland heart, but beautiful beyond all knowing are the mountains of Sutherland to a Gunn or a Mackay when he stands upon the high ground above Invershin, and views the great Kyle of Sutherland stretching far up between the bonny pine clad hills, until the bens of the west rise like a mighty rampart against the sky. The Oykell river, broad and full, comes winding down in the sunshine, sparkling and gleaming and flashing between the fertile banks and holmlands. The pine trees rise above the pasture grounds—their bosky depths touched



THE WATCH HILL, TONGUE, SUTHERLAND.

everywhere with the tender green of the larches—and then they lose themselves in the moors that ran, clear cut and sharp, against the sky line. Aye, it is on Oykellside that the sky can be bluer and the clouds snowier in the clear spring weather than on any other spot on earth. And it was to Oykell and Shinside that the face was beckoning Rob Dearg as he wandered through the crowd. The longer he dreamed the wilder grew his hunger for home. He saw the clean-run salmon leaping in the falls, and heard the young lambs *melting* on the hillsides. Suilven and Clebrig, and Loyal and Hope—their very names seemed to come in a whisper from the lips of the woman

whose face was wet with the weeping.

"Here's good-bye to pride," cried Rob, as he stood stock still at a crossing, "and it's the road for Lairg I maun be taking."

He turned round and set his face to the north.

When Rob Dearg found himself standing on the road two miles from Lairg, he lifted up his face and let the caller winds blow about him. For three wearisome years he had dreamed of this very road, and now he could see the Shin river rushing below at his feet.

"Enough o' yon for me! The glen will be seeing my back no more. And Mairi—she did beckon to me, and now I will go and find her."

When Rob had got the length of the church which stands on the height across the water, he met Angus the stone-breaker.

"Blessings on us, Rob Mac-Aoidh, but is it you I am seeing?"

Angus had on his blacks.

"Aye, Angus, the air of the towns was choking me, and it is back to Shinside I am for a breath o' the clean winds."

"You heard the news, Rob?"

"What news, Angus? You glower as if the fear was on you. Speak, man!"

"God keep us, he does not know!"

"What is't, Angus? Why have you on your blacks? Speak! Who's away?"

"It is Mairi, Rob."

And the colour went slowly out of Rob Dearg's face, until it was as grey as a granite stone. He waited for more. And Angus jerked the bad news out.

"They said you were not caring for her, Rob, and she dwined away. I am just new come from the kirkyard. God, how he looks!"

For Rob Dearg stood glaring in the middle of the road like a very *bòchdan*, and he shook from head to foot with the bitter remorse that was creeping over his soul.

"Angus," he hissed at last, "was it Paraig Gunn that did it with his black lies?"

"It was Paraig with his lies."

"Tell me what he said, Angus. Quick!"

"He was miscalling you, Rob, for a low fellow to Mairi, yon night. The lass was so scared with the foul lies he put on you that in her fright she broke her trysting wi' you. And then when Paraig was going up to the shielings he met you and told you that the lass had spoken shame of you to his face. You will be knowing the rest yourself, Rob, for you were up and away to the south, and her crying for you all the time. And Paraig Gunn has been dandling a bairn on his knee these two years back!"

"*Amaclain dhoill!* O, blind fool, blind fool that I am! Let me go, Angus; let me go!"

For Angus, in his distress for the red man, had taken hold of him by the arm.

Then Rob Dearg went striding along the road with a look of white death on the face of him. On past the big house in the trees he went, round the corner and through the village, looking neither to right nor left. The folks saw who it was, but when they saw the look on the white face of him they drew back with a start.

Then he began to go up the road to the kirkyard, which stands on the hill. With the glazy look still in his eyes, he opened the gate and stepped into the place of graves, where the great grey monument stands in memory of Sir James, the good laird. And in a corner near

the wall he found a new made grave. But the grief of the sore heart belongs to none but him who grieves. It is not ours that we should look on it.

Calm and still fell the gloaming that night. The hills were lying asleep in the early twilight—which is the borderland of shadows betwixt the day and night. And Rob Dearg took the path that many a lover has taken, in dool and in glee, up the side of the hill that rises from the Strath Terry road. There is a scaur of rock above the woods, and from it you can see the calm waters of Loch Shin lying below you, while away to the right the road over the Crask to Alt-na-harra stretches like a thin white ribbon across the moors. It was to this black rock that Rob began to climb. The heather was dry and springy there, and it was three years since he had seen that picture of the hills of home spread beneath his eye.

But when he got above the trees and turned his eyes to the Black Scaur, standing high and sharp against the sky, he heard the sound of voices. Then a child cried. He paused and looked round. But he could see no man or child.

Up again he went, with a wild pain at his heart, and far away a whaup sent its lonely cry across the hills.

Then Rob paused again. He was above the black rock now, and had only to turn to the right and walk down the heather to be on the top of the crag.

Near the rock face he saw a man sitting with a woman by his side. Behind them a bairn lay sprawling and cooing on the heather. The man laughed on a sudden. It was Paraig Gunn. And the woman at his side was the mother of his bairn—the cooing bairn that lay in the heather all unconscious that Rob Dearg's eyes were on it.

The pain at Rob's heart came near choking him. Like a snake, he began to creep down the heather to the place where the wee one lay. In an instant he had the child in his arms, and before it could cry out he had rushed past the man and woman, and stood on the edge of the cliff, holding the child out in his right arm above the tree tops far below.

The woman shrieked, and the man rose to his feet deathly white.

"Paraig Gunn, you have killed one woman with your black lies, and you have put a shame on me that is worse than the shame of death."

"But the bairn, Rob Dearg, what ill has it done? For the love o' God and it's mother here, spare the bairn and do to me as you will. Come back from the cliff. Back, Rob, back!"

"Paraig Gunn," said Rob with a laugh, "if



JOHN MURDOCH.

you would save your bairn, strip your back bare, and give the woman there your belt. Kneel down, man of lies, and until the woman has scarred your back with the leather thong, your bairn hangs betwixt life and death. Quick, Paraig. And you, woman, if you would spare your bairn, see that you spare not the man of lies."

In an instant the woman began to pull the man's coat off. And with a groan Paraig Gunn knelt down with a bare back, and handed his leather belt to the woman. She was more eager than any of the three to begin.

For she was a mother.

Then the blows fell fast and cruel, and the kneeling man groaned at every lash. Strange to say, the woman increased in fury at each stroke. She did not see that the buckled strap was now bloody. She was muttering to herself all the time. In the thought of the wee one she forgot the pain of the man whose back she was ploughing up into great red furrows. Yet he was the father of her bairn. This was Paraig's bitter fate.

"Enough, woman," laughed Rob from the edge of the cliff, "let the man of lies stand up."

And Paraig Gunn rose with a fearful groan to his feet. But he could not stand straight.

"Give me my bairn now!" cried the woman, and she rushed towards Rob Dearn.

But, with another laugh, Rob gathered the wee one in his arms, and leapt far out into the air, crying as he went—

"Here's another for the Dark Road, and a curse on the man of lies!"

The woman swooned on the heather, and when the man with the bleeding back crept to the edge of the cliff, he saw a stir in the trees far below, where a hoodie crow was flying. And then—there was silence.

TORQUIL MACLEOD.

JOHN MURDOCH.

THE HIGHLANDER.

 If one were to ask, who is the best known Highlander of the present day? there would be a general consensus of opinion in declaring Mr. Murdoch to be that individual. Indeed, he is so well known to Highlanders everywhere, that it is difficult to say anything regarding him that is not already known.

Mr. Murdoch was born at Lynemore, Ardchlach, Nairnshire, on 15th January, 1818, so that he is now in the eighty-second year of his age, and we can say of him that "his eye is not dimmed nor his natural force abated."

Although born in the north, Mr. Murdoch is by education and upbringing an Islayman, and his heart's best emotions are centred in that island. Entering the excise in 1838, he was

during his connection with that service stationed in Stirling, Dublin, Lancashire, Shetland, and Inverness. He retired in 1872, to the regret of many friends of the service, who marked their appreciation of his valuable services by a handsome testimonial. During his connection with the excise he was continually contributing to the formation of public opinion on a variety of questions, such as the Repeal of the Corn Laws, Temperance, and the Land Question. With the Temperance movement he has been connected for over sixty years, while as regards the Land Question, he is generally acknowledged to be the apostle of Land Law Reform. As early as 1853 he contributed a series of articles on the subject to the *Nation* and the *Mark Lane Express*; and to a perusal of these articles, in the seventies, the writer is indebted for his first lesson in Highland economics.

On his retirement from the excise Mr. Murdoch started *The Highlander* newspaper in Inverness, in which he advocated the cause of the people, and particularly the right of the Gaelic people to their native soil. The paper lived for eight years, and did much to formulate that healthy opinion regarding this important question, of which the Crofters' Act is the first fruits, and doubtless an earnest of further concessions to the Highland people.

Mr. Murdoch in 1883 gave valuable evidence before the Highland Commission, of which Lord Napier was chairman. At present he is enamoured with the mode of cultivation adopted by Sir Arthur Cotton, at Dorking, and is advocating its adoption by small cultivators everywhere. Mr. Murdoch has not only been the advocate of the Highland people in the past, but also the warm and trusted friend of the "sea-divided Gaels." He is a fluent speaker in Gaelic and English, and a typical Highlander, wearing the kilt summer and winter. As a fitting conclusion to this brief sketch we cannot do better than quote Professor Blackie's opinion of honest John Murdoch—

God bless thee Murdoch! thou'rt a man to stand

On thine own legs, and very good legs they be,
Like a strong swimmer thou hast gained the land

When wave on wave yawned to swallow thee.

Time was when only valiant men might show

Their face on Highland hills; a baser brood

Now to the Saxon lordling duck them low;

With fashioned smiles of smooth-lipped flunkeyhood;

Not in this school was Murdoch bred, who wears

His manhood on his front, and in his breast

The memory of high hearted fathers bears

Who never crooked the knee or drooped the crest;

True to whose blood, he battles in the van

For truth and right, and fears no face of man!

People may differ from Mr. Murdoch, but all respect and regard him, and we know of no one who will not fervently respond to our wish of
mair beò!

FIONN.

BADENOCH AND LOCHABER LORDSHIP COURTS AND RECORDS.

BY C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

THE ancient jurisdictions conferred upon the owners of Lordships and Baronies in Scotland served their day; and the time does not seem far distant when the jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace shall be superseded by the Sheriff Courts, possessing all civil and criminal authority within limits already fixed, or to be hereafter fixed, by Parliament.

The records of several of the Lordship Courts have been preserved, including those of Badenoch and Lochaber, with their corresponding Registry of Estate Deeds, forming interesting and valuable reading, coupled with an authenticity not permitting of challenge.

As showing how people in bye-gone days behaved, and the manner in which justice was dispensed, some extracts of an interesting or exceptional character, from the proceedings in the Badenoch and Lochaber Courts, held by authority of the family of Gordon, are now given. It may be said in a sentence that, as a rule, the decisions pronounced were founded upon justice and equity. In one case to be referred to, a serious charge of murder, with the intervention of a jury, was held at Ruthven. The Lochaber Gordon cases were tried in Badenoch—the Gordons thus endeavouring by side wind to avoid the jurisdiction of Mackintosh, who held the office of Steward of all Lochaber, by grants from the Lords of the Isles, confirmed by the Scottish Kings, prior to the acquisition by the Gordons of a foot of land in Lochaber. The ancient Lords of Lochaber were Comyns and Macdonalds.

I.—Extracts from the Register of Deeds of the Regality of Huntly.

The first Register, commencing in 1686, has these words of preface:—

“Note by Patrick Gordon (of Glastirrim) that as he is empowered by the undernoted Commission to appoint deputies for registering and giving extracts of all papers mentioned in the said Commission, he ordains James Stewart, Nether Boat of Spey, clerk to the Lordship of Gordon, to register and extract the same. He reserves power to appoint any other depute. He delivers to the said James Stewart this book, consisting of 385 leaves. Dated at Gordon Castle, 20th October, 1685. (Signed) P. GORDON.

The deeds are not to be found in any public register.

1687—February 24.—Registration of Bond granted by John Gordon, of Littlemiln, to George, Earl of Huntly, for 250 merks of bor-

rowed money. Dated Bog O'Gight, 15th January, 1658.

Same year—March 19.—Contract of marriage registered, dated at Dalmaine, 29th July, 1682, between John Leslie, of Tillichallum, and Margaret Stewart, daughter of the deceased Andrew Stewart, tutor of Tannachie, for whom John Gordon, of Achynachie, is “cautioner” as to the lady’s tocher of 1600 merks. This sum is to be weared out on land or annualls at sight of the said tutor of Tannachie, John Leslie, of Wardhouse, and John Leslie, of Parkhill. John Leslie agrees to assign a legacy of 200 merks left to him by Andrew Stewart in the year 1655. The witnesses to the contract are John Leslie, of Wardhouse; Robert Derg, in Achynachie; John Gordon, of Bognie; and Patrick Stewart, apparent of Tannachie.

1688—March 14.—Bond registered, granted by William Macpherson, of Noide, narrating that his late father, Donald Macpherson, of Noide, had granted a wadset to Beatrix Gordon, then his spouse, now his relict, in which she is provided to the life-rent of 3600 merks, the fee falling to their children. Now, Helen Macpherson, his sister, and second daughter of his father, Donald, was unprovided for. Therefore, he as principal, and with him Paul Macpherson, of Knockdars, John Grant, of Gaich, and John Macpherson, of Benchar, as cautioners, obliges him to pay to his sister £1000 Scots at the first term after she attains the age of 18 years, the annual rent going to her mother, Beatrix Gordon, while Helen remains with her unmarried. Witnesses at Allenbay, 1st June, 1681, Robert Gordon, of Cairnfield; Patrick Gordon, of Glastirrim; John Rose, of Allenbay; and Andrew Macpherson, notary.

Et Diē.—Another bond by Noide to his sister, Anna, youngest daughter of Donald Macpherson, of Noide, for 100 merks only. Signed and witnessed *ut supra*.

1695—June 5.—Registered bond by Angus Mackintosh, in Garsabeg, to Alexander Gordon, for 70 merks. Gordon gets tack of the lands, and is not to be removed until the debt be paid, although the tack may have run out. Dated at Ruthven, 13th June, 1686.

1702—May 8.—Contract of wadset, dated Gordon Castle, 28th May, 1701, whereby the Duke of Gordon wadsets to Robert Gordon, eldest lawful son to the deceased Ludovick Gordon, brother german to Sir Robert Gordon, of Gordonstoun, in respect of 4000 merks advanced by William Mackintosh, of Borlum, the pupil’s grandfather and tutor, the lands of Haugh, in the Parish of Inverness. Witnesses—Sir Robert Gordon, of Gordonstoun; George Gordon, of Swelltoun; and Andrew Macpherson, notary.

1705—June 25.—Bond, Duncan Macpherson, of Invertrie, to George, Duke of Gordon, for £11 12s. 0d., dated Edinburgh, 5th December, 1696. Witnesses—Mr. George Gordon and George Rioch, servants to the Duke.

1706—May 11.—Another bond by Invertrie to the Duke of Gordon for 200 merks, dated Edinburgh, 11th March, 1698.

A sum of 2000 merks was mortified for the support of a schoolmaster in Badenoch, and frequent traces of its being lent out, and failure in payment of principal or interest, or both, are to be found in the annals of the Lordship. The following refers to this mortification of the early date of 1656:—Gilbert Hannay was schoolmaster for a considerable period, and wrote or witnessed many of the Badenoch legal documents of his time. After his death, his relict, Mrs. Annand, was a source of much trouble to the managers of the school and heritors of Kingussie, being in very truth “an importunate widow.”

1707—February 21—Discharge of George, Duke of Gordon, as assignee, narrating that the deceased John Macpherson, of Ballachroan, as principal; and with him Ewen Macpherson, tutor of Clunie; Donald Macpherson, of Noide; and Malcolm Macpherson, of Kingussie-Mor, as cautioners, by bond dated 18th June, 1656, bound and obliged themselves to pay to the incumbent master of the Grammar School in Badenoch the interest of the sum of 2000 merks, while that sum remained in the hands of the deceased John Macpherson; and that James Macpherson, now of Ballachroan, as heir of his deceased father, John, had granted a bond of corroboration on 10th October, 1684, in favour of Gilbert Hannay, then schoolmaster. That Hannay, on 22nd February, 1700, had assigned the bond to the Duke of Gordon, who had taken steps against the said John Macpherson, as representing his said father James, and William Macpherson, now of Noide, as representing his said father, Donald, and against the said Malcolm Macpherson, of Kingussie-Mor, for payment of five years' interest on the said sum. Ballachroan alleging that he had already paid interest for two of the years claimed for, to the Duke's chamberlain, and had instantly paid the other three years, is discharged by the Duke in full; but if Ballachroan fail to exhibit the chamberlain's discharges, claim for the two years alleged to be paid is reserved. Discharge signed at Gordon Castle, 9th November, 1706.

(To be continued.)

GEALL AIR SON BHREUGAN.

THACHAIR gu 'n do chuir duine àraidh a mhacgu muileann le siol a chum a bhleith.

Ach mu 'n do chuir e air falbh a mhac mhol e dhà gun e a bhleith an t-sil am muileann 'sam bith far an tachradh dhà coinneachadh ri Fear-gun-fheusaig. Dh' fhalbh an gille agus thàinig e gu muileann; ach bha Fear-gun-fheusaig an sin roimhe. “Gu'm beannachadh Dia thu, Fhir-gun-fheusaig” ars an gille. “Gu 'm beannachadh Dia thusa,” ars an duine. “Am faigh mi mo shìol air a bhleith?” dh' fheadraich an gille. “C' ar son nach faigheadh,” ars Fear-gun-fheusaig, “tha mo shìol-sa gu bhì uile bleithte, agus faodaidh thusa bleith a'm dhéigh.” Ach chuimhnich an t-òganach air comhairle athar, agus dh' fhàg e am muileann sin agus chaidh e gu muileann eile. Ach ghabh Fear-gun-fheusaig cuibhrionn d' a shìol agus shìubhail e le cabhaig air rathad aithghearr, agus ràinig e am muileann gus an robh an t-òganach a' dol roimhe; agus chuir e cuid d' a shìol g' a bhleith. Ach air do 'n ghille ruigheadh, ciod bu mhò a chuireadh iongantas air na e a dh' amharc Fear-gun-fheusaig 'sa mhuileann roimhe; agus thill e gu muileann eile. Ach rinn Fear-gun-fheusaig cabhag a ris, a' dol air slighe aithghearr, agus bha e aig an treas muileann roimh an òganach; agus thug e cuibhrionn d' a shìol gu bhì air a bhleith. Rinn e an nì ceudna 's a cheathramh muileann. Ach mu 'n àm so bha an gille a fàs sgìth de 'n ghnòthach, oir bha e am beachd gu 'm biodh Fear-gun-fheusaig roimhe aig a h-uile muileann. Air an aobhar sin leig e sìos a shac, agus rinn e suas inntinn gu 'm bleitheadh e a ghràn anns a mhuileann so ged bha Fear-gun-fheusaig ann. 'Nuair thàinig gràn an òganaich gu bhì g' a bleith, thubhairt Fear-gun-fheusaig ris, “Eisd rium, a mhic; deanamaid breacag de 'n mhin mhin.” Ach am feadh na h-ùine so uile bha 'n t-òganach a' beachd-smaointeachadh air briathran athar; ach cha bu'rrainn da an gnothuch a chuideachadh. Uime sin dh' aontaich e le Fear-gun-fheusaig. Dh' éirich Fear-gun-fheusaig agus thòisich e ri measgadh na min mhin an uisge; agus bha e a' measgadh gus an robh a ghràn uile bleithte; agus mheasg e a mhin mhin uile 'na h-aon bhonnach mór. An sin rinn iad teine agus ghreidh e 'n t-aran. Agus an uair a bha e greidhte, chàraich e a suas ris a' bhalla am bonnach; agus thubhairt e, “A mhic, éisd ri mo dheadh chomhairle. Ma roinneas sinn a' bhuileann so, cha bhì gu leòr ann do gach aon againn; ach innisidh mi dhuit ciod a nì sinn. Innsadh gach aon againn breugan, agus an tì a dh'innseas a' bhreug a's mò, gheibh e am bonnach uile gu léir. Sheas an t-òganach car tacain an ioma-cheist agus thubhairt e ris féin, “Cha bhì mi cho faoin a's

CLAN GREGOR. — At the last meeting—Rev. Dr. MacGregor, Edinburgh, presiding—several votes of money were made for charitable and educational purposes. The total sum given away exceeded £50.

tilleadh air m' ais ; nì mi an nì a's féarr a's urrainn domh." Fhreagair e Fear-gun-fheusaig agus thubhairt e ris, "Thig air t'aghaidh agus tòisich." Dh' aithris Fear-gun-fheusaig mórán bhreugan, agus an uair a bha e sgith sguir e. Thubhairt an t-òganach "A ! Fhir-gun-fheusaig, mo ghràidh, ma 's e sin uile na 's aithne dhuit, tha thu fada fada air ais. Ach éisd riumsa agus cleachd foighidinn gus an innis mise barrachd 's an fhìrinn. An làithean m' òige, 'nuair a bha mise 'nam sheann duine, bha sinn ag cumail mórán de sheilleanan, agus b' e mo ghnóthuch-sa gach maduinn an cunntas ; agus b' urrainn dòmh-sa na seilleanan àireamh soirbh gu leòr, ach am feasdha cha b' urrainn domh na sgeapan àireamh. Air maduinn àraidh am feadh a bha mi ag àireamh nan seilleanan chunnaic mi gu 'n robh an seilean a b' fhèarr air seacharan. Chuir mi dìolaid air a' choileach agus mharcaich mi air a' choileach cho luath ris an each a's meamnaiche a shireadh an t-seillein. Thog mi a lorg a dh' ionnsuidh a' chladaich agus chunnaic mi gu 'n deachaidh e thar a' chuain. Gidheadh lean mi a lorg. Agus 'nuair a chaidh mi thar a' chuain gu tìr chéin, chunnaic mi gu 'n d' fhuair neach e. Agus bha e a' treabhadh achaidh leis, anns an robh e gu meanbh-pheasair a chur. Thubhairt mi ris "S e sin mo sheillean-sa. C' àite 'n d' fhuair thu e." Fhreagair an duine agus thubhairt e, 'Mo bhràthair, ma 's leat-sa e, thoir leat e.' Thug mi air ais mo sheillean domh ; agus a thuilleadh air an t-seillean thug e dhomh làn poca de mheanbh-pheasair. Chuir mi am poca air mo dhruim agus dh' atharraich mi an dìolaid o'n choileach agus an t-seillean, agus mharcaich mi air, a' treòrachadh a' choilich a'm dhéigh, a chum gu'm faigheadh e anail am feadh a bhithinn a' tilleadh. Ach air dòigh eiginne, bhris an còrd a bha a' ceangal a' phoca agus thuit mo mheanbh-pheasair uile do 'n mhuir. 'Nuair a fhuair mi nall bha an oidhe a' dorchachadh. Theirinn mi dheth 'n t-seillean agus leig mi fuasgailte e air an fheur ; ach cheangail mi an coileach gu teann làmh rium, agus thug mi cònnlach dha ri ith. An sin laidh mi féin sìos gu cadal. Agus feuch 'nuair a dhùisg mi suas 'sa mhaduinn bha madadh-ruadhan déigh mosheillean a mharbhadh agus itheadh suas. Agus bha mil an t-seillein air a dòrtadh air feadh nan gleann ionnan 's gu 'n rachadh neach fodha innte gus an aobran, agus na beanntan cho làn 's gu 'n rachadh neach fodha am mil gus a ghlùn air an bàrr. Agus aig an àm so smaointich mi c' àite an cruinnichinn a' mhil. Ach chuimhnich mi air mo thuaigh bbig ; agus ghlac mi a'm laimh i, agus chaidh mi do 'n choille leatha an dòchas gu 'm marbhainn uile-bheistean eiginne a chum 's gu'n deanainn poca de na craicinn. Agus nuair a bha mi 'sa choille, chunnaic mi dà fhiadh ann, a' dannsadh Gille-Calum air an leth-chois. Bhris mi an casan le

m' thuaigh agus ghlac mi iad agus rinn mi feannadh-builg orra. A nis air an dà fhiadh bha trì craicinn air an d' rinn mi trì pocannan anns an do chruinnich mi suas a' mhil uile. Chàirich mi na pocannan air muin a' choilich a ghlùlain iad dachaidh gu h-eutrom. Agus 'nuair a ràinig mi dhachaidh fhuair mi m'athair 'na naoidhean air ùr-bhreith. Chuir mo sheanair mi gu neamh a shireadh uisge coisrichte. A nis 'nuair a bha mi beachd-smaointeachadh air cionnas a gheibhinn suas gu neamh chuimhnich mi air a' mheanbh-pheasair a thuit uam do 'n mhuir, agus dh' fhalbh mi a dh' ionnsuidh a' chladaich. Agus feuch bha mo mheanbh-pheasair air fàs suas ionnan 's gu 'n robh a mullach a' ruigheadh gu neamh. Agus streap mi a suas orra do 'n athar far am faca mi gu 'n robh a' mheanbh-pheasair làn abaich, agus i air a buain. Agus an neach a bhuain i, rinn e bonnach mór eòrna dhi, a bha e ag ith, air a mheasgachadh am bainne blàth. Chuir mise fàilte air ag ràdh 'Gu 'n còmhndadh Dia leat, a charaid.' Agus fhreagair esan mi air an dòigh cheudna, ag ràdh 'Gu 'n cuideachadh Dia leat-sa cuideachd.' O 'n duine so fhuair mi uisge-coisrichte agus thill mi. Ach mu 'n d' fhuair mi air m' ais, shìl uisge mór o neamh air an talamh, agus thuirlinge cho trom 's gu 'n d' éirich a' mhuir cho àrd 's gu 'n do sguab i air falbh mo mheanbh-pheasair. Bha mi air an uair sin am buaireas inntinn gu mór cionnas a gheibhinn a nuas gu talamh. Ach am beagan uine thug mi fainear gu 'n robh m' fhalt anabarrach fada, eadhon cho fada 's 'nuair a sheasainn air mo dhà bhonn gu 'n ruigeadh e bho m' cheann gu m' shàilean, agus 'nuair a shuidhinn, ruigeadh e a nuas gu 'm dhà chluais. Agus air ball ghlac mi mo sgian agus ghèarr mi ròineanan de m' fhalt a cheangail mi ri cheile. Agus air ròineanan de m' fhalt theirinn mi a nuas gu h-aighearrach. 'S a cheart àm bha an oidhe a' dorchachadh agus b' éiginne domh snaim a chur air an ròine agus tàmh a ghabhail air an t-snaim ré na h-oidheche. Ach cionnas a dhèanainn gu 'n teine. Bha e ag cur mór ghruaim orm. Bha bocsa 's acfhuinn agam ; ach cha robh fiodh agam. Chuimhnich mi gu'n robh snàthad mhór am broilleach mo chòt-uachdair. Bhris mi an t-snàthad mhór 'na mìrean móra air son connaidh do 'n teine, agus rinn mi teine mór, mór. Agus an uair a bha mi gu math blàth, shin mi mi féin a sìos ri taobh an teine gu cadal, agus chaidil mi gu fìor-shunndach car tacain. Ach gu mi-fhortanach loisg sradag de 'n teine an ròine air an robh mi an crochadh, agus thuit mi car mu char a nuas a dh' ionnsuidh na talmhainn ; agus stop mi fodha anns an talamh gu ruig an dà chruachainn. Dh' amhairc mi ceithir-thimchioll orm a dh' fheuchainn cionnas a gheibhinn a sàs. Ach bu dìombain domh amharc air son cuideachaidh, oir cha robh neach ri fhaicinn timchioll an àite. Ach rinn mi

cabhag dhachaidh a dh' iarraidh sluasaid, leis an do chladhaich mi timchioll orm gus an d' fhuair mi à sàs. An uair a ràinig mi dhachaidh bha na buanaichean a' buain an arbhair. Ach bha an t-arbhar cho àrd agus bha a' ghrian cho teth 's nach mór nach robh na buanaichean air an losgadh suas le teas na gréine. An sin ghlaodh mise riù, agus dh' àithn mi gu 'n d' thugadh iad an làthair an làir bhàn a bha cho fad ri astar dà là agus cho leathann ri aon là samhraidh, agus air a druim bha craobhan móra daraich a' fàs, a chum gu'n cuireadh am faileas sgàil air na buanaichean o theas an latha. Air ball thug m' athair an làir gus an achadh, agus dh' oibrich na buanaichean gu sunndach, fonnmhor 'na sgàile. Agus an uair sin féin ghabh mise soitheach-uisge a thug mi leam gus an tobar a chum deoch a tharruing do na buanaichean. Ach fhuair mi 'n tobar còmhdaichte le deigh; agus cha robh ìnnleachd agam air an deigh a bhriseadh. Ach mar a tha 'n seanfhacal ag ràdh, "Cha robh bean riamh gu 'n ìnnleachd 's a cas air tìr." 'S ann mar sin a thachair dhomh aig an àm sin; oir ghlac mi mo cheann a'm dhà laimh agus an déigh tacain de shaothair chruaidh bhris mi 'n deigh le iomadh buille throm de mo cheann. Agus lìon mi mo shoitheach le uisge agus ghiùlain mi an t-uisge a chum nam buanaichean. Ach ghlaodh iadsan agus iad air tì teicheadh uam le h-eagal, 'C' àite 'm bheil do cheann?' Thog mise suas mo làmhann gu mo cheann fheuchainn; ach, mo thruaighe! cha robh ceann air mo ghualnean, oir dh' fhàg mi aig an tobar e. Is iomadh dòruinn a tha 'leantainn na dì-chuimhne. Dh' fhalbh mi le cabhaig a dh' ionnsuidh an tobair a shireadh mo chinn. Ach, mo chreach! bha sionnach ann romham. Oir 'nuair a ràinig mise an tobar bha an sionnach a' deòchdadh na h-eanachainn as mo chean; gidheadh fhuair mi dlùth dha agus bhuail mi e gu garg. Ach thòisich e ri ruith, agus am feadh a bha e ruith thuit leabhran agus leugh mi e. A nis b' e an nì a bha sgrìobhte ann: Gu 'm biodh am bonnach mór uile agam féin agus nach faigheadh Fear-gun-fheusaig ach neo-ni." Uime sin thog an t-òganach leis air falbh am bonnach, agus cha robh aig Fear-gun-fheusaig ach tàmh ag amharc 'na dhéigh.

Eadar-theangaichte le CALUM MACFHEARGHUIS.

THE "PALADIN" OF THE SOUDAN.

(Major-General Sir Archibald Hunter, K.C.M.G., who so distinguished himself during the recent Soudan campaign, gained for himself not only the reputation of being one of the bravest of the brave, but a far higher and rarer quality, that of chivalry. By his mother's side a Grahame, showing that he follows in the footsteps of those two knightly Paladins of his clan, Montrose and Bonnie Dundee).

NOT mine the right, thou gallant son,
Nor yet the skill to sing thy praise;
Till some more powerful hand shall wake
His tuneful lyre with polished phrase,
Some bard from out thine own Clan Græme,
So far renowned in Scottish fame,
His clansmen's deeds in verse portrays:
A sister Scot her right may claim.

Courage!—it is the heritage
Born in the mountain race;
Yet e'en that glorious virtue
To one more rare gives place;
The old time bards assigned the crown
To knights whose deeds of brave renown
Showed chivalry's high thoughts of grace,
Which thou, brave son, hast made thine own.

'Tis chivalry that fast enshrined
Brave Clavers in our Highland hearts:
The knightly deed, the courteous ways,
Such lustre to his name imparts.
Renown the highest to be gained
Is knighthood's spotless shield unstained;
Cut facets from the diamond darts,
Where rougher stone is passed, disdained!

Heroic deeds are thine, brave son,
The outcome of the heart within;
And yet a prouder title still
Is thine to hold, was thine to win.
Wise truth, experience ever taught,
That gentle birth breeds gentle thought:
One title—thine—young Paladin,
Beyond the reach of wealth—unbought.

Worthy of that brave clan art thou
That owned a Clavers—a Montrose:
Beneath their knightly banners furled
Thy name shall also find repose.
Nor courtly ways with these are sped,
Nor chivalry with these are dead,
So long as Scottish names disclose
One with such knightly virtues bred.

ALICE C. MACDONELL, of Keppoch,
Bardess of the Clan Donald.

TRANSLATION FROM THE GAELIC.

EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Farewell to our country! ye glens and ye mountains
Adieu!
Your red deer and roe will the foot of the stranger
Pursue,
While far o'er the ocean in anguish and sorrow
I roam,
In the land of the stranger, to seek for a country
And home.

Dear land of our fathers! the home of the faithful
And brave,
The foremost in battle their king and their country
To save!
Now far from that country your children to exile
Must go,
And spirits are broken that ne'er were subdued by
A foe.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1899

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ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—The *Annual Subscriptions* are now due. Subscribers who desire to renew for another year are requested to send their contributions (4/- post free), to the Editor, John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow, at their earliest convenience. If readers would kindly give this matter their immediate attention, it would obviate the trouble of sending notices each month to those in arrears, and considerably lessen our labours.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

We will give plate portraits, with biographical sketches, of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Grant, Glasgow; Dr. Archibald Campbell, Newcastle-on-Tyne; and Mr. Alex. K. Stewart, of Achnacone, Appin.

VOLUME VII. can now be had, tastefully bound, 6s. 6d., post free, from John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The annual grand Celtic concert in connection with this Society takes place in the Queen's Hall, London, on 26th October, and promises to surpass even the great successes of former years. Gaelic music will be represented by its two most gifted exponents, Miss Jessie N. MacLachlan and Mr. Roderick Macleod, Inverness, the latter of whom has just returned from the Clan Mackay tour in the Reay country, where he electrified the people with his charming rendering of *Iseabel Nic Aoidh* and other popular northern airs. The other artistes are all of the first rank, and the programme is a most attractive one. As the proceeds from the concert are devoted to the encouragement of Gaelic teaching in the Highlands, we trust that our large

circle of readers in London will support this excellent object by taking tickets for the concert.

THE HIGHLAND SOCIETIES OF GLASGOW have arranged to hold a great Scottish Concert in St. Andrew's Hall, on 2nd November, for the purpose of raising funds to encourage the teaching of Gaelic in the Highlands. A capital programme has been arranged, and we hope to see a crowded attendance. Tickets, price 2s. 6d. (reserved), and 1s. 6d., can be had at the *Celtic Monthly* Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MACDONALD OF GLENTILLAN.

SIR,—Can you or any reader tell me who was Macdonald of Glentillan, mentioned in 1741, or at least where Glentillan is or was? Was it in Perthshire? Any information as to the above would be welcomed by
SNUFF-MULL.

FARQUHARSONS OF ALLARGUE.

SIR,—I shall be glad if I may be allowed to point out to you an inaccuracy in a recent issue of the *Celtic Monthly*, in which the late Major-General G. M'Bain Farquharson (who died in November, 1898), is referred to as proprietor of Allargue and Breda. This was not the case, as Major-General M'Bain Farquharson was never proprietor of Allargue. My grandfather, Robert Farquharson (1783-1863) was the only one of the name who was ever proprietor of Breda as well as of Allargue. He was the sixth direct heritor of Allargue, and a few years before his death became proprietor of Breda, being the nearest male relative of the former proprietor. As none of my grandfather's sons outlived him, Breda, at his death, went to his brother, Lieutenant-General Francis Farquharson, of the Bombay Army, at whose death his nephew, Major-General G. M'Bain Farquharson succeeded to Breda, and he, some years ago, sold the estate. On the death of my grandfather, Allargue became the joint property of his four daughters (my mother and her sisters), the only members of his family who outlived him, and in 1893 I myself became the proprietor of Allargue.—Yours truly, D. WILSON FARQUHARSON,

Captain, The Black Watch.

TO EILEEN.

HEART of my heart, deep love of my soul,
Light of my life, my thought's only goal,
Bosom of snow, fair tresses of gold,
Eyes of the sun, arms that enfold;

Why must I leave thee, why must I go?

Round the Cuillins the soft mists creep,
But my love's passion it cannot sleep;
Joy of my dreams, we must not complain,
Though for us both our parting's a pain;

Why must I leave thee, why must I go?

Child of the restless sea, thou with thy sorrow
In Skye alone wilt be; I sail to-morrow.
Perhaps like M'Crimmon, away with these fears!
Just one more kiss, love, e'en through thy tears;

Why must I leave thee, why must I go?

KENNETH MACLEOD BLACK.

THE MACKAYS OF ISLAY,
WITH SOME OF THE PREDICTIONS
OF MACKAY OF THE RHINNS.

BY FIONN.

THAT the Mackays got early foothold in Islay is assured by the fact that Donald, Lord of the Isles, granted in 1408 a Gaelic charter, the earliest extant in that language, to Brian, Vicar Mackay. This charter was discovered by Dr. Reeves in the possession of John Macgee, who asserts his descent from a family of Macgees in the North of Ireland,

followers originally of the Scottish Macdonalds, who settled in Antrim. The charter, which seems to be of goat skin, is now much worn, and almost undecipherable. The charter was written by Fergus Macbeth or Beaton, "Fercos" being the only one of the four witnesses able to write, the others signing with a mark. This Fergus evidently belonged to the famous family of physicians of that name, and was probably at the time physician to the Lord of the Isles. The following is the opening clause of the charter :—

AN AINIM DE, AMEN.

Ataimse Mac Domhnaill ag bronnagh agus



FAC-SIMILE OF GAELIC CHARTER OF 1408.

tabhairt en mhairg deg go leith dfhearann uaim pfhein agus om oighribh do Bhrian Bhicaire Mhagaoth agus do oighribh na dhiaigh go siorthuighe suthain, &c., &c.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN.

I, Macdonald, am granting and giving eleven mark and a half of land from myself and from my heirs to Brian Vicar Mackay, and to his heirs, after them for ever and ever, &c.

The charter describes the lands very minutely as follows :—"And these are the lands I have given to him and his heirs for ever, namely, Baile-Vicar, Machaire, Leargariabhoighe, Ciontragha, Graftol, Tocamol, Ugasgoc, the two Glenastols, Cracobus, Cornabus, and Baile-

Neaghtoin." These lands, which are situated in the Oa district, have passed through the hands of more than one family since, and now neither a Mackay nor a Macdonald owns any land in Islay.

There seem to be representatives of several branches of the Clan Aoidh in Islay, and when speaking of them in the native tongue, the older people pronounce the name differently. There are Maa-Caidh, Maa-Caoidh, and the north country Mac Aoidh. It may be here stated that in Islay—and in a less degree in Kintyre—the *a* of Mac is prolonged, the *c* forming a prefix to the surname, thus Mac Aoidh becomes

Maa-Caoidh. The Maa-Caoidhs are on the east side of the island, next to Kintyre; Maa-Caoidh in the middle, as Laggan; and Mac Aoidh in the Rhinns, as the Seer.

Brian Mackay, who in 1408 received the lands of Balvicar and other lands in the Oa district, is an historic character, but must not be confounded with Mackay of Rhinns—locally known as *Mac Aoidh na Ranna*, who belongs to a later period in the history of Islay. A glance at the map will make it apparent that these two real Mackays are not one and the same, but belong to two districts far apart, forming as they do the two great promontories, between which Lochindaal penetrates the land, making the island somewhat of the horse-shoe shape.

Mackay of Rhinns was gifted with prophetic vision, and quite a number of his predictions are firmly believed in by natives of Islay. In the churchyard on Isle Oarsay are said to rest the mortal remains of the seer. It is said that many of his predictions were written down by his son-in-law, Marmaduke Mackay, and the MS. was believed to be at one time at Innisowen in Ireland. Although the document seems to be lost, search should still be made for it in Londonderry, as, according to the following information which I have received from Mr. John Murdoch—who knows Islay and its history better than any man living—the MS. was in existence in 1829. Mr. Murdoch writes:—

“I think it was in the year 1829 that Lochindaal was crowded with shipping, stormbound. Many of the vessels were stranded on the shores all the way half round from Traigh Langa to Traigh Chill-a-rubha. It seems that one of the vessels was owned or chartered or looked after by a MacIntock in Londonderry, and to settle about the salvage, the late John Maclean, Cultorsa, agent for Lloyds in the island, had to go to Derry. He was accompanied by John Macdonald, messenger-at-arms in Bowmore. Before leaving, the two Islay men were informed by MacIntock that he had a book in which they would be interested. It was a foolscap bound book, containing Mac Aoidh’s prophecies. “The last time he was here he was short of cash, and my predecessor advanced some; and the seer, or the amanuensis of the seer, left the book as an acknowledgment.” “Oh,” said Mr. Maclean, “we shall be glad to carry it back to Islay.” “And I shall be glad to let you have it if you can satisfy me that you are descendants, or in some way entitled to inherit what he has left.” This they could not do, and they returned to Islay with no more than the story, which J. Murdoch had from Neil Mactaggart, of Leurabus, who died in Glasgow a few years ago. One of the duties of the Mackays and others, particularly in and of Islay, is to raise the money and choose the man to send to Derry, even at this late hour, to make all possible efforts to recover the book.”

I have no doubt that some of the predictions of *Mac Aoidh na Ranna* could still be collected

from old Islay men and women. I have been able to collect the following in the course of my readings and travels. Some were taken down from the recitations of the late Neil Mactaggart, Glasgow, already referred to by Mr. Murdoch, and others I have stumbled across in odd corners. According to my informant, the seer received his gifts in a peculiar manner. It seems he was employed as agent or factor for the Earl of Antrim, who had possessions in Islay (see “The Last Macdonalds of Islay,” by Dr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh, page 79). On one occasion he was going to Ireland with the rents, which at that particular time had been but partially paid, on account of the backwardness of the season. He was somewhat afraid to meet his master with such a light purse. While waiting at Portnahaven for a favourable wind to carry him to Erin, he fell asleep. When he awoke he found a book, made of parchment, under his head. This book was full of wisdom and prescience, and endowed its owner with wonderful powers of foresight. Along with the book he also received a silk purse full of gold. On the book were written the words—“*Caillear thusa ach cha chaillear mise*”—(You may be lost, but not me); while on the purse was inscribed the following legend, in letters of gold:—“*Cho fada 'sa thàirneas tu asam bheir mi dhuit, ach ma thilleas tu bonn orm, sguiridh mi*”—(As long as you draw out of me I will let you have, but if you return a coin I cease to yield). A favourable wind blew, and the seer was carried over to Ireland, where he paid the rental of the estate in full. For many years, and in many straits, the purse proved useful, but on one occasion he forgot the legend and returned a coin, and from that time the purse lost its charm. On one of his visits, Mackay left his book in Derry with the MacIntock family, and on his return journey he encountered a storm when he and his crew were lost, and so the legend on the book was confirmed—“*You may be lost, but not me.*”

So much for the manner in which the Mackay seer became possessed of his foresight. Now for some of his predictions, many of which, like Gaelic proverbs, assume a rhythmical form.

“Tigh geal air gob gach rudha
‘S muileann air gach sruthan fann.”

A white house on each headland,
And a mill on each gentle rill.

The first line is being fulfilled, and who knows how soon the application of water power to purposes of manufacture may become an accomplished fact.

“Thig cànan do 'n eilean nach tuig na muinntirich; fàsaidh an talamh an sin na leacan reothaidh fo na casan is cha 'n urrainn iad fuireachd ann. Cinnidh coigrich an Ile agus Ilich ann an duthaich

chéin. Fagaidh na muinntirich Ile 'n uair a dh'fhairticheas orra feum a dheanamh aig a bhaile.

'Nuair a dh'fhàgas na muinntirich Ile
Beannachd le sìth na h-Alba."

A language will come to the island which the natives will not understand; the soil will then become as slabs of ice under their feet, and they cannot remain in Islay. Strangers will grow (flourish) in Islay, and Islaymen in foreign lands. The natives will leave Islay when they fail to make a living there.

When the natives thee forsake,
The peace of Scotland is at stake.

Natives of Islay realise how much of the above has already been fulfilled. The English language is fast making way in Islay. In 1891

the population of Islay was 7,375, of these 1,164 spoke Gaelic only, while 5,217 spoke Gaelic and English. The proportion of Lowland farmers in Islay is considerable, while flourishing colonies of Islay men are to be found in Canada. It is stated for a fact that of the eleven Campbells who are represented in the Valuation Roll of 1751—proprietary and land settlers—there is hardly one to the good to-day in Islay. In 1833 the population of Islay was 15,500, so that emigration and other causes have reduced it to about one-half in little over half a century. There are more Islay men in Ontario, in Nottawasaga, Oro, Owensound, Cannington, &c., than in all Islay. William Living-



RUINS OF FINLAGGAN CASTLE, ISLAY, AN ANCIENT STRONGHOLD OF THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

ston, the Islay bard, sang in his poem, "Fios thun a' Bhàird," of the many changes he had witnessed. Some of the verses have been translated thus :—

"Though sunbeams still distribute
Light and heat to far and near,
Though still at eve the fold is seen
With calves they fondly rear;
Yet men grow scarce in Islay,
And sheep find more regard,
What I hear and see around me
Bring as tidings to the bard.
Their old abandoned steadings
Like cold cairns mark the land,
Oh, the Gael are gone for ever,
And their farm-work's at a stand ;

Their lonely ruins mouldering,
Ever claim our fond regard,
What I hear and see around me
Bring as tidings to the bard.

The needy finds no shelter,
Nor the weary rest at eve ;
The preacher finds no people
His glad message to receive,
The spotted snake is twining
On the heath on which was heard
The stirring tales of heroes,
Bring these tidings to the bard.

While all this is, alas! too true, it is pleasing to note that the peace of Scotia is still preserved!

"Thig capull croinn le srianaibh cainbe is bheir i

a chiad sgriob air Ile. Caillidh Ile an sin a' cheann is bithidh trì tuill air lic léith Chiarain ann an cladh Chille-Ciarain."

A plough horse with hempen reins will come and will plough the first furrow in Islay. Islay will then lose its head, and there will be three holes in the grey stone of St. Kerran, in the churchyard of Kilkerran.

Regarding this prediction, I can only say, in words of holy writ, "the dream and the interpretation thereof are one," but I have no doubt those ingenious native can unfold the mystery.

"Tuitidh tolman mòine a tha ann an Lochmonadh-an-Lagain, is bheir aon each ban leis gu port ceann-teaghlach an eilein. An deigh sin éiridh a suas fear cogaidh gun iochd gun ghràdh. Thig an sin Tomás O'Reim 'sa chuid each 's bithedh latha nan creach mu Chluaidh. Marbhar leis naoi mìle oifigeach agus rìgh òg an deigh a chrùnadh. Ach is nearach a bhitheas ann an eilean iomallach na h-àirde 'n iar aig a chogadh so, ach gun fhuireachd r'a dheireadh."

A peat hillock that is at Lochmony, at Laggan, will fall, and one grey horse will carry to the landing place the head of the chief family in Islay. After that will arise a warrior lacking love and mercy. Then will come Tomas the Rhymer and his horses, and the day of forays will be about Clyde. There will be killed by him nine thousand officers and a young king newly crowned. Lucky is he who is in the uttermost island of the west during this war, but not to wait to the end thereof.

I am sorry I cannot conjecture what this means, but perhaps my friend, John Murdoch, may enlighten your readers regarding it and some other of the preceding predictions.

A little below Gartmain, and above Aird-chruaidh, is the ancient burying ground of Cill-a'-bholg. Regarding this spot the seer made the following prediction:—

"Cill-a'-bholg, Cill-a'-bholg,
Far an cuirear an cath borb,
'S nearach a bhitheas an toiseach a ruithidh 's a mhatha,
Latha catha Cill-a'-bholg."

Cillbolg, Cillbolg, where the furious fight will be fought; lucky is he who is in the front with his prosperity the day Cillbolg is fought.

Cill-a'-bholg was, by order of the farmer's wife, ordered to be ploughed up. But the plough could make no way, and the first pickaxe used struck sparks out of the stubborn stones, which blew out one of the worker's eyes, and the lady was struck with paralysis and never recovered. The family was likely to be prosperous in the island, but they did not stand, and her body is all that remains of them in the island.

"Bithidh eaglais Fhrangach air a togail air cnoc a' Bhogha-mór, agus tuitidh i agus ilàn Ghall."

There will be a French church built on the hill at Bowmore, and it will fall full of strangers or Lowlanders.

The Bowmore Church is quite circular, with a porch in front, looking down the Main Street, and a steeple with a bell above it. In the base of the steeple are buried Lady Eleanor, of Wemyss, and her daughter, the lady and daughter of the late Walter Frederick Campbell, of Islay. The late laird fully expected to lie beside his first wife, and the stone bed is there empty, he having died at Auvranch in Normandy. Even John Frances, the accomplished son and the much loved heir-apparent, is not buried there, but at Cannes, in France.

I trust that what I have been able to glean regarding the Mackay seer may prove of interest to your readers, and that such of them as know "green grassy Islay" will give us some additional prophecies, and endeavour to explain some of those curious predictions which I have submitted.

MALCOLM STEWART, EXILE.



TINY sprig of bog-myrtle lies before me as I write, and this is the old memory which its scent brings back.

It was early morning—a morning which seemed loathe to dawn, as if the sun were reluctant to disperse the wet, clinging mists which hung around Mull and Lismore, and added mystery to the almost unseen peaks of Jura.

On board the "Chevalier" all was bustle and hurry—for the breakfast bell had sounded, and the motley crowd of tourists were trooping below. But there was one passenger still on deck, gazing fixedly at the fast disappearing crags of Kerrera, where soft tufts of mist still hovered like smoke amidst the knolls. Then suddenly a change came over the scene—a sigh seemed to pass through the atmosphere—the mists seemed to grow whiter and more dense against the dull grey sky. Then the wind rose, and the rain came down in a whirl of stinging fury, hiding everything in its downpour. Soon the damp decks grew more slippery—the white-crested waves became more boisterous.

Very soon the good ship began to rock as she felt the deep strength of the Atlantic's motion. And one man on board realised that another chapter in his life was closed. He who had so eagerly devoured the last sight of the castle of Gylen, now turned with a sigh, gazing southward where already, looming through the misty rain, lay jagged Jura.

Away to the south—to London—and whither no man knows!

A white cottage on a hill overlooking the blue water of a far-away loch.

Two women—one, old and bent, white-haired

and frail; the other, tall and erect, black of hair, and with eyes of blue, sweet of speech, and pure as a flower.

But someone, for whom her heart was warm, had gone away.

"I am going away, Mairi," he had said, simply.

"Very well," was her cold reply.

"Is there no hope that you will be giving me?"

"No hope at all," though her face was as white as Malcolm's. And then he had turned on his heel.

That is why the moisture on his face, as he travelled southward on the great steamer, was not all rain and spray. That is why she of the white hair bent over her wheel even more than her wont. That is why the other sat at the loch edge with her head between her hands, and great bitterness within her. How dreary the weeks had seemed without Malcolm, and what had separated them?

Would that she could see him once more, and put matters right, but he had gone, and she had driven him away. He would never believe that . . . Angus was nothing to her, and that he was—her all.

Then a strange calm came to her, even through her tears. That night a letter was written from the little cottage by the loch, and a few days later the answer arrived, with the London post-mark.

It had been raining heavily all the previous night, so the low-roofed white-washed cottages, with their porches all overgrown with honeysuckle, looked sweeter and daintier in the sunshine than ever.

There were wild roses straggling in the hedges, yellow irises and pale forget-me-nots at the burn's edge, pink ragged-robin and purple fox-gloves at the wayside. The air was clear and pure, and the vessels on the glittering, sparkling sea, stood out in bold relief against the horizon, their smoke hanging lazily in the hot atmosphere.

Down on the little pier stands a young woman, scanning the blue expanse of water with an eager, anxious eye.

"Will the boat be long, are you thinking?" she asks of a big, hulking fellow, who is stolidly smoking his cutty at the pier head.

"Maybe," is his enigmatical reply.

But she does not notice his curt answer, for another blurr of smoke is now visible, staining the beauty of the fair view. Soon the steamer's bulky form appears small and insignificant on the wide plain of water. But she moves slowly nearer, until the churning of her paddles can be heard, and the passengers can be seen standing on the deck. But to Mairi there is only one passenger—he, the tall, travel-worn man, who waves his handkerchief from the upper deck. Then the steamer makes her cumbrous way to

the pier, the curling ropes fly through the air, the gangway is noisily flung out, and half-a-dozen of the passengers file across. A sudden shyness comes over her, she cannot speak what she feels to be the right word. But he gently leads her away, and with scarce a word, for he understands. They walk together up the hill path which leads home.

Then granny comes out, shaking her head with a smile, but on the border line to the land of tears. That night Malcolm and Mairi sat hand in hand by the loch. The stern peace of the scene around them was imperceptibly transferred to the two figures as they watched the fading light on the hills.

Then the deep blue bens were wrapped in the cool mantle of night, the pale moon shone on the black peaks beyond, and no sound broke the silence in the still air. At last Malcolm rose, but before they went into the cottage, he stooped and plucked a sprig of warm-scented bog-myrtle. She kissed the dark green leaves which he handed her, and placed them in her bosom. Then, with a smile, she deftly divided the tiny bunch, and dropped a spray into his outstretched hand. And thus they walked up to the little cottage through the stillness of the fragrant night.

KENNETH MACLEOD BLACK.

IN HOLYROOD, 1897.

I STAND in Edinburgh, in Holyrood,
Where Scotland's Mary haunted; Iron Knox came,
With cavernous eyes and words of prophet flame,
And broke her soul as bonds of brittle wood.
And all stern Scotland's evil and her good,
Her austere ghosts, her souls of fiery shame,
Her adamantine passions none could tame,

Here in these walls, these guilty corridors,
Beside that bed where Elizabeth's eyes look down*—
Across the centuries with their fading band
Of angry years of Presbyterian frown,
I only know these tears of weird remorse† —
The woman rules. All else is shifting sand.

Ottawa, Canada.

W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

* A picture of Queen Elizabeth hangs over Mary's bed.

† It is said that Knox, at this meeting, moved the Queen to tears.

DEATH OF MR. ALEX. D. CAMPBELL, JUNR., SOUTH AFRICA.—We regret to intimate the death of Mr. A. D. Campbell, Native Commissioner in Mashonaland. Mr. Campbell, who was 27 years of age, was born in Kirkintilloch. He went out to South Africa with his parents in 1883, and, going up with the pioneers to Rhodesia in 1890, soon made his mark, being entrusted with a responsible position by the Chartered Company. During the late war in Mashonaland he rendered invaluable services, sometimes as a scout and at others as leader of the native contingent. His father, Mr. A. D. Campbell, J.P., who resides in the Komgha District, was well known in Highland circles in Glasgow some years ago. His youngest son was killed in the Matabele war.

**NORMAN JAMES M'KIE, M.D.,
Newton-Stewart.**

OF the various septs of the Clan MacKay the most important and influential are the M'Kies of Galloway, who for several centuries have contributed in no small measure to the making of history in the romantic Borderland, and who still occupy positions of eminence in the country associated with the name. They were a warlike, fearless race, gaining their lands by their martial prowess, and like their kinsmen in the north, holding them by the "strong hand."

Dr. M'Kie is a descendant of the ancient house of Larg, a name not unfamiliar to students of Sutherland history. His famous ancestor, Sir Patrick M'Kie, took service with his chief, Donald, first Lord Reay, in the Strathnaver "old invincible regiment" of Gustavus Adolphus, and shared in the hardships and glory of the great Thirty Years' War. Dr. M'Kie was born at Sheerness, 10th December, 1862, his father being Fleet-Engineer John M'Kie, R.N., now retired, and known all over Galloway as the hon. curator of the Stewartry Museum. He was educated at Kirkcudbright Academy, and graduated M.B., C.M., at Edinburgh University in 1887. He took two voyages to China and Japan, followed by a course of study in London, and then became outdoor assistant to Dr. Anderson, Loftus, in Cleveland, Yorks. In January, 1891, he settled in Newton-Stewart, where he quickly made a good practice, extending far into the rural country round about and often necessitating journeys beyond the reach of gig or cycle. A very interesting account of the doctor's experiences in these remote regions appeared recently in the "Gallovidian." He is naturally interested in outdoor sports, and plays golf, tennis, and in college days was a keen votary of football, swimming, and boating.

His absorbing hobby, however, is the collecting of Galloway literature, and a study of local history and families. This naturally led to the wider field of Celtic history in general, and archæology and heraldry. The common origin of the M'Kies and Mackays led to his joining the Clan Mackay Society, in the work of which he takes the keenest interest. He is also interested in the masonic craft, being in 1895-6 master of the St. Ninian Lodge, No. 499, and a companion of the Galloway Royal Arch Chapter, No. 262.

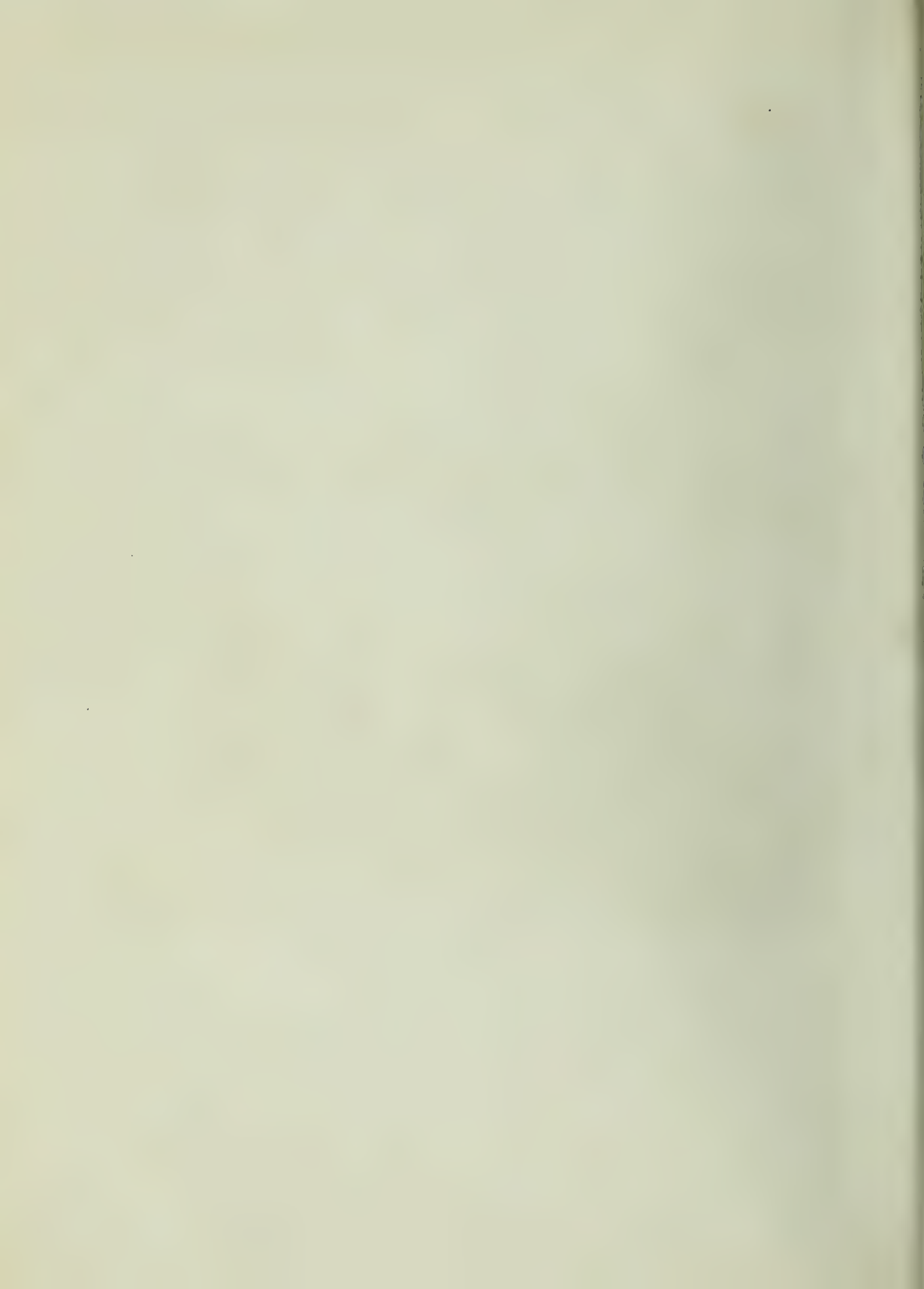
It may be interesting to mention that the elder of Dr. M'Kie's two sisters is a teacher in the Royal School for Naval and Marine Officers' daughters, at Twickenham, and is L.L.A. (St. Andrews). On 5th November, 1894, he married Miss Grace Brown, Dee Cottage, Tongueland.

**THE CLAN MACKAY TOUR IN THE
REAY COUNTRY.**

THOSE who took part in the Mackay raid in the Reay country are not likely soon to forget their holiday. From start to finish it was a sort of triumphal procession, the whole country, from Thurso to Cape Wrath, welcoming the deputation with the greatest enthusiasm. To the clansmen concerned it was no mere holiday trip, for each day had its round of exacting duties which occupied the whole day, and which engaged the personal attention of every member, allowing little opportunity for even ordinary sight-seeing. The long drives each day through the most picturesque scenery compensated in a large measure for this lack of local opportunity. The golfers of the party were content to leave their clubs almost untouched, and pass the various enticing links with only a hasty and perhaps regretful glance. The deputation had a programme of important work to perform, the encouragement of Gaelic study was its great mission, and no one can say otherwise than that the Mackays did their duty well, and gave a stimulus to Gaelic which has already had the most gratifying results. To give an adequate account of the tour would require a volume, and as our space is limited, we must confine ourselves to the barest outline of the proceedings. The party met at Thurso on Tuesday, 5th September. Here they received a hearty welcome from the leading clansmen, and were invited to dine at the house of Mr. Alexander Mackay, Bank of Scotland House. The invitation was accepted, and the Highland hospitality extended to the party by the genial host and his charming sisters may be inferred from the menu card, which Mr. Mackay had printed. The following clansmen were present:—John Mackay, C.E., J.P., Hereford; Donald Mackay, of Hereford and Ceylon; W. D. Mackay, R.S.A.; John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, hon. secretary; Alexander Ross Mackay, assistant secretary, Donald Mackay, Strathnaver House, John Mackay, S.S.C., John Mackay, West Preston Street, and Alex. Mackay, St. Andrew's Square, all of Edinburgh; George G. Mackay, Liverpool; Rev. Angus Mackay, M.A., Westerdale; Roderick Macleod, Inverness, *Mòd* medallist, and other local gentlemen. After dinner, the evening was devoted to music, the party only separating in the early hours of the morning. Truly an enjoyable beginning to the clan tour, and a pleasing example of the traditionary hospitality of the Mackays. Next morning the deputation started in three waggonettes from the Royal Hotel, on their visit to the land of their fathers. The ancient churchyard of Reay was visited, and its many clan relics inspected. On entering the Mackay country it was evident the whole population was on the watch for the visitors, groups at many of the houses giving a hearty cheer, and waving anything handy which had a resemblance to the historic white banner of the Mackays—not the Skibo fiction, of course! At Melvich the party were welcomed by a large gathering, headed by three pipers, and soon the business of the day began. The large school-house was crowded to the door, and the greatest interest was manifested in the competitions (junior and senior) for Gaelic reading, reciting, dictation, singing, &c. The standard of excellence was surprising,

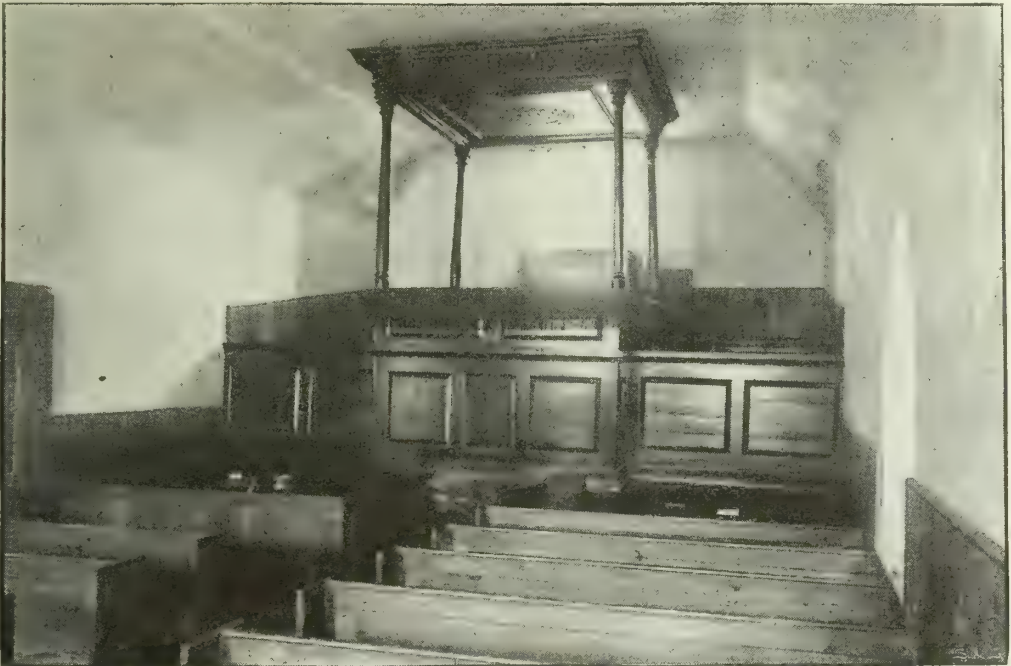


DR. NORMAN JAMES M'KIE.



the most difficult Gaelic books being required to fairly adjudicate the position of the senior pupils. The classes started last year by the clan society, inspired by Mr. Mackay of Hereford, have already shown marvellous results, almost every boy and girl in the district being able to read the Gaelic Bible more or less proficiently. The examinations ended at 4 p.m., and were followed by competitions for pipe music and races for the children. In the evening a grand concert was given, the hall being crowded to excess, and a handsome sum was raised by collection on behalf of Widow Macdonald. The concert was sustained by local talent, assisted by Mr. Roderick Macleod and other members of the deputation, and a capital programme was ably sustained. Mr. Mackay, Hereford, who presided, presented the prizes to the successful students, nearly fifty Gaelic books being distributed.

Next morning the party left for Farr, encouraged by the pipers and the hearty cheers of the people. All along the route, and often in the most solitary places, a loud cheer from some well-wisher testified that the presence of the deputation was expected and welcomed. The white flags displayed from the house tops and on the hills showed that the *Bratach Bhàn* of the Reay country was associated in no way with the bogus banner of the Grays of Skibo. Work was quickly commenced in the school-house, at the foot of "Bonnie Strathnaver," the hall being quite unable to accommodate the large gathering. The competition was again very severe, the examiner, Rev. Angus Mackay, M.A., having the greatest difficulty in adjudicating the winners. The Rev. Mr. Mackenzie presided, and gave the deputation a most hearty welcome to the historic home of their clan. Children's races followed, the number of competitors



LORD REAY'S PEW IN TONGUE CHURCH.

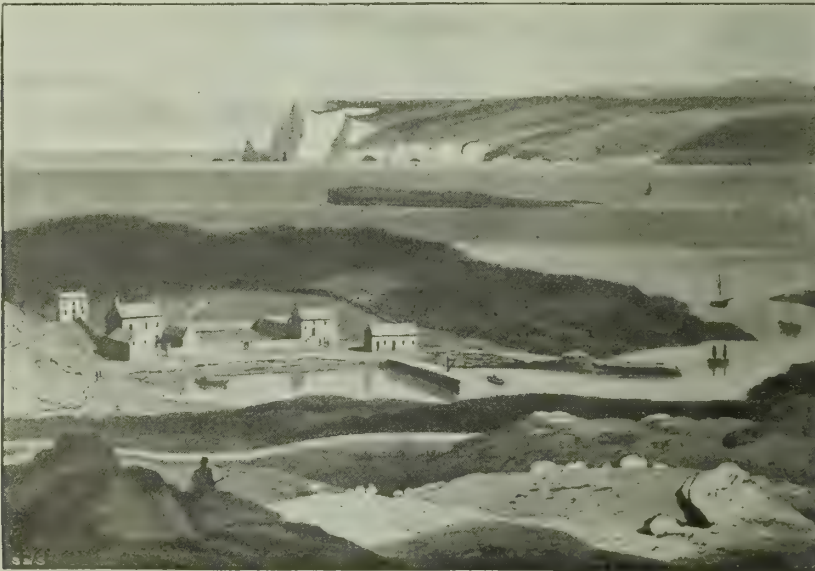
being well nigh inexhaustible. One shilling was given to every first prize winner, and sixpence to every competitor! As this was done in every parish, the number of candidates may be easily understood, and the large sum of money divided among the little ones all over the country showed that the Mackays responded to the occasion in no ungenerous spirit. Piper Marcus Mackay, of the Seaforth Highlanders, wearing the medal for the Chitral Expedition, supplied the pipe music for the day. The evening concert was again a great success, showing a wonderful display of local musical talent. The hall was too small to hold the large gathering. Here the Rev. George Mackay, M.A., of Killin, joined the party, having travelled all the way from Altnaharra to overtake his clansmen, and to show his interest in the work gave a charming rendering of that beautiful

old Gaelic melody, "MacCrimmon's Lament." A dance followed the concert, to which nearly all the young people waited, and which was kept up with great heartiness till early morning.

On Friday the historic Naver was crossed, the beautiful Strath, to which the Mackays are now to return after seventy years of expatriation, stretching away to the base of Ben Clibrig in a series of meadows and hills. Tongue, the beautiful capital of *Duthaich 'ic Aoidh*, was reached in due time, the journey being enlivened with Gaelic songs and rousing choruses. After luncheon, the party drove to the field where the sports were to be held, and were received there by a large gathering, recruited from all the surrounding districts. The local committee had made the most perfect arrangements, and soon the Gaelic competitions were in full swing. Athletic

sports then followed, handsome money prizes being offered for running, leaping, throwing the stone, &c., every event being keenly contested. The children also had their races, the proceedings extending to late in the afternoon. The concert was well worthy of Tongue, the singing would have done credit to any large town, and the number of performers evidently unlimited. The audience crowded the hall, the passages, and even the ante-rooms, while many outside had to be satisfied with the refrains heard through the open windows. The Reading Room benefited to the extent of £10 by the sale of tickets. Of course, a dance followed, but, as in other districts, the space was far too limited for the number of dancers. However, everyone entered into the reels with the utmost heartiness, regardless of minor discomforts. Saturday found the deputation across the Kyle of Tongue in Melness, where they were entertained to dinner by the Rev. Cathel Kerr, M.A., and thereafter held

the competitions in the large school-house, which was again crowded. A very enjoyable concert followed, and after the children's races were held, the party returned to Tongue. On the way to Melness the deputation visited Tongue House, where they were most hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Box. Sunday was welcomed by all, after such a busy and exciting week. Most of the clansmen attended the old Parish Church, to listen to a most eloquent discourse from their comrade, the Rev. George Mackay, M.A., Killin, a native of Sutherlandshire. The most conspicuous object in the church is Lord Reay's pew, a relic of the days when the Mackay chiefs were lords of the soil, and it was only appropriate that Mr. W. D. Mackay, R.S.A., should gravely occupy his chief's vacant seat! The burial vault of the Reay family is under the family pew, and altogether this ancient building has many close associations with the clan in the old days, when the Lords of Reay lived in Tongue House, and ranked



RISPOD, LOCH ERIBOLL.

with the noblest in the land. The times are changed. The Mackay chief of to-day worthily upholds the great name of his family and clan, but he does not own an acre of the vast territory which belonged to his ancestors.

Monday turned out unpropitious for the long journey to Durness, and Messrs John and Donald Mackay, of Hereford, Rev. Angus Mackay, and Mr. Alexander Mackay decided to remain at Tongue. The others resolved to proceed. The Kyle of Tongue and Hope Ferry being safely crossed, the dread Loch Eriboll was reached, but probably recollections of last year's experiences determined the party to drive round the loch, the scenery of which is very grand and wild. At Eriboll Farm they were entertained to an appetising Highland repast of oatmeal cakes, scones, and delicious milk, which was greatly enjoyed. During the interval of waiting for the conveyances, children's races were held, and when the thirteen little competitors were called out

to receive their small silver prizes, it was found that every one bore the name of Mackay! The incident gave the deputation and spectators a hearty laugh. Durness was at last reached, Mr. James Mackay Scobie leading the procession in his carriage with a piper playing a lively tune. At the hotel a large gathering welcomed the visitors, but as it was then too late to go on with the competitions, it was decided to hold a concert in the evening. The hall was crammed, £10 being paid for admission tickets, which sum was applied to the Free Church Repairs Fund. The hall was tastefully decorated, a large floral motto on the wall being "Welcome, Mackays." Mr. Mackay, Scobie, presided, and addresses were delivered by Rev. Adam Gunn, M.A., and Mr. John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly*. The programme was worthy of the native parish of the great bard, Rob Donn Mackay, Mr. Roderick Macleod's rendering of Rob Donn's songs being received with great rapture. The gramophone entertainment was another popular

item. The dance which followed was crowded, but what did a little jostling matter to the Durness lads and lassies when the members of the Clan Mackay Society were enjoying the lightsome reel with the heartiest of them.

The whole parish turned out again next day, the Gaelic competitions being held in the open air. A very large number of competitors came forward, and a high standard of excellence was evidenced, the Gaelic singing being specially good. The Rev. Adam Gunn and Mr. Torquil Nicolson have made their scholarly influence felt to some advantage in Durness. The Durness lads proved themselves athletes of no ordinary ability, no fewer than thirteen of them taking part in "throwing the stone." Indeed all the items on the Sports' programme were keenly contested, numerous handsome money prizes being offered for each event. The children's races brought forward nearly every boy and girl in the district. When the proceedings were about to close and the deputation were congratulating themselves on the completion of their arduous week's labours, a hint was conveyed to them that the people of Durness were by no means done with them yet, and that another grand concert was to be held that evening under the auspices of the clan, at which every member was expected to be present. The proceeds were to be devoted to providing lamps to light up some of the darkest corners of the village. The Mackays again turned out to the entertainment, and experienced the usual routine—a crowded and enthusiastic audience, a capital programme of Gaelic and English songs, and a dance, which was kept up with great heartiness to the early hours of morning. A sum of £5 was raised, sufficient for the object in view, and to give the promoters a good start Mr. George G. Mackay, Liverpool, promised to provide the first barrel of oil gratis. On the following day a visit was made to Balnakiel graveyard, where Rob Donn's grave and monument were inspected, but there was nothing found to show that he was a Calder! The massive monument gives his name as Robert Mackay, and as it was erected by his "admiring countrymen" it would be insulting to their memory to insinuate that they did not know the bard's name. And it may be here stated that particular enquiry was made among the old people in each parish if anyone seriously believed in the Calder theory, and not one person could be found who entertained the idea that Rob was anything but a Mackay. The usual reply was "It's all Mr. Morrison's nonsense, we all know Rob Donn was a Mackay." When a whole race are practically unanimous on the subject, it is not at all likely that Mr. Hew Morrison will convince them that they are wrong.

So ended the tour of the Mackays in the land of their clan, an experience which will be a pleasant memory to all who took part in it. To some, who had never been there before, it was a revelation—it amazed them to find how keenly the old clan feeling is cherished among their clansmen in the North. That the whole population between Reay and Cape Wrath should make the visit of a few Mackays from the South the occasion of a public holiday in every parish was something they could not well understand. However, they came in time to learn what a power for good the Mackay Society had become in the Reay country; it had proved its usefulness by ten years of unceasing effort to further the prosperity of

their kinsmen at home, and their sons when they came South were assisted into suitable situations; when a calamity overtook the fishing fleet the Mackays soon collected £500 to assist the bereaved relatives; they had done much to encourage education, and in many other ways a bond of kinship was cemented between the members of the clan society and their kinsmen in the old homeland in the far North, which found a natural expression in the splendid gatherings which were held in all parts of the Reay country, and in the enthusiasm with which the deputation were received everywhere. Besides this the object which prompted the tour, to foster the study of the ancient language of the race, appealed to the sympathies of the people, who will not willingly let die the Gaelic speech of their forefathers. The Clan Society appealed to them to do something practical, and they responded. Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, urged the formation of Gaelic classes, and provided parcels of text-books for every school. The examinations just held prove that the whole population is deeply interested in the movement, the classes already showing excellent progress.

The Mackays have done their part in the most generous spirit. Two hundred and fifty Gaelic books were distributed in prizes during the tour; a large sum was given in money prizes for athletic sports at Tongue and Durness, and for children's races in every parish. The teachers and ministers who have taught the pupils were suitably recognised, each being presented with a specially bound copy of "Caraidnan-Gaidheal," or "Rob Donn Mackay's Songs and Music," suitably inscribed, in acknowledgment of their generous and patriotic services. Gaelic in the Reay country has now become such a popular study that, instead of decaying, the language will be more generally used and more intelligently understood by the rising generation than it has been for many years past. It is quite evident that if other Highland Societies bestirred themselves in similar directions, there would be no possibility of the language of the Gael dying. Each district society could surely use its influence in the place from which it draws its membership; each clan could also exert itself in the old home of the race. A tour during the summer would interest the natives in the scheme, and classes would soon be formed. So far as the Clan Mackay Society is concerned, it is probable that these tours will become an annual institution in the Reay Country. Everywhere the people insisted on a deputation being sent next year, when preparations for their reception would be made in good time, and even a heartier welcome would be extended to them. That is the right feeling, and it will have due consideration by the society. That the holiday is likely to be a pleasing memory to those who took part in it is evidenced by a letter just received from a clansman in the south, who wrote saying: "I shall never forget the pleasure I derived from our tour in the Mackay country, and the many friends I made there. Even yet, in the night, I fancy I hear the refrain of "Iseabal Nic Aoidh" and those other beautiful Gaelic melodies which were so often sung; while "Over the Sea to Skye" and "Sound the Pibroch" are forever waltzing through my memory in such a masterful fashion that everything else must give way to them." Well, there are worse things to bother one than a good rousing Gaelic song, or a pipe tune.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

NOT a few of our finest Gaelic songs are by unknown authors, or by authors who are known by one effort of their genius. Such songs are frequently the composition of the gentler sex, who too often are

"cradled into poverty by wrong,
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."
Such songs are distinguished by their simplicity, tenderness, and expressive sincerity. They are usually wedded to airs that are in full sympathy with the sentiments expressed, as if both were "the twin births of the one passionate experi-

ence." So much are the words and the music in unison that they must be thought of as one, the melody being in many cases "warblings not of the voice only, but of the whole mind." Of such a class is the well-known "*Fear a' bhàta*," or "The Boatman," "*Gun chrodh gun aighean*," "*Cuir a chinn d'rlis*"—"Fairest and Dearest"—and the following simple song and melody, the bitter wail of some Highland maid whom the cruel sea has bereft of her sailor lad.

FIONN.

THUG MI GAOL DO'N FHEAR BHAN—O, I LOVED THE FAIR LAD.

KEY A—*Slowly, with much feeling.*

{	:	d.,	r		m.	:	r.,	m		l.	:	s.,	s.		m.	:	s.,	m		r	}
---	---	-----	---	--	----	---	-----	---	--	----	---	-----	----	--	----	---	-----	---	--	---	---

SEISD—Thug mi	gaol,	thug mi	gaol,	Thug mi	gaol	do'n fhear	bhàn
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CHORUS—To my	fair	sailor	lad	I gave	love	most sin - cere,
--------------	------	--------	-----	--------	------	------------------

{	:	d.,	r		m.,	r :	m.	s.		l.	:	d.,	l.		s.	:	m.,	r		d	
---	---	-----	---	--	-----	-----	----	----	--	----	---	-----	----	--	----	---	-----	---	--	---	--

Agus	gealladh dhuitse	'luaidh,	O,	cha	dual dhomh	bhi slàn.
------	------------------	----------	----	-----	------------	-----------

And I	promised his to	be,	But my	life now	is drear.
-------	-----------------	-----	--------	----------	-----------

{	:	d.,	r		m.,	r :	m.	s.		l.	:	s.,	s.		m.	:	s.,	m		r	}
---	---	-----	---	--	-----	-----	----	----	--	----	---	-----	----	--	----	---	-----	---	--	---	---

RANN—Chaidh am	bàta troimh	na	caoil	Leis na	daoine	Di - màirt,
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VERSE--'Twas on	Tuesday	after - noon,	That the	ship left the	bay,
-----------------	---------	---------------	----------	---------------	------

D.C. for Chorus.

{	:	d.,	r		m.,	r :	m.	s.		l.	:	d.,	l.		s.	:	m.,	r		d	
---	---	-----	---	--	-----	-----	----	----	--	----	---	-----	----	--	----	---	-----	---	--	---	--

'S mise	phàigh am faradh	daor,	Bha mo	ghaol	air a	clàr
---------	------------------	-------	--------	-------	-------	------

For that	voy - age sore I	paid,	When my	love sailed a	- way.
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Chunn'cas long air a' chuan,
'S i cur suas nan seòl àrd,
'Nuair a dhiùlt i cur mu'n cuairt
Bha mo luaidhs' air an t-sànàmh.

Tacain mu'n do luidh a' ghrian,
Bha mi 'm fiannis mo ghràidh
Tha e nis an grunn'd a' chuain—
O' gur fuar àite-tàimh!

Bha mi brùadar an raoir,
A bhi 'n caoimhneas mo ghràidh;
'S 'nuair a thug e rium a chùl
Shil mo shùilean gu làr.

Bha mi deas is bha mi tuath
Bha mi 'n Cluaidh uair no dhà
Dheth na chunna mi fo 'n ghréin
Thug mi spéis do 'n fhear bhàn.

Cha téid mise 'thigh a' chiùil,
Thuit mo shùgradh gu làr,
O'n a chualas thusa 'ruin
'Bhi 's a' ghrunn'd far nach tràigh.

As they raised the canvas hoar
A fierce squall struck again,
Then my lover lost his hold,
And was ne'er seen again.

But a few short hours before
I held converse with thee,
Thou art now asleep, my love,
'Neath the cold cruel sea.

Yesternight, when in a dream,
To my love I was nigh;
But at dawn the vision fled,
And I waked with a sigh.

I have been to foreign lands,
I have sailed far and near;
But I never yet saw one
I'd compare with my dear.

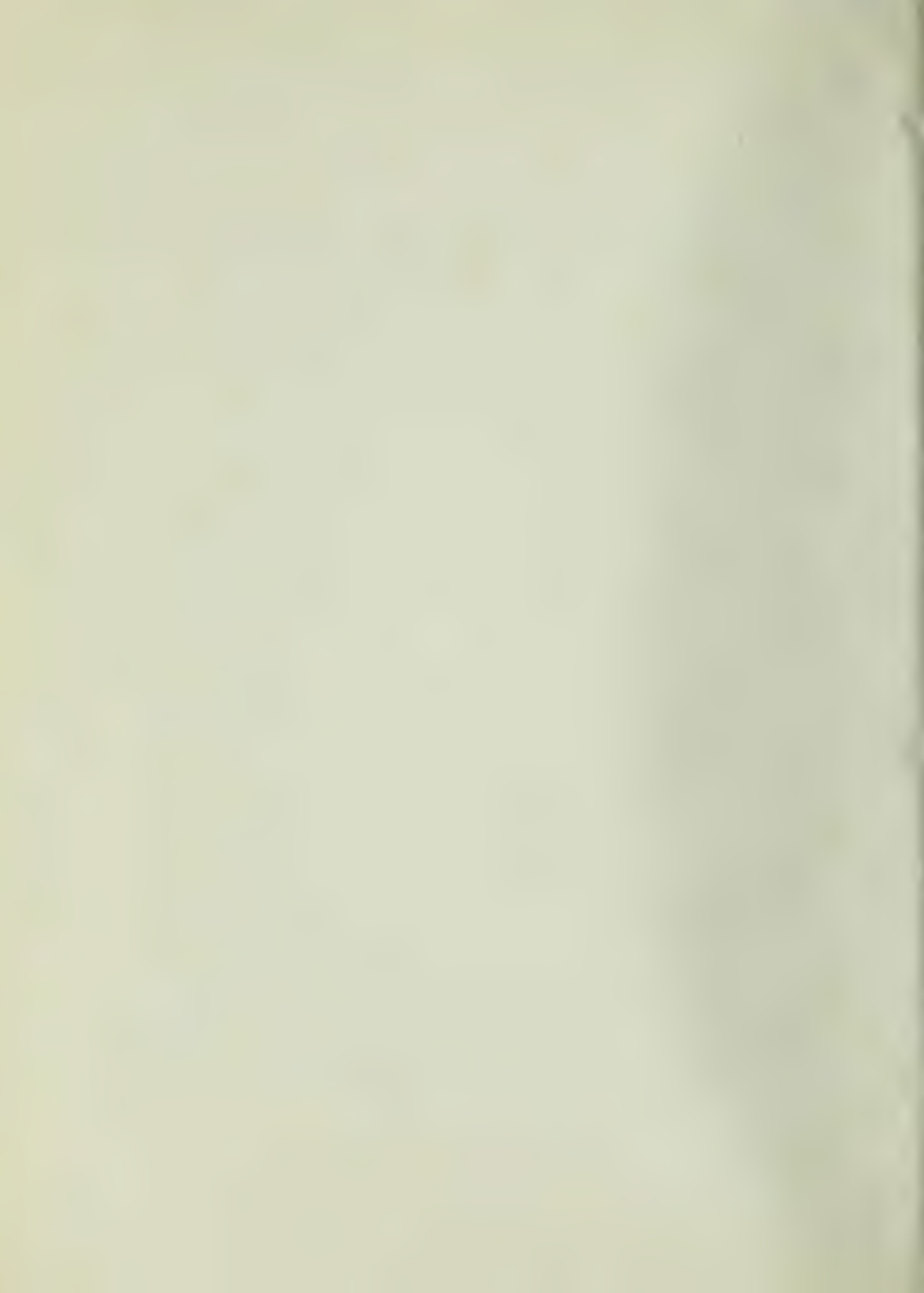
Life is reft of all its joy,
I shall ne'er smile again,
Since my own, my sailor lad,
Sleeps for aye 'neath the main.



PETER GRANT.



MRS. PETER GRANT.



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PETER GRANT, GLASGOW.

AMONG the many ancient clans of the Scottish Highlands, there are few that boast a purer Celtic descent than *Na Granndaich*, or Grants, whether of Strathspey, Urquhart, or Glenmoriston. Mr. Peter Grant, the subject of this brief sketch, is a Grant of the Grants. Born in Glen Urquhart on 6th May, 1864, Mr. Grant comes of a typical Highland race, the Grants of Corrimony, second only to that branch of the clan of which the Earl of Seafield is the head. Many distinguished men have sprung from the same stock, and made the name of Grant world famous. For over four hundred years his ancestors have dwelt in Glen Urquhart, and in the same beautiful glen his father, Mr. John Grant of Oakbank, died but a few months ago, deeply regretted by all who knew him. At the age of fourteen, Peter Grant, having received a sound educational training in Glen Urquhart, came to Glasgow, where he served an apprenticeship with Messrs. Ogg & Hodge, and after making one or two changes,

was appointed representative in Scotland and Ireland of the well-known firm, Messrs. Barry, Ostlere & Co., Ltd., linoleum manufacturers, Kirkcaldy, a position which he still occupies with credit to himself and satisfaction to his employers. His leisure time has been largely taken up in furthering by every possible means the various Highland Associations with which he is connected. Joining the Glasgow Inverness-shire Association about fifteen years ago, Mr. Grant, who was elected its hon. secretary in 1895, has, by dint of hard work, in which he has been ably seconded by his brother, James, the popular president, brought the Association

to its present flourishing condition. In addition to his connection with his County Association, Mr. Grant is treasurer of the Clan Grant Society, a member of the Glasgow Gaelic Society and the London Inverness-shire Association, and is to be found lending a helping hand wherever his Highland compatriots require assistance. On 8th June, 1888, he married Ada, daughter of Mr. Thos. Warwick, Sherwood, Nottingham, an amiable and accomplished lady, who enters heartily into her husband's enthusiasm for things Highland. Their family consists of two sons and a daughter. We wish them all a prosperous and happy future, and success in all their undertakings.



MRS. GRANT.

W. DRUMMOND NORIE.

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

THE MOD.

THE eighth annual Mòd was held in the Music Hall, Edinburgh, on 5th October, Sir Robert Menzies, Bart., presiding, and was supported by Rev. Dr. Blair, William Mackenzie, Crofters' Commission; Henry Whyte (Fionn), Malcolm Macfarlane, Duuncan Macgregor, of Arngask; Major A. Y. Mackay, Gregor Macgregor, Theodore Napier, Prof. Mackinnon, Miss Yule, of Tarradale, Archibald Menzies, S.S.C.; John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly*; Alexander Ross Mackay, John A. Stewart, Dr. Geo. Henderson, A. Mackay Robson, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson-Matheson, B. H. Peach, Neil Macleod, John Mackay, Donald Mackay, Donald Nicolson, J. M. Campbell, John Campbell, Evander Mackay, James Grant, Dr. Alexander Dingwall, Peter Grant, W. Drummond Norie, Alexander Mackay, John Mackintosh, &c. The hall was well filled, and we recognised many prominent Gaels from all parts of the country. Apologies for absence were intimated from Mr. John Mackay, Hereford; Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh, and others.

The CHAIRMAN opened the proceedings with a brief address, in which he expressed his warm sympathy with the Gaelic movement, referred to the revival of interest in the language which had become general among the Celtic races, and strongly advocated that Gaelic should be taught in all Highland schools.

Addresses were next delivered by Lord Castleton, Messrs E. Fournier, and P. H. Pierce, who represented kindred societies in Ireland.

Mr. HENRY WHYTE read the report of the adjudicators on the literary competitions, from which it appeared that no less than 79 papers had been sent in, and the standard of excellence was greatly improved on former years.

Thereafter, the various musical competitions took place, the proceedings being of the most interesting nature. The choral competition especially was followed with keen appreciation, the Inverness choir's splendid rendering of "Iseabal Nic Aoidh" well entitling them to first place. As usual, Mr. Roderick Macleod received an ovation on his appearances, and he was again successful in carrying off some prizes. The following were the prize-winners in the various competitions:—

Best original and unpublished Gaelic poem or sonnet—1, Neil Ross, Glendale; 2, Mrs. K. W. Grant, Glasgow; 3, John Macfadyen, Glasgow.

Best metrical translation from English into Gaelic of the poem, "The Graves of a Household," by Mrs. Hemans—1, Mrs. K. W. Grant; 2, Rev. Alexander Macdougall, Colonsay; commended, John Macfadyen.

Best original and unpublished competition in Gaelic prose—1, Mrs. K. W. Grant; 2, Alex. Mackinnon, Partick.

Best Gaelic essay (open only to boys or girls under tuition in schools in Skye)—1, John Macleod, Rona, Portree; 2, Kenneth Maclellan, Rona; 3, Isabella Nicolson, Rona.

Best Gaelic essay on any topic of local interest (open only to boys and girls under tuition in schools in the Reay country)—1, Alastair Macleod, Melness; 2, Angus Macleod, Melness.

Best Gaelic letter on a simple subject within the knowledge of the pupils—1, Jane Currie, Islay; 2, Flora Mackinnon, Islay.

Best Gaelic ode in honour of Flora Macdonald—1, John Macfadyen, Glasgow.

Best Gaelic prose account of the Battle of Killiecrankie—1, Alexander Stewart, Glenlyon.

Best collection of technical terms in Gaelic for actions, materials, and implements used in any trade or occupation—The Rev. Chas. Robertson, Inverness.

Gaelic teaching in schools, highest percentage of passes in Gaelic—1 (£9), Paible, North Uist; Oban High School; Helliopool, Tiree; Ballemartin, Tiree; and Staffin, Skye—equal (£6 each).

Best four part harmony of the air, "Soraidh slàn do'n àilleagan"—£1 1s—Ivor Black, 54 Queen Street, Glasgow.

Solo singing (open only to those capable of conversing in Gaelic)—1, Joan Macvean, Oban; 2, Alex. Macleod, Inverness; 3, Alex. Fraser, Glasgow.

Solo singing with clarsach accompaniment—Miss Mary Ann Mackechnie, Oban.

Solo singing (open)—1, Miss Katie MacColl, Oban; 2, Miss Lizzie Mackenzie, Inverness.

Solo singing for seniors, female voices—1, Miss Tena Carmichael, Glasgow; 2, Miss Mary M. Macleod, Glasgow; 3, Miss K. S. Macgregor, Dundee.

Male voices—1, Allan Hunter, Oban; 2, Dan. Munro, Inverness; 3, John Cameron, Glasgow; 4, Alexander Fraser, Glasgow.

Choral competition for seniors—1, Inverness Gaelic Choir; 2, St. Columba Church Choir, Glasgow; 3, Choir of Northern Counties Institute for the Blind, Inverness.

Duet competition—1, Miss Kate Fraser and Mr. R. Macleod, Inverness; 2, Miss Lizzie Mackenzie and Mr. John Mackenzie, Inverness.

Quartette competition—1, Inverness No. 2; 2, Dundee.

Gaelic recitation—1, Neil Ross, Glendale; 2 (equal), Alex. Macdougall, Glasgow, and Duncan MacCallum, Glasgow.

Gaelic reading—1, Malcolm MacCallum, Taynuilt; 2 and 3 (equal), Miss Minnie Keith MacArthur, Campbeltown, and Duncan MacCallum, Glasgow.

Choral competition for juniors—1, Rhinn's Junior Gaelic Choir, Islay; 2, Oban Junior Gaelic Choir.

Solo competition for juniors, female voices—1, Miss Margaret Cameron, Oban; 2, Miss Betsy Anderson, Islay; 3, Miss Maggie Macniven, Islay.

Male voices—1, Donald Mackinnon, Campbeltown; 2, Angus Keith Mackinnon, Campbeltown.

BUSINESS MEETING.

As soon as the proceedings were concluded, the annual business meeting was held—Rev. Dr. Blair presiding. It was agreed to form branches of the Association throughout the Highlands, and a committee was formed to submit a scheme. Next year's Mòd will be held in Perth, with the Marquis of Tulliebardine as president; Mr. John A. Stewart to act as local secretary. The following were added to the Executive Council:—Dr. Keith N. Macdonald, James Grant, Rev. George Mackay (Killin), and Alfred Macaulay (Golspie). It was decided to increase the secretary's honorarium to £20. Delegates were appointed to attend the Celtic gatherings in Ireland and Wales, which concluded the meeting.

EVENING CONCERT.

The Music Hall in the evening was crowded with one of the most influential and enthusiastic Highland gatherings ever held in Edinburgh. The capital has always been notorious for its coldness towards things Highland, but on this occasion it belied its reputation. The concert was entirely Gaelic, and every item was applauded. On several occasions the five combined choirs, assisted by the famous Reel and Strathspey Band and the organ, gave a splendid rendering of favourite songs, such as probably no one in the hall ever heard the like before. After this experience no one need say that a programme must be almost entirely English or Lowland to secure a good audience.

THE LOCAL SECRETARY.

If there is one word to be added, it is in acknowledgment of the services of Mr. Archibald Menzies, S.S.C. To him the great success of the Mòd is nearly wholly due; his energy and enthusiasm created a like interest in others, and he is entitled to the greatest credit for the time and labour he devoted to making the Mòd by far the best yet held by the Association. We were pleased to hear him stating that he received more assistance from the Clan Mackay Society than from any other association in Edinburgh. That the clan were deeply interested in the meeting was evident from the fact that we counted no less than twenty Mackays in one part of the hall during the day.

NA H-UAIGHEAN AIG AON TEAGHLACH.

THE following translation of Mrs. Heman's "Graves of a Household" is by Mrs. K. W. Grant, Shawlands, Glasgow, and gained the first prize at the Mòd held recently at Edinburgh:—

GU h-àluinn dh'fhàs iad taobh ri taobh,
Aon àros lìon le àigh—
Air feadh an t-saoghail tha'n uaignean sgaoilt',
Air màgh, is enoc, is tràigh.

Aig oidhche phòg 'n aon mhàthair chaomh
Gach mala òg gun ghruaim,
Ghléidh i fo 'suil gach blàthan maoth—
C'ait' 'bheil iad nis 'nan suain?

Measg choilltibh ciar na h-Aird-an-iar,
Taobh uillt tha aon 'na thàmh—
Seach air tha 'n t-Innseanach a' triall
Fo sgàil nan seudar àrd.

Tha aon 'an glaic na fairge mòir',
Measg neamhnuidean a' chuain:
An Gaol!—gun chàirde caomh 'na chòir,
An deòir cha ruig air 'uaign.

'S an Airde-deas, air màgh na gaisg'
Tha fear dhiubh taisgt' le sàir;
Fo chraobhan meas, 'na bhratach paisgt',
Air blàr a' bhuaidh 's an Spàin.

Is aon—fo mhiortail tha i sìnt',
Shearg ise 'n tìr na gréin';
'Measg bhlàith' na h-Eadailt luidh i sìos,
Uan deireannach an tréid.

Sgapta mar so, aig fois tha 'chlann
A chluich fo 'n aon chrann-téil',
Aig glùn aon mhàthar 'an laoidh 's 'an rann,
A thog an guth le chéil'.

Iadsan a las an tigh le aoibh,
An dachaidh 'lìon le ceòl—
Mo thruaigh! b'e 'n gaol an fhaileas fhaoin
Gun Saoghal ùr nam Beò!

TIR NAN OG.

(Tir nan Og was an Elysium in Celtic mythology.)
FONN—"My love is like a red, red rose."

THE following poem by Mr. Neil Ross, Glendale, Skye, received the first prize for original Gaelic poetry at the Mòd held at Edinburgh:—

Oc'ait 'eil aoibhneas Tir nan Og
A mheudaich ceòl nam Fiann?
O c'ait 'eil cala rùin nam bàrd
Is dùthaich àigh am miann?
Oir chrom na bàird an cinn 's an ùir,
Tha 'n clàrsach tursach balbh;
Is chaochail maise Tir nan Og
Bho'n theich a glòir air falbh.

Oir mhùchadh soilse Tir nan Og,
Rinn aoibhneach ceòl nam Fiann.
Is dh' fhalbh Malmhin do Thir nan Og
'S an laochraidh mhòr o chian.
Oir chrom na bàird an cinn 's an ùir,
Tha Cheòlraidh tursach balbh.
Is thuit an oich' air Tir nan Og
Tha 'loinn 's a glòir air falbh.

Nach cianail mar a shearg an dreach
Air cluaintean Tir nan Og,
Mar 'sgaoileas brudair faoin mu seach
Aig briseadh fair' an lò.
An till a snuadh gu 'cluaintean àigh,
Am faigh na bàird am miann?
An till a' mhaise ghrinn ni's mò
'Rinn aoibhneach ceòl nam Fiann?

Ach cuin' a thig an loinn air ais
A thàmh air Tir nan Og?
No cuin' a dhùisgeas fuaim nam fonn
Mac talla trom nam fròg?
Cha laidh an Aois air Gaol no Ceòl,
Cha dean i leòn d' an dealbh;
Oir chum iad sonas Tir nan Og
'S cha teich an glòir air falbh.

MY LOVE ACROSS THE SEA.

Sea gull on the wave that rideth
Come to me, come to me;
Tell my love that love abideth,
Tell from me, tell from me,
Tell my love across the sea.

Sea gull, take a loving greeting
O'er the sea, o'er the sea;
Winter's past, and time is fleeting,
Say from me, say from me,
Say to my true love from me.

**SURG. LT.-COL. ALEX. K. STEWART,
OF ACHNAONE.**



BORN in India, 30th August, 1852, and after a service of 21 years in Her Majesty's Indian Medical Service, from which he retired in 1897 as a Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel, few would give Achnaone credit for his years and tropical experience. His father, the late Alexander Stewart, who was in the Indian Civil Service, was tenth of Achnaone in unbroken lineal succession from father to son, from Dugald, first of Achnaone, third son of Alan Stewart, third of Appin; the Appins in turn being the direct legitimate male representatives of the last Sir John Stewart, Lord of Lorn, who was assassinated in 1643 at Dunstaffnage, and who was descended through Sir John de Bonkyl from Walter, sixth Lord High Steward of Scotland. The Achnaones are now the senior Cadet branch of the Appin Stewarts, owing to the Strathgarry branch from the second son of Alan having become extinct; and though by a family arrangement Charles Montague Duncan, his elder brother, is eleventh Achnaone, Alexander Kenneth is now "of Achnaone," his eldest son, Alexander Dugald Lorn, being heir male of the line.

The lands of Achnaone were granted to Dugald soon after the return of his father, Alan, with his five sons, from Flodden, A.D. 1513; and the eventual history of the Achnaones is bound up with that of their chief of Appin, with whom they took a distinguished part in all the notable engagements from that year on, ending with the disastrous field of Culloden, where Alexander and Duncan, the second and third brothers of Donald, seventh of Achnaone, were killed.

Alexander Kenneth, the subject of this note, was educated at Haileybury College. Going from thence to Edinburgh University, he took the degrees of M.B. and C.M. in 1874, as also the degree of L.R.C.S., Ed., at the College of Surgeons. In 1876 he passed very high, being second in professional subjects, for the Indian Medical Service Examination in London; and he went out to Bombay the same year, when the great famine was raging. He saw famine work at once, but was early appointed to the medical charge of the "Poona Horse," with which famous regiment the remainder of his service as a regimental officer was mostly associated. In 1880 he was through the Afghan campaign with the corps, and was present at the defence of Kandahar, affair at Kairabad, sortie against Deh Khoja, where he was twice slightly wounded, and battle of Kandahar, for which he has the medal and clasp. He saw further service in the Chitral campaign of 1895, being then in medical charge of No. 31 Native Field Hospital, Reserve Brigade, for which also he has the Chitral medal. Among other good work in India, in 1883 he received the thanks of the Government of Bombay, by Government resolution, for his researches and report in regard to an epidemic then existing in parts of that Presidency.

As an athlete he was distinguished in Rugby football, having been captain of the Edinburgh University football team in 1874, in which year also, and in 1876, he played quarter in the International for Scotland against England. In the saddle and as a horseman he had few equals; and though he gave up steeplechasing in the early years of his Indian career, he played polo and captained the regimental polo team for the last 15 years of that period, during which it was quite one of the crack teams of India. He is one of the very few men living who can lay claim to having fairly ridden a full grown wolf to a standstill, though many an ambitious and good rider has attempted and failed to achieve this, which perhaps may be considered and claimed to be the blue ribbon of the saddle on the sporting side. Being an ardent sportsman, he is equally at home with the rod and gun, as was his father before him, his name having been a household word with old Indians in the earlier years of the century. Among his most valued possessions are two massive and handsome silver centre-pieces, presented to him by his brother officers of the Poona Horse—the first on his second marriage in 1891 to Annie, daughter of the late Peter Longton, Esq., of Woolton, Lancashire; and the second on his retirement in 1897. At the inauguration of the Clan Stewart Society this year he was elected as one of the vice-presidents. By his present



Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel ALEX. K. STEWART.

wife, Annie, Achnacone has two sons, Alexander Dugald Lorn, younger of Achnacone, and Ian Macalister.

BARGAINS: A TALE OF THE MUIR OF ORD MARKET.

IT is only within the last decade that the Muir of Ord Market, once celebrated throughout the Highlands, has become, comparatively, so little frequented. On a certain Thursday in every month the grey muir that lies on the Inverness side of Ord village became a gay and busy scene. Alas! towards evening the road that stretches wide and straight through the muir, and on to Conon and Dingwall, became a scene of gay and drunken revel. Worn-out crofters' ponies jogging peaceably homeward, their masters seated, maudlin, on the cartshaft, were hardly dangers; but half-broken Clydesdale colts, with tipsy riders, were not pleasant to meet.

"Hoch and indeed," said Geordie Ross, "it's no possible to buy a Highland sheltie at the Muir wi'oot as mony drams as would buy the beastie twice ower."

"George," retorted his English cousin, "if ever I see you coming home the worse, I'll never speak to you again."

Geordie laid down the bridle he had been cleaning, and came out to the stable door. There was a light in his honest blue eyes.

"Jean," he said in a low voice, "lassie, if I go to the mairket and come home steady-like, wull ye gie anither answer to the ane ye did twal months syne?"

She turned her head away and answered, Scotch fashion, with a question.

"When are you going, George?"

"The morrow, Jean. The maister's sending me to buy a few cattle tae pit in the east laigh field."

Jeannie flashed round. "And you call yourself a man, and make so much of buying a few cows without making a brute of yourself!"

Geordie sighed. How was it possible to make this little English-bred cousin understand the enormity of the sacrifice he was prepared to make for her? She made such a provokingly pretty picture, too, standing there in the July sunshine, and Geordie had a sense of the beautiful.

"Look ye here, lass," he said desperately, "I'll tell ye what I'll do. I'll tak' a poond—twenty shullins—wi' me, an' I'll bring it back as whole as I took it. That'll show ye I won't hae tiched a drap o' drink o' any sort, except watter."

"Ay," she said, "and how can I tell that you

won't borrow money?"—then stopped, abashed by the pain in the blue eyes.

"Na, na, lass," he said, with gentle dignity, "I think ye ken me weel eno' to believe I wudna play a dirty trick like thon."

"Yes, George, and I know enough to know an honest man." And with that she ran away. But Geordie returned whistling to his work. He felt that his happiness now lay in his own hands—in his own power of resisting temptation.

Next morning at seven o'clock he entered the farm kitchen, where Jean was already at work preparing breakfast.

"Not away yet?" said she ungraciously. But nothing daunted, he strode across the room and stood before her. He was a fine-looking young fellow—stalwart, blue-eyed, yellow-bearded, and fresh-complexioned. In his new "moleskins" and jacket of home-spun he made a good type of a Scotch working man. A certain amount of the admiration she felt came into Jean's expression, and perhaps Geordie saw it.

"Jean," he began, "ye ken fine I'm no in ony way what cud be ca'ed a drinker?"

"Yes, George," demurely.

"An' ye've never seen me come hame what cud be ca'ed incapable?"

"No, George."

"But ye ken fine that I can tak' my gless wi' anither when I'm making a bargain?"

"And you should be ashamed to stand there and confess it!"—with spirit.

"Weel, lass, it's the custom—a bad one, maybe, but for a' that there it is." He paused for a moment, then resumed: "But I'm no to tich a drap the day. I'll hae to pit up wi' a deal o' lauchin', an' they'll be makin' a bar o' me turnin' teetotal, but I'm to do it for love o' you." Geordie paused again: love-making is difficult in the early morning, and especially when the lady of your choice wears a perfectly stolid expression. However, Geordie made a bold dash, and added: "There's no muckle I wudna dae for you, my ain dearie!"

"Indeed, sir," said Jean, "you've too much cheek altogether! And what good is this to do me, may I ask?"

"Wull I never mak' you understand?"—despairingly. "Weel, lass, if ye wull hae it so, I'll jist say that maybe it's no you that it'll do ony good to, but jist myself." He felt in his waistcoat pocket, and produced a half-sovereign and four half-crowns. "Jean, I sweer to you that thon's every bawbee I hae aboot me; if I bring them hame to ye jist as they are the noo, wull ye gie me ony hope?"

A long pause, whilst the lady deliberately turned a bannock on the girdle.

"An' I sweer I'll no tak' a drap frae ony ither body."

No answer. The lady lifted the bannocks deftly on the blade of an old knife, and placed them on an ashette.

That even a worm will turn is very true, and "Faint heart never won fair lady" is an excellent proverb. Geordie placed his hand on Jean's shoulder and turned her gently towards him. His face was white under the tan, and his voice was hoarse and stern.

"Ye'll need to hae done wi' playin' wi' me, Jean. Wull ye mak' the bargain, or wull ye no?"

She shook off his hand and ran to the door. There she turned.

"Yes, I'll make the bargain," she said, "and if you keep your half, I—I'll be blithe to keep mine!" and vanished.

The sun shone brightly as Geordie took his way over Conon Bridge. The river wimpled softly through the stone arches, and, fallen low in the dry weather, stretched widely on each side of the islands, now aesthetically green and yellow with whin blossom, broom, and birch. As he rode up through the bonnie little village, the gardens in the sunshine garish with July annuals, he met his rival the gamekeeper. His rival! With Jean's last words ringing in his ears he could laugh at the term now. Yet, with the romance of kilt and sporran he made a picturesque figure; and Geordie felt that, if only on that account, Sandy might have had serious attractions for his romantic little sweetheart. Such fears were things of the past.

"It's like to be weet the day," said Sandy, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Weet, man!" exclaimed Geordie, "Weet wi' you sky?"

"Ay, man, it's weel kenned that there is no mony that returns *dry* frae the Muir!" And he went on his way chuckling, and hugely pleased with his own joke.

But, accompanied by the rich harvest of his thoughts, and caring little for such "vacant chaff", Geordie pressed on along the level road that leads through the properties of Conon, Highfield, and Ord. He stabled his horse at the Tarradale Inn, and thence took his way on foot to the Muir. Here he was met by many a friendly greeting, for Geordie was a favourite. He moved about among the crowd, occasionally letting his eye rest on a likely lot of beasts, but finding none that came up to his standard of bovine excellence. At length he felt a hand on his shoulder, and a cheery voice said, "Hullo, Ross, what are you looking for?"

Geordie turned and saw the laird smiling pleasantly at him. He explained his business.

"Well, lad, if you get nothing better, you may tell your master I'm ready to give him the Angus beasts at the price he offered last week."

"Deed, laird," said Geordie, "I've nae need to gang further; there's no a beast in the mairket we'd rather buy."

The laird laughed. "The fact is," he said, "that they are not in the market. As I told you, I did not intend to sell them; but I've just bought some Highland cattle to please her ladyship, and I have not room for both."

The purchase was quickly made, and then the laird took a silver flask from his pocket.

"A wee drop of mountain dew," he said, "to seal the bargain."

Geordie reddened to the roots of his hair. Refuse a dram from the laird! Surely that would be the acme of bad manners and churlishness. He had realised the difficulty of refusing an equal, but such a predicament as this had not entered into his calculations. And to make matters worse, the spirit was poured into a silver cup and held towards him. But Geordie had inherited a certain dogged obstinacy, as well as feudal respect, from his forbears.

"I'm no takin' the day, laird, thank ye," he said, awkwardly.

"Come, come, lad, don't be bashful! Or have you turned teetotal?"

"No, thank ye, laird." But a fierce conflict was going on. Surely even Jean would think this an exceptional case. The laird meanwhile quietly emptied the cup of whisky on the grass.

"I see you have your own reasons for refusing," he said. "I wish that there were more lads like you." And with a sigh he left him.

Geordie echoed the sigh, but it was one of intense relief. He would leave this cursed place and get home, lest he should have to go through any more such scenes.

Oh, Geordie! what star of ill-luck made you cross the road to look at that short-horn bull? It is true that he is the champion of the Northern Counties, and well worth looking at, but not worth the risk that you are running.

"Now, then, ladies and gentlemen," said a nasal voice, close to Geordie. "I am abart to hoffer you a bigger bargain than you'll ever get in Muir of Hord, Conon, or Dingwall, or even Culbokie."

Geordie glanced round, and saw close to him a caravan, in the doorway of which stood a remarkably small man, of a remarkably villainous cast of countenance. A group of men and lads, rapidly increasing to a crowd, was gathered round him. From the recesses of the caravan he produced a trayful of silver watches. He held one up by its much be-tasselled chain.

"Now, ladies—what! no ladies present? Well, all I can say is as there ought to be! Well, gentlemen single, or single gentlemen, 'ere's a present suitable for wives or sweethearts, a bew-ti-ful little gem of a silver watch!

Come, now, what'll you bid for it? 'Arf a crown? No one bid anythink at all? Well, it wouldn't be much use your bidding less than ten bob, for I simply wouldn't tike it. What hif I was to tell you that there was a crisp new Bank of England note in the hinside of each watch-kise?"

A murmur of incredulity arose from the crowd.

"Well, there may be one or two has 'asn't it, but heven hif they 'av'n't, isn't this bew-ti-ful little gem of a silver watch worth double what you pay for it?"

This somewhat enigmatical sentence ought to have impressed the crowd, but Mr. Cheap Jack finds Sandy, intent on business, more difficult to move than 'Arry out for a holiday at Margate. He must try more practical means.

"P'rap I should 'ave said a Bank of Scotland note. Well, there it is!"

For a brief moment he opened the watch lid, let the crowd catch a glimpse of a neatly folded piece of paper, replaced the watch on the tray, and dramatically folded his arms.

"Now, p'raps, you'll believe my word! Now you may condescend to see that I'm selling the watches for your good, and not for my own profit!"

He picked up the watch once more.

"Now, before my patience is quite gone, will you 'ave the watch or won't yer? Time is getting short, and I 'ave a happointment with the Dook of Sutherland at 'arf-past three hexactly!"

A lad of about eighteen, even at that early age and hour fuddled with bad whisky, stepped forward.

"Gi'e me the watch, an' if ye're telling me a lee I'll break yer darned ugly heid for ye!"

As he spoke he held out a handful of loose silver, amounting possibly to ten or twelve shillings. The Cheap Jack took it, and handed him his purchase. There was a breathless pause whilst the lad opened the watch. The crowd jostled forward, those nearest peering over his shoulder, as with trembling fingers he removed the crisp paper from its resting place, and smoothed out the creases. He held it up. It was a note on the British Linen Company's Bank for £1 sterling.

Then a chorus of exclamations broke forth.

"Weel done, Jimmy lad!"

"Losh, mon! a silver watch and chain an' a poond note for a few shullin's!"

"She's the ferry pest pargain she effer saw, whateffer!"

"Man alive! did ever ye see the like!"

"Hoch an' hoch, such a thing to be in it!"

I tremble for my own reputation as a truthful story-teller, but I can only tell you of what fol-

lowed as I heard it from an eye-witness of the scene.

The Cheap Jack struck ere the iron grew cool, and holding up a watch in each hand, cried—

"I 'ave honly twenty left! Tike 'em or leave 'em!"

And they took them. Yes, the hard-headed, calculating Scot was beaten by the little Cockney. I blush for my countrymen. They crowded and pressed up to the caravan, they held up their purchase money, and he took it. He took anything from five shillings to a pound. In an incredibly short time he had got rid of from twenty to thirty sixpenny watches. Then he turned his caravan, whipped up his horse, and took his departure.

The scene after this can hardly be imagined, much less described. When the crowd realised to what an extent it had been fooled, an angry murmur ascended to the blue sky, and the murmur grew to a roar that was heard above the neighing of horses, the bleating of sheep, and even outdid the roar of the champion of the Northern Counties. It was a roar of baffled vengeance, for the back of the caravan was seen vanishing round the corner, on the high road to Beaulieu. The thoughtful student would now have had ample opportunity for studying the variations of the Gaelic and Celtic oath. Geordie alone was silent. His feelings were too deep for words. Never, even in his calmer moments, could he understand what made him press up with the foremost and proffer his four silver coins. But that he had done so was certain, for in his pocket the half sovereign rested solitary, and in his hand was a child's toy. And he had broken his promise to Jean. Well, only half of it, but surely as far as his happiness was concerned he might have broken the whole, for now he could not produce his pledge of good faith. At this moment the devil, in the guise of Black William, the smith, chose to proffer him a horn tumbler half full of whisky.

"It's guid speerits, mon! Rale Glenlivet!"

Geordie had not broken his fast since early morning, and this, combined with the long ride and the heat of the day, had made him feel giddy and faint. Moreover, the odour of the whisky was borne refreshingly pungent to his nostrils. Be a man, Geordie! What though you have broken your compact in the letter, keep it as far as you can in the spirit!

"It's guid whusky, mon, tak' it, you're no lookin' very brawly."

Then a jeering voice, that of Sandy, the keeper.

"Hoch! an' didn't ye ken that Geordie had turned teetotal? He jined the blue-ribboners when 'bonnie Jean' gave him the go-by!"

A shout of derisive laughter went up from the crowd. Geordie took the horn in his hand,

and—flung it full in the face of the last speaker ! He has a very confused recollection of what followed after this episode. He was a tall, broadly built young fellow, but Sandy was in training for the Inverness sports, and had, the better to guard himself against poachers, studied the art of self-defence. A few minutes decided the victory, and Geordie found himself lying prone, whilst well-intentioned kindness forced “rale Glenlivet” against his clenched teeth, and spilt it all over his clothes. Then Geordie swore. Yes, that “quate, douce laddie” swore deeply. He swore in Gaelic and English, and he swore some oaths peculiar to Easter Ross, his birth-place. I think he even astonished Sandy, whose vocabulary in this respect was by no means limited. Then he picked himself up, and, disdaining any assistance, cleft his way through the crowd, and went to the Tarradale stables. Here he washed away any marks of the fray that were washable, and surveyed himself in a fragment of mirror that hung in the harness room. And a pretty spectacle he beheld ! His left eye was several artistic shades of blue and green, his nose and lip were bleeding, and he had lost a tooth. And oh ! how he reeked of whisky !

“But I didna swallow a drap,” said Geordie to himself, not without a certain amount of triumph.

His homeward ride was slow and painful. It was yet too early in the afternoon for any market revellers to be on the road, so he had sufficient solitude to think over his distress. He also had sufficient courage to look the situation fairly in the face. His conclusion of the matter may be summed up in his own words.

“I’ll mak’ a clean breist o’t, an’ if she’ll no believe me I canna help it. If she’ll not trust me noo, she’ll not trust me aifter marriage, so maybe it’s as weel tae ken aforehand.”

This philosophical reflection did not comfort him as much as he had expected it to, and he added to himself—

“But I’ll need tae clean mysel’ a bit afore I see her.”

The sun was still throwing strong rays of heat athwart the land. It was behind Geordie, but nevertheless he was glad when he reached the deep shadows cast by the Conan woods. His head was aching badly, and he felt sick and giddy. He began to wonder if he could hold up until he reached home. He swayed in his saddle and recovered himself, then again and once more saved a fall. The third time he fell heavily on the road. When he came to himself his head was resting on a softer lap than that of mother earth. Gradually, growing more distinct as the buzzing in his head grew less loud, the following conversation came to him.

A man’s voice first expostulating rather angrily. “Hoots, lass, he’s as fou as he can be ! Canna ye feel the smell o’ the speerits off him ?”

Then a girl’s tones, earnest, indignant—

“And I tell you he is not. It’s a sunstroke.”

Then the man again, impatiently—

“What’s the use o’ argufyin’ wi’ a wuman that winna believe the eevidence o’ her senses ?”

At the next words Geordie felt that the whole earth could not contain his joy.

“I tell you I *know* he wouldn’t, because he *promised* me.” And the voice was Jean’s.

MYRA K. G. WARRAND.

“MUILEANN DUBH.”

20 ST. ANDREW SQUARE,

EDINBURGH, 2nd October, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—After parting with the members of the Clan Mackay deputation at Inverness, I spent a few days with my friend, Rev. George M. Munro, at Kincaig. One afternoon we had a walk of some miles from Speyside to near the front of the Grampions. Standing on an eminence, and overlooking a beautiful meadow on the east side of a river which falls into the river Spey, Mr. Munro, pointing to the remains of a building close to a burn which meandered through the meadow, said—“That is the ‘Muileann Dubh’” (Black Hill). “‘Muileann Dubh,’ ‘Muileann Dubh !’” I reiterated, “an air, and words accompanying the air, were familiar to me in my young days. It is quite possible that the one before us is or was the real Mill.” My friend said he knew nothing of it, but pointing to a man who stood close to a bridge that spanned the burn, said—“Yonder is the tenant of the farm, he may be able to tell you something about it.” We hailed the man, and I asked him if he knew of any tradition in connection with the place. Pointing to a huge boulder on the summit of the mountain about two miles north-east of where we stood, “That stone,” he said, “is called ‘MacCailein Mòr,’ or Argyll’s Stone, on account of one of the chiefs of Clan Campbell, with his followers, passing a night beside it. As they emerged into the plain below, one of the Earl’s pipers composed, if not the air, the words,” which he repeated as follows :—

Tha caoraich agus gabhradh ‘sa Mhuileann dubh ‘sa Muileann dubh,

Tha caoraich agus gabhradh ‘sa Mhuileann dubh o shamhradh,

Tha’n crodh breith nan laogh anns a’ Mhuileann dubh, ‘sa Mhuileann dubh,

Tha’n crodh breith nan laogh anns a’ Mhuileann o shamhradh,

Tha nead na circe-fraoich anns a’ Mhuileann dubh, ‘sa Mhuileann dubh,

Tha nead na circe-fraoich ann ‘sa Mhuileann dubh o shamhradh,

Tha Mhuileann dubh air thuraman, tha Mhuileann dubh air thuraman,

Tha Mhuileann dubh air thuraman, tha Mhuileann is srann aig.

Probably some reader of the *Celtic* may be able to give further information regarding the origin of this old song.—Yours, &c., ALASTAIR MACAOIDH.

LOCH TAYSIDE.

THE village of Kenmore, on Loch Tay, in Breadalbane, is one of the sweetest places in Scotland. It is situated on a headland formed by a bay on one side, and the river Tay on the other. To the north rises the richly wooded Drummond Hill, on the east are the grounds of Taymouth Castle, Loch Tay stretches away westward, and on the south is a range of hills separating the valley of the Tay from Glenquich.

Not far from Kenmore, off the northern shore of Loch Tay, is Sybilla's Isle, named after the wife of Alexander I. She was buried there in

1172, and her husband founded a priory on the island to her memory. The ruins of the building can still be seen on the island. The priory is said to have been the first residence of the Breadalbane Campbells in the district.

About two miles along the loch is the small clachan of Fearnan, the name meaning the alder land. It was once possessed by the Robertsons, who lie buried with some Macgregors in the little graveyard on the hillside above the village. Another pretty little clachan on the north shore of Loch Tay is Lawers, where can be seen the ancient mansion house in which the famous prophetess called the "Good Lady of Lawers" resided. One of the lady's predictions was that



KENMORE, LOCH TAY.

when a tree growing near the church of Lawers should become large enough to spread its branches over the roof of the building, the church would be divided. The Disruption of 1843 is said to have been the fulfilment of this prophecy. Ben Lawers rises high above the village that bears its name, and means the mountain of the new day or dawn. It can be climbed with ease, and the view from the summit is considered one of the finest in Scotland. There is a lonely mountain tarn on Ben Lawers called Lochan-a'-chait. It is believed to be very deep, but the high hills which surround it, and its bottom of peat, probably

account for the dark appearance of the water. On the south side of Loch Tay, opposite Lawers, is Ardtalnaig, meaning the height of the flooded stream. Tradition says King Malcolm II. founded a castle here, but not a vestige of it can now be seen.

There are numerous other places of interest on Loch Tayside and the surrounding country, including Killin, where on an island in the Dochart the Macnabs buried their dead; and Loch Kinardochy, high up on the moors not far from Schiehallion, where ghosts are said to wander by night.

ERIC STAIR KERR.

THE HIGHLAND SOCIETIES are all busy just now. The Lewis and Harris Association hold their annual gathering on 16th November, when a large gathering of the sons and daughters of *Eilean an Fhraoich* is expected. A history of Lewis is being prepared by a distinguished native of the island, and promises to be a valuable addition to our Celtic literature.

THE CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIAL takes place on 23rd November. The learned chief of the society, Rev. Dr. MacMillan, is demitting office, and a successor will require to be appointed. It will not be easy to select a clansman for chief who would worthily fill the position so long occupied by the genial ex-Moderator of the Free Church Assembly.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

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ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—The *Annual Subscriptions* are now overdue. Subscribers who desire to renew for another year are requested to send their contributions (4/- post free), to the Editor, John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow, at their earliest convenience. If readers would kindly give this matter their immediate attention, it would obviate the trouble of sending notices each month to those in arrears, and considerably lessen our labours.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

Next month we will give plate portraits, with biographical sketches, of Messrs. D. R. Cameron, Burmah; W. H. Gregg, St. Louis, U.S.A.; and Hugh Cameron, Montana, U.S.A.

VOLUME VII. can now be had, tastefully bound, 6s. 6d., post free, from John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

THE CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The opening meeting of the session was held in Glasgow on 19th ult.—Mr. Alex. Mackay, vice-president, in the chair. There was a large attendance. Mr. John Mackay, editor, *Celtic Monthly* (hon. secretary), reported on the recent tour in the Reay country. 380 pupils had attended the nine Gaelic classes, and the examinations held in each parish showed that they had made remarkable progress in their studies. Mr. James R. Mackay, C.A., stated that the present year had been most successful, and the balance the largest for several sessions past, the total funds now amounting to £1215. Eleven life members and a large number of ordinary members had recently joined. Rev. Angus Mackay, M.A., reported the discovery of an ancient carved stone in Halladale, dated 1630, showing an "open hand" as part of the Mackay arms, similar to that on the Mackay banner. This convincing proof of the authenticity of the banner as

being the genuine *Bratach Bhàn* of the Clan Mackay, ought to make Rector Alex. Macbain and Mr. D. Murray Rose pause before rushing again into print with their rash and improbable theories.

THE CLAN MACLEAN'S "AT HOME" was held in the Queen's Rooms on 20th ult.—Col. Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, C.B., chief of the clan, in the chair. There was a large and representative gathering. The chief delivered a rousing speech, in which he referred to the publication of the new clan history by Rev. Maclean Sinclair, the large increase in membership and funds, and the useful work which the society was performing. The gathering was very enjoyable. The hall was most artistically decorated with tartan draperies, Highland weapons, &c., by the well-known firm of Messrs. Rowan & Co., 104 Argyle Street.

MACKAY AND THE CAITHNESSMAN.

We are all familiar with the story of the deathbed scene of Rob Roy, in which the priest is depicted exhorting Rob among other things to forgive his enemies in order that he might receive forgiveness himself, and of Rob's regretful reply—"Weel, weel, what maun be maun be, but"—turning towards his two sons, all ablaze with the last dying flash of the old Adam within, he suddenly added—"God bless ye, Duncan and Rory, if ye forgie them."

So died we are told that unweaned "Child of the Mist."

In those days instances showing the ruling passion strong in death were not confined, alas, to the Braes o' Balquhider. Tradition bequeaths us many such, but I shall merely quote one, well known at one time in the Mackay country. The story opens with one of these periodic incursions with which the Mackays and the Caithnessmen were wont to enliven the monotony of the dull northern day of that age. On this particular occasion it was the Sinclairs' turn to visit the Reay country on an expedition for the study of its flora and fauna, especially of its fauna. It would seem that on their return a small band of the Sinclairs became detached from the main body, and entering a narrow pass, endeavoured to reach their storm-swept headland by a shorter route. Fatal error! In the centre of the pass they were suddenly confronted by one of Clan Aoidh's mightiest sons, Big Swarthy John, as he would be named in English. The encounter was sharp and sanguinary. Of the best part of a dozen, all but one who escaped, fell by the blade of this demon of the pass.

Swarthy John lived to hear the tale oft told on the Naver, his prowess being fully appreciated by his clansmen, who felt proud that one of their number could repeat in the wilds of Caithness that heroic deed which King Robert the Bruce performed in the deep solitude of Lorn. But at length Swarthy John entered a pass in which he was confronted by a demon from which no one has returned to tell a tale. He lay on his death bed, with the priest bending over him, exhorting him to prepare for the final journey. But no sign of repentance came from Swarthy John, he remained silent, although visibly affected. The priest continued to press him, asking if he had nothing to confess—left no regrets behind him. "Regrets, said you," replied the dying man, "yes, I still deeply regret that I let that last Caithness man escape me in the pass."

New York.

MACDHAL.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

A HEBRIDEAN STORY.

By I. K. RITCHIE,

Author of "In Love and Honour," "Thou Shalt Not Covet," &c.

PART I.

THE dull, grey sky is reflected in the colour of the ground, in which snow, impregnated with moist earth, presents that dreadfully "muggy" look that such a mixture naturally engenders.

No speck of blue in the sky, no bit of delicate colouring in the landscape—all is cold, cheerless, and grey. And the two young people who stand there in the fading light are in strange harmony with their surroundings. The girl's dress or short petticoat, of dark blue serge, is faded and well worn, even the tartan kerchief, that should be a bright bit of colouring in the garb, has lost its original hues in the wear and tear of many seasons. He who stands by her side bears also the marks of deep poverty. Yet they are a comely pair to look upon—he, tall and broad-chested, with fair, reddish hair and beard, and a pleasant open countenance. His



STORNOWAY CASTLE.

companion is rich in an abundance of raven locks, dreamy blue-black eyes, and features swift to flush rosy red in sudden mirth or happiness, though, alas! little practised in that during the long weeks of privation which have sped, and still linger on.

The evening air is bitterly cold, yet they take no heed of that, so engrossed are they in conversation.

Presently, from one of the thatched huts, built in a line down the moorland towards the sea, come two little children, their scanty, threadbare frocks barely covering their knees, their poor chilblained toes bare to the frost and

snow. As they advance, the girl puts out her hand to the young man and wishes him good-bye.

"I must be looking after the young ones, Donald," she says. "See, they come to call me!"

"One moment, Christy," he pleads, "for, oh! when shall I be seeing you again?"

She droops her head, apparently unable to meet his despondent gaze. After a moment he speaks again, with a subdued calm, which betrays strong emotion.

"Please God, I must be away to the town in the morning, Christy, and learn what cheer is preparing for the emigrants."

Then her struggle to emulate his bravery triumphs, and she looks up with eyes no longer dim with unshed tears, but love-lit and full of hope.

"And it will be good cheer, Donald, never fear," she says gently.

"My own! my own!" he murmurs, with passionate fervour. "There, you may go to Bella and Peggy now. I have kept them too long from their supper to-night. By daybreak I'll be starting for Stornoway."

"And you'll chust give a bit tap on the window as you go by; then I'll be coming out to wish you good-luck again," she says. "And mind and take care of yourself, Donald; it's a weary road you're starting, and I'll chust be ferry anxious till I'll beseein' you back, whateffer."

"It'll chust be counting effery meenit I am, till I get back to you, Christy, mo chridhe," he declares.

Then, with mutual tenderness, they say good-night again, and part.

The children have hung back shyly, although they are fond of Donald. They know that he, like all his fellow cottars, is in sad trouble, and, kind-hearted little mortals that they are, they will not spoil his morsel of pleasure, snatched in the fast fading light.

With a subdued gladness they come to their sister now and take each a hand, while she, thinking still of her lover, has to pause at the house door hastily to wipe her tears away.

Ah! it is hard to think of their leaving their native land, where the fair, bright days of youth have dawned with promise of radiant morning! Her mind dwells upon the scenes she knows and loves so well; there, in the tranquil loch, where, long ago, her almost baby hands were taught to use the oar; by the sea, at times a plaything, scattering treasures from the deep. Left alone on the silent moor, Donald, too, gives vent to the pent up grief of his heart as he ponders sadly on his prospects.

Until now doing most of the work on his aged father's little croft, keeping the house tight and dry from wind and rain, engaging as gillie in the summer months, his time has been fully and happily occupied. And over all an additional halo of gladness had been cast by dreams of another steading that Christy and he would share together in a fair future.

But now fierce storm and tempest had swept the crops away; the potatoes had rotted in the ground, and every day found Donald poorer in a vain endeavour to keep the wolf from the door. So now he was resolved to put in his lot with those who were about to emigrate to a foreign land. While he pondered on the still moor, his only brother was standing in the doorway of his father's house. All around the

little steading spoke of orderliness and careful work; no "lazy-beds" disfigured the lands at harvest time; nor even now, when the destructive blast of the late storms might have been excuse, was there evidence of neglect.

The house itself was in better repair than most of the neighbouring ones, and where the absence of chimneys was strikingly general, the quite stately one of the Macivor's dwelling was at once suggestive and imposing. Within, although the floor was an earthen one, how trim and clean was everything, from the crockery shining bright on the dresser—which Donald's own hands had made—to the smallest item of use or ornament.

Sitting by the low, wide fireplace, were an old couple, Donald's respected and worthy parents.

"Do you see Donald coming?" presently asked the old woman, speaking to her son standing in the doorway, and he, replying in the affirmative, went on smoking.

Like his mother, he spoke in Gaelic; indeed, his English vocabulary was well nigh as scant as hers; and, truth to tell, his chief characteristic was the "limpet" pertinacity for his native soil with which islanders are particularly accredited, caring little for aught beyond the barest necessities of existence, and blessed with few thoughts to extend beyond his humble ideas of self-gratification. Donald was a striking contrast. Imbued with all the feverish impetuosity of an ardent nature, he had long been ruled by the desire to better his lot in life, and was only restrained from seeking a wider field for his energy by his care for those depending, not on his pecuniary help alone, but for kindness and sympathy together. Possessing all that resolution of character that makes men of his disposition successful wherever they go, the thought of the aged parents he must leave behind to his brother's perhaps not too tender care, alone had held him back from seeking fortune abroad. Then, too, Christina would be sorely missed in her home; her mother, a widow, being blind, the charge of the little girls already mentioned was chiefly hers, to take her entirely away from them would seem cruel indeed. And that which would be painful as a voluntary act, how much harder now being almost compulsory?

Charity, mayhap the grudging alms of the affluent, or emigration, these two confront him. The proud young islander clings to independence. To-night the subject must be broached, the stern necessity of immediate action is clear to him; and now when he is strong in trust and love from that meeting on the moor, he will do it best.

He goes into the house presently and slips to the fireplace.

"Mother, you will be making me up some

oat-cakes to-night, will you?" he says, gently, "for I must be starting for the town early in the morning. I may be hearing of something good there," he adds, cheerily, as the old dame's eyes are raised imploringly to his.

"Ah, Donald, you will be going away to leave me. Ah me! ah me! Old folks cannot be having what they like all the way. But oh! my Donald! my darling! my bonnie bairn! it's hard, hard to part."

The old woman's grief completely overpowers her, and she throws herself weeping upon his breast.

His mother's words sounded in Donald's ears long after she and the other inmates of the house were asleep. He sat upon the low chest where all the treasures of the family were kept, and thought of different plans for tiding over the hard winter, but, alas! to no purpose. If he had been in the Royal Naval Reserve, as so many of his fellow-cottars were, there would have been more hope; the money gained in that way would pay his rent, and credit was more easily obtained from the merchants by those in the service; but, although master of many occupations, Donald had never taken kindly to the deep-sea fishing, and only *bona fide* fishermen are eligible for this branch of Her Majesty's service. The trim appearance they present in their sailor suits and neat caps flitted through Donald's brain, and gradually, with the vision, a thought that flushed his cheek, and anon sent it an ashen hue.

Long the conflict raged within him, and when at last he rose, he staggered like one intoxicated. He crept stealthily to the shelf whereon lay one or two books, also pens and a small bottle of ink. The latter necessary adjuncts of correspondence he clutched nervously, and having placed them on the chest returned again, this time in search of writing paper.

But what makes the strong man tremble so that he can hardly steady the pen to do the work he wills it? Again and again he pauses, and it is long before the few lines are done which under other circumstances would have seemed but a trifling task.

PART II.

He holds in his flaccid grasp that which, were it an authentic document, would be of no small assistance to him, namely, a declaration from the minister of the church he attends declaring him to be a *bona fide* fisherman, following no other trade, and having no connection with any militia regiment.

No wonder the strong man trembles, and scarce dare look upon his work. How bitterly would punishment fall on one hitherto honour to the core! And the risk of detection he

knows is great, but then he is very familiar with the minister's handwriting, also the form of words he usually employs. And the fingers that have clutched the pen, tremulous though they be, are not those of a tyro, but one much given to perfect by practice his little stock of learning, none the worse because it has been gained under much adverse circumstance.

But, successfully accomplished although he feels it is, his work gives him no pleasurable thrill, as he thrusts it hastily from his sight into his pocket; and then, prayerless, and with such a load on his conscience as he has never felt before, seeks his humble pallet. There is no sleep for him that night, and long before the grey light of a new day has made any headway, he steals silently out into the chill, raw air.

"What! must you start so early?" Christina whispers in awe-struck tones, as, awaked by his gentle knock at her mother's door, she has thrown an enveloping plaid around her, and come, as promised, to wish him God-speed.

"Yes, I must be going," he answers in a constrained, sad voice. "Good-bye, Christy. Think well of me, whatever happens!" some impulse urges him to add.

If the young maiden was quick to throw her arms round the young man's neck, kissing him on lips and brow, as she bade him be of good cheer, can we blame her? And be assured her warmth was not lost upon her lover.

When he left, she shed a few silent tears, for she said—

"He will not be like himself to-day at all."

Well for her that she knew not the burden he carried.

(To be concluded).

BADENOCH AND LOCHABER LORDSHIP COURTS AND RECORDS.

BY C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

(Continued from page 7).

1709—April 25.—John Macpherson, of Achacha (a part of Raitts), registers bond to the Duke of Gordon, which narrates that his father, Andrew Macpherson, had appraised the lands of Raitts belonging to William Mackintosh, of Borlum, for a certain debt; and that he, as heir to his deceased father, had charged the Duke to enter him, and grant charter. This the Duke agreed to do for the consideration of a payment of 400 merks. "But it being customary for all superiors, upon granting entries on apprizings, to exact and receive a full year's rent, yet his Grace has been pleased to accept 400 merks, which was far within a year's rent, still if the lands are not redeemed by Borlum

within the legal term, and pass into Macpherson's possession," he, the said Andrew, obliges himself and his heirs and successors to pay a full year's rent of the lands, under deduction of the above 400 merks. The bond bears date at the Canongate, 31st December, 1675.

1710—January 30.—Bond registered, granted by John Macpherson, of Tirlodoun (now incorporated with Dalchully), to George, Duke of Gordon, dated at Eilean dhu (in Laggan), 12th December, 1709.

Eo. Die.—Bond by James and John Macpherson, in Crubinbeg, to the Duke of Gordon, for £100 as part of the duty of Crubinbeg, still due by Alexander Macpherson, their brother german and others, possessors of the lands for the last three years, dated Ruthven, 15th December, 1709. Thomas Macpherson, son to Duncan Macpherson, of Invertrie, one of the witnesses.

Eo. Die.—Another bond by same persons to the Duke of Gordon for 32 merks, same date.

Eo. Die.—Bond registered by Elias Macpherson, in Prothemore (Crathymore?) as principal, with Angus Macpherson, of Drumminord, as cautioner, to the Duke of Gordon for £25 3s 4d of borrowed money. Dated *ut antea*.

This word "Elias" is at the time not unfrequent among the Macphersons, and the last owner of Invereshie of the original line was so named. The real name was Gillies.

Eo. Die.—Bond registered by Samuel Macpherson, of Drum-Callaig, to the Duke of Gordon, for 164 merks, dated at Eilean dhu, 12th December, 1709, and witnessed by John Macpherson, of Tirlodoun; Duncan Macpherson, of Gergask; and Duncan Macpherson, of Invertrie.

Eo. Die.—Bond registered by Donald Macpherson in Shirrabeg to the Duke of Gordon for £50 Scots, dated and witnessed as above.

Eo. Die.—Bond registered granted by Evan Macpherson, *alias* Macvurrich Roy, in Shirramore, to John Cumming, of Tombreachie, chamberlain of Badenoch, for £40. Dated at Shirramore, 10th December, 1709, in presence of John and Donald Macpherson, elder and younger of Tirlodoun, and others.

Eo. Die.—Bond registered granted by Angus Macpherson, of Drumminord, and Thomas Macpherson, in Pitgoun, to the said John Cumming, for 52 merks, price of three horses pounded by him for bygone duties from Murdo Macpherson of Shirramore. Dated Ruthven, 14th December, 1709. Dougal Macpherson, in Ruthven, one of the witnesses.

Eo. Die.—Bond registered by Dougal Macpherson, William Mackintosh, and Evan Macintyre, all in Crathymore, to John Cumming, chamberlain of Badenoch, for £20. Dated

Ruthven, 15th December, 1709. Duncan Mackintosh, of Gergask, one of the witnesses.

Eo. Die.—Bond registered, granted by John Mackintosh, of Blargymore, to the said John Cumming, for 60 merks of unpaid duty for the three years of 1706, 1707, and 1708.

Eo. Die.—Bond registered, granted by Donald Macpherson, of Invernahaven, to the said John Cumming, for 40 merks, borrowed money, dated Ruthven, 16th December, 1709.

Eo. Die.—Bond registered, granted by Donald Macpherson, of Pitchurn, to the said John Cumming, for 110 merks, price of 11 bolls of oatmeal, of the Miln farm of Delraddie, dated Ruthven, 10th May, 1709. Alexander Macpherson, of Phoness, one of the witnesses.

1710—February 2nd.—Registration of factory by the Duke of Gordon to John Macpherson of Corronach (now part of the farm of Biallid), as Chamberlain of Lochaber, dated 10th November, 1709. Malcolm Macpherson, of Breakachie, one of the witnesses.

1710—February 3rd.—Registration of factory by the Duke of Gordon to Malcolm Macpherson, of Breakachie, as his chamberlain in Laggan for Martinmas, 1686, and during his pleasure, dated at Gordon Castle, 20th January, 1687.

1710—February 18th.—Registration of factory by George, Duke of Gordon, who, being confident of the ability, fidelity, and dutifulness of Lachlan Mackintosh, of Strone, appoints him chamberlain of his lands and mills within the Parish of Kingussie, for collecting the Martinmas rents of 1686. Subscribed at Gordon Castle, 26th January, 1687. Lachlan Mackintosh, of Balnеспick, and Malcolm Macpherson, of Breakachie, witnesses.

1710—February 22.—Commission registered by George, Duke of Gordon, to Lachlan Mackintosh, present possessor of the lands of Ruthven (second son of William Mackintosh, third of Borlum), to hold courts within the Lordship of Badenoch and the Barony of Kincardine, for the administration of justice, ordaining him to account for all emoluments of office, allowing him 300 merks of salary. Dated at the Citadel of Leith, 12th September, 1709, and witnessed by John Alexander, doctor of medicine, and James Wilson, described as his Grace's servitor.

1710—March 2.—Registration of tack by the Duke of Gordon to the above Lachlan Mackintosh, of the town and lands of Ruthven in Badenoch, rent, £458 6s 8d Scots, together with public burdens. Signed at the Citadel of Leith, 13th September, 1709, in presence of George Leslie, of Kincraigie, advocate, and James Simson, the Duke's servitor.

1710—March 9.—Registration of Letter of forestry by the Duke of Gordon to Samuel

Macpherson, in Drum Callag, to oversee the woods and forest of Benalder, at a salary of £50 Scots. Dated at Gordon Castle, 6th March, 1710.

Eo. Die.—Registration of notarial instrument, dated Ruthven, 30th July, 1696, bearing that Patrick and James Gordon, in Kingussiebeg, produced bond granted by John Macpherson, of Ardbrylach, stating that upon an interruption by the tenants of Kingussie upon the moss of Stransbanach (?) he would not cut peats, nor use the moss until the Duke of Gordon had ascertained on examination what rights he had in the said moss; also that he would get his Grace to do so before the next year's leading of peats, by his obligation to that effect dated 4th June, 1694. The tenants now protested that, seeing Ardbrylach had failed to implement his obligations, neither he nor his tenants should have right in the said moss. Done within the house of Alexander Shaw, in Ruthven.

1710—March 14.—The Duke of Gordon and the original Macphersons of Invereshie. The last of the old family was styled "Elias" Macpherson, the name being really Gillies. The points raised were important. The superior wished, in a charter by progress, to import various conditions and stipulations not comprehended in the original charter. Invereshie very properly and legally objected to these novelties, and it has long been settled Scottish law that the terms of an original charter cannot be enlarged or added to without consent of the vassal, although they may be modified or eased.

Paper registered this date, entitled "Information for Invereshie," which narrates that Elias Macpherson, of Invereshie, as heir served and retoured to his father in the lands of Invereshie, and others holden of the Duke of Gordon, craved to be entered by his superior in these lands, conform to the original rights thereof. That a precept has been drawn by the agents for the Duke, for infesting him therein, but the same appears "disconform to the original writs in the following clauses," nine in number, which, though interesting to lawyers and specialists, are hardly suitable for ordinary readers. In the end, it is intimated that there is a legal remedy for the unjust refusal of superiors to enter their vassals, superiors not being entitled to alter or innovate the conditions of feus on renewals.

Eo. Die.—Registration is made of receipt granted to William Mackintosh, of Borlum, for £17 18s as his share of the 700 merks cess laid upon Badenoch, dated Inverness, 12th February, 1694.

1710—March 23.—Registration of bond for 1000 merks by Duncan Macpherson, of Cluny, with Paul Macpherson, of Crathy Croy, and Murdo Macpherson in Reatts, as cautioners, to Donald Macpherson of Phoness, dated at Kin-

gussie, 10th January, 1674, and witnessed by George Macpherson, in Cluny; John Macpherson, of Ballachroan; and Eneas Macpherson, writer.

1711—June 21.—Registration of factory by George, Duke of Gordon, to John Macpherson, of Coronach, over Lochaber. Dated Citadel of Leith, 29th May, 1711.

1714—November 12.—Registration of bond by John Shaw, of Dalnavert, with William Mackintosh, tenant there, as cautioner, to John Grant, of Tornavellan, for £39 14s. Dated Dalnavert, 29th August, 1713, and witnessed by Patrick Shaw, student in Invereshie, and Allister Shaw, in Kingussie.

Eo. Die.—Registration of bond by Paul Macpherson, of Clune, with Donald Grant, of Bellivattan, to John Grant, in Tornavellan, of Glenlivet, for 12 bolls oatmeal. Dated 12th June, 1713. John Macpherson, lawful son to the said Paul, one of the witnesses.

Eo. Die.—Registration of bond by Eneas Macpherson, some time in Croft Donachie, now in Lynvuilg, with Andrew Macpherson in Ralia as cautioner, to John Grant, for 87 merks. Dated Ruthven, 15th June, 1714. Witnesses—Murdo Macpherson, merchant in Ruthven; and James Grant, one of the registry officers of Badenoch.

1715—July 21.—Registration of bond by James Macpherson, of Ballachroan, narrates that Isabel Macpherson, relict of Alexander Macpherson, of Pitmain, with the special advice of John Macpherson, of Invereshie, and Robert Macpherson, of Dalraddy, her brothers german, had by assignation, dated 27th January, 1710, discharged James Macpherson, of Invernahaven, and Murdo Macpherson, of Clune, two of the cautioners in her contract of marriage, of the sum of £121 Scots yearly, on their giving to her, as distressed cautioners, for composition of the same, £40 yearly; and that she, to enable them to recover, assigned her rights against her said deceased husband and his representatives; and now the said James Macpherson, of Invernahaven, and Paul Macpherson, younger, of Clune, as taking burden for his father, have transferred to Ballachroan on his paying them £40. Therefore the said James Macpherson, of Ballachroan, as principal with John Macpherson, his younger son, and Marjory, his eldest lawful daughter, obliged themselves to pay to the said cautioners 20 merks yearly, and if payment be not made, Ballachroan assigns to them three bolls of victual, corn and straw, which they may intromit with *brevi manu*. Dated at Ruthven, 9th January, 1711. Witnesses—Alexander Macpherson, of Essich; Dugal Macpherson, at Ruthven; and Anthony Wilson, sergeant there.

(To be continued.)

DR. ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL,
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

TALKS WITH HIGHLANDERS.

RANNOCH NOTES.

BY KENNETH MATHIESON.



THERE are doubtless many among our readers who, in their younger days, have heard of Mr. Duncan Campbell, at one time parish schoolmaster of Fortingall, Perthshire, and latterly of Lesmahagow,

Lanarkshire. He was one of the best type of Highlanders. His whole heart was devoted to his scholastic duties; and many were the brilliant students who passed direct from his hands to the university, and graduated with distinction as members of the learned professions. We know that these lines will be read by several of Mr. Campbell's early pupils who have since achieved eminence in their professions. He died in 1894, in his eighty-fifth year. Of his family—there were ten in all—the eldest surviving son is the Rev. John Campbell, of Kirkcaldy; while Dr. Robert Allan Campbell is a well-known and popular medical practitioner in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Dr. Archibald Campbell, the youngest son, whose portrait we have pleasure in giving, is also a successful physician at Heaton, a suburb of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He was born at Lesmahagow, November 6th, 1866, and at the age of seventeen he was sent to Glasgow University to undergo the necessary training for the medical profession. Working hard for four years he passed his examinations, having distinguished himself in several classes.

With the confidence of youth and true Highland spirit, he settled, when just twenty-one years of age, in Heaton, where he now enjoys a large and successful practice. In 1890, he married Miss Louisa Marion, youngest daughter of the late Mr. William Gibbons, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Mr. Campbell's family belongs to the Breadalbane branch of the clan. It will doubtless interest many to learn that his great-great-grand aunt was Helen Campbell, wife of the famous Rob Roy MacGregor. His ancestors have all been connected with Loch Tay side, the farm of Borland, near Fortingall, having been in their hands for several generations.

We need hardly add that Dr. Campbell is keenly interested in all Highland matters, and is an office-bearer of the Burns Club, and member of other local Scotch organizations.

AN approach to the Rannoch district, say from Strathearn, if undertaken by rail, will prove a very circuitous journey, both by the east and west routes, but a direct road can be taken by Amulree, Kenmore, and Fortingall to Kinloch Rannoch. The first point of interest by the last mentioned route lies at Foulford in the Sma' Glen, at a Roman camp, which apparently lay in their line of approach to Fortingall, the most northern point they seem to have reached in central Scotland. Ossian's grave next arrests attention about a mile further on. It is marked, in particular, by a mound of turf about three feet high, the same in breadth, and eight feet long. The grave is the more conspicuous by the proximity of a great mass of rock about three yards long, two yards thick, and seven feet high, and the remains of a wall of turf and stones enclosing a space around both. It is situated on a small haugh between the road and river Almond. North of Glen Quoich is a steep road called Aiseag Mile Marcaichean, "the passage of the 1000 horsemen," a term which may have been applied first in the days of Galgacus or Bruce. It lies equally on the Roman road to Fortingall and to Glen Sassen, west of Schiehallion, and is so named from an English force which sought to dislodge Bruce from Rannoch.

We shall now take a survey of the place names in Rannoch, as they stand on the Ordnance Plan, 1843, moving "deiseal" or sun-wise, and giving such remarks as may be derived from observation and enquiries in the locality. "Macgregor's Leap" is on the Tummel near Dunalastair. A rock which stood in mid-stream having been blasted away to allow freer passage for the flood water on the upper haughs, the actual leap can no more be seen. Macgregor was probably pursued by the Campbells. "Tullocheroisk" is thought to commemorate the crossing of the Tummel by Bruce and his followers as they went from Strath Tummel to Rannoch to engage in a battle with the Sassenach—a battle locally famous, although, so far as we know, not recorded in history. "Lochan-an-Daim," or Loch Dymock, is a lonely black tarn at the north base of Schiehallion, reflecting in a beautiful manner a serrated ridge of hills on the east of it. "An Cathachan" would seem to indicate a place of fighting. Crossmount is the name of an estate and shooting lodge, and being near Tullocheroisk, probably refers to the same incident. "Lassantullich" is the hill overlooking



DR. ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

the part of the plain by the river-side, where the "spark" of the fight was lit. "Tempar," further west, might arise from "Iompech," a point where the enemy turned and fled. "Clach Sgoilte," or the "split stone," is the name for a large rock on the brae south of the public road. "Dalchosnie" is the field of rejoicing, where the battle may be supposed to have ended. "Schiehallion" is a mountain which from its isolation and pyramidal form must always command attention. Of the various meanings attached to this name, we prefer "the rocky seat," from "Suidhe challain," which is a true definition of the summit. An eminent speculative geologist, once standing near Tummel Bridge Inn, and looking up to the bare rocky crest of Schiehallion,

said that all the mountains in Scotland over 3000 feet high had been denuded of soil above that level by an ice-sheet 3500 feet thick—a sufficiently startling statement in itself. Impressed with the boldness of this theory, we lately made the ascent, carefully noting the surface, as Hugh Miller might have done, as the mountain is composed of sedimentary laminated rock, from top to bottom there is no question of soil at all. The faintest lichen on the rocks near the top become gradually mosses, and a flat place lower down shows a resemblance of soil; but it is only a thin layer of decomposed mosses. Down 1000 feet and more, we are practically walking on stones, disguised to the eye but not to the shoe leather, by a very meagre vegeta-



KILL'CHRONAN GRAVEYARD AND ISLAND RANNOCH.

tion. Looked at from a distance, this mountain would appear to have had a volcanic origin; but a close inspection disproves this. The rock is plainly sedimentary, and its original flat surface has been raised by one great heave from below, leaving a vast pyramidal heap of rocks of all sizes, and with flat, slate-like surfaces, lying at all angles. The rocky cone at the top has been termed quartzite, but quartz is very faintly in evidence, showing only on a few polished surfaces glancing in the evening sun.

In the year 1763 Schiehallion became a centre of scientific observation, by Dr. Mackelyne's experiments as to the deflection of the plumb-line by the gravitation of such a great mass of

material. Dr. Grant's "History of Astronomical Geology" gives a full account of these experiments, which led to the conclusion that the mean density of the earth's crust is $5\frac{1}{2}$ times that of an equal bulk of water. "Linnechuachan" would mean the pool of drinking cups. "Purak's Leap" is on the Innerhadden burn. Purak was a diminutive tailor, very mischievous with his arrows, who dwelt at Carie. Several Camerons having come from the west "to do for him," found him splitting a log, not knowing who he was. On being asked where Purak could be found, he went ostensibly in search of him, but soon attacked them with arrows. He had to run a good five miles,

however, until he baulked them at the leap. What clan Purak was of is not known, but a Miss Forbes is still living at Carie who claims descent from him through the female line. Purak might come from "purradh," a jostling, combative fellow.

Glen Sassen, out of which runs the Innerhadden burn, affords a passage from Glen Lyon, and commemorates the advent of the English to take Bruce. "Innerhadden" is the name of an estate, yet more particularly of a flat where the burn runs into the Tummel, colloquially known as "Innercath," which is Inbhir-cath, the confluence where battle did or was wont to take place. The "den" or "dun" of the name may refer to a small fort placed on it called "Seòmair na Stainge," or else to Dun Ailean, a high projecting hill overlooking the flat ground.

"Seòmair na stainge," the "chamber of the ditch," is a very curious piece of antiquity, unique in its character, so far as we know, in Scotland. It is a circular mound of perhaps 16 feet in diameter, covered with stones, and surrounded by a ditch. The mark of a wall encloses all in a square, with the appearance of a small court, gateway, and tower to the north. The whole lies in almost a direct line between a circle of small "Druidical" stones near the river, and a standing-stone to the south-west. We might almost suppose it to have been at first a burial mound, like those at Clava on the Nairn; but subsequently turned into a small fort in the centre of arable land. About fifty yards to the west is a very ancient sheep or cattle bucht. "The Wallace Cairn" is another name for "Seòmair na stainge," that hero having been said to have rested a night in it. In the absence of any ostensible source of the name "Donacha," the ancient chief of this district, we are inclined to localise him here, and to derive his name from "Dunachaidh," the fort of the field.

"Clach na boile," apparently from "boilich," the stone of romancing or telling fibs, for under it is a treasure, and any one removing it at night will be dead in the morning. The stone is about five feet high, being set up on end. It may have been rolled from the hill near, or be an ice-travelled boulder. "Dun Ailean" may refer to Allan Stewart, from Appin, one of that clan having acquired the estate some seven generations back; or it may be "Dun-Eilean," the fort of the promontory. "Creag-an-Fhithich" (the raven's rock) is a bold object in the long range of hills running west from Creag More, at the foot of Schiehallion. Taking a general survey of this range in the gloaming, from a point say in front of Muir Lodge, we get a remarkable view of "the recumbent giant," his face, breast, knees, and feet upturned to the

sky—Creagmore at his head, like a pillow of state, and Schiehallion beyond, a monumental pyramid. In the opposite direction again, and from Bunrannoch Moor, we may see in the northern range of hills "Craig Var," like the head of a gigantic bat with outstretched wings. About two miles eastwards the same object will appear like a gigantic eagle on the swoop.

Dun-Ailean has on its eastern side a very quaint little graveyard for the Stewarts of Innerhadden, named "Kil Ionaid," the grave of Janet. The slanting stump of a large tree can be seen on the ground above the enclosure, and a tale of grim humour attaches to it. A man wishing to build a boat for the loch, applied to the laird for a tree. Both set off among the standing timber to select a tree, but when a good one was noticed, the laird always said—"Oh no, I could not give you that one. You see, it would make an ugly gap," until at the day's end no tree was forthcoming. The suitor, in despair, bewailed his case to the old gardener, who at once re-assured him, and finding the laird, addressed him thus—"At Kil Ionaid is a slanting tree, just over the place you are likely to be laid. Now, if it fell, it would be very heavy on your chest." That tree was cut down.

"Creag-an-Fhithich" (the raven's rock) has a bold precipitous front. To the south-east of it are the Falls of Innerhadden. "Caistealan Dubha" is now extinct, the site being occupied by Bun Rannoch Lodge. In front are some cairns, where a village is said formerly to have stood. There is on the bank of what is termed the old river a depression in the moor about 15 feet deep and 75 feet wide. This dry track, now termed "Fiadh Corrie," can be traced from the south-east corner of the loch about a mile to the present river, the bed of which is about 15 feet lower. A bank, either of glacial "till" or of upheaval, appears to have diverted the outlet of the loch to its north-east corner. Bun signifies the outlet.

Muirlaggan Farm here has a very tragic tale annexed. A farmer had thirteen sons, who went for a day's hunting. They halted for lunch, when a quarrel arose between them, ending in the death of them all. Their cairns can be seen at Trinafour, on the Erochty, and "if a' tales be true, that's nae lee."

(To be concluded).

Gaelic Sermon in London.—The Rev. Adam Gunn, M.A., Durness, is to preach the Gaelic sermon in the Crown Church, London, on Sabbath, 11th November, and is also to lecture to the Gaelic Society during the same week. We have no doubt that many of our countrymen will go to hear Mr. Gunn, who is a gifted Gaelic scholar.

GAELIC POETRY IN THE MACKAY COUNTRY.

WHEN certain members of the Clan Mackay Society were touring through the land of their fathers last September, prizes were offered for original Gaelic poetry, and it is gratifying to have to report that, at almost every centre, competitors came forward with pieces of their own composition, showing not a little merit. Two of these I wrote down to dictation, and now give to the public through the medium of the *Celtic Monthly*, as a specimen of the Reay Country poetry of to-day. The author of these poems is Mr. John Mackenzie, Dionside, Tongue, who, I am pleased to say, gained the first prize for senior Gaelic reading at Tongue. The first piece, "Bheir sinn Strath-Namhuir Oirnn" (We will back to Strathnaver), gives expression to the unquenchable aspiration of the Mackays to see "bonnie Strathnaver" peopled again. The cry back was never so loud, and the hope of realisation never so strong, as it is at the present moment, when the last of the Sellars has just cleared out of the Strath, and the extensive sheep farm of Syre lies unlet in the hands of the Duke of Sutherland. We hope the Duke will rise to the occasion, and, by re-peopling the Strath, raise a lasting monument to his own undoubted large-heartedness and go down to posterity as "the best Duke we have had yet." The second piece, "Marbhrann do Sheumas Cuimineach" (Elegy to James Cumming), sings the praises of the worthy Free Church minister of Melness, who died in 1894, lamented throughout the Reay Country.—I am, &c,

F. C. Manse, Westerdale.

A. MACKAY.

BHEIR SINN AM BLIADHNA STRATH-NAMHUIR OIRNN.

Cùl mo laimh ri bàt is lian,
Slàn le feamain agus cliabh,
Gabhaidh sinn an crann 's a' chliath,
Bheir sinn am bliadhn' Strath-Namhuir oirnn.
Eiribh 'ghillean 's bithidh sinn trial,
Eiribh 'ghillean 's bithidh sinn trial,
Eiribh 'ghillean 's bithidh sinn trial,
Bheir sinn am bliadhna Strath-Namhuir oirnn.

Thig ar bairgheanas gu crìoch,
Ged sheas i còr 's ceithir fichead bliadn',
Ma thig na tuathnaich mhoir a sìos,
Bheir sinn leth-cheud bliadhn' de chladach dhaibh.
Eiribh 'ghillean, &c.

Ach nach aoibhinn ait an gluas'd,
Tha eadar Farr 's an Strathan-Shuas?
Guidheam saoghal fada buàn
Air chuainibh glas Strath-Namhuir daibh!
Eiribh 'ghillean, &c.

'N àite nan eorach bithidh tuath,
Crodh-laoigh air àraidh 'n ait' 'n daimh ruaidh;
Tha fearann abuich, bithidh sinn gluas'd,
Cha chail sinn tuar chion foighidinn.
Eiribh 'ghillean, &c.

Am feadh 's bhios iarmad Clana Mhic-Aoidh
Toirt sgrìobh gach bliadhna thun ar tire,
Bithidh duil againn ri còir le tiom,
Air strathan 's glinn ar n-athraichean.
Eiribh 'ghillean, &c.

Théid sinn fo dhion na Brataich-Bàin,*
Do ghabhail sealbh air tire ar gràidh,
A' phìob a' nuallanich gu h-àrd,
Toirt failte gu Strath-Namhuir duinn.
Eiribh 'ghillean, &c.

Bithidh gach àraidh, agus cluain,
Gach màg, is feannag, 's achadh uain,
Comhdaichte fhathas leis an t-sluagh,
D' am bu dual am fearann ùd.
Eiribh 'ghillean, &c.

MARBHRANN DO SHEUMAS CUIMINEACH.

'S ann air Di-haoine an orduigh fhuair sinn an
leon bha cruaidh,
Chithear bròn a' tachdadh an teachdair is an
t-sluaigh,
Cha b' iogantach ged chithear gach fìor-fhear
sileadh dheur,
Bha bearn bhios cruaidh ri charadh air fhàgail anns
a' Chléir.

Co riamh a chual do bhriathran nach mianaicheadh
bhi dluth
Air do chòmbradh diadhaidh bhiodh ciallach anns
gach cùis?
Ach nach mor a' chianalas tha 'm bliadhna air an Tus,
Bho nach eil t-aodann fhialaidh togail fianuis 'n
ceann a' bhuird?

Bha cuid a bha 'cur beinn ort airson t-fhirinn bhi
cho cruaidh,
'S gur mor a fhuair thu 'sharachadh le caineadh do
luchd fuath,
Ach bu bharant duit am Biobull, 's gach firinn th'
ann le buaidh;
Ruith thu 'n réis gu foghainteach, is fhuair thu nis
do dhuais.

Cha mhol mi thu, cha 'n urrainn domh do chliu a
a chuir an géill,
Cha dh' fhuair mi giftean ni e, ged fhuair mi 'n run
's an spéis,
Nam faighinn buadhan nàdurra bh' aig bàrdaibh
bh' ann air tus,
Dh' fhenchainnse ri oidhirp thoirt air cur an géill
do chliu.

* The Bratach Bàn is the banner of Mackay.

FLORA MACDONALD.

A MEMORIAL to this devoted and heroic Highland lady has at last been erected in the capital of her native county and of the Highlands. The monument itself is the gift of a gallant clansman, the late Captain J. M. Henderson Macdonald, 78th Highlanders, of Kaskieben, Aberdeenshire, who bequeathed £1000 for the purpose. The story of the brave

and faithful girl is known to all readers of Scottish history, and need not be recounted at length. Amongst the heroines of the past she occupies a distinguished and romantic place. She has been the theme of historians, poets, and painters, of Highland bards and Celtic story, for a century and a half, and her fame, courage, and devotion are known throughout the world wherever Celt has set his foot.

After Culloden, and many days of wandering on the West Coast, leading the life of a hunted animal, Prince Charles made his escape to the Long Island, hoping to find a French vessel to take him away. But contrary winds, storms, and hardships drove him from place to place, till at last he gained South Uist, where Clanranald met and concealed him in a hut in the Corradale mountain for fear of detection. He was in rags, and suffering from disease, hunger, and exposure. Forces had landed to search for him, while he was being hunted at the same time by the Macdonalds of Skye, and Macleod of Macleod. A reward of £30,000 was placed on his head. It seemed almost impossible for him to escape, when Flora Macdonald came to his rescue. Descended from a branch of the Clanranald family, she was on a visit at the chief's house at Ormaclade, in South Uist, when asked to assist the Prince. She must already have established a reputation for daring and skill in her island home, or she would not have been selected for the hazardous enterprise. At the time she was 24 years of age, and by her courage, woman's wit, and entire disregard of consequences, she enabled the Prince, disguised as an Irish peasant woman, to make good his escape.

At that time her stepfather was attached to Sir Alexander Macdonald's clan, and in command of the Macdonald men searching for the Prince in the island. He was one of the Prince's enemies, and this made Flora's position all the more difficult and dangerous. Notwithstanding this, she readily entered into the scheme for the Prince's rescue. She procured from her stepfather a passport for herself, a man-servant, and a female servant, who was called Betty Burke. The Prince acted the part of Betty Burke in woman's attire. Lady Clanranald dressed the Prince, we are told, with great mirth and raillery, notwithstanding their distress and perplexity. It was a coarse, homely dress, suited to the station of the wearer, a calico gown, with a light coloured quilted petticoat, a mantle of dun camelet, made after the Irish fashion, with a hood joined to it.* Thus disguised, and after many scares and dangers, the party reached Kilbride, in Skye, in an open boat. They had to run the gauntlet of the English frigates and

* Lockhart Papers, II. 544.

ships of war which were watching the islands at every point. It was a service of great hazard, and more than once the boat and its precious freight were in imminent danger. Arrived in Skye they were in Sir Alexander Macdonald's country, and in greater danger than ever. But Flora was again equal to the occasion, and resolved on a bold step. She determined to disclose the secret to Lady Macdonald, Sir Alexander's wife, and make a confidant of her. It was a desperate resolve, but Flora knew her woman, and trusted to her compassion, and possibly secret regard for the Prince. Lady Margaret Macdonald was naturally much alarmed, for her husband was away, and her house was filled with military officers working for the Government. In this plight she sent for her factor, Mr Macdonald, of Kingsburgh, a man of courage and intelligence. Flora took the Prince to Macdonald's house, where he made a narrow escape, for more than once the ungainly and awkward Irish female attracted attention and suspicion. From Kingsburgh he was conveyed to Portree, where Flora and he parted, never to meet again. The journey from Uist to Portree occupied three days and nights.

From Portree the Prince proceeded first to Raasa, and then to the mainland on Loch Nevis. After further wanderings he arrived at Badenoch, where he joined Cluny and Lochiel, eventually making his escape with Lochiel and about one hundred followers on 20th September, 1746. He landed in Brittany on the 29th of the same month.

Flora was afterwards arrested and detained for a time in the Tower, as well as Macdonald of Kingsburgh and others who had helped the Prince to escape. They were pardoned and released. Flora had become a heroine, and after her liberation went to the house of Lady Primrose, a determined Jacobite, where she received persons of rank and distinction, and a purse of £1500. She afterwards married Macdonald of Kingsburgh. They went to America, but returned on account of the Civil War, and settled and died in their native Isle of Skye. Dr. Johnson visited them there in 1773. In his account of the journey he says:—"We were entertained with the usual hospitality by Mr Macdonald and his lady, Flora Macdonald, a name that will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour. She is a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence." She died in Skye on 4th March, 1790, at the age of 68.

[NOTE.—An interesting account of Flora Macdonald's residence in America, by Mr. J. P. Maclean, illustrated with views of her farm and house, &c., will appear shortly.—EDITOR.]



A. A. STEWART.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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A. A. STEWART, GLASGOW,

HON. SECRETARY, CLAN STEWART SOCIETY.

MR. STEWART, senior partner of the firm of Stewart & Learmont, solicitors, was born in Glasgow 4th May, 1866, and is the third son of the Rev. Dr. John Stewart, of Dennistoun Free Church. His mother also bore the clan name. The family originally hailed from Renfrew, his grandfather, John Stewart, being for many years Provost of that town, while another member of the family, Allan Stewart, also occupied that honourable position for a lengthened period of time. Mr.

Stewart spent his early years at North Shields, where his father was then Presbyterian minister. He received his education in the Glasgow High School and University, where he studied for the legal profession, and after serving an apprenticeship at law, he commenced business on his own account, in partnership with Mr. Henry Learmont. Mr. Stewart has five brothers still living who have earned distinction in the ministry, medicine, and in commercial pursuits.

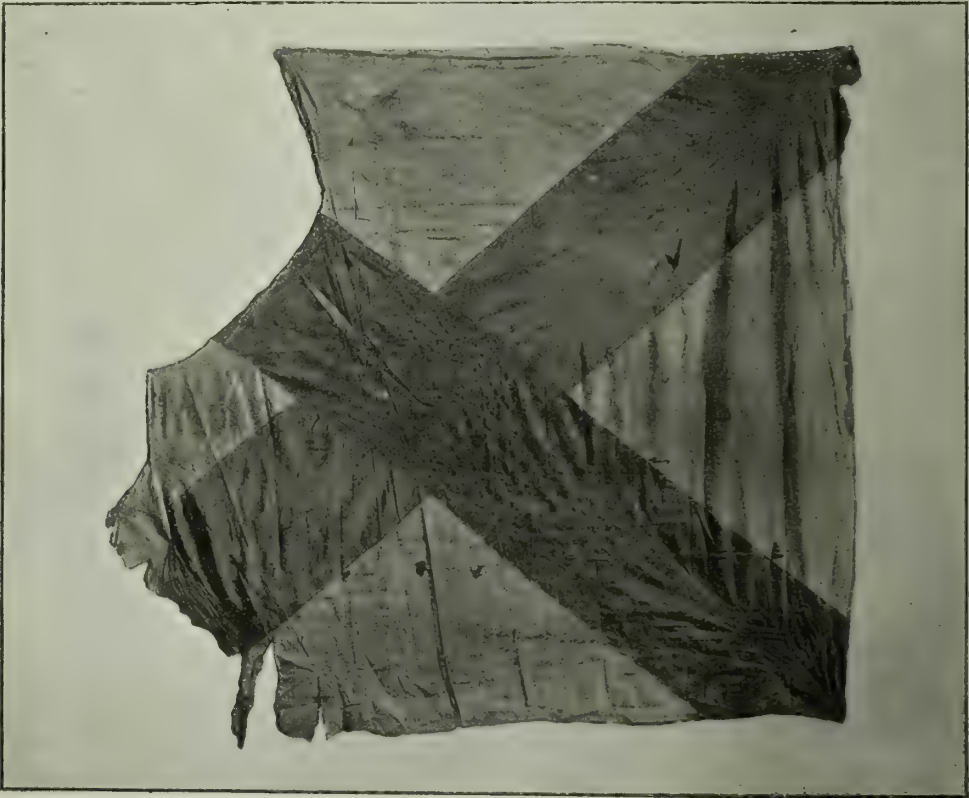
It is, however, as secretary to the Clan Stewart Society that he is best known to Highlanders. At a time when nearly every clan was taking steps to form a society, it seemed strange that the Stewarts, who are so numerous in the West of Scotland, made no movement in this direction. At length letters on the subject appeared in some of the local papers, all strongly advocating the formation of a society of the



STONE MARKING THE GRAVES OF THE STEWARTS OF APPIN WHO FELL AT CULLODEN.

Stewarts, and at the beginning of the present year a general interest in the revival of the old clan seemed to have been aroused. It was then that the subject of our sketch decided to undertake the arduous duty of organising the society, an undertaking which other clansmen did not seem inclined to take in hand. Mr. Stewart, on 17th March, advertised in various papers, inviting those who were interested in forming a Clan Stewart Society to communicate with him. The response was very encouraging, for in less than a month an active committee of twenty clansmen was formed to make arrangements, and on May 30th the Society was formally constituted at a

large gathering held in the Masonic Hall, Glasgow, presided over by Stewart of Ardvorlich. Office-bearers were elected, that most enthusiastic of Highlanders, Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Nether-Lochaber, being chosen as first president. The membership already exceeds 250, while the finances are equal to those of many of the other clan societies of several years' standing. The first annual gathering of the Society takes place in St. Andrews' Hall on 8th December, the genial president, "Nether-Lochaber," in the chair, and doubtless there will be a large attendance of Stewarts from all parts of the kingdom—probably the first gathering of the



THE BANNER OF THE STEWARTS.

clan since that ill-fated day for the Stewart line when the clans were dispersed at Culloden. And this re-union of the clansmen is not without something to associate it with that last fearless charge of the Appin men at Culloden when they threw themselves on the bayonets of Burrel's regiment. Of the fifty or sixty Stewarts who took part in the charge forty-seven were killed or wounded. At the social gathering on 8th December, Mr. John Stuart of North Dron, a representative of the ancient house of Ballach-

ulish, is to exhibit the historic banner of the clan which was used at Culloden and which was carried off the field by Donald Livingstone, and thus saved the fate of the fourteen clan banners taken by the Duke of Cumberland and which were burned at Edinburgh Cross by the hands of the common hangman. Curiously enough Mr. Stuart is also the possessor of the colours of Burrel's Regiment, which opposed the Appin men at Culloden, and these he intends exhibiting along with the Stewart flag—a re-

markable instance, certainly, of "extremes meeting in a pleasant way."

In the issues of the *Celtic Monthly* for February, March, and April, 1896, Mr. Duncan Livingstone, Ohio, U.S.A., contributed a series of intensely interesting articles on the "Stewarts of Appin at Culloden," in which he gave a full account of the history of the ancient banner, as well as extracts from all available sources of the part played by the Stewarts on that fatal day. The following quotation from the concluding chapter regarding the saving of the *bratach* will doubtless interest our many readers of the royal clan:—

"It would be inferred from the language used by both Logan and M'Ian, in their accounts of the incident, that as soon as Dugald Stewart, the standard-bearer, was shot down, Livingstone took up the flag and tore it from the staff; but such was not the case. Dugald Stewart was killed in the charge; after the Highlanders failed to break the second line, and the retreat began, some member of the clan took up the flag. The fire of the enemy was then directed against the colour bearer, and one after another was shot down, almost as fast as the colours would be taken up, until in all, seventeen were killed under it. Donald Livingstone then turned back, under fire, to where it lay, and snatching it up, carried it safely from the field. Though under full fire of the enemy during this time he escaped without a scratch. The banner itself indicates that it was *cut*, not *torn*, from the staff. The writer never heard the persons above referred to say anything about the banner being cut or torn from the staff. The impression conveyed to him by Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Burke, and the others most familiar with the story, is that the flag was cumbersome, heavy and difficult to carry, and on that account incommoded the retreat of the bearer, and caused him to lag behind, thus exposing him to the fire of the enemy. It is probable that when Donald saw this, in order to facilitate his retreat, he cut it from the staff. When a council of war was held by the Prince and Chiefs, after the Battle of Culloden, and Charles came to the conclusion that he would no longer prosecute the war, but disband the army, the men of Appin then disbanded, and after the Highland fashion, started home separately, each man to shift for himself. Donald took the banner, and on his journey home to Appin came suddenly upon an English soldier, an officer, who was fishing in one of the numerous streams with which the country abounded. Supposing that he had fallen into an ambuscade, he started to run, when the officer called on him to halt, and at the same time, struck at him with the fishing-pole and line. The hook passed entirely through Donald's nose; he drew his dirk, cut the line, and when he and the officer parted, tradition says there was one less soldier in the army of King George. Donald was unable to get the hook out of his nose until he reached Appin, where it was cut out.

The flag was by him taken home to Appin, and it is supposed that Ardsheal, before he escaped to France, left it for safe keeping with Alexander Stewart of Ballachulish, in whose family it has ever since remained."

ALLAN'S QUEST.

WHEN the wind blows cold, and the last brown leaf has fallen on the sodden ground, dreary indeed is the Sreang of Lorn. The white mists drift across that lonely tract of moorland like shrouded spirits that cannot rest, and embrace every hill and crag in their wet caress, as they glide on their noiseless way.

It was at this dreary time of year that Rob MacCallum's wife died, and his mother came over from Achnacarron to keep his house and look after his motherless bairn. It was some time after the funeral that she came, for Rob's wife had her own folk with her at the end, and what more was wanted? Besides old Mairi had never any liking for the woman whom Rob had brought to his fireside. She had always grudged her her share of Rob's heart, for such is the way of some women.

The wind was driving a cold rain before it the day Mairi came. The leafless trees in Dalavich woods were black and glistening, and up on the moor little streams ran amongst the roots of the brown heather. The water dripped off the thatched roof of Rob's house, and lay in pools before the door. Within the house everything showed the want of a woman's hand. It was cold and comfortless. The fire had burned down, and the hearth was thick with peat ashes.

Outside in the rain a lonely bairn crouched at the side of the peat stack. His wet, tangled hair fell over his eyes, and the folds of his rough kilt lay damp and heavy on his little brown knees. From the friendly shelter of the stack he had watched Mairi and Rob go into the house, and the sight of the stern-looking old woman had filled him with fear. So this was the woman who was to fill his mother's place. His mother! A great lump rose in the little throat, but it was bravely swallowed, and the burning tears were brushed away with a rough, little sleeve. Then wet and cold were for the time forgotten as he thought of the nights when he used to sit at his mother's feet before the blazing logs, and listened to the wonderful stories of the wee folk who danced on the Fairy Knowe in the moonlight, and stories of angels with great white wings, who stood round the throne of God up in the blue sky. That was where good folk went when they died. His mother would be there. If she had only taken him with her. "Mother, mother," he whispered; and the tears so bravely kept back, now ran unheeded down his cheeks, and great choking sobs shook the little figure, as he leant against the cold peats. His childish heart was so empty; oh, so empty, as he sat there in the fast falling darkness, yearning to creep into the warm, loving arms that were now

so cold and stiff. By and by he saw the cruise lit in the house.

"Allan," called Rob from the open door; "Allan, where are ye? Yer granny wants tae see ye, and its wet ye must be out there. Come in."

The boy rose and rubbed away the tears with two dirty little fists. "I wonder if father will be frightened for her too," he thought, as he went slowly towards the house.

The days passed quickly, and Mairi was quite settled in the little house on the moor. The kitchen was tidied now, and the old, blue patterned bowls were brought out from odd corners and placed in a row on the shelf. The hearth was kept clean, and everything was comfortable and home-like.

"Mother," said Rob one day, "what ails that bairn? He seems tae have lost his spirit, and it wasn't little he had of it either. Maybe he's frettin' owre his mother."

"It's no that," answered Mairi, "he'll no even *speak* about his mother. He's forgotten her long ere this. Bairns' griefs are easy cured. But I'll tell you this, Rob; that bairn has been far owre much made of, and the sooner that dourness is taken out of him the better, baith for him and ither folk."

Poor, wee lonely Allan! Mairi meant to be kind to him in her own way, but could not understand his gentle, sensitive nature; and when she frightened him into silence with her rough speech and ways, it was put down for "dourness." Rob thought she was maybe right; so little did he, too, understand the ways of bairns.

The days grew shorter, and the wandering mists gave way to frosts, which made the surrounding hills stand out sharply against the sky.

Allan was sitting on the Fairy Knowe whittling at a stick with an old sgian dubh of his father's. Then he got tired of this uninteresting occupation, and threw the stick away. He looked round at everything sparkling with hoar frost, and thought how pretty it was. This was the place the wee folk came and danced. How he would like to see them, and listen to their fairy piping; and then he could ask them —. A sudden thought struck him, and sent the warm blood tingling through his veins. His breath came quicker, and new life seemed to have come to the child. He rose from the stone on which he had been sitting; but as he did so, he caught sight of some one toiling slowly up the road from Dalavich. Allan watched the figure for a minute or two, then he set off down the hill as quickly as he could.

Allan had recognised the figure of Ian dubh, a wandering body, who went from place to place doing odd jobs, and getting in return a share of

the brochan that was going and a night's lodging. Folk said he was daft, but perhaps he knew more than they gave him credit for. He was a curious, old figure. His faded tartan trews were fringed round his bare ankles, and his roughly-made brogues were patched in many places; but it was his coat which caught the eye of the stranger. It had once been green, but time and weather had mellowed it into a soft, bronze colour. However, neither time nor weather could dim the glittering buttons, which were Ian's pride. They were of different patterns, but that did not matter. They were a collection of years; and the old man was never happier than when he was gently rubbing them and making them shine in the sunlight.

Ian caught sight of Allan coming down the hill, and sat down on a moss-covered stone to wait for him, for the bairn had always been a favourite of his.

"Take care bairn," called Ian, as the boy tore down the hillside. "Ye'll break ye're neck, and that'll no be sae easy mended."

Allan did not pause for a second till he reached the road where the old man was, and had clambered up on the rock beside him.

"Are ye comin' up tae the house," the boy asked breathlessly.

"No, Allan; no the day. I'm going owre tae Calum Campbell's at the back o' the hill."

This did not require an answer; and Allan leant his rough head against Ian's arm, and looked up to the sky.

A minute or two passed, then Ian asked—"What were ye doin' up the hill there?"

"I was thinkin'."

"Thinkin'" said Ian, glancing at the child's serious face. "And what were ye thinkin' about?"

Allan sat up, and said eagerly—"Ian, did ye ever see an angel?"

The old man turned and stared at the child as he answered—"No, Allan; what makes ye ask?"

"Because ye ken about the wee folk, and I thought ye would ken about angels too."

There was a pause, and Allan asked again—"Do ye think they'll come tae the Fairy Knowe whiles?"

"I wadna wonder," said Ian, polishing one of his buttons with the sleeve of his coat; "but wha's been telling ye about them, bairn?"

"Mother," answered the boy softly. "Ye ken, Ian, when folk die, they turn into angels and fly about wi' big, white wings; and, Ian," he went on eagerly, "if I was to go up the Fairy Knowe some night, maybe I would see them, and maybe mother would be there; and surely she would take me back wi' her, away up tae the blue sky. What dae ye think, Ian?"

The child gazed at the man's wizened, old face and waited anxiously for a reply.

"I dinna ken, Allan; but I think ye would be better in your bed, instead of trailin' about lookin' for angels; and what would yer granny say if she caught ye oot at that time of night? Na, na, bairn; keep cosy in the house, and let them alane."

Allan was sorely disappointed. When he had seen Ian coming up the road, hope had risen high in his breast, and he was sure he would get all the information he wanted, because the old man had always endless tales of the doings of the fairies; and Allan was sure angels must be closely connected with them. They would know them anyway.

At last Ian rose to go. "It's time I was gettin' on my way," he said, "and dinna you bother ye're head about angels, Allan. It's owre cauld for them tae come oot in this frosty weather."

Allan watched the old man till he was out of sight, then slid down from the stone.

"Maybe Ian's wrong," he thought, "anyway I'll go and see;" and having made up his mind on this point, he turned and went up to the little house on the hill.

The moon was hidden by heavy, snow-laden clouds, and Loch Avich lay cold and black in the hollow. Snow was beginning to fall, and had already covered the hard ground. It was surely not a night for anyone to be out; yet, when mid-night drew near, a little figure came stealthily out of the cottage on the hill, and closed the door gently behind him. After listening for a minute, he put on the brogues he had carried out in his hand, and ran rapidly towards the Fairy Knowe. The piercing wind blew round him with its icy breath, driving the fine, powdery snow into every fold of his clothes, and into the thick, tangled curls of his hair; but on he went, slipping occasionally as the snow clung in lumps to the soles of his brogues, but never pausing to rest till he reached the top of the hill. "They're no here yet," he said to himself as he looked round; "but it's maybe owre soon." He brushed the snow from his favourite stone, and sat down to wait—a lonely, little creature in that great, white world of snow. The time passed, but he could see nothing but darkness and the white snow falling steadily; and he was so cold. Perhaps Ian was right after all. It would be too cold for angels to be out, but he would wait for a little while yet. He was afraid to move lest he should frighten them away, so still he sat waiting—waiting. He did not feel so cold now, but he was so very sleepy. If he lay down and slept for a little, he surely would not miss them; because, if his mother was there, she would

know him, and would not go away without him. Presently he slept off the stone, and lay down in the snow. How soft it was!" "I know mother will come," he thought dreamily; then with a smile on his lips his dark eyes closed, and Allan fell asleep.

When morning dawned the white, glistening snow lay thick everywhere. On the Fairy Knowe it covered a little figure peacefully sleeping; for in the night God in His great goodness had taken to Himself the lonely bairn, who had gone in such childlike faith to wait for the angels on the Fairy Knowe.

ANNA NIC DHAIBHIDH.

GLENCOE, ARGYLL.

13TH FEBRUARY, 1692.

BLOODY hearths and blackened roof-trees,
Clansmen scattered in the blast,
Dastard deed of blackest treason,
Dutchman, thou shalt pay at last!



GLENCOE, NATAL.

20TH OCTOBER, 1899.

UP the shot-swept height they hurried,
Bristling line that wavered not,
And the Gael of gallant Erin
Hath avenged his brother Scot.

London.

ERIC MACKAY.

THE CLAN CAMERON GATHERING takes place in the Waterloo Rooms, on 21st December, Lochiel in the Chair. A very attractive programme has been arranged and a large attendance is expected. Mr. Cameron Swan is presenting each life-member of the clan with an artistic membership certificate designed by the eminent etcher, Mr. D. Y. Cameron.

THE LEWIS AND HARRIS CONCERT was, as usual, a great success. The hall was crowded, and the chairman was supported by a large number of the most prominent Gaels of the city. The excellence of the musical talent was specially noticed.

ANTIQUARIAN NOTES ON THE MACKAY COUNTRY.

THE PARISH OF REAY.



PTOLEMY, the Greek geographer, who flourished about A. D. 120, gives, in his map of Scotland, the earliest authentic information as to the geographical divisions of the North. He shows that what is now known as Sutherland and Caithness was divided then into four parts, or rather that four different tribes occupied that country. The "*Caerini*" possessed what is now called Assynt; the

"*Lugi and Mertae*" possessed what is now called South Sutherland; while the "*Curnavi*" occupied what is now called Caithness and the Mackay country. The whole tract, from John o' Groat's to Cape Wrath, embracing the County of Caithness and the Sutherland parishes of Farr, Tongue, Durness, and Eddrachillis, appears to have been then one geographical unit inhabited by the "*Curnavi*." Some centuries later the Pictish chronicle states that Pictish Scotland was divided into seven provinces, under the seven sons of the Pictish King Cruide, and that the ruler of one of the provinces was "*Cait*," who gave his name to his own territory. It is generally acknowledged that this province consisted of Sutherland (or, as it is called in Gaelic, *Catobh*) and Caithness. This at least is certain, that for some centuries before the Norse occupation, which began in the ninth century, Sutherland and Caithness was one geographical unit, under the name of *Caithnessia*. Even after the Norse occupation that fact was acknowledged by the Romish Church forming the whole district into one bishopric, and is still acknowledged ecclesiastically by the one Presbyterian Synod of Sutherland and Caithness. The Norsemen, during their rule in the North, which lasted about 300 years, knew Caithness and the Mackay country as *Katanes*, and South Sutherland as *Sudrland*, or South Land, when they had to

distinguish different parts of the same country. It is interesting to notice that, as the whole district from Cape Wrath to John o' Groat's is marked by Ptolemy "*Curnavi*," so the Norsemen 1000 years after describe the same district as being in the possession of one people, the *Katanes*. About the 13th century, or when the Clan system began to be historically developed, the name Caithness became restricted to its present limits — South-Sutherland was called "*Sudrland*," and the Mackay country was known as "*Strathnaver*," or "*Strathnaverne*." It was only about the year 1630 that the district of Strathnaver, comprising the following parishes: part of Reay, Farr, Tongue, Durness, and Eddrachillis, was declared by the Crown to be a part of Sutherland, and under the jurisdiction of a free Sheriff. The old district of Strathnaver is still always known in the vernacular as "*Duthaich Mhic-Aoidh*" (land of Mackay), although English-speaking people now call it "*Lord Reay's Country*," or simply "*The Reay Country*."

THE LORDS OF REAY.

It may be of some interest to consider how it came about that the Chief of the Mackays, the owner of the ancient Strathnaver, took his title from Reay, and thus gave rise to the name "*Reay Country*," although a part only of the Parish of Reay was then within the bounds of Strathnaver proper, and none to-day owing to the recent division of parishes. The natural and obvious title for Donald, First Lord Reay, was Lord Strathnaver. Such a title would be in keeping with the designation of his ancestors, who for centuries were called "*Mackay of Strathnaver*." But this could not be, as the title was already taken. Earl Alexander of Sutherland, in the year 1583, through Court influence, got himself proclaimed Lord Strathnaver, although he had not then a foot of land within that territory. The Gordon Earls of Sutherland, backed up by the Gordons of Huntly, were for years straining every nerve to oust Mackay, and, unfortunately, they were only too successful at last. When in 1628 the king raised Sir Donald Mackay of Strathnaver to the dignity of Baron, he gave him by charter "*The whole of the lands of Sandsyde, Rea, with the milns of the same; Davochow, Borlum, Milton, with the miln and milnlands, multurers, and sequels of the same; Isauld, Acharasker, Achamurlane, and Shurarie, &c.*" all in the Caithness part of the Parish of Reay. Four years before, or in the year 1624, Sir Donald bought "*the lands of Spittal, Mybster, &c.*" in the Parish of Halkirk, Caithness, from his relative Lord Forbes, and had, besides, the Castle of Dirlot and appertaining lands in the same parish, which came into his family some centuries previously. It was this Caithness

connection, and the grant from the king of so much land in Reay, that led to Sir Donald being styled Lord Reay. The reader may well ask how it happens that the Lords of Reay, who once had such extensive territories in Sutherland and Caithness, are now landless in the North? The answer is the usual time-worn one—simply extravagance. Lord Donald incurred great expenses in raising 5000 men to help the Protestant King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus; and besides this, engaged in many ruinous lawsuits, which compelled him to sell much of his land. What Lord Donald began others continued, until, bit by bit, the whole Mackay country passed into the hands of strangers. However, although the land was sold the people are still there, and refuse to call it by any other name than “Duthaich Mhic-Aoidh.” As the future is in God’s hands, they may yet have a better reason to call it by that name.

BATTLE OF SANDSIDE CHASE.

Sandside, in the neighbourhood of Reay village, was the scene of a very fierce conflict, called “Ruag Shandsaid” (Chase of Sandside), between the Mackays and the Caithnessmen, in the year 1437. The occasion of the fight was probably this:—In the year 1426 Angus Du Mackay, with a great following, engaged the Caithnessmen at Harpsdale Hill, and caused terrible slaughter. The Caithness nobles, supported by the Earl of Sutherland, complained to the King, who commanded Angus to appear at Inverness, and there made him deliver up his son, Neil, as an hostage to peace. Poor Neil was left a prisoner on the Bass Rock for ten long years. When, in 1437, he made his escape, it may be imagined his feelings towards the Caithnessmen were not very charitable. His clansmen appear to have been of the same mind, and rallying round his banner to a man, cried as they gathered, “Dioladh, Dioladh” (vengeance, vengeance). They poured into Caithness by way of Reay, and there divided into two columns—one column marching by the sea as far as Forss, the other skirting the base of the hills as far as Harpsdale, and both plundering as they go. The party who went by the foot of the hills encountered no resistance, but those who marched along the seaboard met the Caithnessmen at Forss, and had to fall back fighting before superior numbers. By the time they retired to Sandside they were joined by their hill comrades, and then the real battle began. They managed to corner the Caithnessmen between them and the sea, and to inflict a most merciless mauling, driving the survivors in confusion as far as Doun-Reay Castle. Around the ancient burial-place of Cnoc Stanger, between Sandside and

the seashore, where the fight was fiercest, the bleached bones of the slain are still to be seen after a storm has blown the sand loose.

ALASTAIR BALLOCH’S REVENGE.

It is to be hoped, in all conscience, that Neil Bhass Mackay, as he was wont to be called, planned no further revenge for his ten years’ imprisonment on the Bass Rock, and that he was content henceforward to bury that hatchet. It was not so, however, with one of his followers, if tradition be trustworthy. Often have I been told this wild tale concerning “Ruag Shandsaid” which I am now to relate. Alastair Balloch (Alexander the Speckled) of Skail, Strathnaver, a man of enormous strength and stature, towards the close of the fight, chanced to encounter a small, lithe Caithnessman of the name of Gunn, who was bravely fighting and falling back. After a few smart passes, Gunn, with deft swordsmanship, managed to hamstring big Sandy, and left him lying helplessly wounded. Sandy’s rage and disgust at such an ignominious *quietus* knew no bounds. After carrying everything before him during four hours’ close hand to hand fighting, and bringing down man after man, now to be grieved by an insignificant little fellow, was a sorer wound to Sandy’s pride than the sword-cut on his leg. As his companions bore him home to Skail he vowed, by all the saints in the calendar, that he must needs have his change out of the little Caithnessman before he could die happy. By time the wound healed, and Alastair Balloch set out limping towards the borders of Caithness, where he prowled for many a long day on the look out for the little Caithnessman. But he was doomed to disappointment—he never met Gunn. Rage now gave place to grief, or rather rage and grief so preyed upon his mind that he sickened, took to his bed, and nursed his trusty battle-axe between him and the wall. His soul loathed food; he even ceased to take any notice of visitors; his only apparent interest was in handling and feeling his old battle-axe. His friends, seeing the end was near, sent for the priest to prepare the dying man to meet his Maker. The priest came, and told Alastair that if he would be pardoned by God, he must himself forgive any against whom he may have a grudge!

“Surely you don’t expect me to forgive everybody,” said Alastair.

“Oh yes; everybody,” replied the priest.

“Well I can’t, and won’t, forgive that little Caithnessman. Would to God I had met him!”

“Well, well,” replied the priest, “you will probably meet him yet, if he be a wild savage like yourself.”

“Where?” cried Alastair, springing to his elbow, and grasping his battle-axe, while the old fire blazed forth once more in his eyes.

"In Hell," said the priest.

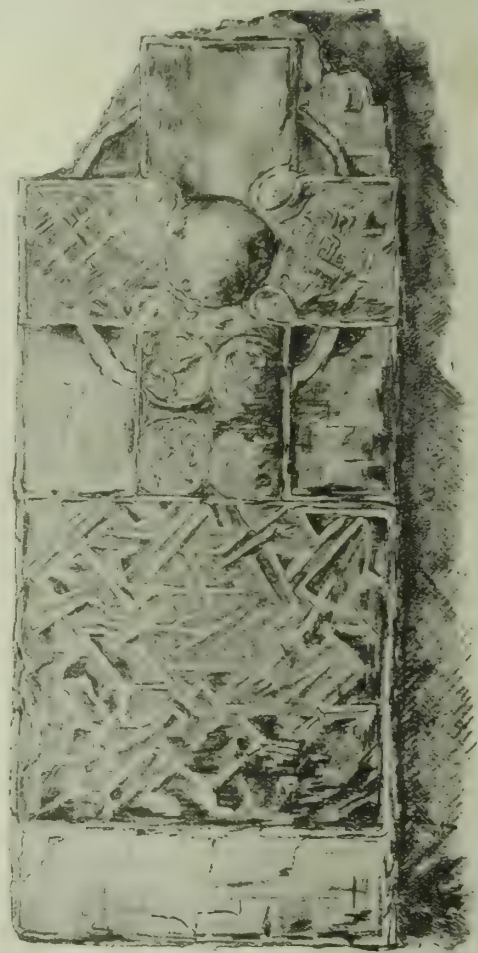
"So be it. I swear it was never hell till I catch him there," roared the infuriated man, and with a fiendish shout, fell back lifeless upon the bed.

If this be a true picture of these days—and I give it as I got it—what is commonly called "the good old times" were savagely wild and godless. Let us be thankful for a growing improvement in men and manners with the rolling years.

MONUMENTAL STONES OF REAY.

There are quite a number of interesting monumental stones in the old churchyard of Reay, and one very old tombstone with curious Pagan devices is preserved in Sandside House. It stood, once on a time, in the ancient and long-disused burialplace of Cnoc Stanger, whence it was thoughtlessly carted away and laid across a mill-lade, where it got cracked. When Miss Pilkington of Sandside came to know of this she rescued it, put it into a kind of frame, and gave it an hospitable resting-place in the House of Sandside. Another very interesting stone, locally known as "the Bighouse Stone," bearing the Christian device of the cross, is to be seen in the Reay churchyard. I am able to give a very fine drawing of this stone from the clever pencil of Miss Morag Cameron, Free Church Manse, Shebster. It stood once within the aisle of the Mackays of Bighouse, but long after the old church became discarded, the beadle, Alexander Campbell, removed it thence and placed it over his own lair, where it lies to this day. This happened about the beginning of the present century. The carving must have been executed centuries ago, although at its top it bears in rude lettering, I am told, the inscription, "Robert Mackay, 1777." It seems to me that "Robert Mackay" adopted and cut his name on a tombstone belonging to some other person, and that eventually Alexander Campbell bagged it for himself. Nor is this all. Some years ago the late Mr. Crawford, factor, Tongue, attempted to remove it to Dunrobin Museum, but was prevented by the Reay people. I came across another tombstone in Reay with the Mackay coat of arms beautifully and distinctly engraved on it, but bearing this legend running round its edge, "Here lies the dust of John Simson, weaver, Reay, &c." Simson the weaver "lifted" this Mackay stone about the close of last century, and though he erased the original inscription, left the Mackay shield intact—he was loth, apparently, to sacrifice this embellishment. I found the same trick played on a stone in Tongue churchyard bearing the arms of Forbes. There are various ways of breaking the eighth commandment, but the pilfering of tombstones

is, to say the least, very original. Within the Bighouse aisle, on a stone built into the wall, are two shields side by side—the one bearing the arms of Mackay, the other those of Sinclair, while underneath is the following inscription—"This yle belongs to Angus Mackay of Bighouse." Although the date is undecipherable, the stone is undoubtedly that of Angus Mackay, the second of that name, of Bighouse, whose wife was a Sinclair of the Brims family. The Sheriff Court records tell us that in the year 1668 he and his father William, who was then alive, agreed to deliver to John Burn, merchant, Thurso, all the salmon caught in the Halladale river during the two following years. The curious may be interested to know that the



ANCIENT CROSS IN REAY CHURCHYARD.

price agreed to was at the rate of £1 5s. 4d. per barrel of salmon, while during this present year Wick herring are selling at over £2 per barrel. The stone must thus be of a later date than

1668. Above the shields are two hearts separated by a St. Andrews cross. I am told the same device of two hearts and a St. Andrews cross is to be seen on a stone in the wall of Doun Reay Castle, at one time the property of Donald, the First Lord Reay. Within this same aisle stands a beautiful monument erected by the officers and men of Lord Reay's Highlanders to the memory of their Lieutenant Colonel, George Mackay of Bighouse, who died in 1798 while serving with his regiment in Ireland. Outside the aisle, but not very far away, is to be seen a stone with two shields bearing respectively the arms of Mackay and Sinclair, and lettered as follows:—"Here lies the body of ane honest gentleman, William Mackay, Forsnain, who departed this life . . . 1720." The Sinclair shield, being to the right, indicates his wife, and represents her as a Sinclair. Above the shield is a visor, flanked by scroll work on either side. A good many sculptured tombstones to the memory of the Mackay family of Forsnain are to be seen in the old churchyard of Kirkton, Strathalladale. But of these anon.

F. C. Manse, Westerlale.

ANGUS MACKAY.

(To be continued.)

MR. DAVID GLEN, EDINBURGH, has just issued the 14th part of his "Collection of Highland Bagpipe Music," which contains a capital selection of Marches, Quicksteps, Reels, etc., some sixty in all. The first tune is entitled "Rob Donn Mackay," a fact of which our "Calder" friends should take particular note! The volume is published at the low price of one shilling.

SCOTCH OATCAKES.—No firm of biscuit manufacturers enjoys such a world-wide celebrity, or as large a share of the public favour, as Messrs. M'Vitie & Price. Indeed, it is hardly needful for us to recommend their goods to our readers, for we daresay they have long occupied a place on many of their tables. We should like, however, to refer chiefly to the most favourite of their products, their oatcakes. The nourishing properties of the good old fashioned Scotch oatcakes have now been universally recognised. Messrs. M'Vitie & Price did much to encourage the use of this healthy food, by placing on the market their celebrated oatcakes, which are prepared in such an appetising fashion that they are now favourably known in all parts of the kingdom. If there are any of our readers who have not given them a trial, we would just say that the sooner they do so the better. Of course, as biscuit manufacturers this firm has no superior. We have sampled many of their products, such as their shortbread specialities, oatmeal-wafers and assorted varieties, and we heartily recommend them. For a Christmas present we could not recommend anything more appropriate than a box of Messrs. M'Vitie & Price's Scotch specialities. They are neatly packed in very attractive boxes, suitable for postage.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"MUILEANN DUBH."

CROSSMICHAEL, 8th November, 1899.

SIR,—I think your correspondent, Mr. Mackay, is wrong with reference to the origin of the good old tune "Muileann Dubh;" as far as I remember of hearing the tune, upwards of fifty years ago, I was always under the impression that "Muileann Dubh" was composed by some one to his snuff mill, as snuff was much used in the Highlands at one time, but by whom or where composed I am unable to say; but one thing I never heard of its having connection with "MacCailein Mor," or any mill near Speyside, and the words, as far as I remember, are as follows:—

Tha Muileann dubh air thuraman, air thuraman,
air thuraman,
Tha Muileann dubh air thuraman, a togar dol a dhamhsa.
Shaoil mi gu'n robh snaoisean, 's a' Mhuileann dubh,
's a' Mhuileann dubh,
Shaoil mi gu'n robh snaoisean 's a' Mhuileann 's
gu'n deann ann
Tha Muileann air thuraman air thuraman, air
thuraman, a togar dol a dhamhsa.

D. MACKINNON.

Surname—"M'Clure," "Maclure," "M'Lure;" also rendered "MacCluer" and "Clewer."

DEAR SIR,—Can any of your Celtic readers enlighten me as to the origin of these names, and the cause of their various spellings, or tell me if they are all different renderings of the one parent stock, and where that first parent stock first emanated from—its position and history.

There are three crests—an eagle's head erased, a domed tower, and an arm in armour holding a falcon's lave. I will be glad for any information. There is also a large Irish branch of this family, which spells its name as M'Clure.—Yours truly,

SPECTEMUR AGENDO.

Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON.

"Amongst us one
His seat upon the intellectual throne."

OTHERS make haste on others. Thou art free—
Breathing the atmosphere of God's own school,
Loving the highest, thou art no man's tool,
Nor of his heat, nor of his rivalry.
Whether the drifting of thy mantle be
Dusted with jewel of the purple rhyme,
Or, mooded with this sadder-hearted time,
It broods a woe of poor mortality,
Alike remote from roar and underling,
From noise and bluster of the Where? and How?
Alike the simple sorrow of a king.
The lone humility of that great brow,
That noble silence where the lesser sing,
Alike the difference, alike 'tis thou.

JEAN MACPHERSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The *CELTIC MONTHLY* will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

DECEMBER, 1899

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ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—*The Annual Subscriptions are now overdue. Subscribers who desire to renew for another year are requested to send their contributions (4/- post free), to the Editor, John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow, at their earliest convenience. If readers would kindly give this matter their immediate attention, it would obviate the trouble of sending notices each month to those in arrears, and considerably lessen our labours.*

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

OUR NEXT ISSUE will take the form of a "Grand New Year Number." Portraits, with biographical sketches, will be given of Mayor Alexander Cameron, and Mrs. Cameron, of Stockton-on-Tees; and the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., ex-Moderator of the Free Church Assembly. The contents will be of the most interesting and varied character, and will be profusely illustrated.

VOLUME VII. can now be had, tastefully bound 6s. 6d., post free, from John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

FAMILY PAPERS OF LOCHIEL AND GLENGARRY.—The Badenoch and Lochaber papers by Dr. Fraser MacKintosh are discontinued for the present. In their place certain interesting details connected with boundary disputes, seventy years ago, between Lochiel and Glengarry will be given, commencing with our January number.

These details refer to the destruction of the family papers of both chiefs; the ownership of the isle in Loch Quich; the evidence of witnesses and others taken before the Battle of Culloden; the names of the tenants and of the sheilings 150 years ago of Loch Arkraig, Glendessary, GlenPean, Mun Quich, &c., &c.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The members of this vigorous society turned out in large numbers on 13th November, to hear a lecture from the Rev. Adam Gunn, M.A., Durness, on "Unpublished Poetry of the Reay Country." We had the honour

of being present, and it was a sincere pleasure to meet there many of the leaders of the Highland movement, old friends whose caligraphy is oftener seen than their faces. The Rev. Alexander MacRae, author of the *History of the MacRaes*, occupied the chair, and was supported by Archdeacon Sinclair, of St. Paul's, Dr. Farquhar Matheson, William Grant, Ewen Cattnach, Donald C. Fraser, Eric Mackay, John Mackerchar, Donald Macgillivray (the energetic secretary), George Mackay, Liverpool, A. W. Martin, William C. Mackenzie, Ian Mackenzie, R. Macleod, D. M. Mackay, W. C. Galbraith, and others. It was with much regret we learned that the gifted chief of the society, Mr. John Mackay, of Hereford, was absent; he was confined to bed, seriously ill, but we learn that he is now much better. Mr. Gunn's lecture was listened to with the greatest delight. It treated of some unpublished songs of Rob Donn Mackay and his descendants, and other bards and bardesses of Durness. The remarks from the members were very eulogistic, Dr. Gillies remarking that he looked upon Mr. Gunn as having contributed the most valuable material to Gaelic literature of recent years. As the paper is to appear in our next and succeeding issues, we need not comment upon it here. On Sabbath, 12th November, the Rev. Mr. Gunn preached a Gaelic sermon to a large congregation in the Scottish Church, Crown Court.

WOMEN AND THE LEARNED SOCIETIES.—The movement which has been so ably initiated by Mrs. Farquharson of Haughton, "That duly-qualified women should have the advantages of full fellowship in scientific and other learned societies—e.g., the Royal, Linnæan and Royal Microscopical," promises to meet with early success. It has the support not only of the most gifted women of the kingdom, but the hearty approval of the leading scientists and literary men as well. It is difficult to understand why a lady whose scientific attainments are equal to those of a "master of creation" should be rendered ineligible for nomination to the F.R.S. or the F.L.S., particularly when her qualifications are probably not only fully equal but surpass those to whom fellowship is conceded. The Duchess of Sutherland and other distinguished Scotch ladies are taking an active interest in the matter. It is intended to print in the *Court Circular* a list of the names of those in sympathy with the object, and Mrs. Farquharson of Haughton, Meigle, will be glad to hear from any of our readers interested in her movement.

THE LONDON INVERNESS ASSOCIATION held their annual Meeting on 20th November, when The Chisholm was re-elected chief of the Association, and Mackintosh of Mackintosh, president. It was reported that £360 had been subscribed towards the bursary fund, and a further £195 had been promised. The Invernessians will maintain their position as the premier county organization in the metropolis.

On 19th August last, at Scots Church, Melbourne, Victoria, by Rev. Alexander Marshall, D.D., D. R. MACGREGOR, J.P., of Duntulm, Hawthorn, to ELIZABETH ALEXANDRIA, widow of the late William Walton, C.E., Victorian Railways, eldest daughter of the late Donald Macdonald, formerly of Monkstadt, Isle of Skye, and of Jessie Catherine, daughter of the late J. T. Macdonald of Balranald, Uist.

THE BLOOD-RED ROSE.

A LAMENT OF ELANDS LAAGTE -21ST OCTOBER, 1899.

THERE was a cry for freedom loud through
 Britain's Empire ran,
 When grew that tale of tyrant wrongs Majuba's Hill
 began.

From north to south, from east to west, "To arms!"
 the war-cry broke,
 For the hearts of Britain's people are the gallant
 hearts of oak.

And he, most *steadfast** soldier that the Gordons
 ever saw,
 No braver warrior went to war than my young
 Ninety-twa.

* The Gordon motto.

But when his last short hour had come, and we at
 last must part,
 He took my Yorkist rose from me and hid it next
 his heart.

And in his eyes there lurked a love that left the
 lashes wet,
 As low he whispered in my ear, "*Slan leat, a
 ghráidh, slan leat!*"†

"And if," he said, "from Africa thy lover comes
 again,
 O! he shall bring thy snow white rose without a
 coward stain.

† Good-bye, my love, good-bye.



HIGHLAND SOLDIER'S DEPARTURE.

But if the Boer's rifle pierce his heart who loves
 thee so,
 Then may his blood deep dye its white his deathless
 love to show!"

"O! wae's me for Prince Charlie!" well the pipes
 might play that day.
 For all the light went from my life when *my* Prince
 sailed away.

They brought me back a tattered rose, but all its
 snow had fled,
 A bullet's dart had struck its heart, its leaves were
 dyed blood-red!

They told me of a donga dark where slaughtered
 soldiers slept,
 They spoke to me of sepulchres where only wildness
 wept.

O! leave me with my blood-red rose to bury in my breast,
My all that e'er will come to me from Elands
Laagte's crest!

I hear that Mauser's flash and roar as home its death-
ball flies,

I see my darling falling, and I meet his dying
eyes.

No cross "for valour" now can charm my love who
loved me so,
That rifle's roar his requiem—his goal that grim
Glencoe!



SAD NEWS FROM THE WAR.

They whisper that a heroes' charge must live whilst
time shall fly,
And the world wax old in telling how Gordons dare
and die.

He fell for brothers' freedom, so I should not mourn
they say;
But my broken heart will bleed for him "Till the
breaking of the day."

MAJOR ALLAN.

TALKS WITH HIGHLANDERS.

RANNOCH NOTES.

BY KENNETH MATHIESON.

(Continued from page 38.)

"Clach na h-udalaich," the travelled boulder, now lies in lumps of grey granite on both sides of the road on the south side of the loch and near its eastern end. This block, 10 feet high and weighing 125 tons, hung on the brae at the roadside till the thaw of 1894, when it rolled

into the middle of the road and was blasted for removal. It appears to have been moved by ice from Ben Nevis.

"Corrie Dhonnachaidh," or more correctly Dubh Dhonnachaidh, the carrie of Black Duncan, is a romantic chasm on the Allt-druidh Burn suitable for distillations. Corrie is supposed to refer to "cathair rìgh," the king's chair, a place west of the river; while one authority derives it from "ceithir fichead," the twenty-four sheilings once in use on the west slope of Meall Druidhe. We think that "carraig," as applied to the rocky sides of the river, is enough

to have founded the present name. *Druim na Saighde* is a wooded ridge where arrows were cut. *Dall* is evidently from "*dail*," an extensive field on the loch side there. *Camahouran* or *camghouran*, although peopled by Camerons, is a word of which no local explanation is forthcoming. We think the appearance of the hill to the north is sufficient to account for the present corruption "*Carngorm*," a hill covered with rock and interspersed with green places. *Croncraig* is a ridge between two hills. "*Sron nan calainag*" may be for "*callag*," the gullimot. "*Eilean nam Faoileag*," the haunt of the sea-gulls. The Black Wood occupies some four square miles on the south side of the loch, and although much of the timber was felled a generation back for commercial purposes, it still displays some grand representatives of old Scots fir.

In the early numbers of the now defunct *Celtic Magazine* may be found several interesting articles by the Rev. John Sinclair, Rannoch, in which reference is made to the ruins of six ancient huts within the wood, where it is alleged Andrea Ferrara conducted the manufacture of swords for the king. In the same magazine and by the same hand is a series of articles relating to the Camerons of Carnghourne on the "*Slios garbh*," the rough and south side of the loch, and the MacGregors on the "*Slios mìn*," the smooth and north side. The tale is one of barbarism declining into savagery, for in the sequel MacGregor of Killichonan seizes the three young children of widow Cameron successively by the heels and dashes their brains out on the "*clach nan ceann*," still standing near the Camghorn graveyard. It is some consolation to the civilized conscience to be informed that Macgregor was killed by an arrow before he regained the "*Slios mìn*." The once numerous MacGregors of Ardlarach there, have dwindled to one red-headed, fiery-eyed, yet Christian man—the only one on the Menzies or "*Min*" estate. There is a saying from of old that when the last MacGregor is off the land, the Menzies shall lose possession, wherefore the laird is very kind to the penultimate member of the firm. At a certain gate in this region the same arguments were daily and for many years opposed; Sir Neil Menzies asserting that he had "*Sgriobhadh an Rìgh*," the king's charter, to the land, while MacGregor held out that he had "*Sgriobhadh a'chlaidheimh*," the right of the sword, but at long last the modern right prevailed. A number of ancient flat slabs of stone about this time stood erect in various places, and were held to be of Druidical origin, when an improving factor, a Campbell, without superstition, removed these stones from their ancient place of sanctity, and used them as gateposts. Old women denounced the impiety, and foretold a bad end for him, when, sure enough, soon after

he drove over a bridge and broke his neck.

Rannoch is from "*raineach*" fern, which is a prevalent ornament of the district so named, "*Creagan Mhic Dhughail*." In the year 1310 MacDougall of Lorn invaded Rannoch with the intention of taking possession, and encamped at "*Corrie-àirdh erichtear*," where are the remains of summer sheilings on the west side of the river Ericht, about 3 miles from its mouth; whereupon "*Donacha Reamhar*," Duncan "the stout" and chief of that ilk, disguised as a harper, entered Lorn's camp. Being asked what like men he had seen in the other camp, he said—"A poor lot, you will soon go through them." His armour peeping out, however, he was attacked as a spy, and ran for it down a steep bank, and leapt across the Ericht at a rocky place 16 feet wide, still called "*Duncan's leap*," while he was shot at from a rock called "*Clach nan saigheidean*," stone of the arrows. Duncan returned with his men by the ford at the mouth of the river, and went through them rapidly, taking all alive prisoners. He made a table of the dead, and putting bread and cheese upon it, bade the Lorn men eat. They were all horror-struck, but one man, who ate freely. "Are you MacDougall?" said Duncan. "I am." "Then you are my prisoner, the rest may go." He put him in a small fortress on the island, where, before Hallow'een, he got some apples sent from Lismore, and by the help of the men who brought them, got into the boat, and landed free at "*Creagan Mhic Dhughail*."

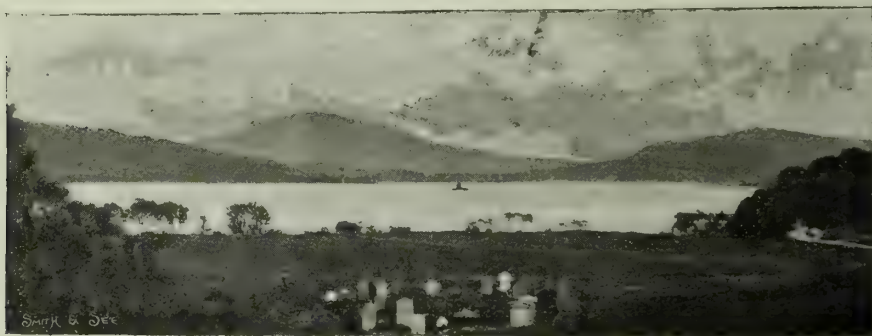
"*Dail M'Rae*" is a flat on the loch side without a tradition, and now occupied by Finnart Lodge. The whole question of sport is interesting in this district. The tract from Rannoch to Loch Awe, once valued at £5 for the shooting, has now a sporting rental of £15,000. In the loch a *salmo-ferox* was taken this season 7 lbs., and another 13 lbs. Thirty years ago a stuffed specimen, 16 lbs., was exhibited in the hotel, Kinloch Rannoch. At the same date one boat scaled in July and August 916 lbs. loch trout, as Hugh Cameron, Kinloch, can yet testify.

"Tom Chilip" may be taken for Philip's grave. "*Tom nam Freiceadan*" may refer to the Freiceadan du or Black Watch, once quartered in that region. "*Eilean Builn Garve*" might be from "*buaille*," fold for black cattle. "*Tighnalion*" for "*linn*," as the Gaur forms a broad pool at its entrance into the loch. The Barracks were used after the '45. "*Camusericht*," the bog where the Ericht enters Loch Rannoch. The Ericht, a fine tumultuous river, flows some 6 miles out of the loch of that name, about which there is a saying—that a fertile plain covered with houses and inhabitants sunk all of a sudden, when the present loch took its place. A shepherd's wife, once resident thereabouts, reports

it as being "so lonesome that she was glad to look at an old house across the river for company." "Cula Mhuilinn" for "cuil," the corner where the sawmill stands.

"Torr na ceardaich," the hill of the smiths, now a deserted settlement. The parish of old had 3000, now it has but 1800, and this reduction is attributed to "changed conditions." "The more the merrier, the fewer the better fare," let us hope. "Ardlarach," the height of the building. An old farmhouse marks the spot. "Kilichonon," the grave of Conon, the first Celtic Earl of Dull or Appin-a-dull, Athole. "Tulla Bheith," the hill of birch trees. "Learan," perhaps from "learach," the larch tree. "Anlich," is it "achhlach," the field of stones? Those stones are an ever-present problem, and we feel constrained to sit at the feet of Prof. Geikie, who in "The Great Ice Age" presents us with a picture of Greenland as at present covered with

snow and ice, and avers that Scotland had a similar covering when the sun was in "aphelion," and we had a place in relation to it similar to what Greenland now has. He quotes Professor Ramsay in regard to the foundation of our lochs or "rock basins;" these having been scooped out by ponderous glaciers laden with solid matter. We can reasonably conceive such a glacier overspreading the Moor of Rannoch, fed by Bens Nevis, Alder, Doran, &c., charging down the Tummel. The "Northern Chemical Works" are stopped; yet for compensation we may note that a survey was recently made of a canal to take the waters of Ericht to Kinloch-Leven for an aluminium work. "Clach ghlas" is a grey stone by the road side. "Clach a mharsainte," the stone of the merchant, gets its name from the fact that a pedlar was choked there by the falling of his pack from the top of the stone. "Coir' lathrain," the sounding corrie, is a grand sight



A SCENE IN RANNOCH.

after rain, in as much as it presents a continuous cascade 1000 feet long, at an angle of 45°. "Creag a' bhara," the steep rock, has at its base "Clach a' chlagarnaich," the stone of rumbling, from the noise it makes when falling. "Tom a' chlach-ach'," the hill in the stony field. "Drum-achaistle," ridge of the castle. "Uuchtibart" for "Ach'tigh'bhàird," the field of the bard's house. "Creag a' chomraidh," the craig of conversation. Lochgarry House in the older form is "gorrie" or "goirid" short, applying to a small loch or widening of the Tummel in front of the knoll on which the house stands. A very noble view of Schiehallion is seen from the north shore, and a perfect inverted reflection of it in the mirror loch. Macdonells of old possessed this place, far inland and isolated from their clan, and we conjecture that affinity with Bruce brought them hither. In the '45 this "Lochgarry" was a fierce Jacobite, who escaped to Paris. He

swore he would never return to his native land, and cursed his sons if they did. One made his peace with Government and returned to the house, but the nocturnal noises were so awesome that he abandoned it in horror. "Lochgarry's curse" was too great for his tranquility. The house was burnt, and the walls, to some degree black, may be identified in the rear part of the present extension. "Tom Struan" is a private graveyard within the gates of Dunalaistair policies. A massive iron railing encloses a large area, and within it a stone wall a smaller space. The later chiefs of the Clan Donnachaidh lie there. "St. Malluag's" graveyard is a little to the east, and of much older date. Old Dun Alaistair was a square tower of three stories. The publication of a complete guide and history of Rannoch is required, and it is hoped that these sparse notes, the fruit of six weeks' research, may stimulate an abler hand to complete the work.

A MINISTER OF THE OLDEN TIMES, Maighstir Alasdair of Ardnamurchan.

BY "FIONN."

IT is to be regretted that the fame of so remarkable a man as *Maighstir Alasdair* should have been eclipsed by that of his poetic son, Alexander. Indeed, many might be inclined to prefer a life sketch of the father, if that were possible, to a detailed history of the son, notwithstanding his high fame as a poet. *Maighstir Alasdair*, as we must, in true Highland fashion, designate the Rev. Alex. Macdonald, of Ardnamurchan, was the son of Alex. Macdonald, of Garry-ghoill (afterwards called Geirinish) South Uist. Alexander, of Gerinish, was the third son of Allan Mor IV., of Morar, and brother of Allan Og V., of Morar. Gerinish formed part of the Morar property in South Uist, which was about one third of the whole parish. The Gerinish family sat rent free till what remained of the Morar property in South Uist was sold to Macdonald, of Boisdale, in 1748. The Gerinish family were ardent Catholics and consequently Alexander was intended for the priesthood but verted, and became an Episcopalian. The Gerinish family were thrice connected with the Clanranald family by marriage, once with Clanranald proper, and twice with Benbecula, who ultimately succeeded to the dignity of Clanranald. *Maighstir Alasdair's* mother, and the Bard's grandmother, was Marion, the daughter of Macdonald of Clanranald. As far as can be ascertained, *Maighstir Alasdair* was born about the year 1656, and having attended Glasgow University he graduated there as Master of Arts on 16th July, 1674. Some years afterwards he was appointed Episcopal minister of the parish of Ardnamurchan. He married a MacLachlan lady from Morven, and went to live as tacksman in Dalelea in Moidart about the end of the seventeenth century. His position in the parish must have been a trying one. On the one hand he was hemmed in for miles by the Catholics; while on the other, the Protestant flock to which he was appointed was spread over the whole extent of Ardnamurchan, with the Parish Church at Kilchoan, nearly thirty miles from his residence at Dalelea. With commendable zeal and energy, *Maighstir Alasdair* faced these dreary miles, Sunday after Sunday, on foot. As one writer remarks*—"It is one of the commonest traditions discussed at the firesides in Moidart as illustrative of *Maighstir Alasdair's* power of endurance, that leaving Dalelea at an early hour on Sunday morning he would reach Kilchoan before midday, preach and perform the rest of the service for his congregation, and then travel back on foot to

Dalelea, which he generally reached before midnight, covering the whole distance of between fifty and sixty miles in one day."

After the Revolution Settlement when Episcopacy was disestablished and Presbyterianism became the established form of church government in the land, the Episcopal clergy were required to take two oaths—one of allegiance to the new, or Orange, dynasty, and renouncing the Stuarts, and another adjuring any religion except the Presbyterian.† *Maighstir Alasdair*, who has been described as "a man of candour, ingenuity, and conscience," refused to conform to the change, and he was in consequence deposed in 1697 for non-jurancy.

It would appear, however, that this deposition, except in so far as the stipend was concerned, was merely nominal; for, owing to his great popularity, *Maighstir Alasdair* kept his hold of the congregation, and, as Father Macdonald remarks, "there is no clear evidence that during his lifetime the Presbytery of Lorn succeeded

† The following is the oath referred to:—I, A.B., do truly and sincerely acknowledge, profess, and declare in my conscience before God and the world, that our Sovereign, Lady Queen Ann is lawful and rightful Queen of this realm and of all other Her Majesty's dominions and countries thereunto belonging. And I do solemnly and sincerely declare that I do believe in my conscience the person pretended to be the Prince of Wales during the life of the late King James, and since his decease pretending to be, and taking upon himself the style and title of King of England by the name of James the Third, or of Scotland by the name of James the Eighth, or the style and title of King of Great Britain, hath not any right or title whatsoever to the crown of this realm, or any other the dominions thereunto belonging. And I do renounce, refuse, and adjure any allegiance or obedience to him. And I do swear that I will bear faith and true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Anne, and her will I defend to the utmost of my power against all traitorous conspiracies and attempts whatsoever which shall be made against her person, crown, and dignity, and I will do my utmost endeavour to discover and make known to Her Majesty and her successors all treasons and traitorous conspiracies which I shall know to be against her or any of them. And I do faithfully promise to the utmost of my power to support, maintain, and defend the succession of the crown against him, the said James, and all other persons whatsoever, as the same is and stands settled by an Act entitled—*An Act declaring the rights and liberties of the subject and settling the succession of the Crown to Her present Majesty and the heirs of her body being Protestants*; and as the same by another Act entitled—*An Act for the further limitation of the Crown and better securing the rights and liberties of the subject*, is and stands settled and entailed after the decease of Her Majesty, and for default of issue of Her Majesty to the Princess Sophia, electress and Duchess of Hanover, and the heirs of her body being Protestants. And all these things I do plainly and sincerely acknowledge and swear according to the plain and common sense, and understanding of the same words without any equivocation, mental evasion, or secret reservation whatsoever. And I do make this recognition and promise heartily, willingly, and truly, upon the true faith of a Christian. So help me God.

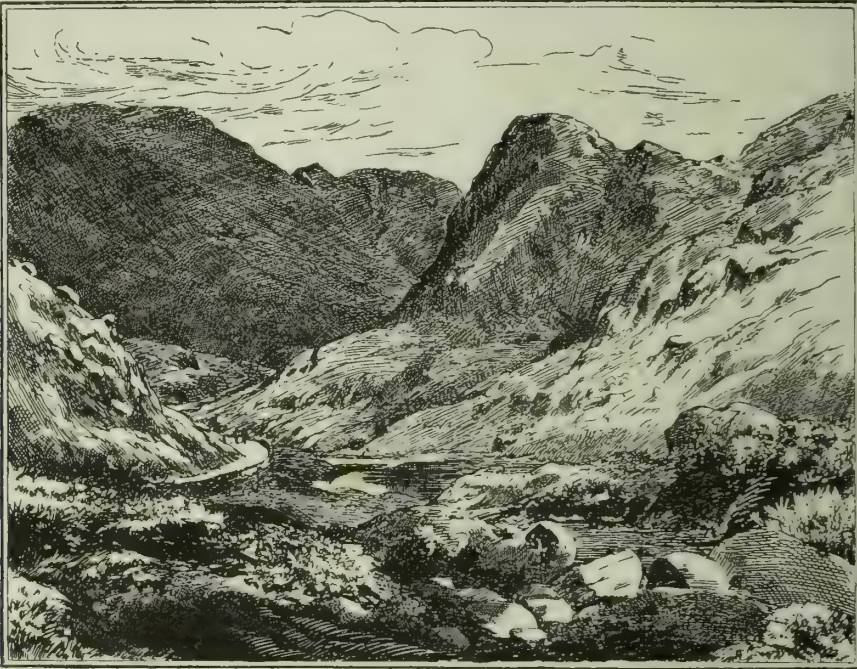
* "Moidart; or, Among the Clan Ranald," p. 391.

in establishing another in the Parish of Ardnarmurchan."

It is traditionally related in the parish that the presbytery had considerable difficulty in declaring the charge vacant, and were it not that the presbytery contained at that time in the person of Colin Campbell, minister at Ardchattan, a fearless representative of the "Church militant," who volunteered the task, it is questionable if it would have been attempted to declare the church vacant during the lifetime of *Maighstir Alasdair*. Mr. Campbell was met at the door of Kilchoan church and angrily denied admittance by *Maighstir Alasdair's* friends. Dressed in the kilt, and armed with a sword in one hand

and a cocked pistol in the other, Campbell set his back against the wall and defied the angry crowd in front of him. He delivered his message, and got out of the parish none the worse of the adventure

Maighstir Alasdair is said to have been a man of immense bodily strength—"nor is it strange," as a writer remarks, "that this quality is not forgotten, even in a man who exercised his sacred vocation; for it was a gift not superfluous in his circumstances, not one which the habits of his Christian flock allowed to rust in him unused." Funerals in those days were not always decorous scenes. His parishoners used to bring with them a quantity of whisky, which,



GLENSHIEL.

being freely dispensed to the mourners, caused a good deal of excitement that did not always pass peaceably away. Ancient feuds were recalled, and the memory of some injury, real or imaginary, done to the clan in days long gone was renewed and resented with considerable warmth on the part of the assembled clansmen. When the war of words changed into actual conflict and the voice of reason could no longer be heard in the tumult, then the clergyman dashed in person into the fray and settled the dispute, on which his pastoral advice was wasted, by the strength of his right hand—the stoutest combatant, it is affirmed, seeing more than he

cared to face when he found he had to reach his antagonist through the intervening prowess of his minister. It is said that this strong pacificator, however, laid himself open to the charge of not dealing with perfect impartiality in his interference when the men of Moidart, who were his friends and relatives, happened to quarrel with the neighbouring men of Suainart, who were comparatively strangers to him and to his flock. His hand was heavier on the men of Suainart than on the men of Moidart.*

The relation between *Maighstir Alasdair* and

*Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," p. 100.

his Catholic neighbours was decidedly strained. It was not so much a question of faith and doctrine as a question of fences and morals. It seems that his neighbours had a habit of allowing their cattle to stray over the minister's pastures. The minister remonstrated more than once, when assurances were given on the part of the tenants that the evil was due to the negligence of their herd. On a repetition of the offence *Maighstir Alasdair* seized the herd and gave him a sound flogging, and then tied him to the trunk of a tree near the edge of the wood, when he was found by his employers almost dead with fright.

The truth is that the minister was not a person to be trifled with. "Of great determination and possessing great bodily strength," says Father Macdonald, "he, when fairly roused, had no scruples about using the arm of the flesh when more legitimate arguments failed to keep his neighbours in order."

It is reported that on one occasion *Maighstir Alasdair* met, near Lochshiel side, a native belonging to a class of people whom he cordially detested—viz., persons who enter into a bargain and fail to keep it. This specimen had purchased a valuable cow from *Maighstir Alasdair*, but on one pretext or other eluded payment until the minister's patience was exhausted. On meeting him so opportunely, *Maighstir Alasdair* seized him by the neck, and dragging him to the foot of a precipice not far off, squeezed him into a hole or crevice among the fallen rock. He was busy covering the prisoner's head with a heavy slab when he was surprised by Macdonald of

Glenaladale, who, upon inquiring as to the nature of the man's offence, was told by his reverence that it was merely a case of imprisonment for debt. "The punishment," said Glenaladale, "is no doubt effective, but the payment of the debt is likely to be farther off than ever." "Very true," replied the minister, "but we are reasonable. The prisoner can always get out at the demand of any substantial friend who will kindly become security for what is due." The laird smiled, and taking the hint, undertook to compel payment or indemnify his reverence for the loss. The prisoner was forthwith liberated.

Owing to an outbreak of smallpox in the district which carried off two of his daughters, *Maighstir Alasdair* removed his family from Dalelea to the little island of Camustrolman on Lochshiel.

It is impossible to say with certainty what year *Maighstir Alasdair* died. He died somewhere between 1720 and 1725—one thing is certain, he was not alive in 1727, for we find his son Alasdair, the Bard then designated as "second son to the deceased Mr. Alexander Macdonald, Minister of Island Finnan." He was buried on the south side of the ruined chapel on St. Finnans Island on Lochshiel. A very unpretending monument marking the exact spot where rests this famous minister of the olden times. He left at least two sons, Angus, known as "*Aonghas Beag*," and Alexander, the famous Bard—ever styled on his father as "*Alasdair, mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*," of whom more anon.

Signature of MAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR
on taking his degree, 16th July,
1674. From Glasgow University
Registrar.

Alexander Mac Donald

THE TURN OF THE TIDE. A HEBRIDEAN STORY.

By I. K. RITCHIE,

Author of "In Love and Honour," "Thou Shalt Not Covet," &c.

PART II.

(Continued from page 33)

VERY unlike Donald's blithe mood was that in which he began his walk of five-and-twenty miles to the town. His thread-bare clothing was little suited to shield him from the raw morning blast that blew so chilly over the black moors he had to traverse; but yet his brow was hot and fevered, and his hand, grasping the notched stick he carried, trembled as his old fathers might have done.

It is too early for anyone to be astir yet, still Donald frequently starts at the sound of an imaginary footstep, and turns apprehensively to see if that really is not a figure hiding behind the stunted bushes, or secreting itself in the deep heather; and when some little bird is startled from its nest and sends forth a twitter of remonstrance at the early comer, the strong man's cheek pales, and he has to whistle to keep his spirits up. At last the streaks heralding a new day give place to a clear, bright sky, the shadows of the grey morning are gone, and with them somewhat of Donald's temerity.

The fraud he meditates seems less reprehensible in his present mood of dogged endurance. The walk has made him hungry too soon, fearfully hungry it must be, when the quantity of thick oaten cakes he had deemed sufficient for the whole journey rapidly disappears in a first refreshment. He forgets, poor fellow, that the

last few weeks have afforded but very scant fare, but what he does remember is, that even his present humble portion, in a very short time, may run out, and to escape starvation some very decided step must be made.

He walks quicker now, and at noon the beautiful turrets of Stornoway Castle are in sight, the pink, shell-strewn sands of Melbost glisten in the winter sunshine, and, completely exhausted, Donald stretches himself in the half-melted snow, so weary that he is dazedly oblivious that cold may be caught even in the brightest atmosphere.

In dreams the haunting fears that have possessed him during the last dozen weary hours accumulate to torment him.

He thinks himself at his journey's end: he has reached the office for enrolment in the Royal Naval Reserve, guided to it by the group round the door waiting turn to make application. It seems to him that all look at him askance; he retreats sleepishly to the rear, not, however, without hearing a whispered "*I know him. He's not a fisherman.*" "He'll not get in," speaks another.

"He'll be after telling a lie if he does," chimes in a third, while several turn and stare at him with hungry, savage eyes that make his heart sick to see.

Then that scene fades, and he is in a room full of people. He himself stands apart from all save two, who jealously guard him, one on either side. On a raised dais his own minister sits as judge, and his sorrowful look is more than Donald can bear as he passes sentence—"Found guilty!"

No unheard of verdict; but did ever before the sobs of judge and doomed mingle together?

Poor Donald's were so ravaging that they awoke him. It was a moment or two before he could realise it was a dream. He had to rub his eyes and look around to assure himself he was really not in that dreadful room with its crowd of people, nor yet in the street with the hungry-eyed throng waiting to get in. And reassured of this, he will think of it as no idle tale, but as a direct message from that high heaven under whose canopy he lies.

"No, I will not be having anything to do with it at all!" he cries, snatching the false paper from his pocket. "From my own land I may have to be going; but suffer from a prison, suffer with a stain on my name."

Every word as he looks at the certificate stings him afresh. "Yes!" he cries bitterly, "This is to certify that the bearer, Donald Macivor, is ——— a liar;" he substitutes for "fisherman," and then suddenly emotion overcomes him, and he buries his burning face in the cold frost of the moor. "And I have come

to this! I, whom everyone was holding in respect. O, Christy, Christy, can you ever be thinking well of me again?" he cries as the certificate is torn and cast away.

The short winter afternoon is already half sped as Donald enters the principal street of Stornoway. It is with a shudder of pained recollection of his great temptation that he passes the groups of naval reserve men, whose numbers might well lead a stranger to suppose they constitute nearly the entire population.

And true at least it is that during the drill season (October to March) they bring a great amount of life and bustle into the little town of which, without them, it would be entirely devoid, not to speak of a romantic interest and admiration of all that concerns them filling the hearts of the bonnie lasses from the Butt of Lewis in the north, to the most southerly parish in the Long Island.

"Why are you so persistent when you have been told you cannot be taken?" was once asked a youth who had again and again made application for entrance into the force and always refused, as not yet of the required standard of height. A deep blush, but no answer, until an encouraging word from the questioner elicited the perfectly truthful answer, "Because my young woman won't look at me, sir, unless I'm in."

Happily for Donald, Christina was not exacting on this point. In her eyes, he neared, if he did not worship perfection; so with no regret on that head, he could witness the prosperity of the blue-jackets *pro tem*, only sorry that their prosperity was not reflected in the circumstances of many he remembered as once well-to-do, but now bearing marks of the hard times, evidence of which met the eye at every turn. The emigration office was besieged. Needless for a newcomer to attempt entrance until the crowd lessens; and Donald turned on to the quay, after trying a newspaper at the stationers. Anxiously he scanned the long columns of advertisements in the hope of securing something that might be advantageous to himself. Alas! to no effect; in the list of situations vacant there was not one for which he could apply.

Still, the natural hopefulness of the young man's disposition, that prevents him ever seeing things wholly dark, bears him up, and a smile, somewhat grim though it is, parts his lips on recollection of a remark passed by a countryman under circumstances similar to his own.

"Ah, well! neffer mind, when one door shuts another closes! His meaning, of course, being exactly the reverse; but, unlike Donald, the poor man's knowledge of English was almost nil.

Donald will always think it passing strange

that while the smile of amusement is on his lips, he should be startled by a familiar voice close beside him, exclaiming—

"Donald, my dear lad, is it really you?"

"Yes, Mr. Yorke," he answered bashfully, touching his cap.

"And how is the world treating you?" goes on his interrogator, who is none other than the fine, jovial old Yorkshire gentleman, who for three summers has had a shooting box on the island, and been the youth's kind and indulgent employer. "I hope you have not forgotten all your English, my lad," he breaks off, for Donald strikes him as wonderfully silent; and at the same moment another impression takes hold of him, with the result that, with a brief word of explanation, hurries with his protégé back to his hotel, where his dinner is already ordered. And on the way it is he who does all the talking. Poor Donald is like one in a dream, tongue-tied, and perfectly powerless to express any of the gratitude with which his heart is full. But in a dazed sort of way he is conscious that the tide of his fortune has turned with the appearance of Mr. York; and when food, the like of which he has not tasted for many a long day, has restored his shattered senses, his benefactor may well look pleased at the success of his bounty; and not till then will he make any reference to what now, he has little doubt, accounts for his companion's altered mein and gloomy silence.

When Donald would have humbly thanked him for his kindness, he interrupts the grateful words with "Not yet, my lad; I have not done yet. Now, just sit down again, and tell me all about yourself in these hard times." But fully conscious how painful such a task must be, he goes on—"One hears a great deal about the distress. I could not rest until I came to see for myself; and to meet you is very fortunate. I want to know how you are managing."

Then, bit by bit, the young islander's story is gleaned, and elicits volumes of sympathy and encouragement from the listener.

"You must make up your mind and come along with me for a year or two, or at any rate until the winter is tided over," he says in conclusion.

"But, Mr. Yorke, indeed you are too kind, sir," said Donald, overwhelmed by this generous offer. "For what use could I be to you, sir?" he queried.

"Well, it so happens I am just in want of a good, active man on my estate. I have a lot of young fellows engaged in reclaiming a few acres of land I am bringing under cultivation, and they are sadly in need of an overseer. I know I can trust you. So think no more of emigration. A capital thing for some; but not for you, my lad, with your many ties through the old folks;

and, mayhap, some young one with a voice in the matter, too." At which Donald blushes, and is inexpressibly happy, though bashfulness compels him to reserve confession on that head for a future occasion.

THE END.

CLACH NA LÀNAIN.

By MRS. K. W. GRANT, SHAWLANDS, GLASGOW.

THE following received first prize in the Original Prose Competition at the Mòd held at Edinburgh:—

AIR an rathad gu Griobunn, anns an Eilean Mhuileach, mar a théid duine sìos am bruthach le 'aghaidh ri Loch nan Ceall, tha aig taobh an rathaid ris an làimh-dheis, clach mhòr, ioma tunna 'an cudthrom. Tha i 'na seasamh 'an làrach tighe, cho teann dhinnte eadar na trì ballachan 's ged a bhiodh iad air an togail a dh'aon obair gu taic a chumail rithe.

Na'n robh am meall cloiche so air lòn, no air taobh cnuic, theirtleadh creig ris; ach air a shuidh-eachadh mar a tha e, aig bun a' bhalla chreige as an do thuit e, agus a tha 'g éirigh ioma ceud troidh os a cheann, a chuillbh àrda mar air an gearradh le làimh snaidheadair, cha'n'eil ann ach clach ann am meudachd no ann an coltas. 'Si so Clach na Lànain, no Clach na Càraid. Cha'n'eil mòran a lathair an diugh aig am bheil cuimhne air an latha air an do thuit a' chlach a nuas as a' bhalla uamhoir, ach 's ann agamsa 'tha 'n t-aobhar gun a leigeadh air dì-chuimhne. Tha fada, fada o'n a thachair e, ach tha na h-uile ni, mar a ghabh e àite, fa'm chomhair mar gu'm b'ann an dé a bha e. 'Sann a tha na nithe a thachair 'an toiseach m'òige na's soilleire fa m' chomhair na iadsan a ghabh àite'n dé. Tha leamsa nach 'eil e ach mar mhios no dhà o'n a thàinig a' cheud bhàta-deathaich' a dh'ionnsuidh ar cladaichean, a' cur roth nam pleadhan mar gu'm b'ann muighe-eich a' maistreadh na fairge 's a' fàgail rathad-mòr de chobhar as a deigh. Bha mi mu naoi bliadhna dh'aois aig an àm, agus bha mi air mo rathad le dinneir muinntir na buain an uair a thàinig i'n sealladh. Ach cha'n fhaodar tòiseachadh air a leithid sin de naigheachd, air-neo cha bhi ùine eachdraidh Clach na Lànain a thoirt seachad; agus a thuillidh air sin, 'sann aig Cnoc-Mhaolagain a's fheadar tòiseachadh.

Cha'n'eil àite air an t-saoghal ri choimeas ri Cnoc-Mhaolagain. Tha 'n àite na's gloinne, 's na's blàithe an sin; tha 'n loch na's sàmhach; tha 'm fraoch air na cnuic na's truite dath, le badain bhòidheach de fhraoch geal ri fhaotainn thall 's a bhos 'na mheasg; tha flùrain cùbhraidh a mhachair làn meala; agus m'a choinneamh tha

Eilean-Chalaman. M'a choinneamh tha Eilean-Chalaman:—Calamain nan creag, eòin ghorm nan sgiathan luatha, 'n an ceudan a' tuineachadh gun eagal fo dhùbhra nan creagan arda; an sàile a' ruith a mach 's a stigh fhdhpa, 's mu 'n cuairt air na sgheirean beaga, a' briseadh le cèol gun sgur. B' ann a sin a rugadh 's a thogadh mi. Cha d' fhàg mi e gus an do phòs mi. Tha cuimhne agam air gach clach is preas, agus air gach oisinn de 'n tràigh far an robh sligean ri fhaotainn; sligean ban-tighearna, coineanan-mara, faochagan mòra 's beaga de gach dath,—geal, buidhe, ruadh, is breac,—sligean-creachain, feusgain is muirsgianan,—ciod an seòrsa nach robh ri fhaotainn 'an àite no àiteiginn mu Chnoc-Mhaolagain?

Air son eòin a' chladaich, cha robh dìth oirnn a thaobh cuideachd le faoileannan is guilbnich, an steàrnal chlis, na gulgagan, na trodagan-tràghad 'n an sreithean a' ruith, mar a' chlann bheag, a mach às-déigh nan tonn, 's a' teicheadh a stigh air thoiseach orra.

Air son eòin nan tonn, bha iad gun àireamh; eòin dubha, sgairbh, agus na faoileannan daonnan, mar amadain-leith mhòra, ag itealaich gun chlos os ceann nan tonna barra gheal. Agus aig crìoch an latha bha gathan mu dheireadh na gréine a' lasadh, le soilse caomh, gach machair is cnoc is eilean, mu 'n rachadh i às an t-sealladh aig oir a' chuain mhòir. Tha e fìor, co-dhiùbh 'chreideas sibh e no nach creid, nach 'eil àit' air an t-saoghal coltach ri Cnoc-Mhaolagain!

Bhiodh mu dhusan teaghlach anna a' choimhearsnachd, eadar a h-ulle tigh a bh' ann. B' iad sin na coimhearsnaich chaoimhneil, dhileas: b' fhiach iad an t-ainm. 'S ioma teaghlach a gheibhtear an diugh aig nach 'eil na buill cho aonta, no cho ionmhuinn mu 'chéile 's a bha 'n grigleachan a bha mu 'n cuairt oirnn 's an àm sin. Nach ioma deireadh-bhuain aoibhinn, nach ioma Samhuinn shuundach, nach ioma Nollaig agus Bliahn-ùr chridheil a chuir sinn seachad còmhla?

Comh-cheangailte ris gach àite, agus ris gach ni a thachair ann am òige, tha lònhaigh Raonaid a' ghobhainn. Bha a màthair 'n a mhaighdinn aig mo mhàthair-sa an uair a phòs i, agus bha de mbeas aig m'athair air a h-athair-sa nach rachadh e 'n ceann gnothuch cuimseach air bith gun a choimhairle a chur ri Iain Gobhainn.

B' i mo mhàthair-sa a dh' ionnsuich calanas do Raonaid. Bi a màthair-sa a theagaisg dhomh-sa na b' aithne dhomh riamh mu bhainne, 's mu ìm is càise oibreachadh. Mar sin, bha sinn a ghnàth 's gun tàmh 'an tighean aon a chéile.

Bha Raonaid cho eutrom iollagach air dà chois ri eun air iteig: bha i cho bòidheach ri ròs fhiadhach an fhàile chùbhraidh a bha 'n oisinn a' ghàraidh; bha i cho mireagach ri uan gun lochd. Cha 'n 'eil uair a thig anail spiosrach na roide 's an fhraoich a nuas bhar a' chnuic orm, nach 'eil Raonaid agus mise còmhla a rithis, a' buachail-

eachd a' chruidh air maduinn gheal, Shamhraidh, trang aig a' cheart àm a' figheadh chlogaidean luachair no 'seòladh bhàtaichean seilisdeir. 'S ann air a' bhrochan a bha 'm blas anns na làithean sin, an uair a shuidheamaid g'a ghabhail air tom aig ceann na dail, "Cabhag," mo chù laghach, ag amharc as déigh a h-uile làn spàin-adhairc a rachadh 'n ar beòil, agus a' cur a spòg mhòr air ar glùn an dràs' 's a rithis air eagal gu 'n dì-chuimhnicheamaid a chuid-san. Cha 'n 'eil uair a chì mi cléiteagan geal a' chainichein am meas riag is luachair, agus fraoch na mòintich le 'chopain mòra céireach làn meala, mar bhrat air an làr, nach 'eil Raonaid is mise dol do 'n àite-mhòine le biadh nan daoine a bh'aig an obair leinn,—bonnach choirce, uibhean, mulachag ùr chàise, 's cha 'n 'eil fhios 'de tuilleadh.

Dh' fhàs Raonaid a suas cho sùbailte ri slait sheilich, agus cho dìreach ri cuile nan lochan. Cha do chuir i mulad orm ach an aon uair riamh. Bha sin 'nuair a shaoil leam gu 'n robh i 'dol a roghnachadh coigreach 'an àite aoin de m' bhràithrean. Tha mi 'g ràdh h-aon diubh, a chionn bha i-féin agus mo dhara bràthair, Gilleasbuig, 'n an sàr chompanaich, agus cha robh mòran obair idir aice féin agus Iain ri chéile, ach bha e 'n aon rud leamsa cò dhiubh 'gheibheadh còir oirre, ged a bha leam gu 'n robh am fear a b' òige tuilleadh 's coltach rithe fhéin. 'S ann mar so, matà, a chuir i 'n iomaguin orm gu 'n caillinn i — agus dh' fhaoidte gu 'm b' e sin a b' fheàrr dhise seach mar a thachair. Bhiodh Raonaid mu naoi-bliadh'n-deug, agus mise beagan na b' òige, an uair a thàinig peasan de thàilleair a nall a Latharna meadhonach, a chur a suas obair air a làimh fhéin beagan astair uainn. Bha 'n duineachan sparasach, pongail gu leòir, ach cha robh ann ach an gasan: b' fhiach lùdag Iain againne a choluinn gu h-iomlan.

Cha robh an tàilleair fada 's an àite an uair a thòisich e ri tighinn cuid de 'n rathad as an eaglais le Raonaid is leamsa, agus gu goidridh ghabh e 'n dànaas tighion air chéilidh do na tighean againn. Bu ghasda le Raonaid caige 'chumail ris, agus chumadh i-féin 's Gilleasbuig an tàilleair 'an gleus, ach bha daonnan rud-éigin aig Iain ri dheanamh a mach 's an t-sabhal aig a leithid sin de àm, agus air mo shonsa dheth, bu leòir facal a chur a stigh an dràs' 's a rithis, a chionn cha robh feum orm.

Chaidh nithean air adhart mar so, a' chuid a bu mhodha de 'n Gheamhradh. Ach air latha 'bha 'n sin, thuirt Iain ruinn aig an tràth-maidne, "Faodaidh sibh a ràdh ris an tàilleair 'nuair a thig e 'n nochd, mo thomhas-sa 'ghabhail air son deise ùr. Chuala mi gu 'n robh feum ac' air ciobair 'an Griobunn, agus tha mi air an àite ghabhail an diugh."

(Ri leantuinne.)



ALEXANDER CAMERON,
Mayor of Stockton-on-Tees.



MRS. A. CAMERON.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

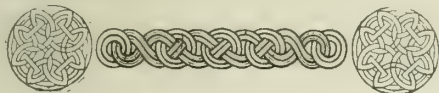
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ALEXANDER CAMERON, MAYOR OF STOCKTON-ON-TEES.



MR. ALEXANDER CAMERON was born in the Parish of Glenelg, Inverness-shire, in 1847, and is therefore now in his 52nd year. He is the son of Mr. Duncan Cameron, who for close upon 30 years was manager of Talisker, Isle of Skye, and whose forefathers belonged to Lochaber. The recently-elected Mayor of Stockton received his education at Carbest School, and in 1868 went to England and entered the Scotch drapery trade. He settled in Stockton in 1870 and started business on his own account. In this enterprise he has been most successful, being a business gentleman of considerable tact, and of a genial disposition. He joined the Wesleyan Church at Stockton about 25 years ago, and has held nearly every office open to a layman in that body. As a temperance worker also, Mr. Cameron has done a good deal in Stockton. With others engaged in this work, he is found to be an energetic colleague, and that he is thoroughly in earnest, and has the strength of his convictions, is amply proved by the fact that he has been a total abstainer for over a quarter of a century. Mr Cameron takes a deep interest in politics, and in him the present member for Stockton has found an able supporter, one who was in the forefront of the fight at the last general election, when Alderman J. Samuel nominated Alderman T. Wrightson. He is a staunch member of the Stockton Liberal Association, for which society he has acted as treasurer for some years. Mr. Cameron was first elected a member of the Town Council in 1886, as representing the West-End Ward, and was re-elected in 1889, also in 1892, and again in 1896. In March of this year he was elected to the Aldermanic Bench in place of the late Alderman W. M. Watson. In all his dealings he

has shown the principle of honesty of purpose and a deep interest in the welfare of those whom he represents. Mr Cameron was recently entertained to a banquet, and presented with an illuminated address, and Mrs Cameron with a silver tea service, by the Scotchmen of Stockton and district, in token of his being the first Scot who has occupied the civic chair of the ancient borough. During the past year he has discharged the many onerous duties of his honourable office to the entire satisfaction of the electors, and has done much to add to the dignity and usefulness in which the mayoralty is regarded. Of council and committee meetings alone he has attended no fewer than 269, and when we add to these his other public appointments, the aggregate convinces one that the office of mayor is not a purely ornamental dignity. Mrs. Cameron is a true Highland lady, being a daughter of the late Kenneth Macdonald, Invergarry, and has carried out her duties as Mayoress in an eminently tactful and graceful manner. Mr. Cameron has a family surviving of three sons and three daughters, his eldest son having just been appointed house surgeon of Stockton Hospital. Although absent for so many years from his native land, Mr. Cameron has always maintained a close connection with the Highlands, and is a life member of the Clan Cameron Society and the Glasgow Inverness-shire Association.



SOUTHWARD!

SOUTHWARD, ah, southward,
With the swallows!
From this weary land of cold—
The choking weirdness of the fog—
The chilling frost—the smoke—
To the sunny land

Where the air is clear, where the blue sky
But reflects a bluer ocean;
Where the palm grows, and where the flowers
Are ever fragrant—sun-kissed;
Where as grey darkness creeps o'er her
The earth smiles, thinking on the morrow's colours,
Which spread across sky and sea—fairy-like,
When the day breaks.

KENNETH MACLEOD BLACK.

UNPUBLISHED SONGS OF THE REAY COUNTRY.*

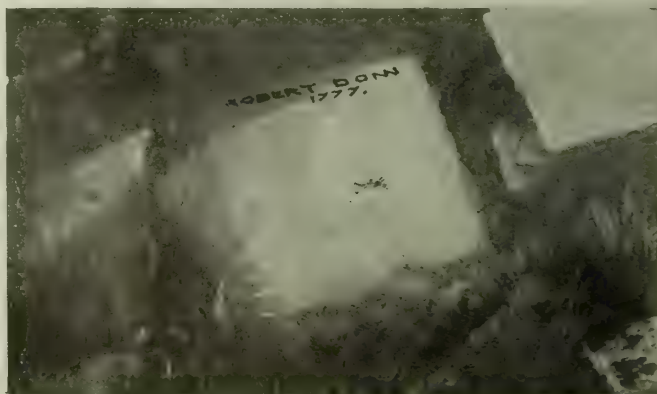
BY REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNES.

THE district known as the Reay Country occupies the north-western part of Sutherland, and comprises the Parishes of Farr, Tongue, Durness, and Eddrachilles. Its Gaelic name is Duthaich Mhic-Aoidh (Mackay's country). About the beginning of the seventeenth century this tract of country was included for the first time in the Sheriffdom of Sutherland, and it now forms a part of the County of Sutherland. But when the name of Sutherland (*N. Sudr-land*—Southern Land) was first applied, it included only the present south-eastern part of the county, that part lying south of Caithness, and still distinguished in the vernacular from the rest of the county by the Gaelic name of *Cataobh*. It would appear that during the Norse occupation the Reay Country was looked upon rather as a continuation of Caithness along the North Coast as far as Cape Wrath. In the "Orkneyinga Saga" reference is often made to *Katanes*, *Sudr-land*, and the Dales; and it is probable that "the Dales" refer to the principal straths of the Reay Country—Halladale, Strathy, Armadale, and Strathnaver. The Norse never applied the name of Sutherland to the region of Cape Wrath.

This country produced two bards of considerable repute, Rob Donn, and John Mackay, of Mudale, the hymn-writer. The works of the former have acquired a world-wide reputation, and have already run through four editions. Specimens of the labours of the latter have also been published from time to time. But it must not be inferred that these were the only bards the district produced. The Reay country was always rich in song, for which its people had most retentive memories. In this connection it may be interesting to mention that the most perfect and complete copy of the tale of "The Muileartach" we possess was taken down from the recitation of two Reay countrymen, and will be found in the late Dr. Cameron's "Celtic Review." But far the greater portion is now irretrievably lost. In the introduction to the first edition of Rob Donn's poems, reference

is made to two contemporary bards of the period, and the elegies they composed on Rob's death are incorporated in that work. These are John Mackay, Strathan, Melness, and George Morrison, Ard-beg. It is well known that Rob Donn himself was quite willing to give the precedence to the former, whom he ever addressed as "father." Alexander Cormack was another poetic contemporary of Rob Donn, and a foeman worthy of his steel. After his death, too, there were many imitators in his native parish, and I was fortunate enough some years ago to secure from Miss Helen Findlater, a daughter of the Rev. William Findlater, who came to this country in 1808, thirty years after the bard's death, quite a number of songs by various authors, which have never been printed. Some of these are worthy of preservation, and it occurred to me to make a selection from them for your Society, together with such notes of the song-writers as I have been able to gather from the old people of the parish of Rob Donn.

Before coming to these, however, it may be well to refer to some songs of the great bard himself which have never been published. Mr Hew Morrison, in his recent edition, has enlarged the old collection by a few; still there are some songs and many snatches which have hitherto escaped publication. One of the most important of these is "Oran nam beanntaichean," containing some sixty lines. It is well known in the bard's parish as the composition of Rob Donn, and is still a favourite with the older people, who cannot understand why it has been omitted in all editions of the bard's works. The reason, however, is not far to seek. There is very little poetry in it—only a string of names



ROB DONN'S GRAVE, BALNACEILL CHURCHYARD.

* Read at meetings of the Gaelic Societies of Inverness and London, and the Clan Mackay Society.



ROB DONN MACKAY'S MONUMENT IN BALNACEILL CHURCHYARD, DURNESS.

—of interest only to natives of the district, or to the topographer. Among the many evils consequent upon the removal of the people from the interior to the sea coast may be included the loss of a large number of place-names. In this song the bard makes honourable mention of every hill and glen and knoll and corrie where he was wont in early days to follow the deer, and one can easily understand how the old people should preserve intact this rather lengthy composition, not because of any merit in the song, but by reason of the many happy associations which were recalled to their minds by the mere mention of these places.

ORAN NAM BEANNTAICHEAN.

Chi mi 'n Dìthreabh gorm mar b' àbhaist,
Torr-mhic-Bhàtair, is a' Chraig ann;
Chi mi Malmaisgeag 's a' Chùil ann,
'S chi mi Druim-na-cùb for raid ann.

Chi mi Beinn-Shitheil gu h-ìosal
'S air 'n taobh shìos dì tha 'Chlais-tharsuinn;
Chi mi Beinnabhreac mar b' àbhaist
Ged sud frith is tàire th' againn.

Chi mi Beinn Laghailone gu h-àrd ann
Is Ceann-t-sàile aig a bun ann;
Chi mi Circeabol is Tunga ann
'S deth 'n rudha 'n iar dhinn, chi mi Muir ann.

Chi mi Pùitig gorm an fheòir ann
'S a Mhòine tha air 'n taobh shuas dì;
Chi mi na h-Ursannan àlainn,
Craig-na-garbhaid, stan is shuas ann.

Chi mi Faoghlaichean Beinn Hòp ann
An gorm choir' mòr' is an t-Sàil ann;
Chi mi sud, is a Chraig-riabhach
'S chi mi sliabh air feadh nam blàr ann;

Chi mi Chlais-mhòr 's an Leitir,
'S am Bard-rabhan* air 'n taobh shuas da;
Chi mi sud is Cnoc-an-t-sobhail
'S na Sgrithichean odhar mu 'n cuairt da.

Chi mi mullach Cnoc-a-chrìch ann
Far an robh seann laghard† an t-sluaigh ann;
Chi mi sud is Beinn Diridh,
'S Coire-a-chruitear, sinnte is fuaigte rith'.

Chi mi mullach na Beinn-Dìridh
Sàil, nan ios agus nan aighean;
Càrn 'ga thional gu h-àirde,
S mi 'g amharc mhàn air na strathaibh.

Chi mi trì Choireach' an Easaibh,
Agus Glaiseadh mhòr nam mang ann;
Chi mi Cnoc-cragach Mac-Bhatair
Ulmhach coire,‡ Sàil nam beann ann.

Chi mi mullach Meall-Shòrn* ann,
Is coire boidheach an Dùghaill;

Chi mi Foinne-bheinn 's am Bà-theach
'S chi mi Sàbhal is Coire Dùbh-loch.

Chi mi Airceall nam fear cràiceach
Craig nam Blàr-loch, Sàil nan aighean;
Chi mi sud 's an Coire-grannada,
Stac, is airde tha mo radharc.

Chi mi Strath-Chaireacha-dubh ann
Far 'minic 'n robh subhaich a' sealg ann;
Chi mi Far-mheall, is an Leacach,
Chi mi Glais-bheinn 's a 'Bheinn-dearg ann.

Aig àm dhuinn siubhail na frith
Chunntainn trì mìle de dh'fhear dearg ann;
Gun aireamh air procaich is aighean,
Bliadhnaich mu Shamhuinn ri 'n earball.

Bho chaidh Seorast uainn as an Duthaich,
Gur ciùrtach mo chridhe 's cha n-ioghnadh,
Ach taing do 'n Tì mhòr mar thachair
Gu 'n triall thu thighinn dhachaigh 'Feill-Màrtuinn.

Agus ma thig thu sin dhachaidh
Seall gu taitneach air na dh'fhàg thu;
Thabhair dhomhsa *Commission* seachdainn
Gu dìoladh mo thalcuis air Sàbhal.

Another song, not hitherto published, is one to a Bighouse dairy-maid, and moral considerations probably account for its omission in the first edition. The bard, it seems, carried on a mild flirtation with this damsel, although he ought not, for he was engaged to another. He was at the time visiting Major Mackay, of Bighouse, and some informer came the way who declared the real state of matters to the fair one before it was too late. The bard thereupon sings her praises in verse, and does not try to minimise his own deceit in the matter:—

DO BHANARACH TIGH-BHIOGAIS.

Eadar stairidheachd is breugan
Bha mi fhein an dùil bhi réidh 's tu,
Ach thainig fear eile anns an òisdeachd
Dh'inns a' sgeul, 's gu'n mhill e 'n ròsd.
Gur tu nighean donn mo chridhe
Gur tu nighean chridheal chòir. Gur tu, &c.

Ach tha mi 'n dùil dar thig am Màidsear
Nach bi tuilleadh dàil air Màiri;
Ged a ghealltadh dhi Port-na-h-Aithne,
Dearbh cha tàmh i anns an Torr. Gur tu, &c.

Cha n'eil uair ni mi ùrnuigh dhiamhair
Ni mi athcheuinge, 's cha 'n ann gu diamhain
Ma tha neach ann a bheir dhìot mi
Ni mi chrionadh mar an fheòir. Gur tu, &c.

Cha 'n eil agamsa de bheartas
Ach mo làmhnan is mo chasan;
B'fheàrr leam Màiri, as an t-seasamh,
No te phrosbeic a' pheic òir.

Gur tu nighean, etc.

(To be continued.)

* Rabhan (rafan), remains of a spate or tide on the shore.

† Laghard, law-giving, moot-hill?

‡ Ulmhachcoire, N. ulf-r, wolf.

* N. orn-r, eagle.

† George V., Lord Reay, 1761, died 1768.

MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR'S FAMILY.

BY FIONN.

(Continued from page 57.)

I.—AONGHAS BEAG—LITTLE ANGUS.

THE minister of Ardnamurchan, *Maighstir Alasdair*, had a large family of sons and daughters. Four sons lived to a good old age. Angus was the eldest; Alexander, the Jacobite bard, was the second; while two younger sons settled in Uist as tacksmen.

The eldest son succeeded his father as tacksmen at Dalelea, by the shores of Loch Sheil.

Being a man of diminutive stature, he was called *Aonghas Beag*, or Little Angus, but though short in stature, he was, like his father, a man of extraordinary power, and many stories are told of his remarkable feats of strength. It is related that on his first introduction to Macdonald, Boisdale, the latter, who had heard much regarding him, could scarcely convince himself that fame had not exaggerated the strength of the Dalelea athlete. To his mind it was not possible that so much force could be concentrated within such a low frame. By way of solving his doubts, he suggested to Angus



From Water-Colour Sketch.

By Miss Helen N. G. Gardyne, Glenforsa.

CASTLE TIORAM, MOIDART.

that they should have a wrestling bout, and upon the latter giving his consent, Boisdale commenced to divest himself of his coat and waistcoat. Angus, however, declined throwing off even his plaid. At the very first struggle, Boisdale, although a remarkably tall and muscular man, was lifted off the ground with the greatest ease, and laid sprawling on the ground, to his own intense astonishment and to the

merriment of some gentlemen who were witnesses of the scene.

Rather a good story regarding *Aonghas Beag* is given by Mackenzie in "*Sàr-obair nam Bard Gaelach*." Colla Bàn Macdonald, of Barasdale, came one day to a ford at the Lochie, which he was meaning to cross, and found Angus sitting on a stone taking off his shoes and stockings, preparatory to going over also. The river was

considerably swollen at the time, and Barasdale, who was a strong and tall man, accosted Angus as follows—"My little fellow, keep on your shoes and stockings, as they will make you wade the better, and make haste, come over with me, and keep in my wake; I will break the force of the stream, which will enable you to get over with the greater ease." Angus knew him, and thanked him for his goodness; he did also as he was bidden. When they were in the most rapid part of the stream, Barasdale was like to be overpowered by the current, and was for returning, which Angus dared him on his peril to do; and placing himself between Coll and the stream, dragged him by sheer force to the other side. Then said Angus to him—"You called me *little fellow* on the opposite side of the water; who, think you, might with greater propriety be called *little fellow* on this side? Take advice—never call any man *little* till you have proved him; and always try to form your estimate of a man's character by something more substantial than mere appearance. Remember, also, great as you are, that had it not been for a greater man than yourself, you might have been meat for the eels in the Lochie."

On one occasion, Father Macdonald informs us, when returning from a visit made to the outer islands, Angus Beg was driven through stress of weather into some creek or obscure harbour at the back of Mull. During this detention he and his companions experienced some inconvenience, owing to the supply of fuel on board running short. Angus thereupon sent one of the party on shore, with the recommendation that he should help himself to a creelful of peats wherever he could find them. After a certain interval the messenger returned, with information that there was a stack of peats not far off, but that in making towards it he was driven away by a rough churlish individual, who, calling himself the owner, brandished a stick over his head and threatened personal violence. Much disgusted, Angus sent out another messenger, a person reputed to carry a stout heart and a powerful arm; but this one fared no better, in fact worse, for in addition to an empty creel he brought back a bloody pate. After this mishap he deemed it advisable to make a personal reconnoitre, so, leaving the vessel, he sauntered leisurely towards the spot where the warlike Mullman was mounting guard. When near enough to be challenged, he explained to the native the nature of his wants, adding that if the slight favour was not courteously given he would help himself to it by force, and give himself the further pleasure of damaging the native's person. In a moment the islander flew at him, deeply resenting such insulting language from a man whom he had no

doubt of being thoroughly able to chastise; but before his cudgel could be properly brought into play, Angus slipped in, and seizing him by the waist, gave him one of those famous hugs which are said to have resembled the hugs of a bear. The Mullman was thrown heavily to the ground, and for a short time was deprived of all consciousness. When he recovered, Angus had filled his creel, and was about to take his departure; but the fallen foe, blinking and staring somewhat like a bewildered owl, cried to him to stop, and then commenced an interrogatory which, as customary in popular stories of this kind, tended to ascertain if the victor was the d—l himself or one of his angels. Upon being solemnly assured that there was no identity, or even the remotest connection with any such objectionable individuals, the Mullman is said to have shouted out—"Then you must be Angus Beg of Dalelea, for there is no other in the West of Scotland who can give that ugly squeeze in which you nearly smothered me." He proved a better man than appearances first warranted, for during the rest of the time spent in his neighbourhood, he had Angus and his companions frequently at his house, and entertained them with the heartiest hospitality.

Angus joined the Catholic Church long before the '45, and married Margaret Cameron, daughter of the tenant of Achadhoun, in Lochaber—a lady of singular piety and great gentleness of manner.

When Prince Charlie unfurled his banner in Glenfinnan, Angus was appointed one of the captains over the Moidart men in Clan Ranald's regiment. He followed his chief through the whole campaign, and after the disastrous battle of Culloden he and his brother Alexander made their escape in safety to their native district, and escaped the pursuit of their enemies in the wood and caves of Kinloch-nan-uamh, above Borradale, in the district of Arisaig. When the Act of Indemnity was passed, Angus settled down quietly at Dalelea, where he finished his days in peace.

One of his daughters, Marcella, married young Ranald Macdonald, of Kinlochmoidart. His eldest son, Allan, succeeded him as tenant of Dalelea, and married a Macdonald lady from Arisaig. There were several children born of this marriage, the better known being Alexander, called the banker, *Aonghas Chinn a' Chreagam*; and a daughter married to Donald Macdonald, Lochans. Alexander, who was banker at Calander, built the present house of Dalelea about the beginning of the present century. He bought Lochans, Glenmoidart, from Clanranald, about 1814.

Of Alexander, the bard, we shall deal on another occasion.

CONCERNING LOCHIEL AND GLENGARRY.

BY CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.
PART FIRST.

IN the rising of 1745, the Camerons and Macdonalds were ever in front with Prince Charles. It is matter of common report that their houses and papers were then burned by express order of the Duke of Cumberland. In the case of Glengarry this is certain, but the evidence given by Sir Ewen Cameron, of Fassfern, at Fort-William, upon the 14th day of May, 1825, shows the astonishing fact that before the house of Achnacarry had been burnt by the Duke, the Lochiel papers then at Achnacarry, with some exceptions, were burnt by Donald Cameron, of Lochiel's own tenants. If they did so to save their master's interest, the act was foolish and ill-judged, for—papers or no papers—the attainer gave over everything to the Crown, no charter being necessary. Whether the Wadsetters and others may have hoped to benefit by the destruction, wished to get hold of papers concerning themselves, or to dispose of possibly incriminating family papers, is now of little consequence, except to the Lochiel family; although it must be said that the action of the tenantry was singular and unusual in clan history.

Ewen Cameron, son of John Cameron, of Fassfern, so cruelly oppressed and robbed by Government, was enabled, during a long, active, and useful life, not only to preserve the Lochiel estate from the folly and extravagance of the restored chief; and the serious patrimonial attacks of Glengarry and Erracht, with a firmness and fidelity rarely equalled in the history of Highland families—but to acquire for himself the considerable estates of Meople, in Morar, together with Callart and Kinlochleven, in the Lordship of Mamore. To these estates his son, Sir Duncan Cameron, added that of Glenevis and the superiority of Fort-William. Sir Ewen Cameron's two sons were both eminent in their career. Colonel John Cameron's name

will ever be honoured in Lochaber and in military circles; while that of his brother, Sir Duncan, will continue to be held in respect.

As the estates of Lochiel and Glengarry march with each other from Loch Lochy to the head waters of Mun Quoich, and the Atlantic water-shed—perhaps fifty miles—it is little wonder that disputed boundaries cropped up, resulting in mutual actions of declarator in the Supreme Courts of Scotland, lasting for about ten years, and finally compounded by the trustees of Glengarry after his death in 1828.

During the proceedings Sir Ewen Cameron was adduced as a witness and haver by Lochiel. His examination was objected to by Glengarry, on account of his close connection, administration, and management of the Lochiel affairs; and further, that he was one of the Substitutes in the Deed of Entail, and thus interested in the matters in dispute. Sir Ewen was examined at Fort-William 14th May and 2nd November, 1825.

From these depositions it would appear that Sir Ewen Cameron was born in 1740, and that his father, John Cameron, died in 1785. From other papers—that after Donald Cameron of Lochiel's death in France shortly after Culloden, the sole means of subsistence of the Lochiel family in Lochaber consisted of a Wadset of Glendessary, originally in the person of John Macphee, tenant there granted to him as far back as 1690, and acquired by friends for behoof of John Cameron, eldest son of the attainted Lochiel.



ACHNACARRY, SEAT OF CAMERON OF LOCHIEL.

Fort-William, 14th May, 1825.

Compeared Sir Ewen Cameron, of Fassfern, Baronet, a married man, aged eighty-five years on the fifteenth day of March last, old style, who being solemnly sworn, purged of malice and partial counsel, examined and interrogated.

Depones that he was born at Fassfern, where he now resides, and has lived at Fassfern all his lifetime, with the exception of short periods that he was out of the country at his education, ten years when he first married that he lived at Inverscadle, which is not far distant from Fassfern, and three or four years that he lately lived at Arthurstone in Perthshire.

Depones that he was well acquainted with the father of the present Lochiel (Charles Cameron), who was the deponent's cousin german, and he named the deponent one of the guardians to the present Lochiel during his minority.

Depones that Lochiel's father was a military man, and an officer in the Fraser Highlanders, which the deponent knows was the 71st Regiment of the line at that time, and died while with his regiment in the Long Island in America, and the deponent managed the business of the late Lochiel in this country while he (Lochiel) was abroad.

Interrogated—Depones that he was employed also by Captain John Cameron, of the French Service, who was an older brother of the late Lochiel, to transact some business for him relative to a wadset of the lands of Glendessary, held by one Alexander Macphee; and being further interrogated, depones and produces an excerpt from a conveyance granted by the said Alexander Macphee in favour of the said Captain John Cameron of the said wadset of Glendessary, which is dated the eleventh day of December, 1760, which is now docketed by the deponent, commissioner and clerk as relative hereto, and the deponent has a distinct recollection of that transaction.

Depones that the said Captain John Cameron died the following winter after the said transaction about Glendessary, without lawful issue, never having been married, and was succeeded by his brother, Captain Charles Cameron, the late Lochiel, and the deponent was in the practice of uplifting the rents of Glendessary for the said Captain Charles Cameron subsequent to his succession.

Depones that he knows the estate of Lochiel was forfeited to the Crown immediately after the year 1745, and the first factor thereon under the Commissioners of Annexed Estates was Colin Campbell, of Glenure, who filled that office but a very short time, and was succeeded by Mr Mungo Campbell, who was a natural brother of Glenure's, and filled that office for five or six years as he thinks, and was succeeded by Henry Butter, of Pitlochry, with whom the deponent was intimately acquainted, and in the habit of visiting.

Depones that for the first few years after Mr Butter succeeded to the factory, he lived at Achnacarry, but afterwards he lived at Corpach, where he had built a house.

Depones that he knows these factors were in the habit of convening the tenants on the estate of Lochiel at a particular place, and on a particular day or days after the term of Martinmas yearly, for he purpose of paying their rents and adjusting any

other business connected with the estate that might occur, and this was called the Winter Court, but he does not recollect whether they held any summer courts or not.

Depones that he supposes that Mr Butter held what was called a Souming Court at the time of the rent collection, but he is not certain whether he did so or not, but he does know that he held a Souming Court at some period of the year.

Depones that Mr Butter never stated to the deponent that there were any disputes about marches betwixt the estate of Lochiel and the neighbouring property of Glengarry.

Depones that he had the pleasure of being acquainted with the late Glengarry, and is also acquainted with the present Glengarry, and the deponent has had the honour of visiting frequently and being visited by the late Glengarry, and the late Glengarry never stated to the deponent that he had any claim to any of the lands then possessed as the estate of Lochiel.

Depones that the estate of Lochiel was restored by the Crown to the present proprietor in or about the year 1785.

Depones that on Lochiel's majority he (Lochiel) appointed the late Lord Melville, the late Mr Barclay, of Ury, the late Donald Cameron, Esq., banker in London, and the deponent, trustees for the management of his affairs, and the deponent was appointed factor for these trustees, and he also acted as factor on the estate from the time of the restoration to that period.

Depones that the present Lochiel is a married man, and has two sons and two daughters by that marriage.

Depones that Lochiel has also a sister living who is married to a Major Forster, who lives at Berwick, who has one son of that marriage.

Depones that he knows Lochiel executed an entail of his estate a few years ago, and the deponent, as one of the trustees then in life, approved of that entail, but he does not recollect having signed the deed of entail, and the witness added of his own accord that after the entail was executed the trustees withdrew from the management of the estate.

Depones that the deponent acted as factor on the estate of Lochiel for about 15 years subsequent to the restoration thereof.

Depones that during all the time the deponent was factor on the property of Glendessary, as aforesaid, or during the time he was factor over the whole estate, as just now mentioned, no complaint whatever was made to the deponent by any of the tenants of the estate of any encroachments made by the tenants on the neighbouring properties on any part of the estate of Lochiel, nor any complaint whatever about marches.

Depones that he knows Mr Butter got a lease from the Commissioners on the Annexed Estates of the lands of Corpach and Banavie, and shellings in Monaquoich, which lease is dated 4th December, 1775, and to endure for the period of 41 years from and after the term of Whitsunday of that year, and which lease is now produced by him, and docketed and signed by the deponent, commissioner and clerk as referring hereto.

Interrogated—Whether or not Mr Butter re-



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nounced the said lease, and if so, whether or not he is possessed of any papers relative to that renunciation? depones and exhibits a letter dated the 18th of February, 1786, relative to the renoucement of these lands, and a formal renunciation of these lands dated the 30th May in the said year, 1786, and both which documents are likewise docquetted by the deponent, commissioner and clerk as relative hereto.

Depones that he knows the late Alexander Macdonald, Esq., of Glenco, succeeded Mr Butter in the said lands, and the deponent now produces an extract from the rental book of Lochiel (which rental book is holograph of the deponent), showing who was the tenant and the rent paid by him, and which extract is likewise docquetted in manner aforesaid as referring hereto.

Interrogated—Whether or not he has a note of any other farms and their respective sheilings on the estate of Lochiel, made up with a view to a let of these farms and sheilings, depones and exhibits a paper holograph of himself, dated 28th December, 1803, and which is quoted on the back as follows, viz. :—"Note of farms with sheilings and expiry of long tacks, 1803," and depones that that paper was written by him upon the date which it bears, and has been in his own possession ever since, and which paper is docquetted by deponent, commissioner and clerk as relative hereto.

Interrogated—If the farms and sheilings specified in the said note are parts of the lands of which he as factor has been collecting the rents during the period before deponed to, and whether or not, with the exception of the parts of Glendessary mentioned in the note, Mr Butter during his factory had been collecting the rents of the said farms and sheilings as parts and portions of Lochiel's estate? depones affirmative.

Being further interrogated—Depones and exhibits a contract of wadset, dated the 19th December, 1735, between Donald Cameron, Esq., then of Clunes, and which contract is likewise docquetted by the deponent, commissioner and clerk as relative hereto.

Interrogated—Whether the papers that he has now produced, viz., Mr Butter's lease, the relative missive and renunciation, and the contract of wadset, have been in the possession of the deponent for a very long period of time, and never out of his hands since he originally got possession of the same? depones affirmative.

Interrogated—Whether or not he knows that subsequent to the battle of Culloden there was an abstraction from Lochiel's house at Achnacarry of the charter boxes containing the title deeds of the family, tacks of the lands, and other papers of importance? depones that the deponent was informed by his father that recently after the battle of Culloden the charter chests of the family of Lochiel were carried out to a fir wood at the back of the house of Achnacarry, by the tenantry of the country, who broke them open, and such of the tenantry as had wadsets or tacks, at least the most of them, had so carried off their wadsets and tacks, and when the deponent's father heard of what had happened, he sent and collected such papers as remained, and brought them to Fassfern, and they were afterwards delivered by his father to the

deponent, and the contract of wadset now produced is one of the papers he so received from his father.

(Signed) EWEN CAMERON, ROBT. FLYTER (Commissioner), ALEX. FRASER (Clerk).

(To be continued.)

COUNTRY AND CITY.

I am tired of all the clamour,
I've been weary, yes, for years,
Of the seething of the city,
And the cries that fill my ears;
How I welcome death approaching,
I've no need for foolish fears;
For you'll take me from the city,
If you've any sort of pity,
And bear me to the country when I die.

The plover's mournful pleading
Has reached me from the moor,
It has sounded through the strivings
Of the rich man and the poor;
And I've hungered for the heather,
Will you take me? Are you sure?
Will you bear me from the city,
In your kindness—in your pity—
And leave me in the country when I die?

There's a little house got ready,
By the double cherry tree,
It faces to the mountains
That are seated by the sea;
It is only three by seven,
But it's big enough for me;
So you'll take me from the city,
If you've any sort of pity,
And lay me in the country when I die.

I know I'll rest contented
In my narrow bed of earth,
Where there's neither heavy heartache
Nor the need of foolish mirth;
Do I think of any future?
Nay, I know what rest is worth;
So bear from the city,
In your love or in your pity,
And rest me in the country when I die.

The sea will lull me lightly,
That used to hear the beat
Of the people and the pavement—
With the tramp of toiling feet—
The sea I loved so greatly
In its stormy moods and sweet;
Oh, bear me from the city,
If you've any sort of pity,
And take me to the country when I die.

Was that the curlew calling?
Why, I hear the plover plain!
And I see the mountains mirrored
Where they rise above the main;
There's the scent of gorse and clover
On the breeze that blows again!
God has heard me from the city,
He has seen my soul in pity,
And borne it to the country ere I die.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythwood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1900

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VOLUME VII. can now be had, tastefully bound, 6s. 6d., post free, from John Mackay, 1 Blythwood Drive, Glasgow. Volumes V. and VI. also in stock.

We regret that, owing to the pressure upon our space this month, we have had to hold over till next issue "Antiquarian Notes on the Mackay Country" (part 2), by Rev. Angus Mackay, M.A., "Talks with Highlanders," by James A. Campbell, of Barbreck, "The Mad Laird's Will" (story), by Torquil Macleod, "Dunvegan" (poem), by Angus Mackintosh, and other interesting contributions.

MACLEOD OF MACLEOD presided at the SKYE GATHERING, and was supported by a number of prominent natives of the "Isle of the Mist." His address was devoted to the Transvaal question, in which he gave a history of Britain's connection with South Africa, and strongly supported the Government in their dealings with the Boers.

HIGHLAND SOCIETIES' WAR RELIEF FUND.—Fifty societies in Glasgow have combined to raise a fund for the relief of the dependents of Highland soldiers killed in action, and it is expected that a large sum will result from their efforts. So far, only the Clans Mackay and Maclean have published a return of the subscriptions received to date, a note of which we herewith append. The Clan Mackay have already suffered severely in the Modder River disaster, no fewer than seven clansmen being killed or wounded, five of whom were members of the clan society. This fund deserves the hearty support of every Highlander who has a regard for his country and kindred, and we trust that our readers in every part of the globe will respond generously to this appeal. With 700 casualties in the Highland Brigade in one engagement, we may well dread what the number will be before the war ends. We appeal confidently to the patriotism of our readers, and we will gladly acknowledge in our pages

receipt of all subscriptions sent to us for the Highland Societies' War Fund. Address—John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly* Office, 1 Blythwood Drive, Glasgow.

CLAN MACKAY.—Dr. N. J. McKie, Newton-Stewart, £14 8s 6d; Rev. Dr. J. Aberigh-Mackay, £5 5s; Robert Mackay, London, £5 5s; Campbell T. Mackay, Liverpool, £3 3s; Major A. Y. Mackay, Grangemouth, £2 2s; R. G. Mackay, Dublin, £2 2s; R. J. Mackay, London, £1 1s; Alexander Mackay, Thurso, £1 1s; Donald Mackay, Hereford, £1 1s; Dr. George Mackay, Edinburgh, £1 1s; George G. Mackay, Liverpool, £1 1s; W. G. Mackie, Catford, 15s; John J. Mackay, LL.D., and Mary Mackay, Edinburgh, £1; Misses Mackay, Belfast, 10s; Dr. Macdonald, Liverpool, 10s; R. Mackay, Perth, 10s; Kenneth D. Noble, Helensburgh, 5s; E. T. Mackay, Hong Kong, 5s; R. H. Mackay, Shettleston, 5s; and smaller sums. Total to date, £45. There are 500 collecting sheets still out, and when these are returned the sum should be a handsome one.

CLAN MACLEAN.—Colonel Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, Bart., C.B., chief of the clan, £5; George White Maclean, Newcastle-on-Tyne, £5; Mrs A. D. Maclean, 3 Kirklee Gardens, £1 1s; William Maclean, 25 Wellington Street, £1 1s; Lieut. Maclean, Glasgow, £1 1s; Allan Maclean, Brighton, 10s.

MRS FARQU ARSON OF HAUGHTON'S energetic advocacy of the right of women of scientific attainments to be admitted as members of the learned societies, is receiving influential support all over the country. She has stated her case in a temperate and logical manner, and we have no doubt that her efforts will soon be crowned with success.

THE NATIONAL INSTRUMENT.—A very interesting series of articles on the Highland bagpipes, from the pen of Mr Manson, of the *Glasgow Herald* (a prominent Caithnessian), is appearing each week in the pages of the *Weekly Herald*. They are the most exhaustive symposium we have yet seen on the subject.

MR R. W. FORSYTH, RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW, whose reputation as a Highland costumier is favourably known in all parts of the world, has now added special departments to his establishment which make it the most complete, in regard to the making of the Highland dress and the manufacture of accoutrements, in this country. The firm is not only able to provide a complete kilt costume in any style, at the shortest possible notice, but also to manufacture on the premises dirks, sgian dubhs, brooches, and other dress accoutrements to the customer's own design. A large and choice selection of these articles are always kept in stock, but it is an advantage which many will appreciate to be able to gratify one's own artistic taste in the design and ornamentation of the accoutrements which he intends wearing. Mr Forsyth has just added a number of really beautiful Highland weapons to his stock, the chased work being specially designed from the fine old Celtic carvings to be seen in Iona and the Western Highlands. Any of our readers who may visit Glasgow during the festive season should not neglect the opportunity of inspecting Mr Forsyth's large assortment of Highland dress ornaments, and his display of clan tartans for the Highland costume.

FLORA MACDONALD IN AMERICA.

BY J. P. MACLEAN.

THE name of Flora Macdonald is held in higher esteem, and is more affectionately mentioned in the Highlands than that of any of the distinguished heroes who have made Scotland so famous in the annals of history. Her portrait not only adorns the walls of the mansions of the lairds, but also those of the huts of the humblest crofter. The Highlander never tires of singing her praises, or recording her deeds in historical dissertations. All this admiration is almost wholly due to an act that took place between June 26th and 30th, 1746, during which time she proved herself a heroine of the most exalted type, and just as adroit as she was brave.

After the disastrous battle fought at Drum-mossie Muir, near Culloden, April 16th, 1746, Prince Charles Stewart found himself a fugitive with a reward hanging over him of \$150,000 (£30,000), for his head, and depending solely for his safety to the fidelity of those Highlanders upon whom his ambition had brought countless woes and a savage brutality unsurpassed in the pages of history. It was during the period of his concealment in the Highlands and Western Isles that Flora Macdonald for four days became his guardian and guide at a very critical moment. The heroine at that time was but twenty-four years of age. For this disinterested act of humanity, in conducting the fugitive from the Island of Uist to Skye, she was seized and thrown into the Tower of London as a State prisoner, under the charge of treason.

She had been importuned by her friends to hide in the mountain fastnesses of her native isle, but peremptorily and indignantly refused, declaring that she had done nothing of which she either repented or felt ashamed, and before any tribunal she would answer whatever charges might be brought against her.

Before her incarceration in the Tower, her name had become famous throughout Great Britain, and so deeply had the sympathy of the nation been excited in her behalf that the Government felt that it would by no means conduce to its popularity to visit the fair maiden with the stern inflictions of the law. After a short confinement in the Tower, it was deemed best to hand her over to the custody of her friends, who became responsible for her appearance when demanded.

The rally of the Highlanders around the banner of Prince Charles in 1745 is the greatest act of chivalry that has fallen to the lot of any people. For this act of devotion and the sacrifices put forth by the Highlanders, the Prince afterwards proved himself an unworthy recipient. The saving of the life of the Prince by the Scottish heroine did not change the course of history, and was of no special benefit, save in that it prevented a recurrence of the innumerable



horrors in the criminal procedure of the courts of England.

The strangest part of the story of Flora Macdonald remains to be told. Her act at the age of twenty-four has been embellished even to the minutest detail; but her greater heroism, and her devotion to what was her sense of duty, at the ripe age of fifty-four, has been passed over either in silence or else but incidentally referred to. Flora Macdonald, during her brief residence in America, was a greater power and a more commanding figure than that displayed by herself when her name was on the tongues of those who had been struck by her act of heroism. And yet, how little is known of Flora Macdonald in America! The fugitive articles and biographical notices of her in the press of her native country betray almost a total ignorance on the subject. Even her biography, written by her grand-daughter, extending to nearly four hundred pages, two-thirds of which is pure fiction, passes over this interesting period with a notice of less than a page and a half. In the most authentic account of her life, written by Rev. Alexander Macgregor, and published first in the *Celtic Magazine*, and then in book form in 1896, the notice is brief and unsatisfactory. The author was afforded the greatest facility on this point, not only from valuable information furnished by James Banks, of Tayneville, N.C., but also from the life of Flora's daughter, Anne, then the wife of Major-General Alex. Macleod. I have failed to obtain even a trace

of the MS. of Mr Banks, or the notes of Dr. Macgregor on this episode in the heroine's career.

If there is a disappointment in the biographical notices of Flora Macdonald relative to that period of her life between the years 1774 and 1780, the same is shared relative to the rebellion of the Highlanders in North Carolina in 1776, when American histories are appealed to for information. This rebellion is so closely connected with Flora Macdonald that the history of the one is essentially the history of the other.

In 1750 Flora married Alexander Macdonald, younger of Kingsburgh. He was one of the most handsome and powerful Highlanders of his clan, being also possessed of all the qualities of body and mind which constitute the accomplished gentleman. In the year 1774 Allan found himself in very embarrassed circumstances, owing partly to the state of the Highlands and partly to the losses and liabilities that his father incurred, in consequence of the part he took in the cause of Prince Charles in 1745. Kingsburgh now determined to recover his losses by seeking a home in America. His embarrassment only tended to show the true metal of Flora's character. She who had risked her life in saving that of a Prince was ready and willing to sacrifice everything for her husband's comfort, and to accompany him to any place in his efforts to recover his finances.

The largest and most important settlement of Highlanders in America, prior to the revolution, was in North Carolina, along Cape Fear River, about one hundred miles from its mouth, and in what is now Cumberland County. The time when the Highlanders first began to occupy this territory I have been unable to determine; but some were located there as early as 1729. The migration under Neil McNeill, of Kintyre, did not take place until 1739, and even he found that Hector McNeill, called "Bluff Hector," had preceded him. When the mutterings that preceded the American Revolution began to be heard, emigration from the Scottish Highlands had reached mammoth proportions. The Macdonalds of Raasay and



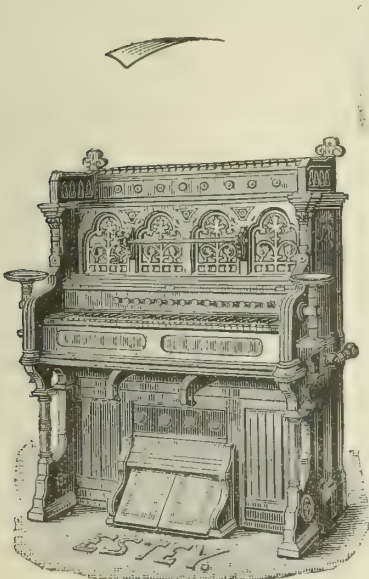
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Skye became impatient under coercion, and set out in great numbers for North Carolina. By 1775 the Macdonalds were so numerous in Cumberland County as to be called the "Clan Donald," and the insurrection of February, 1776, is still known as the "Insurrection of the Clan Macdonald." Little did these emigrants realise the storm that was soon to burst upon them, and for ever to break their power.

Kingsburgh and his wife Flora cast their lot with the emigrants, and in the month of August, 1774, with their sons and daughters, sailed in the ship *Baliol*, from Campbelton, Kintyre, to North Carolina. The passage to the western world was favourable. The fame of Flora Macdonald was well known among her countrymen in Carolina, and when word reached them that she would make her home in their midst, she was anxiously expected, and on her arrival was joyfully received. Demonstrations on a large scale were made, that she might be properly welcomed to America. Soon after her landing, a largely attended ball was given in her honour at Wilmington. On her arrival at Cross Creek (now Fayeneville), then the centre of the settlement, she received a truly Highland welcome from her former neighbours and kinsfolk who had crossed the Atlantic some years before. The strains of the *Piobaireachd* and the martial airs of her native hills greeted her on her approach to the capital of the Highland settlement. Many families of distinction pressed upon her to make their dwellings her home, but she respectfully declined, preferring a settled place of her own.

As the laird of Kingsburgh intended to become a planter, he left his family in Cross Creek until he could decide upon a location. The house in which the family lived during this period was built immediately upon the brink of the creek, and for many years after was known as "Flora Macdonald's house." North-west of Cross Creek, a distance of twenty miles, is a hill about 600 feet in height, now called Cameron's Hill, but then known as Mount Pleasant. Around and about this elevation, in 1775, many members of the Clan Donald had settled, all of whom were of near kin to the laird and lady of Kingsburgh. Hard by are the sources of Barbaque Creek, and not many miles down that stream stood the old kirk, where the clansmen worshipped, and where Flora inscribed her name on the roll of membership. Flora's attendance at the services at Barbaque Church was long a tradition, which spoke of her as "a dignified and handsome woman, to whom all paid great respect."

(To be continued).

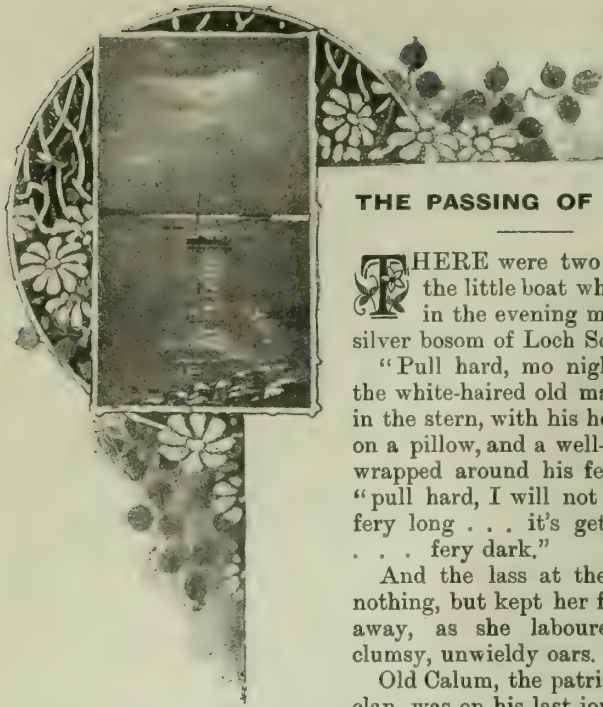
THE PIPER'S LAMENT FOR STRATHY.

THE ancient walls are lying low,
Wae is me for Strathy;
And the chieftains sleep in the mould below,
Wae is me for Strathy.
They came of a great and lordly line,
But they fell as falls the centuried pine
When Winter is out and his wolf-dogs whine,
Wae is me for Strathy.
The lordly voice was in the hall,
Wae is me for Strathy;
The great guest-fires by ceiling and wall,
Wae is me for Strathy;
The fields were fair and the lands were wide,
And the race was a race of kingly pride;
But over their bones the pale winds ride,
Wae is me for Strathy.
They rode for king, they rode for land,
Wae is me for Strathy;
With life in leash and sword in hand,
Wae is me for Strathy.
But far and wide as the world's broad girth,
Far from the home of their lordly birth,
They sleep the sleep of the banished of earth,
Wae is me for Strathy.
O who will greet when I am dead?
Wae is me for Strathy;
For such a house and such a breed?
Wae is me for Strathy.
One skirl for aye for the chieftain's great,
Lords and ladies of high estate,
Who sleep in the hush of the kirkyard gate,
Wae is me for Strathy!
One skirl for all the great deeds done,
Wae is me for Strathy.
One for the kindly heart and hand,
Wae is me for Strathy.
One for the true and noble face—
Who'll see again so brave a race?—
While I, too, wend to mine own place.
Wae is me for Strathy.
Three times about the ruined hall,
Wae is me for Strathy;
Their last long notes the sad pipes call,
Wae is me for Strathy.
He's broken them above his knee—
The poor sweet pipes that wailed so free;
No more they'll pipe lament or glee,
Wae is me for Strathy.
He's broken them in pieces twain,
Wae is me for Strathy;
And scattered them as sowers' grain,
Wae is me for Strathy.
No more he'll hear their plaintive wail,
But far away on the lonely trail,
He'll wander where the great ships sail,
Wae is me for Strathy.
One look upon each mossy stone,
Wae is me for Strathy;
He's gone where the drift of the world hath gone,
Wae is me for Strathy;
This last brave henchman of them all,
While over the ruin of roof and hall,
Only the winds and the sea-birds call,
Wae is me for Strathy.

Ottawa, Canada.

W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

Seat of a chieftain family of the Clan Mackay.



THE PASSING OF CALUM.

THERE were two figures in the little boat which rocked in the evening mists on the silver bosom of Loch Scridain.

"Pull hard, mo nighean," said the white-haired old man who lay in the stern, with his head resting on a pillow, and a well-worn plaid wrapped around his feeble limbs, "pull hard, I will not be lasting fery long . . . it's getting dark, . . . fery dark."

And the lass at the oars said nothing, but kept her face turned away, as she laboured at the clumsy, unwieldy oars.

Old Calum, the patriarch of his clan, was on his last journey. No

word passed now between the two. He lay silently watching the gathering gloom, his feverish fingers clutching nervously at the slender coverlet. After a while his lips moved, and these were the words which he was quoting—

"Alone on the hill-top,
Sadly and silently,
Downward on Islay,
And over the sea . . ."

Then he stopped abruptly.

Elspeth's face was very pale and worn, but her eyes were dry and burning as she pulled away mechanically, glancing from time to time over her shoulder to see if they were nearing the head of the loch. At last they turned into the open sea, and the wind rose with mysterious suddenness.

The frail boat staggered as she met the wild waves, which broke over her bow, and sent a shower of salt spray over Elspeth's head. She shivered with cold and fear, but old Calum lay silent and pre-occupied, with a wild light gleaming in his eyes as the fierce gusts swept over them.

Then he became delirious. It was the song of the boatman now—

"Fhir a' bhàta, na hóro éile,
Fhir a' bhàta, na hóro éile."

The boat seemed a living thing as she heaved on the swirl between the black islands, carrying them away into the greyneess of the night. But now her head swings round to the south, and

they are soon in the mad rush of water through the Sound of Iona.

Elspeth's arms were aching, and she began to feel dizzy. Even to a Macleod, a child of the sea, the great oars were as lead. The cold, cold wind whistled through her long hair, and as Calum lay in the darkness, she wept as though her heart would break.

"Why had they come? What mad frenzy had seized him for this night sail; was he not dying? Would God they had never left the warm cottage at Tarranbeag, where he might have passed away in peace!"

As these thoughts swept through her brain, the oars slipped from her benumbed grasp and disappeared swiftly amidst the black, seething waters. With a sob almost of relief, she crouched down in the bottom of the boat and waited. . . .

Calum shifted uneasily, raising himself feebly on his elbow.

"Dhia!" he cried petulantly, "why are you not rowing?"

Then, as no answer came, he crept slowly forward until he touched her face, wet with the spray, and cold as ice. Then she roused herself and pushed him gently back.

"No, no; you must be lying down. We'll soon be . . . home, but I hef lost the oars, and we'll need to drift."

He looked at her dully, without grasping her meaning, and sank back with a sigh of weakness.

"It's fery cold," he said gently.

Then as they swept through the narrow sound, he sat up and pointed with trembling finger to the west, where lay Iona, the sacred isle, jagged and black against the steely greyneess of the sky.

"That will be the cathedral," he said, "and the lights of the clachan. Will we stop now, Elspeth? . . . perhaps the good monks will take care of us. But Colum is not there now, and Macleod sleeps fery sound in the place of the dead."

For they were now opposite that strange row of graves, where lies the dust of many a king

and chief, waiting in that lonely isle for the great day. Then he wandered again.

"Ah! I hear the monks singing . . . no; it is the pipes, and they are playing—" "Cha till, cha till, cha till Mac-Cruimein."

But there was no sound save the roar of the rising gale, and the angry lashing of the waves, as the little boat cleft the dark waters.

He lay back exhausted, and Elspeth's hot tears fell fast on his chill hands.

"Many a time will I have been here . . . but it never was so cold. I will go to sleep now."

And his lips moved again—

"Ar n-Athair a ta air neamh" . . . "Our

Father which art in heaven." He faltered through each sentence slowly and painfully until he came to the last. Then with wonderful firmness he repeated—"Agus an cumhachd agus a' ghloir gu . . . siorruidh . . . Amen."

Then the darkness grew denser, and the wind blew in still fiercer gusts. Away beyond Soay the gulls were screaming harshly. The fitful glare of the Dubh-Heartach light-house flashed through the cold, clinging mists, and

there came a faint cry from the little boat as they swept on towards dim Colonsay, where the breakers roar.

KENNETH MACLEOD BLACK.



CLACH NA LANAIN.

BY MRS. K. W. GRANT, SHAWLANDS, GLASGOW.
(Continued from page 60.)

THE following received first prize in the Original Prose Competition at the Mòd held at Edinburgh:—

SHEALL sinn uile air a chéile mar gu'n do thuit mi-fhortan air an teaghlach, gus an d' thuirt mo màthair gu sàmhaich, "Tha fios nach fhaod fiughair a bhi againn ri bhi daonnan còmhlaidh, agus rinn thusa seasamh gu duineil ri d'chuideachd gus a nis. Cha 'n iongantach ged a thòisicheas tu ri amharc a mach air do shon-féin a nis, a laochain; 's cha 'n fhaod sinne 'bhi tuilleadh 's muladach, 's ann is fheudar do mhisneachadh, agus guidhe gu math dhuit."

Cha b'urrainn gin againn àicheadh nach robh an fhirinn aig ar màthair. Air a shon sin bha sgàil air tighinn thairis air an dachaidh, a chionn cha bhiodh e gu bràth mar a bha e, as-eugmbais Iain. Air an latha sin féin chaidh snath stocainea a chur air leth air son tòiseachadh air gach ni feumail a dheanamh deas; agus anns an fheasgar, thàinig an tàillear, agus ghabh e tomhas Iain gun chur thall no bhos. Bha Raonaid a làthair an uair a ghabh so àite. Sheall i le spleadhna o aon gu aon, ach cha d'thuirt i facal. Cho luath 's a fhuair i mise leam fhéin chuir i 'cheisd gu h-ealamh, "Ciod a th'air tighinn thairis air Iain gu'm bheil e air

gabthail 'n a cheann falbh a dh'aon bheum mar so?"

"Cha'n urrainn domhsa 'ràdh."

"Bheil sin a' ciallachadh nach 'eil toil agad a ràdh?" dh' fhoighnich Raonaid a rithis.

"Cha d'thuirt e diog m'a dhéighinn gus an diugh 's a' mhadainn," fhreagair mi. Chum Raonaid 'n a tosd.

Thill sinn a stigh do'n chitsin, far an robh càch. Bha iad a' bruidhinn mu dhorchadas na h-oidhche, oir bha ceò dòmhail ann, agus bha 'n tàillear a' deanamh bòsd as a mhisneach féin, ag ràdh gu daingean gu'n robh e os ceann geilt a ghabhail ged a sheasadh duine air thoiseach air air a rathad dhachaidh gu a sporan no a bheatha 'thoirt uaith.

"S math dhuitse nach 'eil eagal gu'n tachair sin!" arsa Raonaid, "Cha'n 'eil fhios na'n tachradh nach toireadh tu do shàiltean às glé luath."

Air sin, dh' fhàg an tàillear oidhche m'ath againn, agus dh'fhalbh Raonaid beagan as a dhéigh.

"Illeasbuig!" ars' ise, "thig thusa dh'ionnsuidh an doruis againn leam; cumaidh tu na bòcain air falbh an déigh na bha de bhruidhinn orra!" agus chaidh iad 'n an dithis a mach.

Bhiodh mu sheachduin air dol thairis mu'n do thill an tàillear. Tuille 's aon uair thuirt sinn ri 'chéile, "Cha 'n 'eil fhios ciod a th'air tighinn ris an tàillear?" Uair no dhà, an uair a thàinig sinn a mach leis so, dh' amhairc Raonaid agus Gilleasbuig air a' chéile, agus

thigeadh Gilleasbuig a mach le spreadhadh gàire. “Aoidh ’ur n-uile oirbh!” arsa m’athair, “tha rud-eiginn eadar sibhse ’n ’ur dithis mu’n tàillear ciod air bith e?”

Cha do thuig sinn an gnothuch gus an do thill an tàillear le deise Iain deas glan. Bha sinn amharusach gu’n robh ni éiginn ceàrr ’nuair nach d’thàinig e feadh na seachduin, agus ged nach robh aig m’athair is mo mhàthair air, dh’fheoraich iad dheth gu caoimhneil ciamar a bha e o’n a chunnaic iad roimhe e.

“Nach cuala sibh diog?” dh’fharraid an tàillear.

“Cha chuala,” arsa m’athair, “an robh dad air aimhreidh?”

“Nach deachaidh mo robadh de m’sporan, agus mo bheatha a chur ’an cunnart!”

Dh’asluich sinn air a h-uile car innseadh.

“Cha robh mi ach mu mhile as a so, agus dìreach air an taobh so de’n Aonaidh, an uair a thàinig duine mòr àrd a mach o chùl na creige, agus leis an dag ri clàr m’ aodainn thug e òrdugh dhomh mo sporan a liubhairt, air-neo mo bheatha a chur ’an cunnart. Cha robh a chridhe agam carachadh, mu’n rachadh am peileir tromham; mar sin cha robh dol as a’ chàs, agus thug mi ’n sporan do ’n bheist.”

Thug mise ’n aire gu’n robh Gilleasbuig thall ’an dùbhrana h-oisinn a’ call a lùthais a’ gaireachd-ach, ach bha Raonaid gu dùrachdach a’ figheadh a stocaidh.

“Cò ris a bha ’n duine coltach?” dh’fheòraich i de’n tàillear.

“Bha i tuilleadh ’s dorch a g’a dheanamh a mach, ach cha chreid mi gur e duine de mhuinntir an àite so ’bh’ann; bha e cho caol àrd; bha cleò air cuideachd, agus cha’n aithne dhomh duine mu’n cuairt an àite aig am bheil cleò ach fear an tighe so.”

Chaidh Raonaid a mach car prioba, agus thill i le cleòca m’athair oirre, agus boineid ’Illeasbuig. ‘Na làimh bha marag dhubh a dh’ionndrain mo mhàthair o’n mhaide air an robh sreath dhiubh ’n crochadh.

“An e so an seorsa duine a thug do sporan uait?” dh’fharraid Raonaid, a ’cur an sporain air a’ bhòrd air a beulaobh.

Spleuchd an tàillear oirre car mionaid, an sin thog e ’n sporan agus dh’fhalbh e ann am feirg a’ maoideadh gu’n toireadh e gu cuirt i air a shon so fathast.

Ach bha aon eile a làthair a chum a theanga, ged a las ’aghaidh a suas le gàire mear. B’e sin Iain. Mu’n d’fhalbh e bha e-féin agus Raonaid ùine fhada a’ bruidhinn ri chèile, agus ’s e thàinig a mach as a sin nach b’ann idir gu muladach a dh’fhàg e beannachd againn. Fhuair e gealladh o Raonaid gu’n rachadh i gu bhi ’n a bean-tighe dha cho luath ’s a bhiodh e deas air a shon sin, ’an àite ’bhi dol a mach le

marag dhubh gudaoine ’robhadh air an rathad-mhòr.

An uair a tha daoine trang, toilichte, théid an ùine seachad gu math luath. Mu bhliadhna-gu-leth an déigh do Iain ar fàgail, bha e air a dheadh shuidheachadh aig Griobunn agus brath aige air tigh. Cha robh grabadh air thoiseach air a’ chàraid òig, mar sin chaidh an còrdadh a dheanamh, agus latha na bainnse ’shocruchadh.

Bha h-uile duine mu’n cuairt toigheach air an dithis, agus cha robh caomhnadh air cearcan, no tunnagan, no caoirich. Chaidh uibhir ’s a dh’fhoghnadh air son dà bhanais a thaomadh a stigh le làimh nan coimhearsnaich — ach cha’n ’eil feum air so innseadh, oir tha fhios aig an t-saoghal air caoimhneas nan-Gáidheal aig àm de’n t-seòrsa.

Trì lathan roimh àm na bainnse chaidh mise null gu Airdioura, ann an I Chalum Chille, a dh’fhaicinn bana charaid a bha dhith oirnn gu ar cuideachadh. Chaidh sinn còmhla a null gu ceann an eilein, a dh’ionnsuidh na tràigh do ghainmheach gheal mhin far am faightear na clachagan bòidheach uaine, air am bheil uibhir mheas an diugh le luchd-taghail. Aig amharc air mach a a’ chuan, thug mi ’n aire gu’n robh Tìriodh mar gu’n robh e ’g éirigh as an fhairege. A nis, tha Tìriodh cho ìosal gu’m bheil e duilich a thogail ri sìd mhath shoilleir, mar sin chuir e iongantas orm na ceithir onuc ìosal fhaicinn cho dealbhach. “Seall, a Bheithidh!” ghlaoth mi, “tha Tìriodh ag éirigh as an fhairege!”

“Mise ’n diugh!” arsa Beitidh, “am faic thu na tha de sgeirean ag éirigh aig oir a’ chuain, agus na tonnan geala m’an timcheall?”

Am feadh a bha sinn a’ coimhead orra thòisich uidh-air ’n-uidh coltas an éilean ri bhi air a dhealbh, ’n a sheasamh air a cheann anns an speur, thairis air an fhìor éilean. An sin, uidh-air ’n-uidh mar a thàinig e, bhris e suas, agus chaidh e as, agus aig a’ cheart àm dh’fhalbh na sgeirean as an t-sealladh, agus bha Tìriodh cho ìosal ’s a bha e riamh!

“Ciod is ciall da so?” thuirt mise le uamhas.

“B’fheàrr leam fhéin gu’n robh a’ bhanais thairis!” arsa Beitidh.

Dh’fhalbh sinn dachaidh, agus chaidh Beitidh leam gu Cnoc-Mhaolagain. Dh’fheuch sinn an drùghadh a rinn an sealladh oirnn a thilgeadh dhinn, ach thug mo mhàthair an aire nach robh sinn uile-gu-léir cho cridheil ’s a bu chòir do mhuinntir bainnse a bhi. Dh’innis sinn d’i an sealladh a chunnaic sinn ’n ar seasamh air an tràigh ’an I.

“So, a dhuine,” ars’ i ri m’athair, a thàinig a stigh le bràid a bha e ’dol a chàradh, “an cluinn thu ciod a tha na h-ingheanan so ag ràdh?” agus dh’innis i dha an sgeul a bh’againn á I.

“B’àill leam fhéin gu’n robh a’ bhanais thairis!” thuirt Beitidh a rithis.

"B' fheàrr leamsa sin cuideachd," fhreagair m' athair le fiamh-ghàire, "ach 's ann a chionn gur fhìor chomharradh stoirm a chunnaic sibh. Tha fèith mhòr ann 's na lathan so, ach an uair a bhriseas air an t-sìd thig gaillionn gur ainneamh a leithid. Ach tha sinn ann an laimh a' Cruith-fhear."

Mar so chaidh an gnothuch seachad. Air a shon sin rinn e uibhir dhrùghaidh air m' athair, agus air Iain Gobhainn, gu'n d'rinn iad gach sion ullamh, los nach biodh grabadh 's an rathad, gu muinntir fhaighinn sàbhailte dhachaidh na 'n tigeadh briseadh air an t-sìd. Ach chaidh gach ni gu rèidh air adhart, agus aig an aon àm bha 'ghaillionn a' bagradh 's a' dlùthachadh.

Mu dheireadh bha 'm pòsadh thairis, agus bha a' chàraid òg le buidheann de na càirdean deas gus an rathad a ghabhail gu Griobunn. Chaidh na beannachdan 's na guidheachan math fhàgail air gach taobh, an uair a thill Iain a dh'ionnsuidh an doruis, far an robh ar màthair 'n a seasamh; rug e air làimh oirre, agus chaidh iad a stigh do'n tigh.

"Ciod a dh'fhairich thu, Iain?" dh'fharraid mo mhàthair.

"A Mhàthair," ars' esan, a' toirt dheth a bhoineid ghorm, agus a' cromadh air thoiseach oirre, "ged a tha mi 'falbh gu sona riarachta dhachaidh, tha mulad orm 'ur fàgail: thoiribh dhomh bhur beannachadh!"

"A Mhic," fhreagair a mhàthair, le 'sùilean làn, agus a' leagail a làmh air a chamagan dubha mar gu 'm bu ghiullan e, "tha mo bheannachadh agad daonnan. Thoir d'uan geal dhachaidh as a nead ghlan, agus gu'n robh beannachadh an Tighearna, agus mo bheannachd-sa agaibh a ghnàth."

Mar so dhealaich iad.

Chaidh na càirdean leo a dh'ionnsuidh an doruis aca, agus dh'fhalbh gach aon d'a thigh féin. An sin bhris an doiniinn.

Aig feasgar an ath latha thàinig Dòmhnall Mac 'Illeathain, aon de choimhearsnaich Iain, à Griobunn thun an doruis againn. "Thigibh a stigh, thigibh a stigh, 's e 'ur beatha tighinn!" ghlaodh m' athair gu cridheil.

"Am faca sibh Iain is Raonaid an diugh?" ghlaodh mise. Ach dh'fhan an duine 'n a thosd.

"Ciod a th'air tachairt?" dh'fharraid mo mhàthair le ciùinead, ged a bha 'n iomagain 'n a sùil.

"An uair a dh' éiric sinn an diugh, 's a chaidh sinn a mach, chunnaic sinn gu'n do thuit meall mòr a nuas o'n chreig" —

"C' àite?" — bhris o bhilean Ghilleasbuig.

"Air tigh Iain."

"Ach ciod e sin ma tha iad fhéin sàbhailte. Ciod a thachair riu fhéin?" dh'fhoighnich ar màthair.

"'S ann feadh na h-oidhche 'thachair do'n mheall tuiteam," fhreagair Dòmhnall.

Cha robh feum air tuilleadh a ràdh!

Chaidh fios a chur air a' mhinisteir a phòs a' chàraid òg. Rinn sinn a réir a chomhairle. Mhair an stoirm trì lathan. Thàinig fèith anabarrach 'n a dheigh. Bhoills' a' ghrian a mach gu h-àillidh. Thrus an dùthaich còmhla a chum seirbhis an tiodhlacaidh. Thàinig an sluagh 'n am buidheannan o gach càrn, leis a' Phìob air an ceann. Cha bu lugha na naoi no deich pìobairean a sheas am meadhon an t-sluaigh air an latha sin, agus an uair a dhùisg iad mac-talla a' ghlinne le "Cha till, cha till, cha till mi tuilleadh," theirteadh gu'm b' iad guth bròin nam beannta 's a' ehuain, seadh na gréine féin, a' caoidh na dithis nach tilleadh gu bràth a chur aobhneas air cridheachan nam muinntir a dh' fhàgadh as an déigh.

Labhair am ministeir o na briathran, "Bha iad gràdhach agus taitneach 'n am beatha, agus 'n am bàs cha do sgaradh iad."

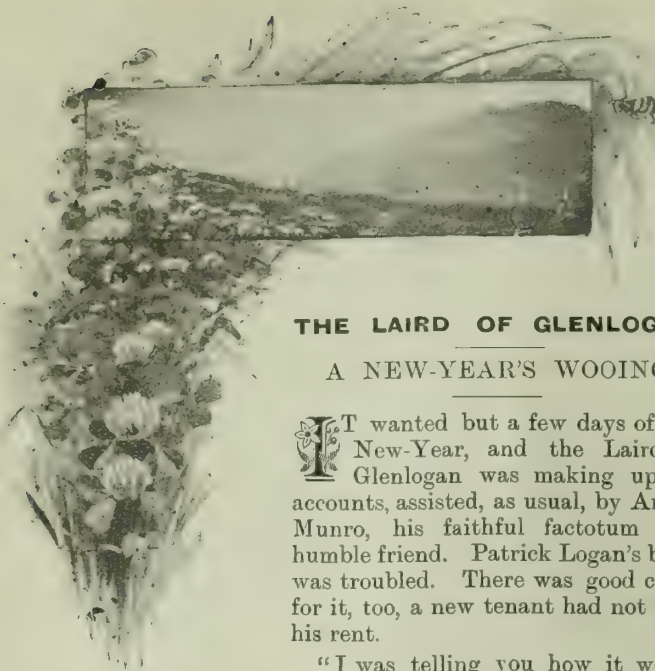
Cha robh sùil thioram anns a' chomh-chruinneachadh mhòr sin, agus dh'fhàg sinn Iain agus Raonaid an sin, far an d'adhlac an Tighearna iad.

Bho'n latha sin gus an diugh 's ainm do'n mheall cloiche sin *Clach na Lànain*, 's e sin Clach na Càraid Oig.

THE CLAN STEWART SOCIETY held their first social gathering in the St. Andrew's Hall on 8th December—Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Nether-Lochar, in the chair, who was supported by Colonel J. L. Stewart, of Coll; Colonel Stewart, of Achnacone; Mr Andrew Stewart, Glasgow; Mrs Stewart, of Dalness, and others. The hall was crowded. The chairman delivered a rousing address, and interesting speeches were also given by Colonel Stewart, of Ardvorlich, and Mr John A. Stewart, Perth. The secretary (Mr A. A. Stewart) mentioned that the society had been most successfully floated, the membership exceeding 300, and the funds nearly £200. The Culloden flags attracted a good deal of attention.

THE CLAN GRANT held their annual "At Home" in the Grand Hotel, and was quite a brilliant function, many of the gentlemen being in Highland dress. At an interval during the evening short and interesting speeches were made by Mr Jas. Grant, president; and Mr Grant Sharp, hon. president.

MESSRS CAMPRELL & Co., 116 TRONGATE, GLASGOW, have just issued their privilege price list for 1900. It is a handsomely got up work, every imaginable form of musical instrument being artistically represented in its pages. Messrs Campbell's melodeons are of world-wide celebrity, but these only form a small part of the enormous output of musical instruments from this celebrated firm's warehouses. As bag-pipe makers, they enjoy a great reputation, and readers requiring a set of pipes, chanters, or reeds, could not send their orders to a more reliable firm. Send for a copy of Messrs Campbell's new price list.



THE LAIRD OF GLENLOGAN.

A NEW-YEAR'S WOOING.

IT wanted but a few days of the New-Year, and the Laird of Glenlogan was making up his accounts, assisted, as usual, by Angus Munro, his faithful factotum and humble friend. Patrick Logan's brow was troubled. There was good cause for it, too, a new tenant had not paid his rent.

"I was telling you how it would be," said Angus, grimly, "Donald Gow will never be ready with money. You will be foolish to give him the farm, Mr Patrick."

"His father was always ready, Angus."

"His father was a decent man, not an idle, lazy lout."

"Well, Angus, what's to be done? We can hardly cut down farther, except with extras."

"There will be no extras, Mr Patrick; not one at all."

Angus was becoming more and more gloomy.

"Of course not. But we must retrench unless you find some other plan."

"That is what I will be finding long since, Mr Patrick. We must bring a rich wife to Glenlogan!"

The laird lay back in his chair, laughing heartily.

"A rich wife! Do you know what you are saying? Why, I'm forty-five, Angus, as you know. What young girl would look at an old fogey like me?"

Angus was grimly offended.

"I will not be thinking of a young girl, and there's many a lady would be thinking you a very pretty man."

"Where are the ladies, Angus?"

"They will not be far away, Mr Patrick. There will be Miss Macrae of Sennach, and Miss Davidson of Achnavohr, not to speak of Helen Rua up at Duncloich," Angus rattled off the list of names glibly.

"Good gracious, man! I don't know any

of them." The laird was aghast at Angus' boldness.

"That will not be mattering at aal," Angus declared, serenely. "You will be knowing them when you go to call this New Year."

Patrick Logan was a shy man. He had lived for years near the ladies named, but knew none of them personally. He had never loved any woman, he did not know women's ways. But the idea of a wife—a lady at Glenlogan—once entertained, soon became fascinating, and he found himself often dreaming strange dreams of a new and delightful life with one of these ladies Angus had mentioned. To do him justice, the money question was soon entirely forgotten, so it was with a shock that he realised its hold upon Angus.

"Mr Patrick, it will be time for you to call now on Miss Murray. She will have the best land," Angus observed, one afternoon. "The dog-cart will be ready for you after dinner."

The laird felt himself helpless in his masterful servant's hands; besides, there was a fearful but secret joy at a move being made towards matrimony. So Angus carried the victim off to the sacrifice in triumph. In other words, the pair started for their call at Duncloich shortly after dinner.

Miss Murray was absent, and not expected home till late, but Angus was equal to the occasion.

"We will go to Achnavohr," he said calmly, turning the dog-cart. He would not let his master drive for fear of the laird's courage evaporating.

Alas! further disappointment met them there—Miss Davidson was also absent. The laird ventured to suggest a return to Glenlogan, but the inflexible Angus scouted the idea.

"We will not be going home till we see *some body*," he insisted, and his master gave in.

It was dark when they reached Sennach. It was lit up, Miss Macrae had company.

"Aal the better, Mr Patrick, you'll have the chance to be speaking," whispered the gleeful Angus, and the laird followed the maid into the house, feeling that Angus expected the whole affair to be settled that evening.

To his dismay, Miss Macrae's company con-

sisted of the two ladies he had called upon, and another who was introduced as a Miss Hill from Glasgow. Into this feminine circle the stalwart laird had to march, feeling horribly guilty. Had he not been so good-looking, the ladies might have smiled at his evident consternation, to which of course they had no clue. None of the three elders had ever thought of him as a possible husband, yet the conscience of the laird made him so uneasy that, had he been taxed with his mercenary motives there and then, he would have considered the accusation quite natural.

"Are you thinking of standing at the election for the County Council, Mr Logan?" asked Miss Macrae, who had just remembered that perhaps that might be the motive for his call.

"Mr Logan will see that our legal rights are admitted," observed Miss Davidson, who had a quarrel with the present Board, and was keen on her privileges.

"I don't think I could claim my legal rights," remarked Miss Murray, who, despite her ruddy looks, was a comely, mild-tempered woman.

The laird felt miserable, a rank imposter.

"Good heavens! only let me get safe away, and I'll never try matrimony again," he told himself.

But supper called off attention from the subject, and soon the laird recovered his equanimity. Then he became conscious that Miss Hill, though much more plainly dressed than the others, was also much more youthful, a young lady of perhaps twenty-eight. She was not pretty, but her smile revealed perfect teeth, and her brown eyes were very earnest. She spoke seldom, but often when the laird's glance went in her direction he caught a look in her's that set his heart beating, it said so plainly—"You are the handsomest man I have ever seen." Not once did Patrick Logan remember that Angus expected him to pay court to some one of the three wealthy spinsters. That supper party sealed his fate. The new mistress of Glenlogan must be Miss Hill or nobody.

It was with something akin to rapture that he found she was Miss Murray's guest. Miss Murray was the nearest neighbour, and also the least self-assertive of the three he had called on.

"Do you like the Highlands?" he asked Miss Hill, after supper.

"This is my first visit, so I cannot tell yet," she said, smiling. "I only arrived this morning."

"Miss Murray is an old friend?" he asked, shyly.

"Yes, I knew Helen when she was in Glasgow, long before her uncle left her the estate," she answered.

The reason of her plain dress was out. Helen

Murray, before she came to Duncloich, had been a poor governess in the city. This was one of her companions in toil. But the laird never thought of *that*, he only thought how he might shield her, keep her from drudgery, if she would let him—if she would come to Glenlogan.

"I hope that horse will behave, Helen," said Miss Hill, uneasily, as they were starting homeward. Miss Davidson was remaining at Sen-nach all night.

"Why, did you drive yourselves?" cried the laird, in consternation, when he saw the spirited mare in the shafts of the Duncloich trap.

"Yes, Dougal will be poorly," said Miss Murray, serenely, preparing to mount to the driving seat. But the mare objected with a vigorous bounce.

"You can't manage that beast, Helen," cried Miss Hill, drawing back with a scared face.

"Of course not. Here, Angus, you help Miss Murray up beside you. I'll tackle this brute and drive Miss Hill. Our roads lie in the same direction."

A brilliant idea had flashed into the laird's brain, and he proceeded to carry it out. But Angus was sulky, and whispered as he passed his master—

"You will be losing a braw chance, Mr Patrick. I wad drive the young leddy."

The laird paid no attention. He helped Miss Hill into the trap, and the mare, after a few mad capers, settled into a proper pace. The others were in front, and the laird did not hurry to keep them in sight. He was very happy, but silent. Perhaps his companion guessed the cause of his silence, for she grew suddenly quiet and shy. He was wondering how he could let her know his feelings, how he could win her, when some white object, probably a belated mountain hare, darted across the road. With a scream of terror, the mare reared upright, then plunged madly forward. How it all happened Patrick Logan never clearly recalled. When he staggered to his feet dizzily, his eyes made out a motionless form lying near, while to his dazed ears came the thud of hoofs speeding away in the darkness.

One arm hung useless, but with the other he managed to lift her. Her face was death-like, her eyes closed. Frantic with an awful horror, he clasped her fiercely.

"My God! she is dead! she will never know that I love her—love her!" he cried hoarsely, and showered kisses upon the face lying so still upon his breast.

Suddenly the brown eyes opened, she had only been stunned. She sat up, and he knew that she had heard. It was too late to draw back had he wished. But he did not wish it, once he had seen the divine light in the brown

eyes. He let himself go, he poured out his heart with Highland impetuosity.

"Dear, I will be waiting for your word. You will not go back to that toilsome teaching. You will come to me?" he pleaded.

"That toilsome teaching!" she repeated. Then her soft eyes lighted up, she comprehended. "I will not teach any one but you," she said simply, and laid her head on his shoulder.

So Angus and the searchers found them when they came with blankets and stretchers, for the flying trap had told the tale of accident.

Angus read his master's face as he parted from Lillias Hill at the gates of Duncloch.

"Good patience! and they wass telling me she will be but a beggarly schoolmistress," he groaned. "Mr Patrick, you'll be rueing this night," he said solemnly, when, the laird's sprained arm bandaged, he was free to express his chagrin. "They will tell me in the kitchen at Sennach that she will be having no money whateffer. You will be foolish, Mr Patrick."

The laird revolted. He turned fiercely.

"If you say another word, Angus, we part," he said, with cold fury, and Angus collapsed.

"You will go to Duncloch to-morrow, first thing, and ask if Miss Hill is able to receive visitors—to see me, in fact," he ordered, and the vanquished Angus could only nod acquiescence.

"Ochone! Glenlogan will be a lost house," he moaned, in genuine distress over his master's blind folly.

But he positively raced back from Duncloch next day. He rushed into his master's presence, he danced, he gesticulated wildly, he fairly yelled. Finally snatching off his cap (he had forgotten to remove it before), he dashed it on the floor, and sat upon it. The laird thought his henchman had lost his reason from disappointment. But the true cause of the outbreak was breathlessly disclosed at last.

"She will be a stupid stirk whateffer," cried Angus, dashing his big fist against his own head. "Hooch! hooray! Mr Patrick, they will not know at Sennach—they will just be guessing wrong. Miss Hill will be a grand leddy, with twice as much siller as buy up the county."

Angus, in his excitement, was equally incoherent and Highland, as many of his brother Celts become under intense emotion.

"It will be a proud day for Glenlogan," he resumed, more quietly, "for the rich wife will be making the grand changes moreover."

He was right. The laird's quest, brief as it had been, was a brilliant success, and when the bride came home in spring, the changes and improvements began.

"You see, Patrick dear," she said once, "you

chose me thinking I was poor. I never had been loved for *myself* before, it was always my money. So my joy and pride is to make Glenlogan all that my husband wishes it to be."

JANET A. M'CULLOCH.

CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIETY.



REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., EX-MODERATOR
OF THE FREE CHURCH ASSEMBLY.

THE seventh annual social gathering of the Clan Macmillan was held in the Queen's Rooms—Rev. Dr. Macmillan, chief of the society, in the chair, and was supported by Chieftains John Macmillan and Dr. John M. Macmillan; James P. Macmillan, Paisley; Donald Macmillan, J.P., Donald Macmillan, Rev. James Macmillan, and others. The gathering was specially interesting because of the fact that it was the Rev. Dr. Macmillan's last appearance as chief of the society. In his excellent address he referred to the desperate struggle in which our countrymen were engaged in South Africa, and applauded the valour which they had shown. The depopulation of the Highlands was a national calamity, which was now felt when the brave, stalwart men of the glens were so urgently needed, and could not be found. The doctor then touched in sympathetic terms to his retirement from the office of chief of the society, his desire being that the honours should "go round." Mr Donald Macmillan, J.P., reported the society to be in a flourishing condition—financially and numerically.

THE KINTYRE GATHERING was held in the Waterloo Rooms on 8th December, Captain Hector Macneal, yr. of Ugadale, in the chair. Addresses were given by the chairman and Rev. Hector MacKinnon and Rev. Dr. Russell, Campbeltown, and a musical programme was ably sustained.



COLONEL JOHN STEWART, C.I.E.

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**COLONEL JOHN STEWART, C. I. E.,
OF ARDVORLICH.**



THE family of Stewart, of Ardvorlich, is descended in direct male line from Robert, Duke of Albany, son of King Robert II. Sir James Stewart, son of Murdoch, Duke of Albany, and great-grandson of the King, was banished to Ireland, but his son James Beg was recalled to Scotland and given a charter of lands, of which the family has retained unbroken succession in the male line for over 450 years.

In the 17th century, Major James Stewart, of Ardvorlich, did good service in the cause of Montrose, but having unfortunately, in a quarrel, killed Lord Kilpont, the son of the Earl of Monteith, a kinsman of Montrose, he had to fly to the camp of Argyle. This powerful and eccentric chief was the proto-type of Allan Macaulay in Sir Walter Scott's "Legend of Montrose," and the principal scenes of that novel were laid at Ardvorlich House—the Darnlinvarroch of the book. His eccentricity was accounted for in family traditions from his having been born after his mother had been slightly out of her mind, owing to the barbarous conduct of some Macdonalds or Macgregors, "children of the mist,"

who forayed Glen Artney, the King's deer forest, and meeting the King's forester, Drummond of Drummond-Ernock, who was brother to the lady of Ardvorlich, they murdered him and carried his head in their plaids over the hill to Ardvorlich House, where they demanded refreshment, and while the lady was engaged in procuring food and drink they placed the head of her brother on the table, saying in Gaelic, "Eat, for many a meal you have had in this house before." On the lady returning and seeing the terrible sight, she got out of her mind and wandered in the woods for many days, till on reason returning, she was caught and soon gave birth to this son James, whose character and exploits formed the theme of many a tale.

The subject of our sketch, the present head of the House, Colonel John Stewart, was born on 24th March, 1833, and was educated at St. Andrews and at the Military College of Addiscombe. He joined the Royal (late Bengal) Artillery in 1851 and returned from India after 38 years service. He was created a C.I.E. by Her Majesty in 1887 for his special services to the Indian Empire, in connection with the administration of the Indian Army. He was selected from the scientific corps, after the mutiny, to re-organize and re-model the leather industry of India, with a view to develop the resources of the country and make the armies of India independent of Britain for the supply of leather equipments. He created the large and important harness factory of Cawnpore, which now supplies the army of India. He married in 1857, Amelia, daughter of the late General T. Webster, of Bargarvie, Fife. His eldest son, Major William Stewart, served for 20 years in the 10th Bengal Lancers, and recently retired on his appointment to the Scotch Prison Department, and is now Deputy-Governor of H.M. Prison at Barlinnie.

In May last Colonel Stewart was chairman of the meeting which inaugurated the Clan Stewart Society, and was elected as one of the Vice-Presidents.

The Arms of the family—quarter in 1st and 3rd the Royal Lion Rampant, 2nd the invariable Fesse cheque of the Stewarts, and 4th the Lennox saltaire.

FLORA MACDONALD IN AMERICA.

By J. P. MACLEAN.

(Continued from page 73.)

MOUNT Pleasant stands in the very midst of the pinery region, and from it in every direction stretches the great pine forest. Near this centre Allan Macdonald of Kingsburgh purchased of Caleb Touchstone a plantation embracing 550 acres, on which were a dwelling house and out-houses, which were more pretentious than was then customary among Highland settlers. The sum paid for this tract, as set forth in the deed, was four hundred and sixty pounds. Flora immediately established herself in the new house and thus felt assured that with her family around her, she would spend her remaining days in peace and happiness. Her dreams were doomed to have a rude awakening. Hardly was she settled when the storm of the American Revolution burst upon her with all its fury. That she was in part responsible for the final disaster that accomplished the complete financial ruin of the family is undenied by tradition; for she was an active participant in arousing the Highlanders to resistance. Her influence in the settlement was commanding and this she used in forcing the insurrection of 1776. Notwithstanding this the disaster would not have overtaken the family had Kingsburgh refrained from precipitating himself into the conflict, needlessly and recklessly. With blind fatuity he took the wrong side in the conflict; and even then, by the exercise of patience might have overcome the effects of his folly.

The party bent on the subjugation of the thirteen colonies, looked to the formidable settlements along the Cape Fear and the Mohawk for assistance. The frightful atrocities following the disaster on Drummossie Muir, and the systematic persecutions of the clansmen, did not wean the hardy race from the relentless hand of the oppressor. The American Revolution found all Scotland its pitiless foe. Petition after petition went up from city, town, and hamlet to George III.,

expressing their intense feelings against the Americans, and each protesting that the respective petitioners were his most loyal subjects. Over seven thousand native Highlanders fought against Washington and his compatriots.

If one turns to the emigrants from the Highlands, he will discover that the colonists received them with open arms and rendered every assistance within their power. Some of these emigrants were destitute even of the means of procuring assistance. After the call to armed resistance had been obeyed, a shipload of Highlanders was stranded in Virginia, and every assistance was rendered by the colonists.

On the breaking out of hostilities the Highlanders became an object of consideration to the contending parties. They were numerically strong, increasing in numbers, and their military qualities beyond question. Emissaries were sent among them, although it was known that their inclination strongly favoured the royal cause, and that party left no means untried to cement their loyalty, even to the appeals to their religious natures. On this point the Americans were at a great disadvantage, for it was impossible for them to secure a Gaelic-speaking minister, clothed with authority, to go among them. Perhaps such an effort would have been abortive, for their own minister, John Macleod, would have counteracted the influence exerted. Macleod's sympathies were against the Americans, and on account of his suspicious actions was arrested, but discharged, May 11, 1776.

No steps were taken by the Americans to organise the Highlanders into military companies,



OLD HIGHLAND BURYING-GROUND ON MOUNT PLEASANT.

but their efforts were for the purpose of enlisting their sympathies. On the other hand, the royal Governor, Josiah Martin, took steps to enroll them into active British service. The Governor was in constant communication with them, and, in a measure, directed their movements. Allan Macdonald of Kingsburgh was their recognised leader. As early as July 3, 1775, he went to Fort Johnson, and there concerted with Governor Martin the raising of a battalion of "the good and faithful Highlanders," fully calculating on the recently settled Macdonalds and Macleods. There must have been prior intercourse between them, for in his communication to Lord Dartmouth, on June 30 preceding, Martin recommended that Kingsburgh should be appointed major. In the report of the same, to the same, dated Nov. 12, 1775, the statement is made that Kingsburgh had raised a company, as had also his son-in-law, Alexander Macleod.

Affairs among the Highlanders in North Carolina were rapidly taking form. General Gage sent Major Donald Macdonald from Boston to take immediate charge of raising the Highlanders. All these movements were noted by the Americans. Knowing that Kingsburgh was the most important man in the settlement, he was not only watched, but early came under the suspicion of the Committee of Safety at Wilmington. On the very day, July 3, 1775, he was in consultation with the Governor, its chairman was directed to write to him, "to know from himself respecting the reports that circulate of his having an intention to raise troops to support the arbitrary measures of the Ministry against the Americans in this colony, and whether he had not made an offer of his services to Governor Martin for that purpose?"

The influence of Kingsburgh was supplemented by that of Major Donald Macdonald, then in his 65th year, an officer of varied experience. He was in the Rising of 1745, and headed many of his own name.

All the emissaries of the British sent into the settlement were officers in the army, but represented themselves as only visiting friends and relatives; but this guise was seen through,



ALLAN MACDONALD'S FARM AT MOUNT PLEASANT.

as may be witnessed in a letter of Samuel Johnston of Edenton, dated July 21, 1775, written to the Committee at Wilmington: "A vessel from New York to this place brought over two officers who left at the Bar to go to New Bern: they are both Highlanders, one named Macdonald, the other M'Cloud. They pretend they are on a visit to some of their countrymen on your river, but I think there is reason to suspect their errand of a base nature. The Committee of this town have wrote to New Bern to have them secured. Should they escape there, I hope you will keep a good lookout for them."

A vigorous campaign for 1776, in the Carolines, was determined on in the fall of 1775. In deference to the oft repeated and urgent solicitations of the royal governors, and on account of the appeals made by Governor Martin, the brunt of it was to fall upon North Carolina. He had assured the home Government that large numbers of the Highlanders and Regulators were ready to take up arms on behalf of the king.

The programme, as arranged, was for Sir Henry Clinton, with a fleet and seven corps of Irish regulars, to be at the mouth of the Cape Fear, early in the year 1776, and there form a junction with the Highlanders and other disaffected persons from the interior.

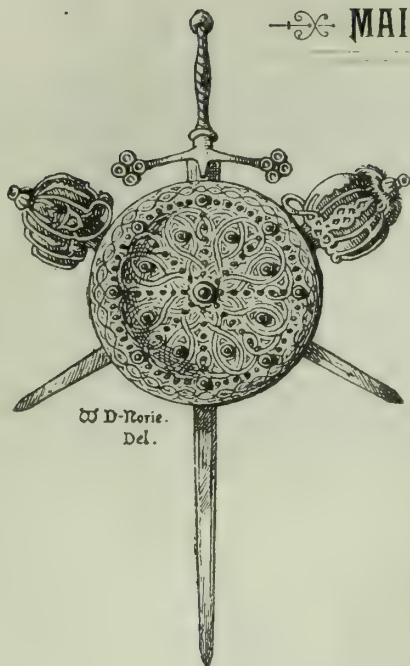
(To be continued).

HENDERSON'S TUTOR FOR THE BAGPIPE AND COLLECTION OF PIPE MUSIC.—We have pleasure in directing attention to this valuable work which has just been published. It contains a splendid selection of the most favourite tunes, many being here printed for the first time. The whole work has been carefully edited by Pipe-Major J. Macdougall-Gillies.

—✠— MAIGHSTIR + ALASDAIR'S + FAMILY, —✠—

By FIONN.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65.)



II.—ALEXANDER, THE GAELIC BARD.

THE second son of the minister of Ardnamurchan was Alexander, the Gaelic Bard, whose fame has in a measure eclipsed that of his father. He is styled on his father, for he is invariably known to the Gaelic student as "*Alasdair, mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*." Although famous as a bard in his day and generation, yet the earlier facts of his life have not been chronicled. He is supposed to have been born at Dalilea, where his father was tacksman, somewhere about 1700, the exact year being unknown. He seems to have given early indications of intellectual ability, and while his father was anxious that he should follow his own sacred calling, the ClanRanald of the day offered to assist with his education if he would devote himself to the study of law. How the matter was decided it is impossible to say, but it is evident that this vigorous young Highlander found his way to Glasgow University, where he became a fair classical scholar. While still a student he fell in love with, and married, Jane Macdonald, of Dalness, Lochetive,—"*Sine bheag nam brògan buidhe*," as she was locally designated. This imprudent step, along with the death of his father, rendered it necessary for him to abandon his studies, and he retired to his native parish, Ardnamurchan, probably about 1726, and here we find him in 1729 in the capacity of teacher and catechist, in the joint employment of the

Royal Bounty Committee and the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge.

The parish of Ardnamurchan is 45 miles in length, by 39 in breadth. Owing to its extent, "*Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*" had to go with his school from place to place within the bounds of the parish. From 1729 to 1738 he taught at Eilean Fhionain; from 1738 to March, 1739, at Kilchoan; and from March, 1739, to Whitsunday, 1745, at Coir'a'-Mhuilinn, at the base of Ben Shianta. His salary in the dual capacity of catechist and teacher was far from encouraging. From 1729 to 1732 it was £16 a year, and from 1732 to 1738, £18 a year. In 1738 it was reduced to £15, in 1739 to £14, and in 1744 to £12.* Small as we may consider the Bard's salary as teacher and catechist, it would appear the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge thought it more than ample, as may be learned from the following extract minute.

"4th May, 1742.—A report from the school at Coryvulin, in Ardnamurchan, is found agreeable to formula, but considering the smallness of the school, and the largeness of the schoolmaster's salary, resolved that enquiry be made about his conduct."

What the result of the proposed "enquiry" was, we cannot say; but it would appear from subsequent minutes as if the Society were determined to starve out the teacher:—

"2nd Aug., 1744.—Salary reduced to £9 for Royal Bounty and £3 for S.P.C.K., which is £2 of diminution to him, because the funds can bear no more."

About the year 1740, the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge desired to publish a Gaelic Vocabulary for the use of their schools, and the Presbytery of Mull recommended Macdonald as a competent man to compile such a work. This work he undertook and successfully executed. It was the first attempt of the kind in the language, and was published in 1741.

We have been unable to ascertain what remuneration, if any, was allowed to the compiler for his Vocabulary, but it is clear from the Presbytery records that Macdonald was in very straitened circumstances at this time—being obliged to do "high thinking on plain living." We have heard of "cultivating

* For these and other interesting facts we are indebted to a Paper by Mr. Wm. Mackay, Inverness, entitled "Presbyterial Notices of 'Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair,' &c.," to be found in vol. XI. of the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

literature on a little oatmeal," but it seems that in Macdonald's case the "little oatmeal" was wanting, as will be evident from the following minute of the Presbytery of Mull, of date 28th April, 1741:—

"The visitors of the charity school of Ardnamurchan report that when they attended there in order to visit said school, Alexander Macdonald, schoolmaster thereof, sent an apology to them for absence, viz., that through the great scarcity of the year, he was under immediate necessity to go from home to provide meal for his family. The appointment is therefore renewed upon said visitors."

Nor was this the only time that Macdonald absented himself, as may be learned from the following minute of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, of date 4th April, 1745:—
"Read a letter of the 8th March from the Presbytery of Mull, in answer to that sent them the 22nd November last, anent Alexander Macdonald, catechist in the parish of Ardnamurchan. Believing that supposing he was absent most part of last summer from his charge, yet this same was supplied by his son; and that as he was at Edinburgh the beginning of last winter, they hope he then satisfied the Committee of his conduct. The Committee,

having heard the said letter, declare the same not satisfying. Meantime appoint that the Presbytery be desired to acquaint the Committee how the said Alexander Macdonald has behaved since he last returned home."

The son referred to as acting as teacher in the absence of his father, is Ronald (*Raonull Dubh*) who, according to Reid,* was afterwards a schoolmaster in Eigg. He compiled a collection of Gaelic songs in 1776.

It is evident the bard was becoming a prey to his own restless nature and disappointed hopes. From minutes of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge which we have perused, it is evident that his conduct was not becoming a teacher and catechist, and they "resolved to consider his case at making up the establishment for the ensuing year." It is clear the bard anticipated the action of the Committee, for from the minutes of the Presbytery of Mull, held on 15th July, 1745—four days before Prince Charlie cast anchor at Loch-nan-uagh—we learn that the minister of Ardnamurchan reported "that the charity school in this parish has been vacant since Whitsunday last by the voluntary desertion of Alexander Macdonald, the former schoolmaster of this country."

Acting upon this information, the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, in 14th July, 1745, make the following entry: "Upon considering the various representations given of the conduct of Alexander Macdonald, schoolmaster at Coirvullan in the parish of Ardnamurchan, who has as is now informed left his station, resolved to be dismiss the Society's service, and ordered that he be left out of next scheme."

Tradition speaks favourably of Macdonald's abilities as a teacher, and the following extract from a letter received from Dr. Keith N. Macdonald, Edinburgh, the author of "The Gesto Collection of Highland Music," shows that some of the bard's pupils attained eminence in the paths of learning.



RAISING THE STANDARD AT GLENFINNAN.

* Reid's "Bibliotheca Scotica Celtica," page 83.

"It was the poet who educated my grandfather and his brother John, who afterwards became Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Valladolid, in Spain, while their father was hidden in a cave for seven years, having been outlawed for breaking the gates of Carlisle in 1745."

Not long after laying down the ferule, the bard took up the sword; for having heard the pibroch—*

"Thàinig mo Rìgh air tìr 'am Mùideart,
Rìgh nan Gàidheal Tearlach Stiùbhart,"

he threw himself into the movement with the whole energy of his vigorous yet restless nature, and some of his finest poems were written under the excitement of this period. From a "Roll of men upon ClanRanald's mainland estates—with their arms,"† made up in the year 1745, we find the following entries under Dalilea:—

"Angus MacDonald,.....gun, sword, terge.

Alexander his brother,.....gun and pistol.

Angus Bàn,.....gun, sword, and terge."

Alexander, with "gun and pistol," joined the Prince's army under the younger ClanRanald of the day. He received a captain's commission, and was present at the raising of the Standard on 19th August (O.S.), 1745.

"Where in deep Glenfinnan's valley,
Thousands on their bended knees,
Saw once more the stately ensign
Waving in the northern breeze."

It is said‡ that when the royal standard was unfurled, and the prince and his chiefs were about to partake of some refreshments, Allan Macdonald, brother to Kinloch-Moidart, set the prince on the bard's knee, who straightway proceeded to extemporise the spirited strain—

"O Thèarlaich mhic Sheumais,
Mhic Sheumais, mhic Thèarlaich,
Leat shiùbhlainn gu h-eutrom,
'Nam éigheach bhì mairsal," etc.

Which may be rendered—

"O Charles, son of James,
Son of James, son of Charlie,
I'd answer the summons
And follow thee early."

The bard was regarded as a valuable adherent to the Stuart cause; not only was he an energetic officer, but as a poet he was both able and willing to arouse enthusiasm on behalf of the cause, and to stimulate the energies of those who, like himself, had given up their all to follow their prince.

(To be continued.)

MAJOR CHARLES STEWART, OF INVERNAHYLE.

MAJOR CHARLES STEWART—whose portrait, in captain's uniform, is given in this issue—is the present representative of the Stewarts of Invernahyle. The point of off-shoot from the great Appin family is described in the handsome quarto "The Stewarts of Appin" (1880) from which we learn that the first Stewart of Invernahyle was Alexander, called "Siochail" or "The Peaceful," being fifth son of Alan Stewart, third of Appin, by his wife the daughter of Lochiel. After Flodden the lands of Invernahyle were gifted to Alexander by his father. A later Alexander—the eighth of Invernahyle—in 1778 exchanged his lands for others belonging to Major John Campbell, of Airds. Of this gentleman Sir Walter Scott, who as a young man often visited Invernahyle, writes:—"Alexander Stewart, of Invernahyle, a name I cannot write without the warmest recollections of gratitude to the friend of my childhood, who first introduced me to the Highlands, their traditions and their manners. . . . He was a noble specimen of the old Highlander, gallant, courteous, and brave even to chivalry." Not a few would rather know that Scott wrote thus of an ancestor of theirs than feel sure that they had the blood of kings in their veins. In course of time Charles Campbell Stewart, great grandson of Duncan, seventh of Invernahyle, became a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, and married a daughter of Andrew Wood (a well-known surgeon there) whose second son, Andrew Wood Stewart, was Major Charles Stewart's father.

The subject of this sketch was born at Trinity, Edinburgh, on 4th March, 1860. His father being one of the original volunteers of 1860, and of fervent military spirit, it is not surprising to find young Stewart on 18th March, 1878, joining as gunner, the Midlothian Coast Artillery Volunteers. He received his commission as 2nd Lieutenant on 8th December, 1880; became Captain on 6th August, 1886; Hon.-Major on 17th January, 1896, and Major on 15th July, 1898. On account of illness, after twenty-one years' ardent service, he resigned his commission on 11th May, 1899, with permission to retain his rank for life and wear his uniform. He has also been granted the long-service medal.

Major Stewart is Accountant to the Standard Life Assurance Company at their head office in Edinburgh, and is, on account of his modest demeanour and his many amiable qualities a great favourite amongst those who have the privilege to know him.

JOHN HOGGEN.

* "My King has landed at Moidart," composed by John MacIntyre in 1745. See "Mackay's Collection of Ancient Pìobaireachd," 1838.

† "Moidart; or, Among the Clanranalds," p. 173.

‡ See footnote to this poem in the eighth edition of the poet's works: Edinburgh; John Grant, 1892. The editor of this edition was the late D. C. MacPherson—the "Abrach" of modern Gaelic literature.



MAJOR CHARLES STEWART.

DUNVEGAN CASTLE.



GRIM, ancient stronghold, that has kept
Thy watch beside the main,
While o'er the land dark ages swept
With changes in their train.

Unchanged thou hast stood the blast
Of long unnumbered years,
Thou haunt of music, song, romance,
Of mirth, and tragic tears.

Thy light has flashed out o'er the waves
Through countless nights of gloom,
While to thy lofty chambers rose
The wild Atlantic's boom.

Brave clansmen 'neath thy walls unfurled
The flapping briny sail,
While high above the tumult skirled
MacCrimmon's mournful wail.

With dance and song thy roof-tree rang
From eve to early morn;

* A drinking horn that belonged to Rory More, a renowned chief of the Macleods, and which is preserved as a valued relic at Dunvegan.

Thy bards of love and valour sang,
And round went Rory's horn.*

The noble, beautiful, and young
Sat round thy festive board,
And in thy halls the leal and strong
Have girded on the sword.

Thy chiefs renowned on flood and field
For iron hand and will,
Ne'er from the poor withdrew their shield,
And help and shield them still.

In coming years may gallant chiefs
Adorn thy ancient halls,
And firm through coming tempests stand
Thy time-stain'd massive walls.

May gallant Rory's famous cuach
Run o'er with ruddy wine,
And clansmen brave rich harvests reap
From pasture, croft, and brine.

Hatfield.

ANGUS MAC KINTOSH.

UNPUBLISHED SONGS OF THE REAY COUNTRY.

BY REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNES.

(Continued from page 64.)

INNUMERABLE snatches of song are still floating in the Reay Country which are fathered upon Rob Donn; but it is questionable how many of these are genuine. There is good reason, however, to believe that he was in the habit of making *impromptu* verses on almost all occasions, when meeting old friends, or joining convivial parties. It cost him little trouble, and it gave them much amusement.

Some specimens of this sort have been supplied to me by Widow Ann Murray, the bard's great-granddaughter, who is now in her 94th year. She well remembers Christina Donn, her grandmother, for Ann Murray was grown up before the last of the bard's daughters died. On one occasion the bard went to a funeral in the heights of the parish, when a terrific storm came on, drenching them to the skin. Thereupon he remarked to his equally unfortunate neighbours:

"S' iomadh latha grianach
Dh'fhaodadh sinn bhi lomnochd
Theid an diu a dhioladh oirnn
Aig tiodhlacadh Nin-Donnachaidh."

Of this class is the following, to one who laid claim to the limpets on the rocks adjoining his croft :—

“Mac-Allais-Ic-Naoise gràdhach
'Buain nam beàrnach air Leac-fhlirim
'S maith a loinneadh é's a chairdeas
Ris gach càrn air' fasadh maorach.

Shaoilinn gum bu chàra dhuit
Bhi 'g àiteach 'nuair bhiodh thim ann
Na bhi 'sireadh traghaidh
Anns gach àit 's am fasadh maorach.”

“Oran a' Bhotuill” was composed to one who went a long distance in quest of a wife, armed

with a bottle of liquor, but who, on being refused by the fair one, carried the bottle back untouched :—

“Failte air suiridheach a' bhotuill,
Fhuair e 'n tiotal ud gu saor
Bheil sibh 'n dùil gu'm pòs i feasd e
Is sgeul a' bhotuill air dol sgaoilte
Saoil sibh fein nach b'e an t-amhlair
Thigeadh o'n Gleann-du do Mhaldi
Le botul sin-eibhir aig no Branndaidh
Is na bh'ann thoirt dachaidh ris ;
Saoil sibh fein nach e bha gòrach
'Dhol an cleamhnas dhaoine còir
Am fear crìon, nach brisudh sgòrnan
Bhotuill ghòinich, 's beag a phrìs.”



BALNACILL CHURCHYARD, DURNESS.

(The tombstone, with inscription, in the left foreground, marks the bard's grave.)

On another occasion, a certain individual of the name of Murdoch dogmatically predicted rain, as the wind had veered to the west. The bard disliked the too confident assurance of his friend, and replied—

“Air son creidimh Mhorachaidh liath
Air mo bhriathar cha dean e tùrn ;
'Smuaineachadh nach b'urrainn Dia
Gaoth an iar 'chur dheasbhuidh bùrn.”

It is stated in the first edition that some of his daughters possessed more or less of the “airy gift.” That was so, and one of his sons also, namely, John, the soldier son of the bard,

who is thus referred to in a note which Colonel Stewart of Garth quotes from Munro's narrative of the casualties at the battle of Arnee, 2nd June, 1782 :—“I take this opportunity of communicating the fall of John Donne Mackay, a corporal in Macleod's Highlanders, son to Robert Donn, the bard, whose singular talent for the beautiful and extemporaneous composition of Gaelic poetry was held in such esteem. This son of the bard has frequently revived the spirits of his countrymen, when drooping in a long march, by singing the humorous and lively productions of his father. He was killed

by a cannon shot, and buried with military honours by his comrades the same evening." Not only could he sing his father's songs, but he also possessed to a certain extent the gift of versification characteristic of the family. It is recorded that when he was about to take part in the last action, he cheered on his company against shot and bullet with an *impromptu* verse, reminding his comrades of the game of shinty on Balnakiel sands:—

"Nach e so na cailleagan
'S cha 'n e cailleagan Traigh-na-Cille."

This power of versification also characterised the children of the bard's brothers. Barbara, the daughter of Gilbert Donn, known as Barbara-Nin-Ghilbert, composed freely. One of her songs to Murdoch Low is well known. It was on the death of her favourite lap-dog:—

"Mharbh iad mo chù bànn
B'fhearr leam e 'bhi beò
Fhir a rinn a' cheard
Na dean thus' an còrr.
Mharbh iad, &c.

Fhir a mharbh mo mheasan
'S thug air falbh gun fhios e
Na dean thusa do shuipair
Gus an ith thu 'fheòil.
Mharbh iad, &c.

Morachadh beag na straighlich
Leis a' smigead gaibhre
Dearbh cha dean mi t' fhoighneachd
Oir cha do thoil thu chòir.
Mharbh iad, &c.

Morachadh biogach 'erotach
Aig bheil airgid focair
'S mor tha neul na goirt
'S tòn air port do bheòil.
Mharbh iad, &c."

Outside the bard's family, Durness can boast of a considerable number—both male and female—who with more or less success were wont in their day to cultivate the muses. Had it not been for the Rev William Findlater, however, who carefully preserved the following pieces, not a scrap would have remained to the present day. He was himself a man of strong literary tastes, a feature which has been so happily reproduced in his grand-daughters, Misses Mary and J. Helen Findlater. I have before me some specimens of his composition in Gaelic poetry, and considering the subjects on which he worked—versifying the Shorter Catechism—they are most creditable. It is also apparent that he encouraged such of the parishioners as possessed the gift, for among the papers which have been handed to me there is a little missive bearing marks of the old-fashioned wafers, written in verse, and inviting one of the most prolific of the Durness bardesses to the manse to supply an air to one of his latest productions.

It was in 1808 he came to the Parish of Durness, and the event is worthily commemorated in a song by Janet Mackay, wife to Donald Mackay, *alias* Abrach, in Eriboll. His predecessor, Rev. John Thomson, was now aged, and Rev. John Kennedy, latterly of Red Castle, his predecessor in the mission of Eriboll, had some time before this gone to Assynt. She sings:—

"Tha ministear na Sgìre so, a fàs gu h-aosmhor liath

Tha e mar na craobhan pailm, tha bho'n talamh
'g eiridh suas

Do mheud 's a theid do chudthrom oirr', is ann is mò am briogh

Mar sin tha maise na naomhachd 'na aodainnse le fiamh.

Nach iongantach do riannan ris an fhearainn fhiadhaich bhorbs'

Thug t'fhacal ann do liubhraigeadh an guthan mìn is garbh ;

Thug clathrar do luchd-riarach' ann 's bu mhiann a bhi 'nam pàirt

Chunnaic mi m'as fhior dhomh 's a' bheatha shiorruidh fàs.

Am fear mu dheireadh dhealaich ruinn bu shoilleir air a ghràs,

Fhuair e gibht' gu liubhraigeadh o'n Trianailt Naomh is Aird'

' Maighstir Ian Ceannadaidh, a dhimirich as an àite-sa,

Fhuair comunn-làithreachd t-intinn, cho cinn-teach ris a' bhàs.

Thugadh leat do dh' Assint e gu t' fhacal 'chur an céill

Do mhuinntir gharbh is aineolach, mar dh'fhàg e as a dhéidh

Chaidh gach seorsa a ghlacadh leis 's gach àit 's 'n do thachair e

A fhuair an t-earlas firinneach fo neart a shaoth-air féin."

The following verse refers to the Rev. Mr Findlater, who had just come to the Mission of Eriboll, and in the course of a few years (1812) was inducted to the parish of Durness.

"Thug thu fathast òganach do sheòladh t' obair fein

Thoir tuigse is gràsan mòra dha gu t' fhacal chur an céill

Dean aois' is òige a ghlacadh leis, gu neartaich thu a cheum

Gu treudan ùr a bheathachadh gu rioghachd t-athair fein.

Thoir dhuinn bhi tric a' meadhrachadh an caoimhneas pailt nach tràigh

A rinn gach beàrn a lionadh dhuinn, a' meudachadh do ghràidh

A dh' fheuch do rùintean diamhair dhuinn, an lionmhoireachd do ghràis

An dorchadas a' shoillseachadh do bhraighdean-aibh tha 'n sàs.

(To be continued)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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VOLUME VII. can now be had, tastefully bound, 6s. 6d., post free, from John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. Volumes V. and VI. also in stock.

Many of our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. JOHN MACKAY, of Hereford, is rapidly recovering from his recent severe illness. He has just forwarded parcels of Gaelic Class and Music Books for the use of the classes formed in Strath-Halladale, Strathly, Melvich, and other places in Sutherland.

HIGHLAND SOCIETIES' WAR FUND.—The various Societies are still busily engaged collecting subscriptions for this deserving object, the sum realised by several of the Societies being very handsome. The Clan Campbell have just issued a first list of subscriptions, and the Clans Cameron and Colquhoun have issued an appeal to their members. Since our last issue, the following additional subscriptions have been received by us for the

CLAN MACKAY FUND.—Per Donald Mackay, Helmsdale (collected by Miss Mackay Bruce), £7 14s; James H. Mackay, £3, Mrs James H. Mackay, £1, and Miss Rose Mackay, London, £1; Donald Mackay, Bromley, Kent, £2 2s; Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, LL.D., London, £2 2s; James R. Mackay, Edinburgh, £1; Ben Davidson, New York, £1; Dr. Ian D. Mackay, 10s 6d; Peter M'Kie, Wigtown (per Dr. N. J. M'Kie, Newton Stewart), 10s 6d; Donald Mackay, J.P., Braemore, 10s 6d; W. D. Mackay, R.S.A., 5s; Hugh Mackay, Coleraine, 5s. Total to date, £64 8s.

CLAN CAMPBELL.—Major-General P. J. Campbell, London, £5; Ronald Campbell of Craignish, £3 3s; John Campbell, Pollokshields, £2 2s; Duncan Campbell, Lochearnhead, £2; Andrew Campbell, Gourrock, £1 1s; Colin Campbell, Glasgow, £1 1s; Major-General F. Lorne Campbell, £1; Campbell of Dunstaffnage, £1; Paul Campbell, £1; Alex. Campbell, 10s; etc.

"ONE HOUR AND THE NEXT," by the Duchess of Sutherland.—There seems no limit to the versatility of the young and gifted Duchess of Sutherland. Ten years ago she made her *début* as an authoress in, "How I Spent My Twentieth Year," and the promise of that delightful record of a tour round the world has been more than justified during the intervening years. And now Her Grace surprises us with a novel! We have perused the volume with particular interest, and are pleased to say that our impressions of the work are entirely favourable. It cannot fail to increase her great reputation as a litterateur, and a practical worker in the difficult paths of social reform. It is not a book intended to provide a half-hour's light reading; it is really a serious exposition of a problem which is attracting the attention of our greatest statesmen and thinkers. It is a study of Socialism, in its sensible and extravagant forms, worked out in the form of a story. We cannot imagine any subject more difficult of treatment, in the shape of fiction; and yet those who have carefully read "One Hour and the Next" must admit that the noble authoress has performed her self-imposed task most successfully. Our space is too limited to permit of an exhaustive analysis of the novel, but, briefly, we may say that the plot is associated with a Dyers' strike in an English town. Contending for mastery in controlling the strike are the two almost opposite forms of Socialism—the sensible and Christian attitude, which is well represented in its leader, Philip Assheton; while the professional agitator, the inciter of outrage, Robert Lester, illustrates a phase of Socialism the dangers of which we have too often had experience. The heroine, Agnes Stainer, affords a character sketch showing how women may be attracted by a false ideal. To weave these different elements into an interesting volume was a task requiring no ordinary literary gift, and we heartily congratulate Her Grace in achieving a distinct success. From a literary point of view, the work is of exceptional merit. We might quote many beautiful examples of word painting not often found in novels, which in themselves, to the student of literature, make the volume a sincere pleasure to read. We hope that the gifted authoress will be encouraged to write another work; if we might presume to indicate a subject, where could she find a more congenial or delightful theme for a story than the romantic land of Sutherland, and the home life of its people, with its joys and sorrows, its romances and thrilling episodes.

FORTHCOMING SOCIAL GATHERINGS.—The Ross and Cromarty Re-Union takes place in the Queen's Rooms, on 8th February, and on the same evening the Natives of Cowal meet in the Waterloo Rooms; on the 9th the Clan Mackinnon gather in the Waterloo Rooms—Major F. A. Mackinnon in the chair; 14th, Natives of Islay in the Waterloo Rooms—Mr. D. T. Martin, of Dunlossit, presiding; 28th, the Inverness-Shire Re-Union takes place in the Queen's Rooms—Mr. Neil J. D. Kennedy in the chair. The celebrated Inverness Select Choir are to take part. The Clan Mackay have decided not to hold a Social Gathering this winter, owing to so many of the Clan suffering bereavements through the war, but an Excursion will take place in the summer.

—❧— CONCERNING + LOCHIEL + AND + GLENGARRY. —❧—

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

PART SECOND.

THE examination of Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassfern, as a witness for Lochiel, was objected to by Glengarry, who in person stated his objections, as follows :—

At Fort William, 14th May, 1825, Sir Ewen Cameron appearing, Glengarry stated that however respectable the proposed witness is, he felt it incumbent on himself to object to the baronet's evidence being received in the present question, and that for the following among other reasons. First; Sir Ewen is a near relation of Lochiel's, the nearest in life next to the family of his chief. Second: He has invariably shown a very anxious interest in every question and matter affecting Lochiel, and he has done so particularly respecting the result of the present question.

He has besides, till a very recent period, taken an extremely active share in the management of the estate of Lochiel, as guardian, trustee, and otherwise, and he is still consulted in matters of business important thereto. Third: He is, if not the Institute, very high up in the list of Substitutes, in a deed of entail, which it is understood has been recently executed by Lochiel, to which Glengarry is informed that Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassfern is a party, and thus has a very important family interest in the issue of these actions; and for these reasons, it is submitted to the Commissioner (Sheriff Flyter) that Sir Ewen Cameron is not a competent witness in the cause before him. Answers: On the part of Lochiel it was stated that the objections now made required no answer, but it might be noticed in regard to the last of them, that it would be proved by Sir Ewen Cameron's own evidence that the relationship with the present Lochiel, was that Lochiel's paternal grandfather, by whose attainder the estates were forfeited, was Sir Ewen's uncle. That the statement regarding the entail was altogether founded on a mistake. That Sir Ewen was neither Institute nor Substitute, or disponent of any kind under that deed. That Sir Ewen as a trustee of Lochiel at that time, was indeed one of the grantors of the deed, but that under the deed he had no interest of any kind, and that the only way Sir Ewen or his children could at any time succeed to the estate of Lochiel, would be as heirs whatsoever in the degree of relationship already mentioned, and that therefore the event of their



From Photo by

W. Drummond Norrie.

LOCH ARKAIG NEAR ACHNACARRY.

succession could never happen until after the entail had become void and null by the succession opening to heirs whatsoever, and the property descending as a fee simple. Replied: Glengarry was certainly informed that Sir Ewen Cameron had an interest, in the degree noted in his objections, under the Deed of Entail, but as the reverse is so unequivocally stated from the opposite side; he will not press that part of his objection. Still, he must observe that Sir Ewen Cameron and the present Lochiel's father were first cousins, being the sons of two brothers by the same parents; consequently, Sir Ewen and the present Lochiel are first and second cousins: and though his family cannot succeed to the estate contrary to the deed of entail, still it must be kept in view that, failing the legitimate sons of Lochiel's body, Sir Ewen Cameron and his sons succeed to the chieftainship. But laying aside an argument which by many, with the exception of Highlanders, may be considered irrelevant, Glengarry submits that the relationship, accompanied by the other circumstances enumerated in Glengarry's objections, renders the evidence of Sir Ewen Cameron equally inadmissible, as if he were within the forbidden degrees. Glengarry's legal skill seems to have had effect, for the evidence was taken down on a paper apart; but at an after stage the Lord Ordinary, Meadowbank, allowed the examination to form part of the process.

Sir Ewen Cameron was examined a second time, at Fort William, upon the 2nd November, 1825, and deposed as a witness and exhibited as a haver,

as follows—That the deponent's father informed him that Lochiel's charter-chest had been broken open and rifled of part of its contents, after the battle of Culloden. That the deponent is in possession of some papers connected with Lochiel's affairs, which his father gave to him, and which his father also stated to him were part of the papers recovered after Lochiel's charter-box had been so broken open, and he exhibits:—

1. Wadset between Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, and John Cameron of Lochiel, his eldest son, on the one part; and John Macphee, tenant in Glendessary, dated 13th Mar., 1690.

Note.—In another place Macphee is described as "kindly" tenant, an expression well known legally in former days, signifying that the position of the tenant was in a higher degree than "moveable" or ordinary tenant.

2. Contract of wadset between Donald Cameron of Lochiel, and John Macphee, tenant in Glendessary, dated 16th October, 1728.
3. Duplicate thereof.
4. Tack, John Cameron of Lochiel, and Dame Jean Barclay (Dowager of Lochiel), 27th April, 1702.
5. Contract of wadset between Donald Cameron of Lochiel, and John Cameron, tenant in Glenpean Beg, dated 24th March, 1736.
6. Duplicate thereof.
7. Inventory of wadsets and tacks from 1727 to 1738; also inventory of writs in Mr. Macfarlane's hands.

(Mr. John Macfarlane, W. S., was husband of that spirited lady who shot the enamoured Saxon, Cayley, officer, Inland Revenue; and was himself an admirer of the fascinating Miss Jenny Cameron of Glendessary.)

Sir Ewen Cameron further deponed that the whole of the foregoing seven productions had been in his possession for 40 years, and were part of the papers which his father (who died in 1786) left him, and recovered after the breaking open of Lochiel's charter-chest, as already mentioned. It may be concluded that neither Glendessary nor Glenpean were among the abstractors in the fir wood near Achnacarry.

The following papers were also produced for Lochiel under the Commission. Lochiel's total exhibits contrast unfavourably with those produced for Glengarry, as will be seen hereafter.

8. Charter, King James V. of Scotland, to Ewen, son of Allan Cameron of Lochiel, dated 9th January, 1527.
9. Charter, George Duke of Gordon, to Sir E. Cameron of Lochiel.
10. Sasine thereon in part of Mamore, dated 16th October; registered, General Register of Sasines, 12th December, 1688.
11. Charter of Resignation. Archibald, Earl of Argyle, to Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, in liferent, and John Cameron, his eldest son, in fee of Glenlui and Loch Arkaig, 9th October, 1696.
12. Sasine thereon, dated 2nd and 4th June; registered, General Register of Sasines, 19th July, 1701.
13. Disposition by John Cameron of Lochiel, in favour of Donald Cameron, his eldest son, dated 26th February, 1706; registered, Books of Council and Session, 15th February, 1716.
14. Sasine thereon, dated 30th and 31st July, 1st and 3rd August, 1716, and registered in the General Register of Sasines, 28th August, same year.

Note.—There being no dispensatory clause in the titles, fixing one place at which infeftment might be given for the whole lands, the notary took four days to go over Mamore, Letter Lochiel, Glenlui and Loch Arkaig. The 2nd August was doubtless a Sunday.

15. Letters of Presentation. King George III. to Donald Cameron, grandson of the above Donald Cameron of Lochiel, dated 8th May, 1785.
16. Charter by the Commissioners of the Duke of Argyle, in favour of Donald Cameron of Lochiel, dated 15th August, 1785; and
17. Sasine thereon, dated 3rd October; registered, General Register of Sasines, 15th Oct., 1785.



From Photo by

W. Drummond Norie.

PART OF OLD ACHNACARRY CASTLE—DESTROYED, 1746.

Two old plans made by order of the Commissioners on Forfeited Estates, show that the Lochiel estate was bounded in part on the north-west by the lands of Auchaglyne and Sourios, portions of the forfeited estate of Barisdale in Knoydart.

Before giving some particulars of, and parts of the evidence led on oath of aged witnesses, closely scrutinised by the parties, the whole of which is most interesting as dealing with people and customs long passed away, and with localities now and for some time past sealed up to the public and to possible enquiries, reference may be made to the objections, of a preliminary character, taken and keenly discussed, at least by Glengarry, who showed himself an experienced legal hand.

Proof had been ordered by the Lord Ordinary to take place in Lochaber, before Sheriff Flyter as Commissioner. Glengarry was in Paris, an invited guest at the coronation of Charles X. Lochiel got the date fixed, to the great consternation of Glengarry's agents, who, they well knew, had intended not only to be personally present, but to conduct the proof himself; and as a last resort applied, in Glengarry's name, to stop in the meantime Lochiel proceeding, and were successful in procuring a stay. Lochiel's action at a late stage came to the ears of Glengarry, and the latter, not knowing of the sist, had to consider whether to lose the opportunity of creating a sensation in Paris, a severe shock to one of his ostentatious character, but selected to cross the Channel, and post from London to Lochaber with all expedition, and accordingly arrived at Banavie in sufficient time to enable him to withdraw from the sist and to proceed. Lochiel's agent seems to have made a sorry appearance, while Glengarry, satisfied with his successful and unprecedented celerity, could afford to be magnanimous.

At Banavie, the 9th day of May, 1825, in presence of Robert Flyter, Esquire, Sheriff Substitute of the Fort William District of the County of Inverness.

Compared James Arnott, Writer to the Signet, Agent for Donald Cameron, Esquire, of Lochiel, and Captain Donald Cameron, younger, of Lochiel, his son, in the conjoined actions of Declarator of Marches, &c., depending before the Lords of Council and Session between them and Colonel Alexander Ranaldson Macdonell of Clanranald and Glengarry, and produced Act and Commission to the said Robert Flyter, Esquire, for taking the oaths and depositions of all such witnesses as shall be duly certified to him to be of the age of seventy years and upwards, or whose state of health from age or infirmity shall be certified by a respectable surgeon or physician to be such (although under seventy years of age) as shall render it probable that their testimony will be lost by supervening death unless so examined touching the matter at issue in the

said conjoined actions. The said James Arnott also produced letters of diligence at the instance of the said Donald Cameron, Esquire, and Captain Donald Cameron, with execution against witnesses, &c., to this diet, and notorial execution of intimation to Glengarry's Agent, and craved that the Commissioner would accept of the Commission and proceed with the examination of the witnesses. Upon which the said Robert Flyter, Esquire, stated that upon Friday, the 6th instant, an interdict from the Court of Session, obtained at the instance of Glengarry, had been intimated to him, and that he could not proceed with the examination of the witnesses until that interdict was withdrawn. Thereafter Glengarry, being present, stated that he arrived in Edinburgh on the morning of Friday last, the 6th current, and then learned that an interdict had been obtained in his name on the 4th, the preceding Wednesday; that he had accomplished the journey under the unpleasant circumstances of being obliged to separate from his wife and daughter, left behind in London, with the conciliatory view of meeting the wishes of the opposite party; and that accordingly, notwithstanding the fatigue and night work to which he would thereby be subjected, he formally withdrew the supposed advantage and convenience that he might personally have derived by adhering to the sist granted by the Supreme Court and duly notified at Mr. Arnott's chambers: and having so done he cheerfully acquiesced in the proof now proceeding.—(Signed) A. R. MACDONELL.

Mr. Arnott replied that the only part of the preceding statement which he was to notice was where it seemed to imply an intention on the part of Lochiel and his Agent to take a supposed advantage over Glengarry in leading the proof while he was absent, and in proof of the fact of there being no such intention, Mr. Arnott referred to the certificate of intimation which had been given, and to a letter which had been written by him to Glengarry's Edinburgh Agent in this case, a considerable time previous to the notorial intimation, asking him for the use of Glengarry's Commission for leading the evidence on the present occasion.—(Signed) J. A. ARNOTT.

To which it was observed by Glengarry that, though he did not see the supposed charge in the light Mr. Arnott had taken up, still since that gentleman had thought proper to go into a vindication of the proceedings adopted through his medium, he (Glengarry) felt himself called upon to observe that as the certificate bore date the 27th day of April last, leaving only three days of that month, and as his intentions were to have led this proof upon the 5th current, he humbly submits that eight days of intentional premonition (nor even twelve, to which it was ultimately prorogued, *as he has been credibly informed*, owing to the absence of the Commissioner, whose presence had been required at the Circuit Court of Inverness), and that this was the first legal day since his Lordship's return; especially as it was well known to all the country, as well as to Lochiel's Agents, that he was then in France, under the very general impression that he would not return from thence previous to the coronation of the French King Charles the Tenth.—(Signed) A. R. MACDONELL.

(To be continued.)

The Charge of the Highland Brigade.

MAGERSFONTEIN—11th December, 1899.

THE gates of the Temple of Janus
Are ope'd to the Transvaal's red
veldt:
The bondage of Tyranny, heinous,
Has fired soul of Saxon and Celt.

Britannia's Lion is bounding
To goldfield, and kopje, and kraal:
For 'tis moan of our *Brothers* is sounding
And the 'cry of blood leaps to their call.'

Rise! Rally, O Soldier and Sailor!
Press forward, O brave Volunteer!
Your country is calling to save her,
And ne'er was her bugle so dear.

For long as life lasts must be warfare,
Till th' strivings of nations shall cease,
Till th' sword be beat into a ploughshare,
And thro' the wide world shall be
peace.

Then forward! March forward! Men
of Motherland,
Th' Union Jack of Freedom to float
o'er the Rand.

Hark! Hush! In the grey of the dawning,
Undaunted, as if on parade,
Into Death's dark abyss, without warning,
Pushed forward the Highland Brigade.

Hark! Halt! 'Twas one shot of Boer rifle—
The dim trenches leapt into light,
Red musketry belched forth to stifle
And put the close columns to flight.

Did they fear?—falter?—own they were failing,
At that fury of shot and of shell?—
No! but faced it with never a quailing—
As Highlanders face death—and fell.

Fell! Fell! and, ah! God! in the foremost,
The Leader they loved more than life:
A sob shook from outpost to outpost,
As fiercer they flew to the strife,
Black Watch and Infantry, Seaforths, Argyles,
And the Gay Gordons, fill the broken files.

Hark! Haste! On and on! Britons ever
Die hard, with their face to the foe:
The bay'net of Black Watch bared never
More bravely for weal or for woe.

Did they think, as they leapt to the charge, then
To stagger and sink 'mongst their dead,
How they won at bygone Gildermalsen
Their bonnets' proud hackle of red?

Out Guards! and King's Own to the rescue!
Roar louder artillery's boom!
Your country is waiting to bless you,
And watches you there in the gloom.



O! over that dark Magersfontein
To their ears did there seem to be borne
Great Wellington's "Up Guards, and at them!"
From Belgium's far fields of green corn?

As on, thro' the smoke and the thunder,
And wild bullets' death-dealing blast,
They drove the foe's picquet asunder,
And victors fell back at the last.
Scots Guards and Grenadiers, brave Coldstreams
too,
Shoulder to shoulder, as at Waterloo.

O, Century! dying so darkly,
Shine still from the wealth of your years,
And over our soldiers in kharki
Lay laurels, tho' wet with our tears.

O, Empire! Look up in your anguish,
'Tis *Heroes* ye mourn, brave and bold:
Your orphaned ones never shall languish
Whilst their's are your grief and your gold.

But O! to your sons who stand waiting
In response to your "Riflemen, form!"
Give glory of armament mating
The foe's on the field of the storm.

For 'cross your escutcheon so snow-white,
Is written in letters of fame,
They are ready to die for their birthright
And the honour of Britain's name.
British and Irishmen, Colonists, true,
Shedding their hearts' blood for Queen and for you!

MAJOR ALLAN.

ANTIQUARIAN NOTES ON THE MACKAY COUNTRY.

BY REV. ANGUS MACKAY, M.A., WESTERDALE.

II.—STRATH-HALLADALE.

(Continued from page 49.)

UNTIL within the last three or four years Strath-Halladale, including its sea-board townships of Melvich and Portskerry, was in the anomalous position of being in some respects a part of Caithness, and in other respects a part of Sutherland. Ecclesiastically it formed part of the *Parochia* of Reay, and pertained to the Presbytery of Caithness. Its teinds and taxes went to Reay, its modicum of local self-government it enjoyed in common with the other Caithness inhabitants of Reay; but as to civil government Strath-Halladale, since the year 1631, was under the jurisdiction of the Sheriff of Sutherland, and constituted a part of that county. In the Royal Charter of 1631, defining the bounds of the County of Sutherland, the following is the description given:—

“Beginning upon the north at the Strype called Faehallodail, which divides Strathnaver from Caithness, and fra that south-east by the top of the hills to the Ord upon the sea coste, including the hail bounds of the Ord, and thair fra south-west till the mouth of the water of Tayne, alias Portnacutar; and fra that west to the water of Oikill, comprehending therein the hail lands and country of Fairincostar, alias Sleischeillis; and fra that west till Lochbrome and Coygathe, (Coigach), so far as the diocese of Caithness extends, comprehending thairin the said lands and country of Assynt into the west sea, and fra thence north up the sea coste till the northmost point of the land called Arduriness; and fra thence east to the river and water of Hallodaill; and fra that east to the said strype called Faehallodail.”

Before 1631 the present geographical unit, “County of Sutherland,” did not exist—it was described as Sudrland and Strath-Naver. Then Strath-Halladale, and the rest of what is now called the Mackay Country, had as much in common with Caithness as they had with Sudrland. Nay, but their connection with Caithness was closer, for the Earldom of Caithness included old Strathnaver, as we know from the fact that Johanna, the daughter of Earl John of Caithness, who died in 1231, of the Norse line of Paul, got as her dowry Strathnaver. The clause in the charter of 1631, “Faehallodail which divides Strathnaver from Caithness,” as well as abundant other evidence to the same effect, makes it clear that Strath-Halladale, and the intervening districts, formed of old a part of the territory of Strathnaver. In a local sense Strathnaver meant the Strath along the river

Naver, but in a general sense it meant the whole country from Durness to Drumm-Holstein.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME STRATH-HALLADALE.

Strath-Halladale is generally supposed to be named after a Norseman who was slain and buried there. The Rev. Alexander Pope of Reay says in a note to his translation of Torfæus in 1776:—

“Halladus is said by some to have been slain in battle, in that part of the parish of Reay which lies in Sutherland, and which is called Strath-Halladale. It is a valley ten miles in length, divided into two sides by a river called the river Halladale, running from the south to the North Sea at Tor. About the middle of this strath, and near a place called Dal-Halladha, the country people show a spot where, they say, a bloody battle was fought between the Scots and Norwegians. It was on the side of a hill on the east side of the river, now covered with small cairns or heaps of stones, where the slain are supposed to have been buried, and there, they say, Halladha, the King of Lochlin’s son, was slain. Not only so, but they show the place where he was buried, on the opposite side of the river. It is a circular deep trench twelve feet in diameter, and there is a large stone erected in the midst of it. They assert that Halladha and his sword were laid there.”

I have been told by most intelligent people on the strath that Mr. Pope, and Mackay of Big-house, afterwards opened this ancient tomb, and found a Norwegian straight-bladed sword which was brought to, and preserved as a relic in, Big-house House. Possibly that sword may still be in the possession of some member of the Big-house family. The typical Norwegian sword has a peculiar hilt and pommel, as described so clearly by Dr. Anderson in his “Rhind Lectures,” and can easily be identified. It may be mentioned that the Norse Sagas make no reference to the slaying of “Halladha, the King of Lochlin’s son in this district, but the tradition may record an actual fact for all that.

THE IMPRINT OF THE NORSEMAN.

It is a notorious fact that though the Norsemen held the north, or claim to have held it, according to their sagas, for 300 years, they left very few traces of their occupation in the interior of the country save graves, battlefields, place-names, and a few loan-words. Their angular, irregularly-built strongholds or castles are found right round the rugged coasts of Caithness and Sutherland, but scarcely any are to be found inland. The interior is dotted with round Pictish, or Celtic, towers; the sea-board is held, at commanding positions, by the angular strongholds of the Norsemen. Throughout all Caithness, which they greatly hankered after because of its rich, fertile soil, I know of only one forti-

fied place of theirs in the interior, viz., Brawl Castle, on the Thurso river, five miles from the sea. In the Mackay country I do not know of a single Norse fortified building, except those perched on the sea rocks, and to which due reference will be made. The native Celts appear to have held the hills and hill forts; the pirate Norsemen held the fortified sea rocks, whence they issued, as opportunities presented themselves, to plunder the flocks and corn fields of the aborigines. In some cases they married with the natives, but their hold on the country was much more slender than their historians would have us believe: and this is very evident, they did little to elevate the moral or religious life of the natives. On the contrary, they crushed out the infant Christianity of the north, burning and plundering, in a most ruthless manner, the primitive settlements of the devoted Culdees, who, since the sixth century, laboured among the people with a growing measure of success. On the east bank of the Halladale, and just where it enters the sea, there is a place called Bighouse, or in the vernacular *Bigas*. This word is a Gaelic corruption of the Norse compound *big hus*, meaning "big house." It is also called *An Tor*, which is the Gaelic for "an heap." From this it appears there was of old a Norse habitation here, which may have been fortified, but not likely. The Norse name for a fortified place is *tun*, the equivalent of the Gaelic *dun*. The present modern house of Bighouse stands on the site of the old Tor. Further up the river there is another place-name Bighouse, but not a stone of the building can be seen, and from its position it does not appear likely that a stronghold would be reared there. It was more probably the private dwelling of some Norseman who settled down among the people of the place.

CELTIC TOWERS AND PLACES OF INTEREST.

There is a magnificent specimen of the old Celtic round tower on the heights to the east of the river, and nearly opposite Craggy. Its external circumference is fully three hundred feet. Its height, in some places, is about nine feet, and the walls are about ten feet thick. It is built of dry unhewn stones, some of which weigh half-a-ton, perhaps more. There is the usual passage running round through the body of the wall, from which the winding staircase rose to its summit. The tower is peculiar in that it has two exits; the larger facing the east, the smaller the south. Opposite the southern exit, and in contact with the tower, traces of an irregularly shaped building are to be seen, which give a clue to the object of having a second outlet. It is very likely the occupants of the tower were

in the habit of storing their corn and folding their cattle in this building when danger threatened. Close to one of the towers at Keiss, lately opened and cleared by Sir F. T. Barry, a similar irregular structure is seen, which is declared, by competent authorities, to have been an ancient covered cattle fold. The Keiss building is very much less massive than the Strath-Halladale tower; the former is built of comparatively thin flagstones, which have seriously decomposed through weather action; the latter of whin and granite, solid as a rock. Some distance further down the strath, at Bunna-houn, where the Dyke water falls into the Halladale, there is another round tower on an eminence close to the river. It is not so imposing as the former, and very little of it now remains. I am told its stones were used in building dwelling houses, and in rearing a wall round the burial place of Bunna-houn, which stands in its near neighbourhood. I may remark, in passing, that this burial place is comparatively modern, and that it became a place of sepulture by what may be called an accident. About the beginning of this century the maternal aunt of Ensign Joseph Mackay died at Dyke, and she being a native of the Strath of Kildonan, her friends and neighbours set out in wild, wintry, weather to bury her at Achaneckan; but by the time they reached Bunna-houn the storm grew so furious that they were compelled to halt and leave the coffin in the old tower. There it lay for some days without any abatement of the snowstorm, the friends meanwhile keeping a "wake" in the old tower, to show their respect for the dead, as was and is their custom. But a prolonged "wake" in a roofless old tower, with the thermometer under zero, will wear out the devotion of even warm-hearted Highlanders. The end of it was they had to bury their dead in the haugh close to the tower, and to remove the stigma of giving her a dishonourable interment, resolved to make it a permanent burial place, which resolution they have religiously kept ever since by regularly burying their dead there. Still further down the strath, and on the same side—the west side—Cnoc an Fhreacadain (the watch hill) lifts its bold shoulder to the skies. On its summit, and within a fortified place prepared for the purpose, the guards of Strathballadale kept a sharp eye on the marches, lighting a fire at the first sign of danger, which would be seen on the "watch hill" above Tongue, 30 miles away, and thus warning the chief to gather his men and prepare for action. With fire signals and fiery crosses, it did not take long to muster the clansmen in those wild, unsettled days, when fighting was a pastime, especially if there was a prospect of securing plunder.

THE FENCIBLES AND THE WATER HORSE.

Near the foot of the strath, and quite close to the public road leading from the river to Melvich Inn, Loch More is to be seen on the left—it is a misnomer to call such a small lake Loch More; but that is by the way. What signifies a name? It was bigger by a long way when it got that name, for then no canal had pierced its bowels to drain away six feet of its clear limpid waters, as is the case to-day. Shrunk and shrivelled as it is, shorn of its ancient expansive glory, let us not begrudge it the old time honoured name Loch More. This loch could tell a story had it a tongue, but since it has not—and small wonder, with a constantly draining wound in its bowels—I will try to relate what it might tell. On an artificial island within this loch there stood an old Celtic round tower, whose ruins are to be seen to this day, but in a very dilapidated and stranded condition. The level of the loch having fallen six feet, the old tower lies high and dry; and to make matters more wretched, the greater part of its old stones were carted away some years ago to build an embankment at the river side. At the time of my story the loch was at its proper level, and the tower sat snugly on its island, like an old man asleep. We were at war with France, and while most of our young men were away grappling with Bonaparte, those who could not be spared from home, like true Britons, formed themselves into a regiment of Fencibles. A company was raised in Strath Halladale, captained by Mackay of Bighouse. Now, Loch More with its old tower had a bad reputation, I am sorry to say. People did say that the water horse, or water kelpie—call it what you will—dwelt in that loch, and was seen o' nights, much to the discomfort of passers by. Captain Mackay of Bighouse, a cultured, philosophical, far-travelled gentleman, would not believe a word of it. Determined to clear the reputation of the loch, and to prove to his superstitious clansmen their mistake, he called out the company one evening, armed them with a certain number of rounds of ammunition, and said the company must mount guard round the loch during the whole night. The great majority of these loyal fencibles did not at all relish the job—they would far rather, any day, charge the legions of Bonaparte than mount guard on Loch More for a night. But orders were orders, and especially with Mackay of Bighouse in command. As the shades of evening were falling, the guards were posted at regular intervals right round; Captain Mackay taking his stand at the sunk causeway leading from the shore to the island tower. All went well till midnight—that dread hour—and when it was past the men drew a sigh of relief. They

gradually began to smile at the idea of a water kelpie being in the loch; and one, more frisky than the rest, drawing off his shoes and hose, and lifting his kilt, began to wade out by the causeway towards the old tower. Just as he was about to set foot on the island, a wild duck and her brood nestling there, startled, raised a tremendous quack, quack, and rushed away through the water flap, flapping. The kilted fencible turned, fled, stumbled, and yelled with terror. The posted guards heard the din, came to the conclusion that it was the water horse sure enough, fired wildly, then cast away their arms and ran pell-mell. Even Bighouse was seized with the general panic, took to his heels like the rest of them, and never drew breath till he found himself within the door of his own house, after wading the river up to the armpits. Mercifully no one was hit during the firing, but some had narrow escapes. In the morning men were sent out to gather up the dropped muskets and accoutrements. Bighouse felt so vexed at the fiasco, that he could not till his dying day endure a bare reference to this military exploit. It is even possible that one reason for the draining of the loch was revenge, but that is only a suspicion of my own. Of one thing I am very sure, neither the loch nor the old tower prospered since that unfortunate night. The one is drained, the other is spoiled, and even the water horse has now, I am told, forsaken both.

(To be continued.)

THE MAD LAIRD'S WILL.

THE laird was dead and buried, with the peesweeps and the whaups crying over his grave in the glen; and Evander Macdonald, the penniless heir, walked out at the door of the House of Nevis for the last time, with an empty sporran, a dour mouth, and the pride of twenty generations gnawing and burning in the heart of him. He was a shapely lad, tall and straight, with the masterful swing about him when he walked. The world was before him and a ruined fortune behind him, and over the water at Ardgour a fair lady sat weeping for the black prospect of her lover. But all the weeping of a Maclean lady, and one of Ardgour forbye, could not fill the sporran of Evander Macdonald, the young laird, as the good folks in Nevis called him.

"A curse on their ill-mannered ways!" he hissed, as he swung down the avenue with a fine straight back and his head cocked high. He could hear the laugh of the newcomers, who with their lowland moneybags were now to sit in the halls of Nevis House, where a Macdonald had reigned for time out of mind.

Then he thought of the Maclean lady over the water, and the eyes of him grew wet, and he breathed hard, and swallowed something in a haste as he went.

When he came to the Roaring Mill he went down to the river and sat on a rock above the fall, and took out a letter from his breast and began to read it for the twentieth time. The salmon were leaping up the fall, and turning somersaults in the spray, and falling back again to avoid the jagged rocks. The rock on which Evander sat was wet with the splashing of the linn, and round about him everywhere the hills and bens were laughing in a wealth of April sunlight. But his eyes only saw the queer mad words before them—

"Evander, son of my heart, take the way by the kirkyard and spiel the braeface till you reach the shieling on the hill, and when you swing back the door it is no more you will need to ask what to do. Mind your father's last words and haste ye to join him where he is in a queer place. Farewell, Evander, and if ye turn back from the shieling ye are lost, and all the House o' Nevis. Written by me, Ranald Macdonald, laird in Nevis, this fifteenth day of November, seventeen eighty three."

"A queer will for a Macdonald to be leaving—with ne'er a single bag o' siller!"

And Evander rose and took the way, not by the kirkyard, but down to Linnhetown. He stepped into his boat, set the sail, and made down the loch for Ardgour. And long before he was there, a dark-haired girl was at the jetty waiting for him, with the white lovelight shining in her blue-grey eyes that is the sign of true love in Highland hearts, and will be for ever and a day.

"Evander!"

That was all she could say. And the lovelight danced. But he waited till he was ashore, and then made answer. And he made answer in the way that all maids like, and her lips had the speech taken from them for a space in which a lad with a stutter might count ten.

Then they sat down in the shadow of a rock, and when all their love passages were over, Evander turned and said:

"Mary, I am going away."

"Evander?"

"Aye, I mean it."

"Away! but not from me, Evander?"

"Aye—it is alone I must go."

"But why, Evander, why? It is I that will go with you; aye, anywhere."

"I am going to the wars, my treasure."

And the colour flew from the girl's cheek till it was as white as snow.

"Tell me," she whispered, "tell me what it means? Is it because you are poor, Evander?"

Do you think that a Maclean cares for siller? Are not ye the laird of Nevis, though there be not a single gold piece in your sporran? Ob, Evander, there is something more. Tell me. For the love of our hearts, tell me."

Then he told her about the letter. "Fine you know, Mary, that the laird that was my father was queer in the way he spoke and did before he died. Aye, we were poor, bitter poor, but at least it was some sort of a will I was looking for, and here is all the laird left me—a mad scrawl o' a pen that was held by an old man who had ta'en leave o' his wits long syne. Many a time have I been for throwing it into the Roaring Mill. Well, well, if ye have done reading it, my lass, we'll end the joke and light a fire on the shore with it. For I am off to the wars now to win a fortune for my love."

"Evander, you will go this very night to the shieling."

"No, Mary, and that is what I will not do. Once have I been made a jest of by the old laird, and to-day I heard the lowland hounds laughing at me and my fine will. By God! I am poor, but I am proud. And I will not go."

"Evander, my own, it is I that am asking you. You will go to the shieling. I knew the old laird, it seems, better than his ain laddie—and he was wiser than he liked to show. Evander, for my sake, you will do it?"

And she kissed him.

"No, I will not. God! do I not hear them laughing even now?"

"Evander—is this how you keep your promise to me? And will you refuse to do the first thing I will be asking you? Evander, do you love me?"

"Mary—don't."

But it fell out as it has aye fallen out since the world began, the man could not stand against the maid, and the lass had her way in the end, and a smother of kisses forbye.

That night Evander Macdonald took the way by the kirkyard in the glen, and when the moon was filling the corries of the hill of heaven with a pale misty light, he came to the old ruined shieling. The walls were standing, and the roof was still there, but the nettles were growing everywhere like brackens for thickness, and he had to push his way through them to the door. He was for turning away and going down to the glen again, when he minded the promise he had made to Mary, and he pushed open the door.

"God keep us!"

And Evander, for all his big ways, trembled in the very limbs.

The moonlight lit up the interior of the hut and shewed a gallows standing in the middle of the floor, with a rope and a noose hanging

ready! It was an awesome sight. And it was a shortish while before the big man came to himself again.

Then the bitter anger brought the blood back to his face, and he saw how complete and how cruel had been the old laird's jest. And was it to this that Mary had brought him with her coaxings? Lands gone, fortune gone, kinsfolk gone, and the last of them away to the narrow house with nothing but a mockery left for the son that was to follow him. Again he heard the laughing of the lowland folks who had bought the old house, and were even now filling the halls with their revels and debauchery. What was left for him but beggary and shame and—pride? Aye, pride was a poor thing to live on, but it was a fine thing to die on. They said his father was mad. And he was his father's son. Aha! He began to laugh now. And the laughter of him would have made a bairn scream with fright.

"A curse on life and an end to it!" cried Evander Macdonald; and with one spring he leapt on the gallows and the rope closed round his throat.

Then! A turf from the roof fell, and the rope was hanging loose upon the mud floor. Here was a foolish man and no mistake. The young laird of Nevis standing in the moonlight in the shieling with a rope dangling from his neck as harmlessly as the tether of a cow. Evander laughed. But this time his laugh would have made a bairn crow with delight. For he was in his senses again. He thought of Mary—the Maclean lady in Ardgour—and took the rope from his neck. Then he lifted the turf, and a small white packet fell from it. And Evander laughed again.

He opened the packet and found a key in it, and round the key there was a bit of paper rolled and fastened with a string. On the paper, as he smoothed it out in the moonlight, he saw his own name written in the old laird's shaky handwriting, with these words below—

"Take this key to the south-east corner of the hut and lift the stone. Then cease from cursing thy father."

Evander went to the south-east corner and found a great stone. It needed all his strength to roll it away. And there in a hole he found a chest. How his fingers trembled as he felt for the lock!

The key turned, and when he lifted the lid and put in his hand he felt—gold. Heaps of gold. Then Evander Macdonald ceased from cursing his father.

That same night as Evander went down the glen by the House of Nevis, he saw lights in the windows, and a sound of high revelry caught his ear. It was a fine clear night in April and

the trees stood still and quiet, casting great shadows in the moonlight. Through the windows of the hall he could see the lowland bounds who had laughed at him, sitting leering over their wine cups.

Evander stepped straight into the lighted hall and stood glaring at the revellers. They welcomed him with a roar of drunken laughter, and the host at the table-end hurled a mouthful of jeers at the tall lad, as he stood there staring with the anger in his eyes.

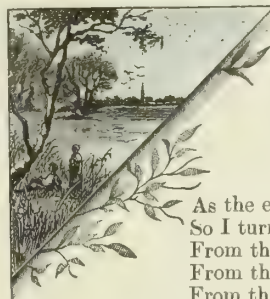
"Ho! thou penniless laird, welcome to the house of thy fathers. Art thou at home, rags and tatters, in the hall of Nevis? Come, read us thy father's will. Ha, ha! See how he winces, friends. Evander of the empty purse, come, I will make thee an offer. Wilt thou buy this leaky old house back again for thine own money? Therenow. Witness my offer, good friends all. Never say that I did not give the penniless laird a chance. Wilt close with the bargain, rags and tatters? Come, wilt sign the bond?"

"I will," answered Evander.

Another roar of drunken laughter greeted this speech, and in the fever of his wine the tipsy host cried for pens and parchment to carry through his madcap jest. The inkhorn was brought, the compact drawn, and amid a wild howl of derision Evander saw the host sign his name with a shaking hand.

Then with his bond in his sporran, he made his way, amid the jeers of the revellers, out of the hall again, and when he was standing in the quiet night he knew that the very turf he was pressing with his feet was his own again. For the devil's bargain had become the honest man's bond. And this is how it came about that the Maclean lady became mistress of the House of Macdonald of Glen Nevis.

TORQUIL MACLEOD.



NORTHWARD!

NORTHWARD,
As the needle to
the pole;
As the child to its mother,
As the lover towards his
maid,

As the eagle towards the blue sky,
So I turn

From the great, restless city,
From the cold look of strangers;
From the dim crowds of faces,

From this dreary, barren south-land,

There to rest,

As the deer in the forest,

As the bee 'midst the heather,

As the mist by the loch-side,

As the soft cloud on the hill top—

Northward.

KENNETH MACLEOD BLACK.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

S ANN AIG PORT-AN-TIGH-AIRIDH.

THE following air was found jotted on the back of a ticket for a Gaelic concert in the Assembly Rooms, Bath Street, Glasgow, dated 12th May, 1876, by the late John Munro, a native of the Reay country, Sutherland. Mr Munro was a gifted musician, and probably knew more about Gaelic music than any Highlander of last generation. He collected in his native district nearly fifty of the original melodies to which Rob Donn Mackay's songs are sung in Sutherland, which were published for the first time in the handsome edition of the bard's works recently published at the office of the *Celtic Monthly*. He also left several valuable MS. collections of old Gaelic airs, many of which have never been published. Perhaps the most interesting of his musical remains is a packet of tickets in connection with the Gaelic concerts which were given in the Assembly

Rooms nearly twenty years ago, and which are still continued. Mr Munro was deeply interested in these concerts, intended to popularise Gaelic song and music, and took an active part in promoting them. He evidently acted as ticket collector, for on the back of many of the admission cards are to be found, neatly jotted down in pencil, the notes of certain tunes which seemed to touch his fancy or were new to him. Among them are some quaint and beautiful melodies. That Mr Munro was able to correctly take down these airs from the rendering of the songs which he heard sung on the platform is an ample testimony to his musical genius. We have pleasure in giving one of these airs, which, we believe, has not been hitherto published, and which Mr Malcolm Macfarlane, of Elderslie, has kindly prepared for our Musical Page.

EDITOR.

GLEUS C.

SEISD-

r	f., s	: l		t., s	: l		r', r',	: f'		r', d'	
Air	faill-ir	- inn,		ill - ir	- inn,		I ho	ró		hù o;	
: l	s., f	: r		f., s	: l		s., f	: d		r	
Air	faill-ir	- inn,		ill - ir	- inn,		Och o	rinn		ù.	

RANN-

: r.r	f., s	: l		t., s	: l.l		r', r'	: f'		r', d'	
'S ann aig Port - an	- tigh	-	{ àiridh	Thogadh			siùil ris	a'		bhàta;	
: l.l	s., f	: r		f., s	: l.l		s., f	: d		r	
Scha b'ìn stiùir a	rinn		t'fhàgail,	Ach gu'n			d'fhàilnich	na		bùird.	

'S ann shìos aig Sgeir-chailleach,

Tha mo ghaol-sa 'n a laidhe,

Fo fhaoileig na mara,

'S fo ghaillinn nan stùdh.

Air faillirinn, &c.

'S mòr am beud do chùl clannach

Bhi 'ga reubadh 's an fheamainn,

Gun chiste, gun anart,

Ach gainneamh a' ghruinnid,

Air faillirinn, &c.

'S na 'n rachadh do bhàthadh,

'N uair a chaidh mo thrìuir bhràithrean,

Gheibhinn leth-sgeul, a ghràidh-ghil,

Gu bràth bhi ga d' chaidh.

Air faillirinn, &c.

'S cha truagh leam do phiuthar,

Ged a tha i dheth dubhach;

Théid is' ann an cuideachd,

'S bidh a mulad air chùl.

Air faillirinn, &c.

Gur truagh leam do mhàthair

A shaothraich air d'arach,

S nach d' fhuair i de dh-fhàbhar

Bhi ga d'charamh 'san ùir.

Air faillirinn, &c.

Fhir nan camagan donna,

Mhuineil ghil 's an uchd shoilleir,

'S mi gu 'n rachadh ad choinnimh,

'S cha bu choma leam thu!

Air faillirinn, &c.

'S mi 'dìreadh a' bhealaich,

'S trom mo cheum 's mi air m' aineol;

'S ma bha sùgradh air m' aire,

Chaidh e tamul air chùl.

Air faillirinn, &c.

'S ann air feasgar Di-màirt,

A dh'fhalbh sgiobadh bha àluinn,

Chaidh a dh-iarraidh a' bhàta,

Rinn d' fhàgail 's a' ghrunnid.

Air faillirinn, &c.

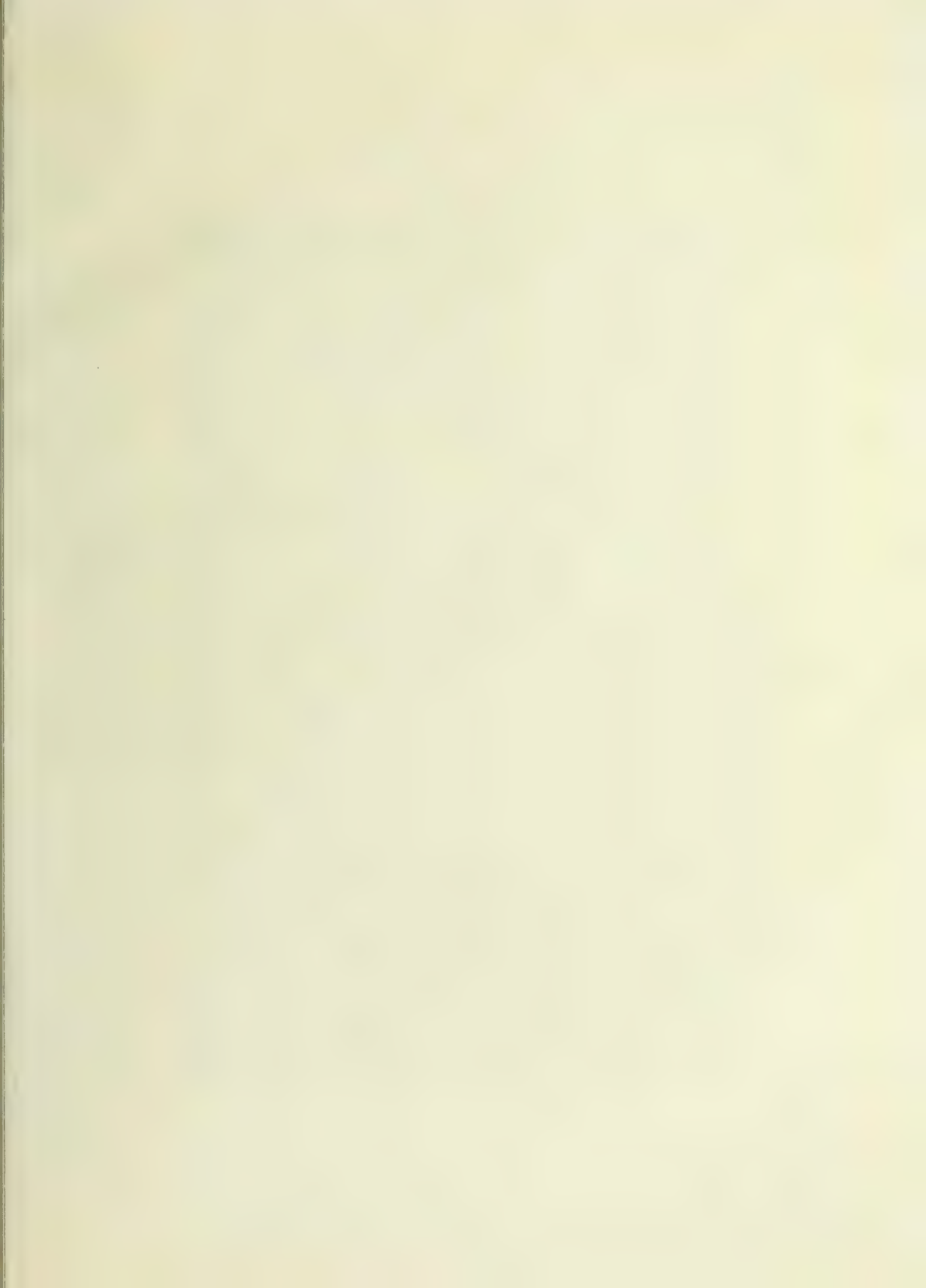
'N uair thruiseas na gillea,

'S a sheinneas an fhidheal,

Ciamar thogas mo chridhe

'S gun thu 'tighinn, a ruin!

Air faillirinn, &c.





EWEN CATTANACH.

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[Price Threepence.

EWEN CATTANACH,

PRESIDENT, GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.



MR. EWEN CATTANACH, a son of the late Alexander Cattanach, well known in the North as one of the "Men", was born at Upper Cluny, Laggan, in 1858. He received his education in the Gergask Public School, of which the master, who is still hale and hearty and approach-

ing the patriarchal age of ninety, was his old friend, Mr. Angus Mackintosh, a name widely known and kindly remembered in all parts of the world by Laggan boys, who are greatly indebted to its worthy bearer for their success in life. In 1872, at the early age of fourteen, Mr. Cattanach entered the Caledonian Bank, Kingussie, where he was initiated in the mysteries of commercial life; but his ambition was to make his way to that haven of Scotsmen, London, and in 1875, through the influence of his uncle, a member of the firm, he received an appointment in an important East Indian merchant's office. Owing to circumstances unforeseen at the time of his arrival in the metropolis, he soon, although so young, took an important position in the management of affairs; and his services were so appreciated that he has ever since been, and still is connected in business with the son of the senior member of the firm he first joined.

Whilst in London he took a great interest in all matters concerning the Highlands, and was one of the original members and afterwards captain of the Highland Camanachd Club, and always looked forward to the Saturday's game of Camanachd on Wimbledon Common.

He was one of the founders, and acted on the

first committee of the London Inverness-shire Association, until his departure for South America in 1885; on which occasion his fellow-members and other friends entertained him to a farewell dinner and a presentation in the Freemasons' Tavern. He is still a member of the committee of that flourishing Association.

As a member of the volunteer corps of Kingussie, Mr. Cattanach naturally on his arrival in London joined the well-known London Scottish Volunteers. Perhaps, however, his name will be best remembered in connection with the Crofter question. Together with his late friend, Mr. Malcolm Macleod, he organized the first meeting—held in Exeter Hall—concerning the welfare of the Highland Crofters, and, as a result, a committee was formed, out of which sprang the Highland Crofters' Association, of which Mr. Donald Murray acted ably as Hon. Secretary. The work thus commenced and carried on resulted in the passing of the Crofters' Act, which has proved so beneficial to the Crofter community.

In 1885, Mr. Cattanach went to Brazil as manager of an important industrial and commercial enterprise, of which he afterwards became a partner; and his experiences of "roughing it" in that country are most interesting and thrilling. On more than one occasion his work was carried on at the risk of his life; and a certain attack would probably have been fatal had it not been that the writer of this article and another mutual friend, Mr. George Anderson, caught the would-be assassins in the act and rendered their leader, who was already credited with over half-a-dozen murders, permanently incapable of further mischief.

In 1890, he re-visited the old country to enjoy a well earned holiday, returning in the same year to Brazil; and the following year he again came home and commenced business in London as a Brazilian merchant, and his firm is now largely interested in various mining and other enterprises in that rich country.

In 1893, business again called him to Rio de

Janeiro, and he was in that city continually under fire during the eight months of the Revolution. He, however, soon accustomed himself to the whizzing of shells and bullets, and during this exciting time, owing to the Rebels' continuous bombardment of the town, he had many narrow escapes and passed many a sleepless night. On one occasion a five inch shell from one of the naval guns actually went through his office, but fortunately did not burst until it had reached the street beyond. Since his return in 1896, his fifth voyage to and from South America, he has not been called away from his steadily extending business in London.

Mr. Cattnach often says that one of the happiest recollections that dates from his first arrival in London, is of his visits to the meetings of the Gaelic Society of London, of which he became a member in 1877; and he has vivid and fond recollections of old John Cameron Macphee; Colin Chisholm, uncle of the late president; Donald Campbell; Dr. Roderick Macdonald; and many other worthy members of the Society who are now no more. Before going abroad Mr. Cattnach was the Honorary Librarian of the Society, and on his visit to this country in 1890 was elected Vice-President.

At the annual meeting held last December, he was unanimously chosen to be President for the ensuing session; one of the highest honours which can be bestowed upon a Highlander in London by his fellow Highlanders, and well may the Society be congratulated on the selection, for Mr. Cattnach is instinctively the personification of all that is Highland and noble in character. He is a devoted adherent of his chief, Cluny Macpherson, interests himself in all Celtic matters, and notwithstanding his long absence from the Highlands still speaks fluently the mother tongue which he loves so well.

J. C. G.

"UNTO THE HILLS."

TALKS WITH HIGHLANDERS.

NO. VI.—THE BREATH OF GOD.

THAT Loch Fyne fisherman, of whom Buchanan tells us, who called after the great steamer from his little sailing boat "go you on with the Devil's reek, I go with the Breath of God"—that poor fisherman had prophecy as well as indignation hidden in his words. The earliest inarticulate expectation of the creature for the return of peace and pure air, for unexcited movement by the Breath of God. How foolish, how unprogressive, in a

mechanical age, when all the world is a huge automatic machine and all the men and women merely puppets! "If you want to move the lot put a penny in the slot!"

The big steamers, and the express trains, and the rich Jews, and all the other dignified elements of commercial prosperity, are on one side, protected, let us remember, by the Whitehead torpedo and the Maxim gun; and on the other side are a few feeble country people with their brown-sailed fishing smacks, and ploughs, and carts, and reaping hooks. Yet the tale is that of David and Goliath over again. The giant warrior, whose spear is like a weaver's beam, and the active unimpeded shepherd boy with his sling and stone, moving easily and breathing deeply. And the issue is just as sure "because there is none other that fighteth for us save only Thou" O Mother Nature, the embodiment of Father God!

In order to follow more closely the scattered fight, the battle for natural healing, I have come to Berlin, where three professors in one of the most important medical schools in the world have lately declared in favour of sun and air baths (that means simply living for hours without clothes in a bit of wood or hill-land enclosed, like Mr. Hoagland's sty in New Jersey City, but for exactly opposite purposes) eating grain and fruit, and bathing constantly in cold water; these, they say, are the only means of rooting out disease and bringing in health. Just the old open air life of the hills, with the Breath of God ever blowing about it, put into some rather owlish German paragraphs. Never mind! the owls were all till lately on the side of the big battalions, now they fly in their faces unceremoniously. And, here, in the "Curing Establishment" where I am writing, may be seen daily, a large number of curiously stout and dismally prosperous merchants and lawyers, *and doctors*, and clergymen, and stockbrokers, together with their stouter wives, standing in a row and breathing regularly "deep in, deep out" for quarter of an hour at a time, and paying well for the lesson, which every labourer learns direct over spade and pick.

Unless you live in smoke and smuts, pray take a dozen deep breaths of thankfulness and amusement for the pleasant way in which the whirligig of time, going without steam, "brings its revenges."

Yet reverently! for within the hard shell of the September nut lies hid the white kernal, and within the deep Breath of bodily health is another of a diviner quality.

J. A. CAMPBELL,
of Barbreck.

Erkner, near Berlin.
September, 1899.

A Lament for the Highland Brigade.

AFTER MAGERSFONTEIN.

THE heather droops beside the brae,
The thistle's blown afar;
Mourn, Albion, mourn! thy valient sons
Laid low in hapless war,
Their solid ranks asunder torn
By Fortune's fickle star.

The pibroch wails adown the wind
In winter's surly rime,
Mourn, Scotia, mourn! thy bonnie flowers
In morning's youthful prime
All scattered on the stormy blast
And perished ere their time.

Oh! many a burn that
lightly trips
Will wait in vain for them,
Mourn, Highland Hearts!
thy hardy plants
Are withered on their stem;
Oh, Scotland! they whose
faithful hearts
Were thy heart's diadem.

The vacant chair remains
unfilled
In castle and in hall,
For they who graced the
happy board
Have heard a louder call;
And chief and follower absent
stay
From home's bright
carnival.

Sigh, Scotland! o'er thy
laurelled dead,
Thy slaughtered heroes
fate;
In many a home o'er thy
fair lands
The matron lone doth wait
The son that ne'er returns;
the maid
Her lover at the gate

That comes not; child and
wife the sire
That lies so cold and low,
Where want of skill out-
mettled them
And slew them for the foe;
Oh, had they died as they
had wished
Returning blow for blow!

They led them forth like trusting sheep
To where they could but die,
Thro' all the dark night's pitiless rain
To face a stormier sky;
The lightnings gleamed, the bullets rained,
And stricken low they lie.

"Saviours of India," must ye there
Your lion-fury lave;
Oh! Gordon's crest, that waved so high,
The bravest of the brave;
Stand fast, Craigellachie,* or die
Against the advancing wave!



* The motto of the Grants.

The torrent down the mountain side
 Is stayed in its descent ;
 The deer hath faltered on the hills ;
 The tempest's force is spent ;
 The banner of the bravest brave
 In one rude shock is rent.

Seaforths ! I saw your gallant line
 With banners streaming gay,
 When fife and drum did merrily hum
 Your march in field array,
 How graceful did your columns swing,
 How brave you marched away.

Scions of many a noble line
 Your lands may go unploughed ;
 There Wauchope fell beside his men,
 A Roman veteran proud,
 His bosom bared, his soul unbent,
 The noble chieftain bowed.

But hark ! across the gathering mist
 I hear a cry of shame !
 Whoever blundered, their's no flinch,
 In bravery no blame ;
 And Scotland ! still thy heroes bear
 Their old untarnished name.

Mackenzie's, Grant's and Campbell's men,
 Frasers, Mackays, arise !
 Oh, Scotland ! you have others sons,
 Where valour never dies ;
 And they'll avenge your slaughtered ones,
 Then dry your weeping eyes !

BERNARD GEORGE HOARE.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

AM MUILIONN-DUBH.

SIR,—I have been greatly interested with the communications which have appeared in the *Celtic Monthly* regarding the origin and location of this well known dance tune. I have no doubt there are many "Muilionn-dubhs"—I know one in the island of Luing, Argyllshire, and in my boy-days we associated the port "Am Muilionn-dubh" therewith. I am inclined, however, to believe that the occasion of the tune will be found to belong to the Strathardle district of Perthshire. The following account of the origin of the tune was contributed by my friend, Mr. Charles Ferguson, to vol. xx. of the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness."

It would appear the year 1571 was memorable in Strathardle for its severe frost and snow, which came on in February and continued for a long period, so that the district mills were unable to grind, a fact which caused very great inconvenience :—

"Among the other mills that couldn't grind on account of the frost," says Mr. Ferguson, "was the famous Black Mill of Tullochcurron—the 'Muilionn-dubh'—Black Mill of song and story, and it was on the first starting of the mill—wheel and machinery—well on in the following summer, after the long enforced idleness caused by this great storm, when the

country people were starving for meal—that the words and music of this famous reel were composed.

"Angus Mackay in his pipe-music book, and some others who knew only the name and music without the real origin of the tune, have fallen into the mistake of calling it the Black Snuff Mill.

"According to tradition, the miller, who was a bard, composed the music when he first got the mill started after this long enforced idleness. The big water-wheel thundered round once more, and all the little wheels whirled about so merrily that the old miller felt so happy he was inclined to dance for joy :—

"Tha 'm Muilionn-dubh air bhogadan,
 Tha 'm Muilionn-dubh air bhogadan,
 Tha 'm Muilionn-dubh air bhogadan,
 'Se togairt dol a' dhannsa."

He tells how the "snow and drift and wind" came on so fierce as to block up the mill :—

"Bha cur, is cathadh, 's gaath
 Anns a' Mhuilionn-dubh," &c.

He thought there was a little barley meal left in the mill, but not a grain :—

"Shaoil leam gun robh min-eòrna
 'S a' Mhuilionn-dubh, 's gun deann ann."

Instead of barley meal, there were many things in the Black Mill not dreamt of in their philosophy :—

"Tha ioma rud nach saoil sibh,
 'S a' Mhuilionn-dubh," &c.

From the uncanny noises heard about it at night, he thought that the great muckle Deil himself was there by the horns :—

"Tha 'n Diabhall-dubh air adhaircean
 'S a' Mhuilionn-dubh," &c.

If Great Hornie himself was not there, there certainly were smaller hornies, as cows and goats had taken possession of the deserted mill, in which calves and kids were born :—

"Tha 'n crodh a breith nan laogh,
 'S a' Mhuilionn-dubh, 's a' Mhuilionn-dubh,
 Tha gobhair is crodh-laogh,
 'S a' Mhuilionn-dubh o Shamhradh."

Such a forsaken spot had the Black Mill become for so long, that the very grouse had selected it as their nesting place :—

"Tha nead na circe-fraoiche,
 'S a' Mhuilionn-dubh," &c.

After such a desolate state of affairs who can wonder at the old poet-miller singing and dancing for joy when he once more got his beloved mill—"air bhogadan," so that it might grind.

"Tha 'm Muilionn-dubh air bhogadan,
 Tha 'm Muilionn-dubh air bhogadan,
 Tha 'm Muilionn-dubh air bhogadan,
 'S e togairt dol a' dhannsa."

And from that day to the present, the mill, occasionally renewed, has continued to grind." Such is the very likely story told by my good friend "Mac-Fhearghuis"—who knows what he says and whereof he affirms.

I am, &c.,

FIONN.

GORRIE'S LEAP.

A LEGEND OF MULL.

WHEN studying Highland history, one cannot fail to be struck by the proud and sensitive nature by which even the humblest member of a clan was dominated. While willing and ready to lay down his life for his chief, the clansman would brook no insult or fancied slight, either from his chief or from the highest in the land.

The following incident in the life of one of the ancient chiefs of Loch Buie, will serve to illustrate the above remarks. Maclaine of Loch

Buie had given orders for a large deer drive. Clansmen were stationed at every point where the deer were likely to pass, and it was intimated by Maclaine that the man who allowed the deer to pass his point of vantage would, after the chase was over, be put to death. Gorrie (or Godfrey) had the guarding of one of the passes, and by some mischance or other a stag got past him scatheless. Thereupon Gorrie's enraged chief, in place of carrying out the death penalty, had Gorrie ignominiously chastised on the summit of a high peak in presence of the assembled clan.

There were present, among others at the time, the nurse of the chief's family, holding in her



LOCHBUIE CASTLE, ISLAND OF MULL, ANCIENT SEAT OF MACLAINE OF LOCHBUIE.

arms Maclaine's infant son. Smarting, *not* from the pain, but from the ignominy of his disgrace, Gorrie, when his chastisement was over, rushed to the nurse, tore the child from her arms, and leaped with the infant in his grasp from the summit of the peak. A cry of horror arose from the clan, but the distracted father's apprehensions were somewhat allayed when Gorrie was seen to have alighted, with the child in safety, on a ledge many feet below the peak where he had received his chastisement.

Maclaine, looking down from the peak, implored Gorrie to restore to him his child, offering him life, forgiveness, and reward if he complied.

Gorrie, however, declared that he would not make up his mind as to what he should do until Loch Buie had endured, in the sight of his clansmen, the same chastisement which he had meted out to Gorrie. To this the chief submitted, and was there and then publicly scourged in full view of Gorrie.

The chief's chastisement over, he implored Gorrie again to restore to him his child. Gorrie's reply was a shout of triumph, as with the infant in his arms he precipitated himself from the ledge on which he stood to the rocks beneath, on which he and the infant he held were dashed to pieces!

JAVA.

FRANK ADAM.

FLORA MACDONALD IN AMERICA.

BY J. P. MACLEAN.

(Continued from page 83.)



Flora macdonald

ON the assurance that there were between two and three thousand Highlanders ready for the call to arms, the governor's trusty agent, Alexander Maclean, was sent into the back country with a commission, dated January 10, 1776, authorising Allan M'Donald, Donald M'Donald, Alexander M'Leod, Donald M'Leod, Alexander M'Lean, Allen Stewart, William Campbell, Alexander M'Donald, and Neal M'Arthur, of Cumberland and Anson counties, and seventeen other persons who resided in a belt of counties in middle Carolina, to raise and array all the king's loyal subjects, and to march them in a body to Brunswick by February 15. Donald Macdonald was given the chief command with the rank of brigadier-general. Immediately he issued a manifesto summoning all the loyal subjects "to repair to His Majesty's Royal Standard, erected at Cross Creek." This manifesto was followed by another, issued on February 5.

On February 1, General Macdonald set up the Royal Standard at Cross Creek, in the public square, and in order to cause the Highlanders to respond with alacrity, manifestos were issued and other means resorted to, in order that the "loyal subjects of His Majesty" might take up

arms, among which nightly balls were given, and the military spirit freely inculcated. Among the chief personages at these balls was Flora Macdonald, using all her persuasive powers on behalf of the royal cause.

When the appointed day arrived, the Highlanders were seen coming from near and from far, from the wide and scattered plantations, and from the rude cabins in the depths of the lonely pine forests, with broadswords at their side, in tartan garments and feathered bonnet, and keeping step to the shrill music of the bagpipe. First of all there came Clan Donald, with Clan Macleod near at hand, followed in lesser numbers by Clan Mackenzie, Clan Macrae, Clan Maclean, Clan Mackay, Clan Maclachlan, and still others, the whole being variously estimated at from fifteen hundred to three thousand, including about two hundred Regulators.

On February 18, the Highland army took up its line of march for Wilmington, and at evening encamped on the Cape Fear, four miles below Cross Creek.

The war spirit of Flora Macdonald was now fairly stirred within her, and she fully partook of the enthusiasm of her husband. According to tradition, when the Highlanders gathered around the standard, she made them an address in their own Gaelic tongue that excited them to the highest pitch of warlike enthusiasm. With the due devotion of an affectionate wife, Flora followed her husband for several days, and encamped with him one night in a dangerous place, on the brow of Haymount, near the American forces. For a time she refused to listen to her husband's entreaties to return home, for he thought his life was enough to be put in jeopardy. Finally, when the army took up its march, with banners flying and pipes playing, she deemed it time to retrace her steps, and affectionately embracing her husband, her eyes dimmed with tears as she uttered an earnest prayer to heaven for his safe and speedy return to his family and home, she unwillingly turned her back upon the army. She never saw him again in America.

The assembling of the Highland army aroused the whole country. The patriots, fully cognisant of what was transpiring, flew to arms, determined to crush the insurrection, and in less than a fortnight, nearly nine thousand men had risen against the enemy, and almost all the rest were ready to turn out at a moment's notice. At the very first menace of danger, General James Moore took the field at the head of his regiment, and on the 15th, secured possession of Rockfish-bridge, seven miles from Cross Creek, where he was joined by a recruit of sixty from the latter place.

On the 19th the royalists were paraded with a view to assail General Moore on the following night. A bare suspicion that such a project was contemplated was a sufficient cause for two companies of Cotton's corp to run off with their arms. On the same day General Macdonald sent General Moore the following:—

"Sir,—I herewith send the bearer, Donald Morrison, by advice of the Commissioners appointed by his Excellency Josiah Martin, and in behalf of the army now under my command, to propose terms to you as friends and countrymen. I must suppose you unacquainted with the Governor's proclamation, commanding all his Majesty's loyal subjects to repair to the king's royal standard, else I should have imagined you would ere this have joined the king's army now engaged in his Majesty's service. I have therefore thought it proper to intimate to you, that in case you do not, by 12 o'clock to-morrow, join the royal standard, I must consider you are enemies, and take the necessary steps for the support of legal authority. I beg leave to remind you of his Majesty's speech to his Parliament, wherein he offers to receive the misled with tenderness and mercy, from motives of humanity. I again beg of you to accept the proffered clemency. I make no doubt but you will shew the gentleman sent on this message every possible civility, and you may depend in return, that all your officers and men which may fall into our hands shall be treated with an equal degree of respect, I have the honor to be, in behalf of the army, your most obedient humble servant,

DON. M'DONALD.

Head Quarters, Feb., 19, 1776."

To this missive the following reply was sent:

"Sir,—Yours of this day I have received, in answer to which I must inform you that the terms which you are pleased to say, in behalf of the army under your command, are offered to us as friends and countrymen, are such as neither my duty or inclination will permit me to accept, and which I must presume you too much of an officer to accept of me. You were very right when you supposed me unacquainted with the Governor's proclamation, but as the terms therein proposed are such as I hold incompatible with the freedom of Americans, it can be no rule of conduct for me. However, should I not hear further from you before twelve o'clock to-morrow by which time I will have an opportunity of consulting my officers here, and perhaps Col. Martin, who is in the neighbourhood of Cross Creek, you may expect a more particular answer; meantime you may be assured that the feeling of humanity will induce me to shew that civility to such of your people as may fall into my hands, as I am desirous should be observed towards those of ours, who may be unfortunate enough to fall into yours. I am, Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

JAMES MOORE.

Camp at Rockfish, Feb., 19, 1776."

On the succeeding day General Moore sent the following to General Macdonald:

Sir,—Agreeable to my promise of yesterday, I

have consulted the officers under my command respecting your letter, and am happy in finding them unanimous in opinion with me. We consider ourselves engaged in a cause the most glorious and honourable in the world, the defence of the liberties of mankind, in support of which we are determined to hazard everything, dear and valuable and in tenderness to the deluded people under your command, permit me, sir, through you to inform them, before it is too late, of the dangerous and destructive precipice on which they stand, and to remind them of the ungrateful return they are about to make for that favorable reception in this country. If this is not sufficient to recall them to the duty which they owe to themselves and their posterity, inform them that they are engaged in a cause in which they cannot succeed as not only the whole force of this country, but that of our neighboring Provinces, is exerting and now actually in motion to suppress them, and which must end in their utter destruction. Desirous, however, of avoiding the effusion of human blood, I have thought proper to send you a list recommended by the Continental Congress, which if they will yet subscribe we are willing to receive them as friends and countrymen. Should this offer be rejected, I shall consider them as enemies to the constitutional liberties of America, and treat them accordingly.

I cannot conclude without reminding you, sir, of the oath which you and some of your officers took at Newbern, on your arrival to this country, which I imagine you will find difficult to reconcile to your present conduct. I have no doubt that the bearer, Capt. James Walker, will be treated with proper civility and respect at your camp. I am Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

JAMES MOORE.

Camp at Rockfish, Feb., 20, 1776."

To this General Macdonald replied as follows:

"Sir,—I received your favor by Captain James Walker, and observed your declared sentiments of revolt, hostility and rebellion to the King, and to what I understand to be the constitution of the country. If I am mistaken future consequences must determine; but while I continue in my present sentiment, I shall consider myself embarked in a cause which must, in its consequences, extricate this country from anarchy and licentiousness. I cannot conceive that the Scottish emigrants, to whom I imagine you allude, can be under greater obligations to this country than to the King, under whose gracious and merciful government they alone could have been enabled to visit this western region. And I trust, sir, it is in the womb of time to say, that they are not that deluded and ungrateful people which you would represent them to be. As a soldier in his Majesty's service, I must inform you, if you are to learn, that it is my duty to conquer, if I cannot reclaim, all those who may be hardy enough to take up arms against the best of masters, as of Kings.

I have the honor to be, in behalf of the army under my command, Sir, your most obedient servant,

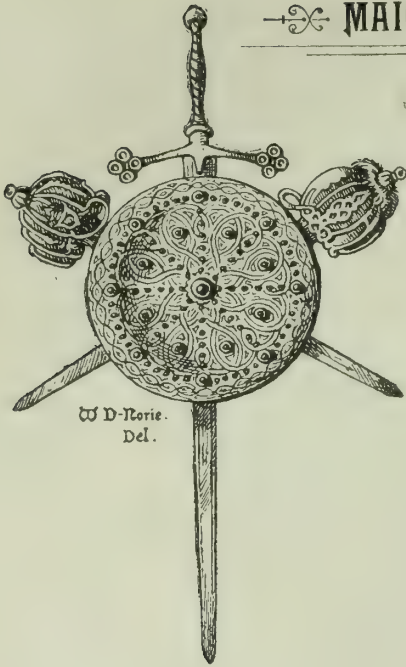
DON. M'DONALD."

(To be continued.)

—✧ MAIGHSTIR ÷ ALASDAIR'S ÷ FAMILY, ✧—

By FIONN.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86.)



THE Bard and his brother Angus followed the Prince through that disastrous campaign. After the brilliant blunder of Culloden they both escaped the pursuit of their enemies and concealed themselves in the woods and caves of Ceannloch-nan-uamh, above Borradale, in the district of Arisaig, suffering great privations. On the passing of the Indemnity Act, in 1747, he received from Clan Ranald the office of Bailie of the Island of Cana—a position which he occupied when, in 1751 he published the first edition of his poems. It is said that he visited Edinburgh a few years after Culloden with the view to follow the profession of teaching. If so, his mission proved unsuccessful, for we find that he was absent from Edinburgh when the first edition of his poems was being printed, for he excuses the “errata” in the vol. on the grounds of his being so far distant from the printer, who was ignorant of Gaelic.

The Bard held the farm of Eignaig on the Glenuig estate from Clan Ranald, where he might have lived in comfort all his days had he comported himself as he ought, but his friend Clan Ranald was compelled to remove him from Eignaig to Inverey, Knoydart. (See poem “*Imrich Alastair á Eignaig*.”)

On the authority of Father C. Macdonald, who lived in the district, we give the history of the closing years of the Bard's life—

“Clan Ranald subsequently gave him a piece of land in Arisaig, at first near the strath at *Camus-an-talmhuinn*, later on at Sannaig, a

hamlet overlooking that arm of the sea separating Arisaig from Moidart. Here he lived long enough to win back a large share of that esteem which his objectionable pieces had lost him. In his last illness he was carefully nursed by his Arisaig friends, two of whom, on the night of his decease, finding the hours rather monotonous, and thinking that he was asleep, began to recite in an undertone some verses of their own composition. To their astonishment, however, the bard raised himself up, and smiling at their inexperienced efforts, pointed out how the idea might be improved, and the verses made to run in a smoother form, at the same time giving an illustration in a few original measures of his own. He then sunk back on the pillow, and immediately expired.” He was buried in the cemetery of Kilmory, close to the present Catholic church of Arisaig. He reached a good old age. The year of his death is not known, but it was probably about the beginning of the last decade of the eighteenth century.

THE FIRST GAELIC VOCABULARY, 1741.

As already stated Alexander Macdonald was entrusted with the difficult task of compiling the first Gaelic Vocabulary. He performed it in a very capable manner when we consider his isolated position and the state of Gaelic education at the time. As the book is now somewhat rare, we subjoin a specimen of the work performed by the gifted schoolmaster of Ardnamurchan. We have to point out that the words are not arranged alphabetically, but grouped under various headings. Here is an extract from Section XI.

Do thaobh pàrtin Cuirp Duine—Of the parts of Man's Body.

An Ceann.	The Head.
Mullach a Chinn.	The Crown of the Head.
An Cheannaighuidh.	} The Forehead.
Clàr Aoidinn.	
Cùl a Chinn.	The Hind-head.
Preasadh, no Casadh.	A Wrinkle.
Folt an Chinn.	The Hair of the Head.
Ciabh chasda,	} A curled Lock.
Cuailen, Amalach.	
Na Ciabhogan.	The Fore-locks.
Folt Liath.	Grey Hairs.

HIS POEMS, 1751.

The Bard must have been not only a keen Jacobite but a man of indomitable will to have published poems containing such rebellious

sentiments, so soon after Culloden. Here is the title page of the first edition—

AIS-EIRIGH NA SEAN CHANAIN ALBANNAICH:
no an Nuadh Oranaiche Gaidhealach. Le Alastair MacDhonnail, Baille Chana. Ris am bheil comh-cheangailte Eidir-theangair am mineachadh ann am Beurla gach cruaiigh fhacall a thàrlas anns an leabhar so. Clo-bhuailt' ann an Duniunn go feum an Ughdair 1751.

This edition contains 31 pieces, several of them unfit for ears polite, and many of them "breathing rebellion in every verse." Copies of the first edition are so very scarce that it is more than likely that the bulk of the edition was destroyed. A copy of the first edition belonging to that indefatigable Gaelic bibliographer, Rev. D. MacLean, Durinish, Skye, contains the following statement in faded ink,



CASTLE TIORAM.

written in an old-fashioned hand.—"Numerous copies of this collection were burnt by the Common Hangman in Edinburgh, in 1752, by order of the Government."

This edition contains a Gaelic dedication to Walter MacFarlane, chief of the Clan Farlane, an English preface, and a vocabulary. His poems were several times republished in Glasgow: first in 1764; again in 1802; in 1835; in 1839; and lastly in 1851.

HIGHLAND SOCIETIES' NOTES.

The Clan Campbell are compiling a clan "Roll of Honour" of all the Campbells killed or wounded in the war. They also intend having an Excursion to Inveraray and Dunstaffnage during the summer.

The recently formed Clan Macdougall Society have issued a very attractively got up little booklet, with constitution, office-bearers, and other useful information.

The Mackays are to have an "At Home" in Glasgow on 30th March, when members from all parts of the kingdom are expected to attend. Their war fund now stands at £66 2s., the largest sum collected by any of the societies.

The Mackinnons are making splendid progress. Their recent Social Gathering was a great success, and the "At Home" for the mothers and children of the clan, given by Major and the Hon. Mrs. F. A. Mackinnon, was a delightful meeting. It was quite

It is generally believed that not more than a tenth of Macdonald's poetry has been preserved.

From the preface in the first edition we learn that it was the Bard's intention to publish a volume of ancient Gaelic Poetry, and it is more than likely that it was from the materials accumulated by his father, that Ronald his son compiled the valuable collection of 1776.

a sight to see the young cheery faces beaming over the tables laden with all sorts of toothsome cakes, and to witness the kindly way in which the heir to the chiefship and his charming lady received the women and children on arrival. Long life to them, they show the right spirit!

The Macleans having their Clan History now published, are busily engaged compiling a collection of the old clan music. In the literary department the Macleans have shown a praiseworthy activity.

The Macdonalds are evidently too much interested in following the career of their clansmen at the front to undertake any active local work. Like other clans they have suffered losses. To-day's papers announce General Hector Macdonald of the Highland Brigade as seriously wounded, and Lieutenant C. Neil Macdonald, of Dunach, of the 91st Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders, as also wounded.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

MARCH, 1900.

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HARBOURS AND RAILWAYS IN SUTHERLAND.—Mr. Donald Mackay of Hereford is evidently determined not to allow government to overlook the needs of his native county. He has now arranged that a deputation representing the various Sutherlandshire Associations in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and the Clans Mackay and Sutherland, are to have an interview with the members of the Highland Congested Districts' Board to urge upon them the necessity of advancing sufficient capital to complete certain harbours and branch railways in Sutherland. We hope the deputation may be successful in their efforts, for both harbours and light railways are badly wanted in that County.

HIGHLANDERS ABROAD AND THE WAR.—We had a letter the other day from a distinguished Kintyreman, Professor D. MacEachran of Montreal, dated from the regions of the Rocky Mountains, in which he stated that he was busily engaged in the patriotic duty of selecting men and horses for Lord Strathcona's corps of scouts. His Lordship had ordered everything to be "done well," and Dr. MacEachran mentions that with such grand fighting material at their disposal as was to be found among the cowboys of the ranches of the North West, they would soon equip and ship to South Africa a body of Canadians who would ride and shoot as well as the best that the Republics could produce. The doctor comments upon the great enthusiasm evinced on behalf of the Old Country in all parts of the Dominion, indicating a feeling which is not likely to escape the notice of our enemies on the continent.

We have had many letters of late from readers in distant lands, all expressing the same warm feelings of loyalty to the Mother Country, and a desire to do something to assist her. Some have arranged benefit concerts and public subscriptions on behalf of the dependents of the fallen soldiers. To-day, Mr. Malcolm Macleod of Los Angeles, California, sends us the programme of a grand concert got up there on behalf of the Mansion House Fund.

AN ASSYNT PARODY.

SIR,—The following verses I have heard repeated in the north of Sutherland more than half a century ago, but so far as I am aware they have never been printed. As a poetical composition their merit is probably not very high, but there is a touch of humour both in the story of their origin, and the way in which they were delivered.

In the early part of the present century Gaelic teachers were sent to various parts of the North Highlands, and it would appear that there was one in Assynt, near Loch Crocach. As the story goes the teacher had given one of his pupils—a young lad—as a task before dismissal, verses of the 2nd Psalm, beginning with "Iarr orm mar oighreachd 's bheiream dhuit" (Ask of me and for heritage, etc.). A near neighbour of the boy, some years his senior, who was somewhat of a wag, heard the task assigned, and recognising a prospect of some fun, asked the boy to accompany him to the hill to look after some sheep. He however demurred, advancing as his excuse the plea that he had a task to learn, and had not yet given it a moment's thought. "Oh, never mind," replied the wag, "I know what you have to learn and I'll teach it you ere we return." He was as good as his word, and next morning when the boy was called up to repeat the verses to the class, he rattled off the following lines, much to the amazement of the teacher and the great hilarity of his school-fellows, including doubtless the author of the joke.

The foregoing is the story so far as I can remember it, but I rather think there is a verse missing. Probably some of your many Assynt readers may be able to give a better version, as also the additional verse.

St. Andrew Square,
Edinburgh.

ALASTAIR MACAOIDH.

AN LOCH CROCACH.

Iarr orm mar oighreachd, 's bheiream dhuit,
An loch Crocach leis na th' ann,
A chulaidh bhiorach air an loch
'Si tarruing connadh nall.

Nam biodh a' choille sin cho math,
'S gun deanadh i taigh blàth,
Cha loisginn bioran 'na mo thaigh,
Gu sìorruidh, no gu bràth.

'Nuair rannsaichs' tu na 's aithne dhuit,
Do cheannaidheachd gu léir,
Guirmein, is tobacac pronn,
Is anart lòm deth 'n fhèill.

'Nuair chaidh Uilleam agus Màiri,
A mhàin thun na deigh,
Gun d' labhair e le briathran àrd,
A Mhàiri, bual a' chneig.

CONCERNING : LOCHIEL : AND : GLENGARRY. *L.*

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

PART THIRD.

AT a later date, when the first Gaelic Witness was adduced, there was a sharp fight over the appointment of Interpreter, from which it will be seen that Glengarry issued the victor.

At Fort-William, the twelfth day of May, 1825 years, Mr. Arnott stated to the Commissioner that he now proposed to examine witnesses who were only acquainted with the Gaelic language, and that the Interpreter whom he was to suggest to the Commissioner is the Reverend John Macmillan, licensed preacher, now residing at Corryveg, and who is thoroughly acquainted both with the Gaelic and English languages, and is unexceptionable in every respect to discharge the duties of an Interpreter. Glengarry objected to Mr. Macmillan being received as an Interpreter for the following reasons. First: Mr. Macmillan is the son of Lochiel's ground officer, residing in his father's family on Lochiel's estate. Secondly: Glengarry has reason to know that he is not well disposed towards himself. It is thus evident he cannot be an impartial Interpreter. In his place therefore, Glengarry would suggest that the Reverend Duncan Macintyre, minister of the parish of Kilmallie, in which the contraverted lands are principally situated or alleged so to be; or the Reverend James Macgregor, residing in Fort-William, both of whom are perfectly masters of the English and Gaelic languages, and who must in every respect be impartial as well as unexceptionable, be appointed Interpreter.

Answered for Lochiel: That before the objection had been dictated, Mr. Arnott had stated to the Commissioner in the hearing of all parties that the Reverend Mr. Macintyre was not at home at present, and his reasons for saying so was, that he had yesterday written a note to that clergyman, which

had been returned to him with a message from one of the clergyman's family, that he had gone to attend a meeting of Presbytery at Fort-Augustus; that he could not admit that there was anything in the objection stated by Glengarry; that Mr. Arnott was not acquainted with the Reverend Mr. Macgregor, but he left the matter to the decision of the Commissioner.

Replied: Glengarry stated, that before sitting down to breakfast this morning, he had sent one of his servants with his compliments to the Reverend Mr. Macintyre at Kilmallie, to request the pleasure of seeing him along with the bearer; having then heard that the ground officer's son was to be proposed as Interpreter, having no knowledge of



INVERGARRY CASTLE—ANCIENT SEAT OF THE MACDONELLS OF GLENGARRY.

the parson's absence, as his servant had not yet returned, as he wished that clergyman in whose parish most of the witnesses resided to be near at hand, without knowing why. He will farther state that he was informed that Mr. Macmillan had been actively engaged in precognosing witnesses for the opposite party, and that he, Glengarry, had stated verbally in the same open and above-board manner, in the hearing of all present, the causes for the pre-disposition towards himself which he noticed on the part of Mr. Macmillan; and having so said, he begged leave to leave the affair entirely at the Commissioner's disposal.

Duply to the new objection: that the Reverend Mr. Macmillan never had precognosed witnesses for Lochiel, and that this fact might be ascertained by reference to himself if thought proper by the Commissioner.

Triply: Glengarry begs leaves to join issue on that subject if acquiesced in by the Commissioner, in which event he is perfectly confident of establishing that the Reverend Mr. Macmillan has been engaged as agent and has a thorough knowledge of what the witnesses can say.

The Commissioner having considered the foregoing debate, regrets exceedingly that matters so irrelevant to the merits of the question at issue should have appeared upon the Record; and he earnestly recommends to the parties concerned to abstain in future from any such irrelevant controversy. The Commissioner is of opinion there is no necessity for examining Mr. Macmillan on oath, and therefore declines to do so, but in the circumstances of the case prefers the Reverend Mr. Macgregor as Interpreter and appoints him accordingly.

(Signed) ROBERT FLYTER, *Commissioner*.
ALEX. FRASER, *Clerk*.

The parties at later stages did not quarrel over the Interpreter, and on various occasions, Collector Duncan Stewart of the Custom's at Fort-William; the Reverend James Macgregor, Roman Catholic Priest at Fort-William; the Reverend Donald MacColl, of Auchindarroch, in Appin; Mr. Thomas Gillespie, of Ardochy; Captain James Macdonell, of Killichonate; and others, acted as Interpreters.

One of the witnesses for Lochiel examined at Fort-William, on 25th October, 1825, was the well-known but rather unfortunate Alexander Cameron, so long in Invermallie, but in 1821 residing in Stronchreggan of Ardour. Being then eighty-five years of age he was six years old at the Battle of Culloden, and had lived all his life with the exception of six years on the estate of Lochiel. He was one year at Perth, and the other five at Stronchriggan. In 1825, he had been keeping house and in possession of land for upwards of sixty-four years. His father, Dugald Cameron, left among his papers receipt by Factor Butter, dated 22nd January, 1761, and he produced in his own favour receipt by Butter, dated 24th December, 1766, and both while the estate of Lochiel was under attainder,

also a receipt by Fassfern after the restoration, dated 29th November, 1785. That he knew, in 1761, Alexander Macphee, tenant in Glendessary, and he had also sheilings in Glenkenzie, called Carn-na-breachd, Brai-dubh, and others. That the witness had visited Macphee at his house in Glendessary, and he (Macphee) had visited at the house of witness' brother-in-law, Alexander Mackintosh, schoolmaster at Kinloch-Arkaig, while witness was also a visitor; sitting together at the head of Mackintosh's house, Macphee and witness had frequent and lengthened "cracks." He knew in same year, 1761, Alexander Macmillan, tenant in Muirlagan, with its sheilings in Glenkenzie, called Tom-a-dubh. Mr. Cameron mentions with minuteness the names of the other tenants on Loch Arkaig side downwards, with their respective sheilings, and of the successive tenants, so long as he lived on the Lochiel estate. He never heard of the marches of Lochiel's tenants being disputed by Glengarry, though he was in the habit of attending the rent collection, and mixing with the Lochiel tenants. That Henry Butter, the factor, held two courts, one in summer and one in winter. The winter or Martinmas meeting was the rent court, and the summer court was the souming court, regulating the holding of cattle each tenant was to have according to the extent of his possession. That Butter had the farm of Monaquoich, which was formerly a forest, and was succeeded by Glencoe. That Butter also lived and had the farm of Corpach, and was succeeded by Alexander Cameron, and the latter by his son, William Cameron, presently in possession.

In answer to Glengarry, Invermallie deponed that the part of Lochiel's estate formerly mentioned as forest, was called Monaquoich and Corrybuie. John Macphee, crofter, Corpach, aged eighty years, one year old at the battle of Culloden, son of Alexander Macphee, deponed that his father's principal occupation was that of deer forester, and that he possessed the farm of Coanich, rent free, in lieu of his wages as forester. That his father had liberty to go to different sheilings with his cattle in respect of his office as forester, and being servant to the king's factor. That these sheilings included Corrynagaul, Brai-dubh, Kingie, Derrymore, Corry-na-laogh, Corrylia, Derry-meal-nan-Eilean, Corryrea, and Luib-na-Caillach.

It would appear that even at this early period, the people though not absolutely removed from the district, shifted, or were shifted a good deal from place to place. Macphee further deponed that the place continued as a deer forest by the factors, Campbell and Butter, and superintended by his father, was called Corrybuie, and when the forest was given up in Butter's time, he, Butter, then tenant of Corpach as well as factor on the Lochiel estate, sent yeld cattle to graze on Corrybuie, after it was given up as a forest, and also to Corryrea and Corrynagaul. Among the

places Macphee and his father were shifted to, he mentions Coanich, Coul of Glendessary, Glackfern, Derry-nan-Cluanan in Glenkingie, Kenmore of Loch Arkaig, from whence they sheilled to Altgoueach of Loch Quoich, Glen Pean, Inverkiach-anish of Glendessary, at which place he was married. He gave the names mostly of a break-neck sound and appearance, of all the sheilings on both sides of the River Kingie, although the very highest had the modest cognomen of Brai-dubh. That he left Glendessary and the other glens for ever, about twenty years ago, and has since resided at Corpach.

Ewen Mackinnon, crofter, Corpach, said he was born at Tarrovich, in Glen Lui, two years after the battle of Culloden. Had served as herd to Mr. Henry Butter, at Monaquoich, and to Glencoe. That Mr. Butter was also tenant of Killinan in Glengarry, and one of the places, where he had a sheiling bothy, was called Luib-mor-Corry-na-gaul. That he knows Main Clach Ard, and the Cairn called the Carra, where the three properties of Glengarry, Lochiel, and Lovat meet, Lovat's North Morar having formerly been the property of Glengarry. Witness had seen droves of cattle coming from Loch Hourn Head, by Main Corrybeg across the Gearuinn. That Barisdale gave grass to these droves at Reach-a-choisi, and Mr. Butter gave them grass on the Mainger. Thereafter these droves took the route through Glenkingie to the Black Knowts, or Tigh-a-Crockan, at the head of Loch Arkaig. Interrogated whether the march at the cairn at Main Clach Ard is at a point close to or near where the waters of Knoydart and Morar turn or back from those of Glendessary. Depones that he thinks so.

(To be continued.)

THE LAND OF BENS AND HEROES.

Translation of Neil Macleod's Song "An tir 'bu mhiann leinn"—Clarsach an Doire, 2nd Ed. page 81.

Air—Auld Lang Syne.

Then fill your cuachs unto the brim,
Wi' the sparkling dews that cheer us,
For the bonnie land o' heathery hills,
The land o' bens and heroes.

There's mony a lad that's far awa',
Across the stormy ocean,
Who'd drain a toast to the land we love,
Wi' his warmest heart's devotion.

There's mony a hearth 'mang the Hielan hills,
Now mouldering cauld and dreary,
That for kindly hearts in the days of yore,
Blinked welcome blythe and cheery.

But though exiled 'neath foreign skies,
There's aye nae land sae near us,
As the bonnie land o' heathery hills,
The land o' bens and heroes.

While ocean's breakers lash the shore,
The lads that fought wi' Charlie,
On land and sea, will bear the gree,
O'er ilka foeman fairly.

And when the steel is flashing far,
The world shall hear the story,
That Scotia's glaives are still as keen,
Undimmed her fame and glory.

Then drain your cuachs to our kilted lads,
(Wi' a Hielan heart's devotion),
Who never faced on field the rear,
Or dimmed the fame of Scotia.

Ohio, U.S.A.

DUNCAN LIVINGSTONE.

"I WOULD NOT BID THEE STAY" or "THE HIGHLAND MAID'S FAREWELL."

AWAY, it is duty that calls thee,
Beloved, thou must leave me to-day;
'Tis for thee to be fighting and toiling,
'Tis for me to wait and pray.
But if in the far off sometime
We two should meet again,
Surely the gladness of meeting
Will requite the parting pain.

(Chorus) Ah, fain would I have thee forever,
Forever and a day;
But if duty we twain must sever,
I would not bid thee stay.

Oft in years that have vanished, thy fathers
Were nerved to the blood-stirring charge,
For their dames had buckled the claymore,
Their daughters had given them the targe.
And shall I, a chieftain's daughter,
Be poorer in spirit than they?
No, No! I will trust to the morrow
To banish the clouds of to-day.

(Chorus) Yet fain would I have thee forever,
Forever and a day;
But if duty we twain must sever,
I would not bid thee stay.

But if it should be forever,
And here we should meet no more,
Remember the Isle of Angus,*
That lies by the western shore,
Where the voice of Niamhbh† gives welcome
And the Twin Birds sing above,
When the sun of life is sinking,
I shall come to thee my love.

(Chorus) And nothing we twain shall sever,
No duty shall call thee away,
And I will have thee forever,
Forever and a day.

* In many parts of Scotland and Ireland the superstition exists that lovers whose vows have, through fate, been unfulfilled on earth, will meet in the Isle of Youth, which lies in the Western Sea, and is ruled by Angus, the Celtic God of love. The voice of Niamhbh (Neeve), a beautiful spirit maiden, has been heard by mortals for ages.

† Niambh, pronounced "Neeve."

Brizil,

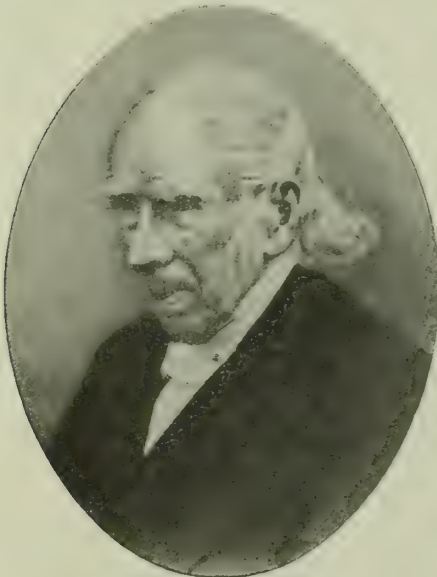
R. ROSS NAPIER.

UNPUBLISHED SONGS OF THE REAY COUNTRY.

BY REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNESS.

(Continued from page 89.)

ANOTHER bardess of the period immediately succeeding Rob Donn, was Barbara-Nin-Rob, already referred to. Her son is still living—an old man who supplied valuable information in the recent controversy about the bard's surname. Barbara's father was Robert Mackay, a contemporary elder of Rob Donn, when the latter was an assessor of the Kirk-Session. He was known as Robert Mac-Ian, or more fully, as in Baptismal Register, Rob-Mac-Ian-mac-Uilleam-macNeill. Barbara's father was on very intimate terms with the bard, whose daughter Isobel was married to John Mac-Ian, Robert's brother. This habit of designating parties by means of genealogical trees going back to three, four, and sometimes five generations—Uilleam Mac Dhò'n'll 'ic Huis-tean, mac Dhò'n'll 'ic Gilbert—makes the loss of surnames in the Reay Country much more difficult than some folk imagine.



REV. WILLIAM FINDLATER,
Minister of Durness. INDUCTED 1812, DIED 1869.

If Rob Donn's mantle fell upon any one in his native parish, it was upon Barbara-nighean-Roib. In the collection handed to me by Miss Findlater, there are more of her compositions than of any other songmaker of the period. She tackled all manner of subjects, grave and gay; elegies on worthy men and women

removed by death; and satires upon passing events of public interest. I shall here give a few specimens of each class—:

1. Marbhrann le Barbara-nin-Rob air cluinn-tinn bàs Pheggie Nic-Diarmaid, bean uasal, dhiaidhuidh an Duthaich 'Ic-Aoidh, agus Mhr. Ceannadaidh a' Chaisteal Ruadh.

“ Bu chomaradan firinneach
A' mhuinntir chaidh thoirt uainn,
Bha air an gairm gu cabhaigeach
Gu cairtealan tha buan —
Maighstear Iain Ceannadaidh
Chaidh chruinneachadh gu 'shluagh,
Is Peigidh Mhòr nic-Diarmaid
'N tir na dì-chuimhne anns an uaigh.

Nach mòr an dithis fhianuisean
Chaidh spionadh uainn anns ràidh ?
Bu mhòr an call do dh' Alba
Gu 'n d' fhalbh iad as cho tràth
'S iomadh neach a dh' iarradh dhoibh
Bliadhnachean de dhàil
Ach thug mionad iad gu sìorruidheachd
Gu 'bhi 'n an gnìomhra pàidhte.

Cha b' aithne dhomhsa air thalamh
Gin a dh' aithriseadh am beùs ;
No, dithis bha cho caithriseach
Mus fhaigheadh 'n Deamhan teum ;
Bha 'n comhairleam cho brioghal
A' struthadh sìos mar chèir ;
'N an cantanas, 's 'n an gnìomhra
'N am fianuisean an Dè.

Nach soilleir tha e feuchainn dhuinn
Cianalas 'bhi dlùth
'N trath chaidh leithid so de dh' fhianuisean
A spionadh air gach taobh (tù)
Cha bu bheag an diamhaireachd
Gu 'n leigte an gnìomh 's an cliù
'Chur do thìr na diachuimhne leo
Gu chaireamh sìos fo 'n ùir.

Ged a bha na millte
Ann an Israel de shluagh
'S iad uile air an aon inntinn
Gus an Rìgh a chumail suas ;
'N trath chual e 'n ceannard treubhach
A dh' aon bheum thoirt do 'n uaigh
Ghlaoth e “ 'S lag a tha mi
Oir gheibh mo naimhde buaidh

Tha e duilich do na càirdean
'Bhi g' an càireamh anns an uaigh
Ach cunnartach bhi 'g àicheadh
Na bheireadh 'n t-Ard-Rìgh bhuainn
Oir tha gealladh cinnteach
Anns an fhirinn air a luaidh
Tha 'g radh “ Is mise an Ti sin
'Chumas puist na tìre suas.”

'S ann tha sealbh neo-chumanta
Air na tha ri t-obair fein
'N trath chi iad nithe duilich
Bheireadh tuisleadh air an ceum
Ceart mar thuirt an Salmadair
Ri nì bha garbh do-dheanta
“ Dh' fhan mi 'm thosd gun argumaid
Oir leatsa do rinneadh e.

Tha fios agam nach urra' mi
 An cliu a chur an gèill
 'S tha fios agam nach buineadh dhomh
 A ghabhail ann mo bhèul;
 Ged a tha mo nàduir
 Ga fhàsghadh uam le eud
 'S ann dh' fheumas mi bhi 'g fhàgail
 Do 'n àl a thig mo dhèighn."

2. Marbhrann do Mhrs. Scobaidh, bean uasal dhiadhuidh an Cealldal, Sgìre Dhùranais.

'S e mo thìr (a) chaidh gu h-uilinn
 Cha 'n eil filidh no bàrd ann
 Iad a dh' easbhuidh 'n ceann-cinnidh
 Cha do chuir duine ann an dàn e;
 Cha mhò chuir iad anns *metre*
 Chraobh mheasail thug 'm Bas uath'
 'S gu 'm bi iomradh 's gach linn oirr'
 Anns an tìr anns an d' fhàs i.

Chraobh bhuadhach bha taitneach
 Bha maiseach le bèusaibh
 Bheireadh 'measan a seachad
 Ris na frasan bu ghèire;
 Bheireadh biadh do 'n fhear acrach
 Bhiodh fear nan racan air eideadh
 'S ann bha 'cuid is a combairle
 Airson cobhair nan ceudaibh.

'S ann 'do chridhe bha 'n reùsan (d)
 Gheibht' o do bhèul e le tàbhachd
 'S ann 'do cheann bha 'n foghlum
 'Chuireadh sèul air do chràbhadh;
 'S tu nach beanadh ri Teachdair
 No chanadh facal 'chur air air
 'N uair a gheibht' ann do chùirt e
 'S e do ghnùis chuireadh fàilt air

C'arson a bhuineanas idir
 Rì ni nach b' urrainn mi innseadh?
 Gu 'n deach t-iomradh cho fada
 'S tha duine geal air an t-saoghal
 Ann an Eirinn, ann an Breattuinn
 Ann an Afric' 's na h-Innsin
 'S iomadh duine tha air chuairt annta
 D' an eòl do bhuadhan is d' imeachd.

Cionnus chuirinnse *metre*
 Na na gibhtean bha dlùth riut?
 'M fear a b' àirde ann an oifig
 Gu 'm biodh do chomhairle g'a stiùradh
 'N tràth thigeadh uaislean ar comunn
 Ged be Moirear no Dùic e
 Bhitht' an comainn do chuimhne
 Air son naigheachd rioghachd is Duthaich
 dhoibh.

Cho luath 's a bhios neach abuich
 Theid a tharruing gun dàil uainn,
 A thoirt a stigh gu bhi 'g innseadh
 Ciamar dhìmhich a thàlant
 Ma thug iad uainne le cabhaig
 'N te bha maiteachail pàirteal
 Co chuig' idir a thèid sinn
 'N tràth thig èigin no sàs oirnn'.

Ach c'arson chuirear 'n teagamh
 Na 'm faigheadh sinn creidimh a dh' iarradh
 Air a' Ghliocas, gun mhearachd,
 Bho 'n Bhith tha neo-chriochnaichte
 Gu bheil a gheallaidhean seasmach
 Anns na fireasdailibh diamhair

Gu 'm bi 'fhianuis' air thalamh
 Fhada 's bhios gealach no grian ann?

3. Marbhrann do Chaiptein Uilleam Scobaidh Ardbhàr, Sgìre Assint.

'Chaiptein Uilleam bha 'n Assainnt
 Co b' urr' dhol a dh' aithris
 Na h-uile buaidh bha mar-ruit
 Fhada 's a mhair thu an tìr!
 Bha thu iriosal, rianail,
 Bha thu carthannach fialaidh,
 Bha thu smachdail le diadhachd
 'Cumail riaghailt do thìr.
 Tha mi faicinn do chuideachd
 Fada mearachd gach duine aca
 'N uair bu mhath leo d'a chumail
 Bho d'a bhunnaig* a chaoidh
 'N uair a bha Sonas g' a d' iarraidh
 Gus na Flaithinnis shiorruidh
 Chuala mi g' n do thìrial thu
 Is tu gu ciallach a' seinn;
 Theirig buadhan nam bàrda
 Chuireadh am *metre* do phàirtinn
 'S tu bhuilicheadh 'n tàlant
 Chuireadh càch gu droch fhéum.
 Bha do ghibht air dhoigh àraidh
 Air a measgadh le càirdeas
 Fhuir thu creidimh o'n Ard-Rìgh
 Air chor 's nach d' fhàilnich do chéum;
 Cha tugadh uaille na àrdan
 Ort gu 'm briseadh tu 'n t-Sàbaid;
 'S tu bha coimhead na h-aithne
 Bha air 'cur mhàn le 'laimh fhéin
 'S air a' teagasg le tàbhachd
 Airson eiseamail làidir
 "Gaoil do Dhia 's do d' nàbuidh
 Suim nan àitheantan gu léir."

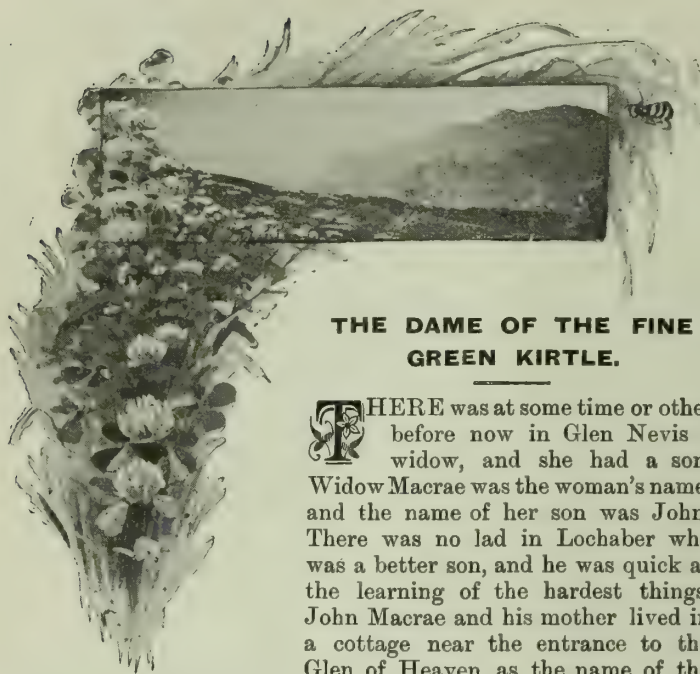
(To be continued.)

* Advantage, reward.

THE SURNAME MACLURE, M'CLURE OR M'LURE.

SIR,—I thought some of your numerous readers would have replied to your correspondent, *Spectemur Agendo*, before now. I am not sanguine enough to suppose that I have solved the difficult question put regarding the origin of the name Maclure, but perhaps I may be able to throw some light on the stock from which it may have emanated.

Not a few Highland surnames are derived from colours, with the term *gille*, servant or son, prefixed. From *donn*, brown, we get *Mac'Illedhuinn*, a Gaelic form of the surname Brown. From *odhar*, dun, seems to come Mac Clare and Maclure, that is *M' 'Illeuidhir*—son or servant of the dun coloured one. The late Dr. MacLachlan in his "Celtic Gleanings" regards MacClare and MacClure as from *M'Gille-leabhair*—son of the servant of the Book—probably an ecclesiastical functionary. In another way also the surname Maclure may owe its origin to an ecclesiastical source. The surname Dewar comes from *deòradh*, a pilgrim or anchorite. It takes the form Dewar and M'Indeor. In Islay it takes the form of *M' 'Illeòra*—the son of the Dewar's-gille. In English it sometimes takes the form M'Leoir and M'Lure.—I am, etc., FIONN.



THE DAME OF THE FINE GREEN KIRTLE.

THERE was at some time or other before now in Glen Nevis a widow, and she had a son. Widow Macrae was the woman's name, and the name of her son was John. There was no lad in Lochaber who was a better son, and he was quick at the learning of the hardest things. John Macrae and his mother lived in a cottage near the entrance to the Glen of Heaven, as the name of the

place reads in the Gaelic, and there was not a day in all the year that John Macrae was vexing his mother. He was the mother's boy altogether. He carried the stoups and tethered the cow, and went out to the fishing in the Loch, and there was no one in Linnhetown that was luckier at the fishing and readier with the hand at anything than he. So the good folks of Linnhetown called him the Shifty Lad.

Now on a day of days it fell that the Shifty Lad was going up the hill at the darkening to fetch home the red cow to the byre, and when he was just coming out of the birchen planting whom should he meet but the Dame of the Fine Green Kirtle. A right fair dame was this, and no mistake, but the Shifty Lad could have wished to meet anyone rather than the Dame of the Fine Green Kirtle, and his heart began to leup and flutter with the soft beauty of her.

"Ha ha, my Shifty Lad," laughed she, and with a shake of her head and a queer light in the eyes of her, she began to smile on the son of Widow Macrae.

"Come with me, and it is I that will shew you a thing or two that will pass all you ever knew before."

"I am not caring to know anything at all," replied the Shifty Lad, "let me go!"

"So ho! and who is keeping you?" laughed she.

And the Shifty Lad was at a loss, for sure enough, she had not laid a finger on the man, and yet he stood there foolish-like and wishful to be away, but he could not move either this way or that.

Then the Dame of the Fine Green Kirtle looked at the Shifty Lad and spoke in a voice of honey that seemed to make him think of everything better than another, moving her lily-white hands in front of him and breathing with her warm breath all over the face of him, so that he could mind nothing but the glamour of her.

"I am laying thee under spells and under crosses, under holy herdsmen of quiet travelling, and under strange wandering women and the little child most feeble and powerless, to take thy head and thine ear and thy wearing of life from thee if thou ever returnest home again the same as thou hast come."

Then the Shifty Lad saw the beauty of it and was lost.

After that she took a clout from her pocket and waved it and there was no knowing whence she had come or whither she went.

But the Shifty Lad went no more for the red cow, and when he got home his mother looked at him, and then sat down on the stool by the peats and began to weep softly.

Next day was the Sabbath day, and Widow Macrae put her Book in a napkin white as snow and asked if the Shifty Lad would be going as usual to the church with her, but he only laughed at her, and his laugh broke her heart. So she cried to him "Oh, son of mine, what art wilt thou be after now?" and he answered, "The first art which thou wilt hear tell of when thou comest out of sermon to-day, that is my art now, and for ever and a day."

So Widow Macrae went her way to the preaching.

Then the Shifty Lad went to the wood that was next to the church and when his mother came out from the sermon he cried, "Robbing and rieving, and stealing and thieving." She looked round and round and saw no one, and then she took her way home. The Shifty Lad went across the hill by the short road and met her at the door of the cottage.

"And what tale have ye got mother," said he.

"None, my poor lad, but that when I was coming out from the preaching I heard a voice in the air that said "Robbing and rieving, and stealing and thieving."

"And that's the art for me," cried the Shifty Lad, as he went away up the road and over the

hill, with the spell of the Dame of the Fine Green Kirtle upon him.

And he was going and going and journeying until he came on a man with the look on the face of him that he knew, and the lad from Linnhetown said, "Thou art from the Dame of the Fine Green Kirtle?"

And the man answered, "And thou art the Shifty Lad." So they made friends at once.

The name of the stranger was the Black Rascal, but the Shifty Lad was knowing it fine without asking.

Now it chanced that there was to be a wedding in that place, and the rich Laird was bidden as a guest, so he was for sending a present. He told his herd to go up to the hill and bring back a wether for the wedding feast. So the herd went up to the hill and brought back a wether on his shoulders, and he went through the wood where the Black Rascal and the Shifty Lad lived.

"See you the herd with a wether on his shoulders," said the Shifty Lad to the Black Rascal.

"Aye, but who can steal that?"

"I can," replied the widow's son. With that he ran through the wood and placed one of his fine shoes with some dirt in it on the path where the herd had to pass, and then he hid behind a tree. When the herd came up he looked at the shoe and said to himself, "A fine shoe, and no mistake, but it is dirty and there is no neighbour to it." So he passed on.

Then the Shifty Lad ran forward through the wood again and placed his other shoe in the path, and when the herd came up he said, "Ha! here is the neighbour of the dirty shoe, and it is a fine pair of shoes they will make to me when they are cleaned. So he laid down the wether and went back for the other shoe. The Shifty Lad seized the wether and ran into the wood with it, and when the herd came back he found no wether. So he went home and told his master, and the rich Laird was angry, but there was no help for it.

The next day the rich Laird sent the herd up to the hill for a kid. And the herd went up the hill and brought a kid down through the wood.

And the Shifty Lad said to the Black Rascal "See the herd has a kid on his shoulder."

"And who can steal the kid?" asked the Black Rascal.

"I can," replied the Shifty Lad, and he ran about the wood and began to bleat like the wether. The herd stopped and listened and thought he heard the wether bleating, so he laid down the kid and began to look for the wether which he had lost the day before, and while he was busy at the looking the Shifty Lad went and stole the kid. So the herd went home again and told his master that he had lost the kid.

The rich Laird was angered at him, but there was no help for it.

The next day the rich Laird sent the herd up to the hill and told him to bring home a stot for the wedding party. And when the herd was coming back through the wood with the stot the Shifty Lad said to the Black Rascal, "See, there is the herd again with a stot."

"Ay, but a stot is neither a wether nor a kid, and who could steal a stot?" asked the Black Rascal.

"I can," laughed the Shifty Lad. Then he sent the Black Rascal to one side of the wood and went himself to the other. So from the one side of the wood came the bleating of the wether and from the other side came the bleating of the kid. The herd thought that this time he had found both the wether and the kid that he had lost, and he ran into the wood and left the stot standing. Out came the Shifty Lad and stole the stot and drove it home to the hut where he and the Black Rascal lived. And they both made merry over their spoils.

The herd went home for the third time and told his master that he had lost the stot. The rich Laird was madly angered at the herd, but there was no help for it, and the wedding was on the morrow, so he told the herd to go away up to the hill again and bring down a kid and not to let it off his shoulder till he reached home. And this time the herd managed to bring the kid back.

This is how the Shifty Lad and the Black Rascal lived, until one day they had words, and ever after that they pretended only to be friendly to one another.

It happened that as they were climbing a wooded hill on an evening they came upon a rope hanging from a tree with a loop on the end of it. "Ha, ha!" laughed the Shifty Lad, "we are both like to end on a rope, and I am for seeing what it is like to begin with, so you pull me gently up from the ground a bit, and then let me down again," and with that he ran to the tree and put his head in the loop and the Black Rascal pulled him gently up from the ground. The Shifty Lad began to wink with an eye and to kick with his legs so the Black Rascal let him down.

"If hanging is like that," said the Shifty Lad, "then hanging for me. I was just kicking my legs with the pleasure of it. Now you try. And when you are wishful to come down whistle to me, and if you are wishful to go higher just kick with your legs." So the Black Rascal put his head in the loop and the Shifty Lad pulled him up. He began to kick with his legs at once but there was no whistle whatever.

"So ho!" said the Shifty Lad, "you are enjoying it, are you? And you are not whistling

yet. So funny! So funny! So funny! See how he shakes his legs with the pleasure of the thing!"

But the Black Rascal never whistled again, and the Shifty lad hoisted him up higher and higher and tied the rope to the tree, and left him

shaking his legs till they could shake no longer. Then the Shifty Lad went whistling down the hill with his hands in his pockets. And in the darkest glade of the wood he met the Dame of the Fine Green Kirtle.

TORQUIL MACLEOD.

CLAN SUTHERLAND.

ONE of the few clans taking its Norse name from the soil, and one of the oldest in Scottish history, this revived clan was one of the latest to come into existence in recent years. The *renaissance* dates only three years back, but from the third report just published, it boasts of 185 members hailing from Caithness, Sutherland, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leith, London, Canada,

Australia, New Zealand, etc., etc. The chief of the clan is His Grace The Duke of Sutherland. The Duke and his estimable lady have taken a warm interest in the clan and its aims. Unlike, so far as is known, any other clan society, a membership card of which the following is the description, has been designed. The sketch given does not do it full justice. It is about 15 in. by 15 in., within a border of the clan tartan. There are six views in sepia, of Dunrobin Castle, the old Castle of Forse, the Ord of Caithness, Dornoch



Cathedral, Bridge Street, Wick,† and a "Spinning Wife" at her wheel, and a Fisherman baiting his line. The last two were appropriately suggested by Her Grace The Duchess of Sutherland. The membership card which has been issued to members, has been pronounced a work of art by competent critics. In the centre are vignettes of the Duke and Duchess, surmounted by the blazoned crest and arms of the old Earls of Sutherland, with the motto "Bolt Siccar"—Leap Sure.

It should be mentioned that antecedant to, and

after the formation of the clan society, some discussion took place in the council of the society and in the *Northern Press*, as to the crest and motto appropriate to the clan—a good many firmly believing, having long held the belief, that the right crest and motto was that used by the Forse family. No one need be in doubt that the right one was chosen apart from the high authority of the *Lyon of Scotland*. The crest and motto is that

† The Duke is the Superior of this Burgh.

of all the Earls of Sutherland and of the last Earl, John, who died in 1514 without issue. It must be apparent that the motto and crest chosen, that in existence before the Gordon and Leveson former lines mingled with this ancient Scottish family, must be the right one. To those who are not students of heraldry the following information supplied for the office of the *Lyon King-at-Arms*, Sir J. Balfour Paul, will be of interest:—Gules, three mullets *or*; above the shield a peer's helmet ensigned with an earl's coronet, in place of a wreath, with a mantling gules, doubled *or*; crest a stag's head proper; supporters, *dexter* a greyhound *argent* collared gules; *sinister* a horse proper.

The coat of arms (blazoned) and armorial bearing of John Sutherland of Forse, as supplied in 1738 by Brodie of Brodie, *Lyon*, is as follows:—Red (gules) shield with three stars; above shield a helmet with a mantle (gules) doubling argent, and above helmet on a wreath, is set for the crest, a cat *sejant*, surmounted by the motto *Sans peur*.

The Chieftains are the Honourable J. Sutherland, Premier, Ontario; Sir Thomas Sutherland, Bart., M.P.; Mr. George Sutherland, and Captain Frank Sutherland, of Forse; and Mr. Eric de Sioblade Sutherland-Rudd, who has been served heir by the Sheriff of Chancery to the title of Lord Duffus. The President of the clan is Dr. J. F. Sutherland, Edinburgh, the Deputy Commissioner in Lunacy for Scotland. At the request of the council of the society, he has chronicled a historical outline of the clan and its chiefs, which has been published, and sent to each enrolled member. This epitome has met with the approval of so erudite and zealous a clansman as Mr. John Mackay, of Hereford, himself a Sutherland on the maternal side.

The Secretary is Mr. S. F. Sutherland, S.S.C., 80a Princes Street, Edinburgh, who will give any information to Sutherlands at home and abroad, anxious to join and to forward the objects of the Clan Society.

Mr. John Sutherland, Agent, Commercial Bank, Kirkcaldy, is the Treasurer.

These objects briefly stated are, the raising of funds to found a Sutherland Bursary; the collection and preservation of records and traditions relating to the history of the clan; the fostering of clan sentiment; the promotion of friendly intercourse; and the encouragement of native industries (including the fisheries' question) in Caithness and Sutherland, by means of prizes, etc.

During the past year a meeting of the clan was held in Glasgow, which will be repeated during the coming year; and in order to create a real interest in the home-land of the clan, following the example of the Mackays, clansmen will probably meet in summer in Sutherlandshire at Dornoch, visit Dunrobin Castle, and cross the Ord into Caithness—the eastern seaboard of both counties being for the most part the land of the Sutherlands. In this way it is hoped that many Sutherlands will rally to the standard for other and far different purposes to those which animated the men of three centuries ago, when, by means of the dirk, the sword, and the battle-axe, disputes were settled. The night of fraud and force has

given place to the dawn of reason, right, and justice. Subsequently a notice of the third report of the clan will appear in our columns.

To become an ordinary member of the clan the fee is 2/6; an extraordinary Sutherland member, 5/-; and a life member, £3 3s. The membership card is bound to create and revive happy and healthy memories in the minds of Sutherlands in distant lands, who have never seen clan-land, and of others who have not many opportunities of visiting the historic places and landmarks along the eastern seaboard of Sutherland and Caithness.

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.

They marched them out in the darkened night,
The men of the Highland Brigade!
The pride of mothers, and sweethearts, and wives,
Waiting at home for their Highland Brigade!
They sent their best at their country's need,
Truest in heart, and bravest in deed:
The flower of a valorous, dauntless land,
Marched out in that hopeful, gallant band,
Bright with the fame of the Highland Brigade.

They followed afar in their prayerful thoughts,
The women who loved the Highland Brigade;
And smiled to think of how grand they looked,
With the pipes in the van of the Highland Brigade.
Up to the guns of the foemen led!
Someone had blundered! someone said
They could but conquer, or fighting die,
On the open Veldt where the best of them lie,
For that is the way of the Highland Brigade.

Shrouded in grief is their mother land,
Mourning the men of the Highland Brigade!
For the hearts of mothers, and sweethearts, and wives,
Lie buried along with the Highland Brigade!
And Scotland is sadly counting the cost,
Of her wounded, and killed, missing, and lost;
Silent witness that told how true
They had faced the foe, by the living few
Who returned in the ranks of the Highland Brigade.

ALICE C. MACDONELL.

ERATO'S FLIGHT.

A flow'ret fallen from tresses fair,
A smile in a maiden's eye,
A gallant youth on bended knee,
And love is born of a sigh.

Erato comes with her am'rous lay,
And 'tis wed to a golden tune;
Alas, for the youth and the maiden fair,
And the love that may die too soon.

Away—Erato takes her flight,
For fickle is she who sighed;
And the song is all that is left to tell
That a love has lived and died.

R. ROSS NAPIER
(ROB LOM).

GAELIC VOCABULARY OF INVECTIVE.

THE other day one of our educational authorities, in commenting on the scarcity of pupils presented in Gaelic, quoted the saying of a West Highland boatman that Gaelic was an admirable language for preaching and *scolding* in. This *scolding* capacity of the Gaelic has been so often insisted on, that many people—even H.M. Inspectors—fully believe in it. When a Highlander's feelings are deeply moved, and he has to give outlet to his righteous indignation, he is always represented as betaking himself to the vernacular to find sufficiently strong language for his purpose. But is this true? Is the *native* vocabulary of invective so rich and serviceable in this respect? So far from being true, the reverse is exactly the case. No Indo-European tongue possesses fewer *native* terms of the vituperative order than Gaelic. Even a stranger to the language must have noticed how the Highlander, in having recourse to unparliamentary language, uses loan-words from the English for his purpose. There are no doubt racial reasons for this. Among Indo-Germanic peoples, the Celt of history is undoubtedly the *gentleman*, far too polite to originate such a vocabulary. So when he makes use of abusive epithets, he has to go elsewhere for his material. In this way, the Latins supplied him with not a few; Scotch or English, with many; but the bulk has come to our language through the Norsemen, whose speech excelled in opprobrious terms and nicknames. A glance at the origin of our abusive terms is sufficient to prove this. They are almost entirely borrowed—a sad illustration of the truth of the saying that "Evil communications corrupt good manners." The following list, which is not meant to be exhaustive, proves indirectly the purity of the Gaelic language until the race became mixed with peoples of less refined speech.

Aibhistear, scoundrel; properly, Satan; from the Latin, *adversarius*.

Baigear, a beggar; from the English. There is no word in Gaelic that is the exact equivalent of *beggar*. *Diol-déire* views the action from the giver's point of view, which is charity, being derived from *seirc*, love.

Bleidir, a beggar, is from the Norse, *bleydi*, cowardice (hence Scotch, *blate*).

Bhialum, vapid talk; from Scotch, *blellum*, idle talker.

Bragaidh, boastful; from English, *brag*.

Brúilig, a man of clumsy figure; is derived by the H.S.D. from *brú*, belly, but this is problematical. A *brúilig* is one that requires room, knocks against corners, and brings confusion in his wake. The Scotch word, *bruikie*, to make a great hurly-burly, to jumble, is a most likely origin.

Buanaidh, a Sutherland word for a rude fellow, may be compared to *buanna*, a billeted soldier or mercenary, now obsolete in Gaelic, or with greater probability from the Norse, *bondi*, the slave who had to work for his overlord.

Amadan and *oinseach* are good Gaelic words for a foolish man and woman respectively. For long ages they served the purpose of the Celts; but intermixture with queer folks brought to light many degrees and kinds of folly. So they borrowed

burraidh, fool, from the Latins, *burrae*, nonsense; *bumailear*, from the Scotch (onomatopoeic); also, *gliodhe*, senseless idiot, from Scotch, *glaik*; *drabhc*, awkward fool, from Norse, *draugr*, ghost; *dobht*, a blockhead, from Scotch, *doit*; *dreòlan*, a silly fellow, from Norse, *droel*; *dois* and *dais*, from the Norse, *dasi*, lazy fellow, or Scotch, *dawsie*, stupid and inactive. To this class also belong *gogaid*, a giddy female, from Scotch, *goggy*, French, *coquette*; and *apas* (Sutherland) for a vain, conceited woman, English, *ape*.

To denote a *villain* there is a very expressive Gaelic word, *slaoightear*, whose root appears in other European tongues, *slad lat*, and means *thieving*. In course of time, however, after contact with Teutonic tribes, the Celts had to differentiate between several kinds of villainy, and they borrowed from the Scotch *trúcair*, a rascal; Scotch, *truker*; English, *trick*; *trustair*, from the Norse, *trjotr*, a knave; *robair*, robber, an *rògair*, a rogue, come directly from the English.

For purposes of contempt no term is more often used than a *bheisd*, which is simply English *beast*; a deeper shade is arrived at by *wilbh*, hound, beast, which is the Norse *ulf-r*, wolf. These combine to make up an ugly compound, *wile-bheist*, monster, but really, *wolf-beast*.

It will also be found that the vast majority of opprobrious terms denoting some physical or mental defect is borrowed from the Norse or Scotch. Thus *ceafan*, a light-headed, frivolous person, is clearly Teutonic—Anglo-Saxon *ceaf*, chaff, and Icelandic *kaf-a*, to fly about; *ceigean*, a squat, low-built fellow, is from the Norse, *kaggi*, Scotch, *keg*; *cliob*, an awkward tool, whether man or instrument, from Scotch, *clype*, an ugly, ill-shaped fellow. Murray says the origin of *clype* is unknown. May it not come from *cleib*, a gaff, iron hook, Norse, *klypa*, as the North Highland *crabhc* (croc) crook, is applied to a bent, ill-shaped man?

Indeed, almost all our opprobrious terms are of Norse or Scotch origin, such as *sguidilear*, scullion, from Scotch, *scudle*, cleanse; *sliomair*, lazy lout, from Scotch, *slim*, naughty; *slabhcair*, awkward fellow, from Norse, *slokr*, and English, *slouch*; *tràill*, slave, from Norse, *thrall*, English, *thrall*.

To the same origin must be ascribed terms denoting brawling and quarrelling; the wealth of the Norse tongue in this respect is significant of the rough manners of the Vikings. Thus *stri*, strife, *stràcas*, troublesome fellow, are from the Norse; and it is to Teutonic sources we are indebted for *ruidhtearachd*, riotousness; *tabhurnach*, noisy (tavern); *sglabhart*, a blow on the side of the head; and such like.

It will thus be seen that there is very little truth, if any, in the accusation that Gaelic is a good *scolding* language, and much less that it contains a wealth of vituperative expressions. The charge is often made by those ignorant of the language; but the facts are quite the other way. For our linguistic weapons of abuse we had to go elsewhere, there being no *native* arsenal for such.

Durness.

(REV.) ADAM GUNN.

"THE ART PORT-FOLIO" for this month is of particular interest to Highlanders. It contains a fine portrait of Prince Charlie and three excellent re-productions of famous pictures of incidents in his eventful career.



MAJOR S MACDOUGALL.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

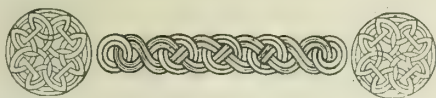
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APRIL, 1900.

[Price Threepence.



MAJOR S. MACDOUGALL OF LUNGA,

PRESIDENT, CLAN MACDOUGALL SOCIETY.

THE subject of our sketch this month, Major Macdougall of Lunga, is the second and only surviving son of the late John Macdougall of Lunga, and Richmond, daughter of Donald Stewart of Luskintyre, and succeeded to the estate in 1888, on the death of his elder brother, Lieutenant John, of the 21st Hussars. He was appointed to the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders in 1877, and after sixteen years' continuous service with this regiment, retired in 1892 with the rank of Major. In 1882 Major Macdougall, then a lieutenant, volunteered for active service, and was attached to the Cameron Highlanders, with which famous regiment he served in the Egyptian campaign. He took part in the memorable night march and battle of Tel-el-Kebir, when he commanded one of the leading companies of the Camerons, and after storming the trenches, was dangerously wounded in the leg. It was decided to amputate the limb, as it was very much shattered, but this he refused to have done, and after a year in hospital he made a complete recovery. It is interesting to record that he was specially mentioned in despatches by General Sir Archibald Allison, commanding the Highland Brigade, for "great gallantry and coolness." From 1884 to 1889 he acted as Adjutant of the 4th Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and rendered excellent service, the regiment being largely increased in numbers through his efforts. It may be added that the Major's military career is by no means ended. He has volunteered for active service with the Highland Brigade in South Africa, and expects at any moment to be ordered to the scene of hostilities, where we have no doubt he will again prove himself worthy of the martial reputation of his brave ancestors.

As a proprietor in Argyllshire, the laird of Lunga enjoys the entire confidence and respect of his tenants, of which we have tangible evidence in the fact that he is chairman of various local and County Council committees, and takes a keen interest in public affairs. The newly formed Clan Macdougall Society, which has already made such satisfactory progress, owes much of its success to his enthusiasm and encouragement, and his clansmen have done wisely in electing him president. They could not have selected a better chairman. The excellent portrait which we give with this issue will be welcomed by many of his clan, who were desirous that he should be honoured with a place in our gallery of notable Highlanders.

The Lunga family trace their descent from Hugh, youngest son of Allan Macdougall of Ragray by his marriage with a daughter of MacIaine of Lochbuie. The Ragray family were the earliest Cadets of Dunolly, and very potent in their day; but in 1649 John of Ragray was involved by his brother-in-law, the Earl of Argyll, who forced him to sell the greater part of his large estate to the Argyll family, by deed dated 1649.

Lunga House contains many trophies of the chase, secured mostly by the Major's father, who rented a part of the Blackmount and Knoydart forests for many years. It also contains several very interesting and valuable paintings, including one of "Lady Hamilton" by Romney, and a striking portrait (believed to be by Raeburn) of the laird's grand-mother, Miss MacIachlan of Craighenterrive, which old Argyllshire family he now represents. His great-grandmother was a Miss Campbell of Melfort, a family famous in the Highlands for the distinguished soldiers it produced.

In 1885, Major Macdougall married Miss Liddell of Sutton, and Keldy Castle, Yorkshire, and has a son, Iain.

It will be the earnest wish of his countrymen that the Laird of Lunga may gain fresh laurels with the Highland Brigade in South Africa, and that the call to arms may not again sound to summon him to the service of the nation.

—❧— CONCERNING + LOCHIEL + AND + GLENGARRY. ❧—

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

PART IV.

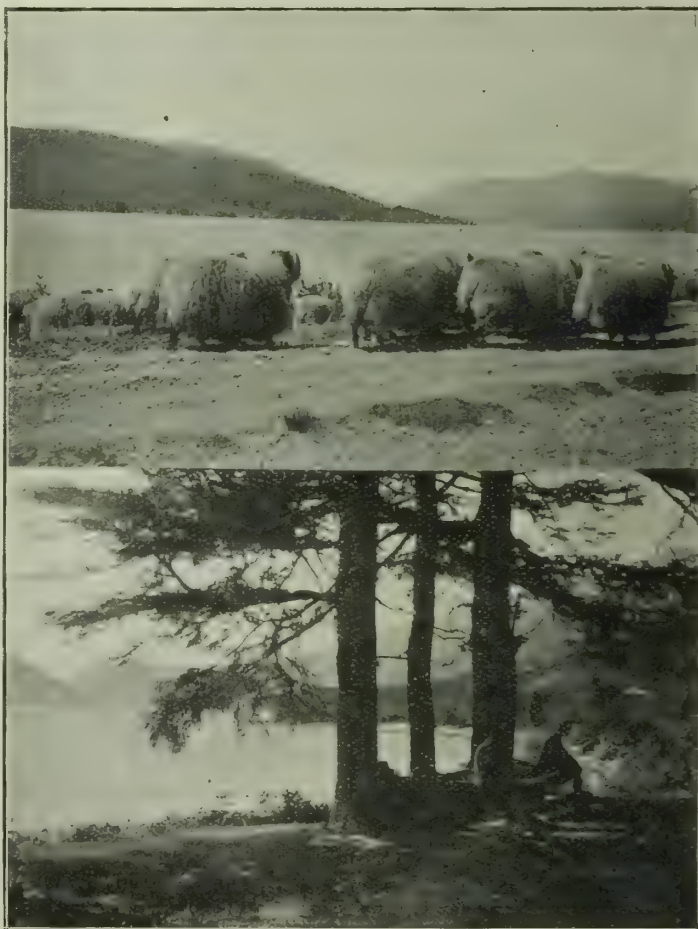
AT Lochiel's proof, held at Banavie, on 11th May, 1825, Glengarry was much in evidence, and at the outset succeeded, at least for the time, in having the proposed evidence of Alexander Cameron, Esq., residing at Arnisdale of Glenelg, rejected. Mr. Cameron was on the point of starting for America *animo remanendi*, and the time was scrimp. Being only sixty-five years of age, Glengarry argued that the Commission only covered aged witnesses (above seventy), or such as from ill-health and infirmity might at any moment die.

Donald Cameron, tenant of Kinlochiel, was then adduced, aged seventy-five, and showed minute knowledge of Glenkingie and its sheilings from 1775 downwards. He also spoke of the festivities consequent on the restoration of the Lochiel Estates, in 1785, in these terms—There was great rejoicing in the country, and plenty of bonfires and drinking. Perhaps the most interesting part falling under Cameron's examination occurred when Lochiel's Agent put the following question:—

Whether it consists with the knowledge of the witness that, from the year 1775 down to 1820, the tenants of the farms on the north side of Loch Arkaig, and of Shanvall and Glackfearn in Glendessary, had the quiet and peaceable possession of their respective farms and sheilings, as above enumerated, and as parts and portions of the estate of Lochiel, and without any molestation whatever, either during the time that the estate was under the management of His Majesty's Commissioners or since.

To which interrogatory, it was objected by Glengarry, who promptly took the opportunity of belittling Lochiel's ancient territorial position, confined to Letter Lochiel, and at same time showing his contempt for Lochiel's French bringing up, by putting on record:—

That although the witness may be bold enough to answer affirmative of the interrogatory, yet it must appear evident from the circumstance of his having lived all his life at Kinlochiel (except the few years that he occupied the one-half of Kenmore), a distance of many miles, and separated by several districts of country from the land to which the interrogatory applies. That his *causa scientie* must be nothing more than hearsay prior to his entry into Kenmore, and must be similarly affected in a greater or lesser degree since he left Kenmore. Glengarry therefore protests against any evidence founded on hearsay, entering the proof, as the districts of Strathlochy, Glenloy, and the south side of Loch Arkaig intervene between the lands of Lochiel proper (being the north and east side of



[From Photo by

W. Drummond Norie.]

NEAR ACHNASANE, LOCH ARKAIG.

CUINICH, LOCH ARKAIG, LOOKING WEST TO GLENDESSARY.

Lochiel), and those of that proprietor's estates upon the north side of Loch Arkaig; and at those early periods the Highlands of Scotland had not the advantage of such communications by roads and otherwise, as the munificence of Government had contributed recently to afford them; wherefore the difficulty of communication between the districts of Lochiel and Loch Arkaig; especially the north side of Loch Arkaig, separated from the south side thereof by a large fresh-water lake of not less than twelve miles in length, is quite as great (at least it was so prior to the introduction of roads), as between any other two Highland districts inhabited by different clans; which, in fact, was the case with those, viz., the Mackintoshes and Camerons of old. To which objection it was remarked for Lochiel that it was unnecessary to answer it, and upon the geographical details, he would only notice that the distance from Kinlochiel to Kinlocharkaig, by the drove road over the hills, is about six Scotch miles only. That the property all the way from Kinlochiel to Loch Arkaig and Glenkingie, whether by the drove road or the Parliamentary road, belonged to Lochiel, and had always done so, so far back as written records extend. Replied, Glengarry admits (as he has no access to know the contrary), having never travelled the hill step referred to, that the distance from Lochielhead to the head of Loch Arkaig is probably correct, being similar to that which generally separates the neighbouring inhabited Highland glens, but Crieff (the last farm referred to), is at least seven or eight miles from the head of Loch Arkaig; and a similar distance to either of those (or an equally short period of time) would bring a Highlander from the low farms on the north side of Loch Arkaig to his inhabited farms on the banks of the Garry; he therefore, so far, is obliged to Lochiel's agent for causing him to illustrate his argument to the understanding of strangers; he is sorry (as being perfectly irrelevant to the proof now taking), however, at being called upon, in pursuance of what he had advanced, to maintain that that gentleman has gone too far in saying—"That the property all the way from Kinlochiel to Loch Arkaig and Glenkingie, whether by the drove road or the Parliamentary road, belonged to Lochiel, and had always done so, as far back as written records extend," as Lochiel's occupation of, and written documents for, Glenloy and Loch Arkaig, are comparatively of very modern date to those of his principals in "Letter-Lochiel," his original property; and in less than an hour's walk from where we now sit that gentleman may gratify his curiosity with an inspection of the romantic ruins of Tor Castle, the ancient residence of Lachlan More Mackintosh in Strathlochy, inhabited by him up to the middle of the 17th century; at least that chief, after withdrawing therefrom, was alive at this period, as can be proved from the records of the Supreme Court, from the circumstance of his having been killed in single combat upon the streets of Inverness, which afterwards occasioned legal proceedings. Remarked for Lochiel, that it was unnecessary to duple, and his agent confesses his inferiority to Glengarry in that description of learning introduced into the reply, but that he could not admit that Lachlan More Mackintosh had resided at Tor Castle within the

period referred to. Glengarry considers it quite unnecessary to triply.

Alexander Macphee, crofter, Corpach, aged seventy years and upwards, was born at Glackfern, of Glendessary, his father having been forester in Monaquoich, and Corrybuie, the sanctuary. That the public gave the general appellation of Monaquoich to all the lands and hills on both sides of upper Loch Quoich. That the forest was maintained for three years after Butter's appointment as factor. That at Mam Clach Ard, Lochiel, Knoydart, and North Morar join, and he very minutely described the march betwixt Lochiel and Glengarry from Mam Clach Ard to Bunkingie. The witness proceeded to mention that at a certain point the head waters of Glendessary and of Knoydart run for a time back to back. Referring to the route taken by droves from Skye, and the West Mainland, before the King's road was formed through Glengarry and Glen Quoich to Kinloch Hourn, witness condescends, and says—"That he knows a place on Glengarry's side of Loch Quoich, called Bunchoali, and he knows the head of Loch Quoich, which is called Kinloch Quoich. Interrogated whether or not the witness knows that there was a drove road from Bunchoali on Glengarry's property across the Gearauin to Kinloch Quoich, and then along Lochiel's side of the Loch and through the Mainger, at the time when Mr. Butter was tenant of Monaquoich, as already deponed to, and that droves of cattle passed that way. Depones—That before the King's road, as he calls it, from Loch Ournhead down to the side of the Garry, was made, people were in the practice of taking the drove road mentioned in the interrogatory with their cattle. Depones—That he cannot condescend on the number of years since the King's road was made, but it is not a very long time. Depones—That he is sure it was not finished before he came to reside at Corpach, but he thinks it was began before that time. Depones—That a good many of the droves that took the foresaid drove road came from the Island of Skye across Kylereaa, the ferry from Skye to the mainland, and other islands in the Hebrides. Interrogated—Whether or not it consists with the knowledge of the witness that the whole lands already enumerated by him as belonging to Lochiel, and within the line of march which the witness has delineated, from Mam Clach Ard to Bunkingie, have been occupied and possessed as parts of Lochiel's Estate, and ever since the witness recollects and without any trouble or molestation either at the time that the estate was under the management of His Majesty's Commissioners or since. Depones, affirmative. Depones—That he knows it was the practice on the Estate of Lochiel, both when Mr. Butter was factor thereon as well as when Fassfern was factor, for these gentlemen to convene all the tenants of the estate on a given day or days in summer yearly, to adjust disputes about marches, cutting of wood, or any other disputes or differences that might arise on the estate, and this was called the summer court or souming court; and they were convened again in the same manner soon after Martinmas to pay the rent.

(To be continued.)

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE CLANS.



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF MACKINTOSH
OF MACKINTOSH.

ARMORIAL bearings are emblems or marks of distinction, which have either been adopted by an individual, a family, or a community, or have been granted by a sovereign for some signal service. They were called arms because they were so often painted upon shields and other pieces of armour. Sometimes they were painted upon banners and pennons, whence they got the name of armorial ensigns, and being drawn upon the surcoats of military persons, they were called coats-of-arms. The officers by whom the rules and regulations pertaining to the adoption and wearing of arms were carried into execution, were called heralds, and hence the science of armorial bearings is known as heraldry.

The science of heraldry is not an ancient one, although the customs out of which it has grown, date back to pre-historic times. Primitive tribes all the world over, and in every age, were wont to wear some mark or emblem which distinguished them from neighbouring tribes. Among some of the ancients those emblems were considered sacred, and all the men wearing the same mark were united by the bond of brotherhood. The remote elements of modern heraldry are to be sought in the war-paint of the savage, who painted in fantastic device on the naked body, and sometimes in rude colours on his shield and weapons. The Celts, too,

were fond of painting their shields, and this adornment being for the purpose of distinction, is the earliest form of armorial bearing among the Highlanders.

Probably the earliest record we have of herald's emblem anywhere is in the Book of Genesis, where we read of the aged patriarch blessing his son. The flickering torch of life seems to have been fanned anew into flame for this dying effort, and the old man's intellect and prophetic instinct were never so keen as when he uttered the words (Gen. 49)—“Judah is a lion's whelp. He couched as a lion—as an old lion—who shall raise him up? Dan shall be a serpent by the way—an adder in the path, that biteth the horse's heels.” The word herald signifies the champion of an army, and it is still the province of a herald to declare war. The bards were the heralds of the clans, and they carried the shields of the chiefs as the heralds of succeeding ages bore the arms of their county or patron. Each clansman, too, wore the symbol of his clan on his shield—

“On that targe of tough bull hide,
Which death so often dashed aside.”

The marks impressed on these leather-covered targes resembled the intertwining of twigs, a favourite ornament among the Celts, being imitated in the hilts of the dirks and introduced in their brooches and other ornaments. This intricate tracery, which formed for so many ages their common pattern, is still to be seen in the rude sculpture of monumental stones.

Many believe that the Highlanders of the middle ages were a semi-barbarous race of half-clothed savages, devoid of literature and art, and destitute of the tastes of civilised society. It is certainly true that the hands of the Highlander have been more used to the sword than the pen—their hearts more attuned to the freedom of the forest than the restraints of study—but when the winter nights were long, and the deer had shed their horns, then around the peat-fire did they keep alive the memories of the past.

Hundreds of years ago the Highlands and Islands possessed churches adorned with monumental effigies, religious houses replenished with illuminated libraries, and baronial castles decorated with the portraits of many generations, and with the arms with which they had fought on a hundred fields of battle. Each cell had its friar or its clerk, who collected from the storm-stayed birling or night-lodged guest some news of the adventurous world which moved around them, and each *Tigh mor* had its *seannachaidh* and *leabhar dearg*—a living historian who taught to the present the history of the past.

But the ravages of anarchy and civil war—the unfortunate pillages during the Reformation,



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF SIR HECTOR MUNRO
OF FOULIS, BART., CHIEF OF THE CLAN MUNRO.

and the rapine of the armies of Cromwell and the armies of occupation in 1715 and 1745 have deprived our literature of priceless treasures. Other countries, too, have had their revolutions. In England the religious faith of the country underwent a change; in France their religion has been practically abolished. Yet, in spite of it all, the spires of the churches of the 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries still rear their heads above the trees planted by their French and Norman founders. Turn to the Highlands of Scotland, and in the ruined chapels and amidst the long grass which covers the graves in the half-deserted cities of the dead, you will come across a triangular stone or a grey slab, sculptured with some weapon of the fight or chase. The records, the stores of tradition which could have enriched our literature and archaeology, are mouldering in the dust with the tongues that could have told them, or were scattered and doomed to perish in other lands. Still, we have sufficient evidence left to show that the Celt possessed a high proficiency in the fabrication of arms, and this necessarily includes a knowledge of painting and carving. The military ensigns themselves bear testimony to other arts besides the manufacture of their material, for they were richly emblazoned like the baronial colours of all feudal nations. Probably the earliest reference to anything of the kind in Celtic literature is the description of the royal banner, given by Ossian:—

"Thog sinn Deo Ghreine ri crann
A bhratach mhòr aig rìgh nan lann,

Bha gorm shlios ballach le h-òr
Mar shlige ghlaiss mhoir na h-oidhche,
'Nuair sheallas na reil o'n speur."

An older version of the same poem says:—

"Thog sinn Deo Greine ri crann
Bratach Fhinn 's bu gharbh a greann
Iomlan do chlachaibh an or."

And thus the flag of Sleit is described by Ian Lom:—

"B'e do shuaicheantas taitneach
Long 's leomhann is bradan,
An chuan liobhar an aigeil
A chroabh fhiona grinn ghaiseadh
A chuireadh sugh di le pailteas,
Lamh dearg roimh ghaisgeach nach tiom."

The silken banner of the Clan Ranald is spoken of by a bard of the 15th century, Domhnall Mac Fhionnlaidh:—

"Bratach Alasdair nan Gleann
A seol faramach ri crann."

Again, the standard of the Macgregors is described in the ancient poem, "Macgregor o' Ruaro":—

"Mac Griogair nam Bratach
Da'm bu tartarach pioba,
Ga'm bu shuaicheantas giubhas
Ri bruthach ga dhireadh.
Crann caol air dheagh locradh,
'S ite dhosach an fhir-eoin,
Crann caol air dheagh snaidheadh
Cuid do dh'aighear mhic Rìgh e.
Ann an laimh dheagh Mhic Mhuirich
'Ga chumail reidh, direach."

The works of the ancient bards are full of those references to the emblazoned banners of the clans, and now I offer no apology for entering a little into detail of coat armour in general—for there is abundant evidence that the science of heraldry is not a popular study.

(To be continued.)



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF SIR DUNCAN CAMPBELL
OF BARCALDINE, BART.

THE MISFORTUNES OF A TANDEM AND MRS. DOUGLAS.

AS TOLD BY MOLLY.

IT was all mother's fault that dad would not let us have a tandem. She is so nervous. Gladys is such a good whip too, and even I have driven Lord Archie's team.

"What is the difference, dear Mums, between driving two horses abreast, and putting one in front of the other?" said Gladys, at last.

"My dear child, it is both dangerous and fast for girls to drive a tandem," said mother, severely.

"Oh, Mums," replied Gladys, with suspicious innocence, "a pair can go quite as fast as a tandem, it all depends on who is driving."

Mother only laughed, for Glad is allowed to say things to both our parents that no one else is.

That afternoon Mums went out in the landeau, taking the three other girls with her.

"Do keep out of mischief, dears," said she, anxiously, "Molly, I depend on you to be good."

This is a stereotyped speech of hers, and is always addressed to me, although Gladys is the elder; but I suppose people find out by experience that the more promises Gladys makes the greater in proportion is the mischief perpetrated. Scotch air seems to have a particularly exhilarating effect upon her, for, when in Sussex, she is the quietest of us all, and during her three London seasons she has only been noted for her air of languid indifference.

When we had seen the carriage turn round the bend of the avenue, Gladys linked her arm in mine and said very quietly, "Let's go and take 'Brownie' and 'Kelpie' out in the cart."

"In the dogcart?" I said. "But hasn't it gone with dad and the boys to the moor?"

"I mean the two wheeler," said Gladys, still in the same expressionless tone.

"Well," I replied, laughing, "you can't put both into the two wheeler, unless— Oh, Glad, you can't mean to—?"

"Yes, I am going to drive tandem."

"But," remonstrated I feebly, "we have no tandem harness."

"I can manage that, my dear girl."

"But, Glad, after what Mums said?"

"Oh, dear old Mums, bless her heart!" said Gladys. "What does she know about it? She won't believe me when I tell her it's not a bit dangerous; and, besides, she won't know we've gone till we return safe and sound."

This specious argument seemed to satisfy her conscience (if she has such a thing, which I am sometimes inclined to doubt), and I followed to the stables remonstrating more and more feebly as Gladdie's spirit of adventure infected me.

All seemed in our favour. Stevens was out with the landeau, Mackay with the dogcart, and we had just passed Lawson going to the station with the luggage cart; only Tom, the new boy, remained to be coerced. Gladys ordered him to harness "Brownie," and when that was done she sent him on an errand that ought to have taken him an hour at least. Then began our difficulties. The traces we had to fasten together with string, which "Kelpie" broke at her first movement. But Gladys was not to be beaten. So we hunted about and found a piece of tarred rope, with which we tied up every place where a strap or a buckle ought to have been. It certainly was strong, and so was its smell, and it hurt our fingers horribly. But at last all was ready, and we surveyed our handiwork with great pride. Had it not been for the patched appearance of the harness it would have been a lovely little tandem. "Brownie" is a sturdy hill pony of about thirteen hands high, and the colour his name denotes; whilst "Kelpie" is a bright bay thoroughbred, which dad had bought for us to drive in the cart only a few weeks previously.

"I only wish," said Gladys, with a sigh, "that the cart was big enough for 'Starlight' and 'Rainbow.'"

I felt profoundly thankful that the cart was no larger, for "Starlight" and "Rainbow" have anything but a peaceful reputation!

"We'll go up by the moor road," Gladys went on, "a gentle incline will be an excellent thing to start them on. Get in, Molly, I'm ready."

It really was rather disappointing, for our steeds behaved as to the manner born. We subsequently discovered that "Kelpie" had been driven as leader in a tandem only a season before. As for "Brownie," if he had been harnessed to a wheelbarrow with a pig as companion I believe that he would have done his best with it. So we drove in grand style out of the yard, and took the back way to the moor, thus avoiding the lodge and gardener's cottage.

How well I recollect every detail in that drive, and how we enjoyed it! We are neither of us the least sentimental (anyway Gladys was not then), but I think no one could live in our North Country without feeling a possessive love for it that comes very near to sentiment. On each side of us stretched the moor, pink with grouse heather, beyond that on one side rose the steep rugged side of the Ben, and on the other lay the sea, sparkling and good-humoured, in the afternoon sunlight. Beyond us rose the mountains, ridge succeeding ridge, until we were uncertain if the furthest haze upon the skyline was mountain or cloud. There was a crisp autumnal touch in the air, and now and then

the scent of a turnip crop on some little croft heralded (and I think no other more romantic scent does it quite so surely), the near approach of chill October.

For a few miles we drove in silence, a silence which was broken by a sudden and surprising remark from Gladys.

"Archie proposed to me last night," she remarked.

"Gladys!" I exclaimed, too astonished to say more. We are a brotherless family, and ever since we were little girls in the nursery Archie has been to us like the most charming of elder brothers. Certainly Gladys has always been his acknowledged favourite, but so she is with everyone. And Mums has always declared that she loved him as a son.

"I refused him," continued Gladys, as calmly as though she were speaking of a cold *entree*.

"Refused him?" I said blankly. The whole incident seemed so unexpected, so preposterous, that my brain refused to grasp it.

"Yes," said Gladys, still in the same matter-of-fact tone, "it seemed so disloyal to love him better than Mums and Dad, and to prefer him to you as a chum that I told him not to talk nonsense."

My powers of discrimination had returned to me, for I had caught a glimpse of her face.

"Glad!" I exclaimed, "I believe you do love him better."

"What nonsense!" she interrupted hurriedly, "I don't, of course, I don't."

I have no very clear recollection of what happened after this. I can remember hearing the report of a gun, and I am sure I saw "Kelpie" turn round and make a gallant attempt to take "Brownie" and the cart in one flying leap. Then all became a blank.

I heard afterwards that as we came round a corner, Lord Archie, who had neither seen nor heard our approach, fired at a hare. The report of the gun made "Kelpie" shy violently, upon which our rope-trace gave way, the cart overturned, and we were both pitched out. Gladys, with her usual luck, 'fell soft' on the roadside heather, but I landed on the 'ard 'igh road.

As I regained consciousness these words fell on my ears—"Oh, Archie, I've killed her!"

"Nonsense, my dear girl, she's coming to beautifully."

"Molly, you're not dead are you?"

"No," I said, "I'm not. But what has happened? And oh, Archie, do stop soaking my hair with that horrible whisky!"

Gladys gave a laugh that was suspiciously near to tears, and Archie answered, "Thank goodness, you're all right, Moll! Can you stand?"

With his help I rose to my feet, feeling rather

sick and giddy. The cart was lying in the ditch. "Brownie" and "Kelpie" having shaken off all impedimenta possible, were browsing contently by the roadside.

Archie says that if we had known how to make a decent knot much worse might have befallen us, for in that case the harness would not have given way so readily. But by this time darkness was gathering round us, and we both began to feel uneasy as we thought of mother's anxiety at our non-appearance.

"One thing to be thankful for," remarked Gladys, "is that the dear old lady has no idea of the 'manner of style' in which we went out."

"Well," said I, "in an hour it will be dinner-time, and perhaps you can suggest in what way we are to get over six miles in that time."

"I am going to drive you," Archie's voice said, before Gladys had time to reply. He had been silently and busily working at the harness, and continued his work whilst he remarked with withering sarcasm—"Necessity once taught me the correct way of making rope harness. I intend to drive you two safely home in time for dinner, although we must perforce make use of this evil smelling rope." And in an incredibly short space of time he had the tandem harnessed in a very much more workmanlike manner than our most painful efforts could have attained to.

"We've no lamps," he remarked cheerily, "but there'll be a grand moon very presently, and she'll light us finely. Oh, I see you've not got the back seat in. Well, we must sit 'three in a hansom.' Gladys, for your sins, will you kindly do 'boddin'?" Now then, Molly, hop up, and if your head feels queer you shall have some more of that nice whisky." So saying he started his tandem at a brisk trot. He seemed in the best of spirits, and not the least bit like a rejected lover. I marvelled, but presently the explanation came.

"Whilst your spirit was taking that sudden and unexpected flight to other regions, Molly," he said, "in point of fact whilst you lay unconscious by the roadside, Gladys confided to me that she thought she preferred double harness to a tandem. It seems unfeeling towards you to have discussed our opinions at such a time, but if you forgive us, Moll, you shall have your choice of bridemaids' presents!"

"Archie!" burst forth Gladys at this point, "How dare you? I never said any such thing!"

"Never said what, my dear girl? You seem a little incoherent. Molly, will you kindly turn your head away and shut your ears whilst I arrange matters with this foolish young person."

I did as I was asked. It was an ideal lovers' night. One by one the stars appeared until the sky seemed truly "full of pinpricks to let the glory through." Only the moon still veiled her

face behind a fleecy cloud, reluctant perhaps to spy on the lovers, who seemed to have forgotten any existence save their own. Suddenly, as we turned a corner, Archie pulled up his steeds almost on their haunches.

"Hullo!" he cried, "what have we here?"

Just then the cloud most obligingly removed itself, and the moon rode high and clear in the heavens. By her white light we beheld a recumbent figure on the road, clutching in its hand a roll of something white, and by its side a bottle marked in large, clear type, "Brandy."

"Dead drunk, by jove," said Archie, in tones of deep disgust, "A woman too!"

At that moment the figure sat up and began to gesticulate wildly. Our eyes travelled from her dust-covered garments to her face, and there almost hidden by dishevelled locks, we, with feelings that are better left to the imagination, beheld the features of—Mums! Tableau!!

AS TOLD BY MRS. DOUGLAS.

Of course it was a great dissappointment when Archie told me Gladys had refused him—"with scorn," the poor boy added bitterly. I was vexed too that Gladys herself had not confided in me. Altogether it had been a most upsetting day. The three elder girls had been asked over to some theatricals at the Warrens', people with whom I particularly dislike that they should associate, but the invitations had been sprung upon me unexpectedly, and I had not been able at the moment to think of any sufficiently good excuse. Then too I had to leave Gladys and Mary alone, and I had a presentiment that they would get into mischief—a presentiment which on many other occasions has been amply justified.

As I drove home alone, having left the girls at Warren Towers, Archie's last words to me the previous night kept ringing in my ears—"Of course now, dear Mrs. Dug, I shall volunteer for the Transvaal."

Why had Gladys refused him? I could find no answer to the riddle. It seemed such a peculiarly suitable match, twenty-one and twenty-eight; title and property on one side, a certain amount of money on the other; health and good looks on both. I am not worldly, nor am I a matchmaker, but when one has five daughters all 'out,' it seems almost ingratitude to refuse a man like Archie—not that I had anything to do with the refusal, goodness knows.

Darkness was gathering when I reached home, and I at once said to Ross—"Have the young ladies come in yet?"

"I think not, ma'am," he replied. "Indeed I have not seen Miss Gladys nor Miss Mary since the carriage left, and then they went up towards the stables."

I turned to the coachman. "Stevens," I said, "send me word from the stables at once if either of the ponies is out."

I waited at the hall door, and in a few minutes the stable-boy came running down.

"I was to tell Mrs. Douglas that the little cart and both the ponies are gone from the stables," he said.

"Both the ponies?" I cried, "are you sure?"

"Yes, ma'am, I harnessed the brown pony for Miss Gladys and Miss Mary, and then they sent me to the post-office, and—" he paused.

"Oh, do go on," I said impatiently. "Why didn't they take 'Kelpie?' Or where is 'Kelpie?'"

"Miss Gladys she was driving both the ponies when I saw her going out of the stables. I came in just as—"

"Tom," I interrupted, "what do you mean? How could they have both ponies in the little cart?"

"Tandem, Mrs. Douglas," he replied with some dignity.

I have often heard that coolness is the greatest essential in an emergency, and whatever the girls may say to the contrary I consider that I behaved with much presence of mind.

"Tom," I said quietly, "tell Stevens to re-harness the horses, that there has been an accident. Stay! Which direction did they go in? Miss Gladys I mean."

"Up by the east side of the moor, ma'am," said Tom, who was thoroughly enjoying the situation.

"Well, tell Stevens that I shall go ahead on foot taking the short cut, and that he must follow with the carriage as quickly as possible."

My next proceeding was to rush to my boudoir, where I always keep a roll of bandages and a brandy-flask in case of emergencies. I found my bandages at once but the flask was gone, then I remembered that I had lent it to Archie the day before, and of course he had forgotten to return it. To save time I went straight to the dining-room, where Ross was decanting the dinner wines. Disregarding his look of astonishment I seized a bottle marked 'Brandy,' and rushed out through the conservatory.

It was a starlight night, but no moon was visible, and I stumbled over stones and roots of trees as I ran up the short cut to the moor road. A horrible picture of both my darlings lying bruised, bleeding, and helpless, was ever before my mind's eye, and had I not wanted all my breath I should have cried heartily.

I expected to find Stevens and the carriage waiting for me on the road, but they were not even in sight. I walked on up the hill for some way, but still I could see no living thing except

the little black-faced sheep cropping the short grass by the road, nor could I hear anything save the melancholy cry of sea-birds out on the rocks. It was a most eerie night, and on ordinary occasions I should have been terrified at being out by myself. At last I stopped and listened intently, and fancied I could hear the quick trot of horses' hoofs, but at what distance or in which direction I could not tell. Then I remembered hearing once that North American Indians place their ears to the ground, and, listening thus, can distinguish sounds many miles away.

With some difficulty, for I am neither so young nor so supple as I was, I placed myself in a recumbent attitude on the road, and pressed my ear on the ground. I have never heard well with that ear since. Wonderful! I could now clearly distinguish the quick, sharp trot of a pair of ponies, and they were certainly coming down the hill towards me. Oh, that it might be my dear runaways safe and sound! I fancied that they must still be about a mile away when the sound suddenly ceased. Oh, mercy! the accident that I had hoped was averted had no doubt happened. I struggled into a sitting posture, and beheld close to me that horrible tandem, with Gladys, Molly, and Archie staring at me in the greatest amazement. No wonder.

I do not think I need add more. Archie and Gladys are very happy, so "all's well that ends well." Yet I sometimes wish that they would cease to enquire if I "still keep my private brandy-bottle."

Ryefield, Ross-shire,

MYRA K. G. WARRAND.

A UNIQUE AND POETIC DISCHARGE.

IT was customary in the Highlands, and probably in other places as well, for some men to be better known by the name of their habitation than by their surname. Indeed, in the Reay Country, and in parts of Sutherland where the name Mackay preponderated (see Kemp's "Sutherland Democracy," page 44), tee-names were, and I believe are still, as necessary as among the fisherfolk of the seaboard.

On the banks of the Tay, Perthshire, there is a place called Balnakeilly—whether a hamlet or farm I know not—but a farmer was there locally known as Balnakeilly, who on one occasion gave two bolls of meal to a man a considerable distance from thence, on credit, and on the distinct understanding that payment would be forthcoming at a time agreed upon. The recipient, according to promise, arrived at Balnakeilly at the time stipulated, but Balnakeilly was not at home, which chagrined the honest man a bit, having made a long journey. A

brother of Balnakeilly happened to be there, Peter Stewart by name, and to him he told his business. Peter told him that if satisfied with his discharge, he would be quite ready to give it to him. The man, canny Scot, who knew no English, said that if he wrote it in Gaelic he would accept it. The document was as follows: "Tha mise maighstir Pàruig, brathair Bhailnacille, Toirt dhutsa *disearsg* airson da bholla mine, 'S cha'n'eil e 'san àl so no 'san àl a tha ri thighinn, A ni thusa *shearsaigeadh* airson an dà bholla mine."

The man stepped homewards quite satisfied with the discharge.

ALASTAIR MACAOIDH.

20 St. Andrew Square,
Edinburgh, 5th March, 1900.

LAMENT FOR ÆNEAS NORMAN MACKINTOSH, THE DOUNE.*

O'ER the land of Clan Toisich hangs sorrow's
dark cloud,
For the kind and the noble lies cold in his shroud;
Seeking health, he set sail for a far foreign shore,
But, alas! to return to the Doune never more.
And his clansmen would share in the burden of grief
That bereavement has laid on the heart of their chief.

Sad and low, like the sounds of the wind o'er the heath
Were the sighs of his clan, as they heard of his death;
Hush'd was mirth on the banks of the Findhorn and
Nairn,
And with gloom overcast were the hearths of Strath-
dearn.

And the bard, as of old, would in accents of grief
Blend his dirge with the sighs of his clansmen and
chief.

In the camp or the council, the country or town,
Never more shall his friends meet Æneas of the
Doune;

He who aye had at heart his poor countrymen's weal,
Has now gone to the land of the kind and the leal.
And the high and the low sympathise with the chief,
And his death-stricken house, in their loss and their
grief.

Hatfield.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

*Mackintosh of Mackintosh's brother, who died a few days ago at Los Angeles, South California.

MANY HIGHLANDERS IN THE COLONIES and other distant parts of the world will now be preparing to visit the old country. When in Glasgow they should not forget to call at R. W. Forsyth's, the celebrated Highland costumier, to inspect his large stock of clan tartans and Highland costume accessories.

THE ANNUAL SOCIAL GATHERING of the Clan Mackay Society, which this year takes the form of a conversazione, will be held in the "Mikado," Jamaica Street, Glasgow, on Friday evening, 30th March. A large attendance of members and friends is expected, and the proceedings promise to be of special interest. Tickets (price 3s) can be had from John Mackay, hon. secretary, 1 Blythwood Drive, Glasgow.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1900.

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VOLUME VII. can now be had, tastefully bound, 7s 6d, post free, from John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. Volumes V. and VI. also in stock.

CLAN SEPTS AND SURNAMES.

DEAR SIR,—During my last visit to the old country I published, as you are aware, a small book relating to Highland matters, entitled “What is my Tartan?” The little book contained, in as concise a form as possible, notes collected during some twenty years. It was with some trepidation that I gave these notes to the public. However, since their publication I have been much gratified by receiving letters from all parts of the world, not only from Scotsmen, but also from foreigners of Scotch extraction, thanking me for information given in “What is my Tartan?” and asking for further information. I have, therefore, decided to publish a larger work on clan matters which, besides containing the information given in “What is my Tartan?” will also contain over 100 plates of Highland tartans, plates of costumes, maps, &c. I hope to have my MS. completed within the next two years. I thankfully again acknowledge here the kind assistance you gave me when I had my last book in hand. I would now exact from you another favour, namely, the insertion of this letter in your well-known periodical (which finds its way, I know, to all corners of the world where Scotsmen are to be found), and the receiving for me of any letter or communication which your readers may make on the subject.

In the first place, I shall be glad to receive from any of the readers of “What is my Tartan?” any

suggestions as to additional information, &c. In the second place, I am very anxious to have my list of sept names in the work I have now in hand as complete as possible. I have already added considerably to my list since “What is my Tartan?” was published, and I shall be happy to have the names of any septs which do not appear in above book, along with information as to their clan origin. Perhaps some of your readers can give me information as to the clan origin of the following names:—Macswyde, which appears to be of Hebridean origin.

Steel, which, I think, hails from Harris.

Macelfrith, also Hebridean, I think.

Macmorran. Is this a Mackinnon sept?

MacIse. Is this a form of Macleish or Fletcher, Clan Gregor septs?

Gilfillan appears to be a form of Maclellan (though quite distinct from the Maclellans of Kirkcudbright), and to hail from Mull.

Reoch. Is this a form of Macilriach or Macdonald sept?

MacIullich or MacCulloch (as distinct from the MacCullochs of the Stewartry), appear to have been settled in Ross-shire for centuries, and to have been connected with the old Earls of Ross. Is this a Macdonald sept?

MacConacher appears to be a Lorn name. Is this a Campbell or a Macdonald sept?

Macvicar. Am I right in taking this to be a sept dependent on the Campbells of Argyll? The name seems peculiar to the northern side of Loch Fyne.

Macgibbon or Gibson. Is a sept of this name connected with the Clan Donald?

Are the MacCombichs a sept of the Stewarts of Appin?

Mackeggie (originally Mackaggie) appears to come from Morayshire. Is another form of MacCaig, a Farquharson sept?

MacCunn. Am I right in supposing this to be a Macdonald name (Siol Cuinn)? and Mackinnell also to be a form of Macdonald?

Macferron. A number of people bearing this name are to be found in the Northern States of the U.S. They appear to believe themselves to be Macphersons. Can any one throw light on this matter?

Do some Macmasters hail from Ardgour? If so, what is their clan?

I shall also be glad to know the clan origin of the following names:—Macnamara, MacCubbin, Bannerman, MacCord, Macgann, MacCann, MacCaffer, MacComaskig, Macellaig, Macvinish, MacCarrach, Macnean, Macduloches, Mackellachie, Fingland, Machugash, Macstephen, Macleven, Macgugan.

My work is purely a labour of love, and one which aims at placing in the hands of every Highlander, in a cheap and concise form, full information as to clan matters. My task is rendered doubly difficult by the great distance I am removed from the bonnie Highlands. I trust, therefore, that any of your readers interested in the subject will lend me any aid which may be in their power. Thanking you, in anticipation, for your courtesy, I am, yours faithfully,

FRANK ADAM.

Island of Java, 3rd January, 1900.

[We will be very pleased to receive and publish any information on the topics referred to which any of our readers may be able to offer.—ED.]

THE OLD MILLS AND THE NEW.

BY FIONN.

ONE of the oldest instruments for grinding corn is the quern, or *bràth*, as it is called in Gaelic. It was used among all who cultivated the soil, and it is only within recent years that its use has been restricted to a few of the Hebridean Isles and one or two remote parishes on the mainland of Scotland. The various travellers who visited the Highlands during the last century, and made "observations," record the use of the hand-mill or *quern*, despite the fact that in 1284 a law was enacted by Alexander III. forbidding the use of "hand-

mynes" (hand-mills) in Scotland. The enactment ran as follows:—"That na man sall presume to grind quheit, maisloch, or rye, with hand-mynes, except to be compelled by storm, and be in lack of mylnes quhilk should grind the samen . . . and gif any man contraveins this our prohibition, he sall tyne his hand-mynes perpetuallie." Long ago the Gael ground his own corn and baked his own meal. His mode of operation was expeditious, if somewhat primitive. A few sheaves of corn were taken, and the grain switched out of the ear and put in a pot on the



THE QUERN, OR HAND-MILL.

fire to dry. This hurried process is called *eararadh*, while corn prepared by the usual kiln-drying process is known as *ealachadh*. A still quicker mode of drying was to set the sheaves standing against each other, and set fire to the straw. This was known by the name of *gradan*, from *grad*, quick, and meal made of the grain so dried was called *min-ghradain*.

The operation of grinding with the quern was usually performed by two women, sitting opposite each other on the floor. Underneath the quern was spread a piece of cloth, or a dried hide, called *craicinn bràthain*, to keep the meal clean.

In course of time hand-mills were superseded by mills driven by water—indeed, some of the

larger querns were driven by water in Shetland and other places. Mills were built in each barony, and the laird, to secure the multure or miller's fees, was anxious that all querns should be destroyed, a fact which accounts for the almost complete disappearance of the hand-mills. "The miller on every lairdship," says Logan, "had usually a croft for his support, besides the legal multures and sequels, *i.e.*, perquisites of the miller and his men." In Scots law, thirlage is the servitude by which lands are astricted to a particular mill, being bound to have their corn ground there on certain terms. The district or lands thus bound are termed the *sucken*, and the payments

are the multure or quantity of grain or meal exacted by the heritor or his tacksman, and the sequels are those quantities given to the servants under the name of knaveship, bannock, and loch, or gowpen. The tenant paid a certain measure out of every boll to the chief, half that measure to the miller, and a quarter to the *gille-muilinn*, or miller's man. These exactions were frequently the cause of considerable friction between the various parties, as may be learned from the writers of the articles on the Highland Parishes in the "Old Statistical Account" of Scotland.

Song was essential to the operation of grinding corn, and several quern croons, or songs, have been preserved. The following may interest our musical readers:—

THE QUERN LILT.

KEY D—*Moderato, with expression.*

{ .m	s., d : m., d	s., d : m.	}
The	<i>cumha</i>	stills the	dowie heart,
{ .s	l., l : s., m	r : r.	}
The	<i>crònan</i>	stills the	bairn - nie;
{ .m	s., d : m., d	s., d : m.	}
The	music	for a	hungry wame,
{ .s	l., l : s., m	r : d.	}
Is	grinding	o' the	quer - nie.
{ .m	d., m : s., l	s. m : s.	}
And	leeze me	o' my	little quern,
{ .s	l., t : d ^l . m ^l	r ^l , d ^l : l.	}
O	grind the	graddan	grind it;
{ .t	d ^l . m ^l : l. d ^l	d., r : m.	}
We'll	a' get	crowdie	when it's dune,
{ .s	l., d ^l .—: s., m	r : r.	
And	bannocks	steeve to	bind it.

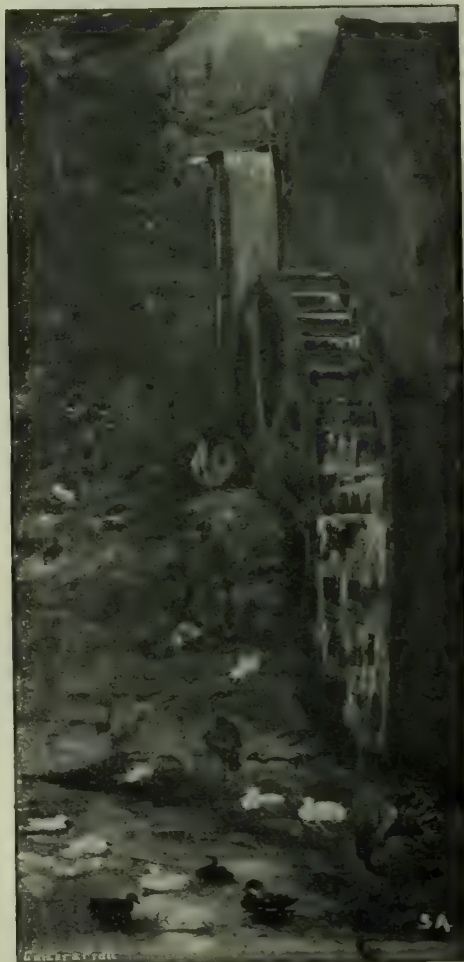
The married man his joy may prize,
The lover prize his earlies;
But gin the quernie gangna round,
They baith will soon be sareless.
Sae leeze me, &c.

The whisky gars the barque of life
Drive merrily and rarely;
But graddan in the ballast gars
It steady gang and fairly.
Then leeze me, &c.

Though winter steeks the door wi' drift,
And owre the ingle hinge us;
Let but the little quernie gae,
We're blythe whatever dings us.
Then leeze me, &c.

And now it cheers the herd at e'en,
And sets his heart-strings dirlin',
When, comin' frae the hungry hill,
He hears the quernie birlin'.
Then leeze me, &c.

A curious dispute regarding the erection of a mill on the Mackintosh estates took place in 1660, and one, moreover, which is interesting as proving that the clans did not always offer a blind or slavish obedience to their chiefs. It would appear that the Mackintosh of the day erected a mill which, although on his own estate, was alleged to be injurious to one belonging to Cluny Macpherson lower down the stream. Remonstrances between the rival chiefs having proved of no effect, it was resolved to appeal to arms, and the *Crois tàra* was sent through the country to raise Clann Mhuirich. The contending parties met each other at the site of the intended mill, but Mackintosh, finding himself inferior in numbers, sent down to the laird of Grant for a reinforcement. This chief was young and inexperienced, and offhand promised the support desired. His clansmen, however,



THE MILL WHEEL.

demurred to enter into a quarrel in which they were not interested against their near neighbours the Macphersons. They accordingly sent their elders to remonstrate with their chief, with the result that the laird of Grant immediately countermanded the proposed levy. The Mackintosh then made a similar application to his relation, the chief of the Farquharsons, but with no

better success, *Clann Fhionnlaidh* refusing to be embroiled in a war with the Macphersons. Under these circumstances, the two clans having faced each other for some days, Mackintosh withdrew his men, the Macphersons threw down what of the walls had been built, and the erection of the mill was abandoned.



[From Original Sketch

THE OLD MILL, PENMORE, MULL.

by Stephen Adams, F.S.A.]

FLORA MACDONALD IN AMERICA.

BY J. P. MACLEAN.

(Continued from page 107.)

GENERAL MACDONALD was fully aware that he could not put his threat into execution, for he had been informed that the minute-men were gathering in swarms all around him; that Colonel Caswell, at the head of the minute-men of Newbern, nearly eight hundred strong, was marching through Duplin County, to effect a junction with General Moore, and that his communications with the warships had been cut off. Realising the extremity of his danger, he resolved to avoid an engagement, and leave the army at Rockfish in his rear, and by celerity of movement, and crossing rivers at unsuspected places, to disengage himself from the larger bodies and fall upon the command of Colonel Caswell. Before

marching he exhorted his men to fidelity, expressed bitter scorn for the "base cravens who had deserted the night before," and continued by saying—"If any amongst you are so faint-hearted as not to serve with the resolution of conquering or dying, this is the time to declare themselves." The speech was answered by a general huzza for the King, but from Cotton's corps about twenty laid down their arms. The army decamped at midnight, crossed the Cape Fear, sunk their boats, and sent a party fifteen miles in advance to secure the bridge over South River, from Bladen into Hanover, pushing with rapid pace over swollen streams, rough hills, and deep morasses, hotly pursued by General Moore. Perceiving the purpose of the enemy, General Moore detached Colonels Lillington and Ashe to reinforce Caswell, or if that could not be effected, then they were to occupy Widow Moore's Creek Bridge.

Caswell, designing the purpose of the enemy, changed his own course in order to intercept his march. On the 23rd, General Macdonald thought to overtake him, and arrayed the Highlanders in order of battle, with eighty able-bodied men, armed with broad-swords, forming the centre of the army; but Caswell, being posted at Corbett's Ferry, could not be reached for want of boats. The Royalists again were in extreme danger, but at a point six miles higher up the Black River they succeeded in crossing in a broad shallow boat, while Maclean and Fraser, left with a few men, and a drum and a fife, amused Caswell.

Lillington, on the 25th, took post on the east side of Widow Moore's Creek Bridge; and on the next day Caswell reached the west side, threw up a slight embankment, and destroyed a part of the bridge. A Royalist who had been sent into his camp, under the pretext of summoning him to return to his allegiance, brought back the information that he had halted on the same side of the river as themselves, and could be assaulted to advantage. Caswell was not only a good woodsman, but also a man of superior ability, and believing that he had misled the enemy, marched his column to the east side of the stream, removed the planks from the bridge, and placed his men behind trees and such embankments as could be thrown up during the night. His force now amounted to a thousand men, consisting of the Newbern minute-men, the Militia of Craven, Dobbs, Johnston, and Wahe Counties, besides the detachment under Lillington. The men of the Neuse region, their officers wearing silver crescents upon their hats, inscribed with the words, "Liberty or Death," were in front. The situation of the Highlanders was again perilous, for while facing this army, Moore, with his regulars, was close upon their rear.

The Highlanders, anticipating an early victory, decided upon an immediate attack. Macdonald was confined to his tent by sickness, and the command devolved upon Donald Macleod, who began the march at one o'clock on the morning of the 27th, but owing to the time lost in passing an intervening morass, it was within an hour of daylight when they reached the west bank of the creek. Without resistance they entered the ground, but seeing Caswell's forces on the opposite bank, they reduced their columns and formed their line of battle in the woods. Their rallying cry was "King George and broad-swords," and the signal of attack was three cheers, the drum to beat, and the pipes to play. While it was still dark, Macleod, with a party of about forty, advanced, and at the bridge was challenged by the sentinel asking—"Who goes there?" He answered—"A friend." "A friend of whom?" "To the King." Upon

this the sentinels bent their faces down to the ground. Macleod, thinking they might be some of his own command who had crossed the bridge, challenged them in Gaelic, but receiving no reply, fired his own piece, and ordered his party to fire also. All that remained of the bridge were the two logs which had served for sleepers, permitting only two persons to cross at a time. Macleod and Captain John Campbell rushed forward, and succeeded in getting over. The Highlanders that followed were shot down on the logs, and fell into the muddy stream below. Macleod was mortally wounded, but was seen to rise repeatedly from the ground, waving his sword, and encouraging his men to come on, till twenty-six balls penetrated his body. Campbell was shot dead, and at the same moment a party of militia, under Lieut. Glocum, who had forded the creek and penetrated a swamp on its western bank, fell suddenly upon the rear of the Royalists. The loss of their leader, and the unexpected attack upon the rear, threw them into confusion, when they broke and fled.

The battle lasted but ten minutes. The Highlanders lost seventy killed and wounded, while the patriots had but two wounded, one of whom recovered. The victory was complete and lasting. The power of the Highlanders was thoroughly broken. There fell into the hands of the Americans, besides 850 prisoners, 1,500 rifles, all of them excellent pieces, 350 guns and short bags, 150 swords and dirks, two medicine chests recently from England (one valued at £300 sterling), 13 waggons, with horses, a box of Johannes and English guineas, amounting to about 75,000 dollars.

Some of the Highlanders escaped from the field of carnage by breaking down their waggons and riding away, three upon a horse. Many who were taken confessed that they were forced and persuaded contrary to their inclinations into the service. The soldiers taken were disarmed and then dismissed to their homes.

On the following day, General Macdonald and nearly all the chief men were taken prisoners, amongst whom was Allan Macdonald of Kingsburgh and his son, Alexander.

According to a letter dated April 22, 1776, General Donald Macdonald, Colonel Allan Macdonald, of Kingsburgh, his son Alexander, Major Alexander Macdonald, besides fifteen captains, one lieutenant, and five minor officers, including the chaplain, Rev. John Bethune, all of the Highland army, were sent prisoners to Philadelphia.

The Pennsylvania Committee of Safety, at its session in Philadelphia, held May 25, 1776, ordered the Highland prisoners, naming each one separately, to be "safely kept in close con-

finement until discharged by the honourable Congress or this committee." Washington exerted his power to have General Macdonald exchanged, but as General Sir William Howe refused to recognise his rank in the army, the unfortunate General was long a prisoner. On September 23, Washington, in a letter to General Howe, said—"I had no doubt but Mr. Macdonald's title would have been acknowledged, having understood that he received his commission from the hands of Governor Martin; nor can I consent to rank him as a major till I have proper authority from Congress, to whom I shall state the matter upon your representation." That body, on September 30, declared "That Mr. Macdonald, having a commission of Brigadier-General from Governor Martin, be not exchanged for any officer under the rank of Brigadier-General in the service of the United States or any of them."

On the way from North Carolina to Philadelphia, while resting at Petersburg, May 2, 1776, Kingsburgh wrote the following letter:—

SIR,—Your kind favor I had by Mr. Ugin, (?) with the Virginian money enclosed, which shall be paid if ever I return, with thanks, if not, I shall take to order payment. Colonel Eliot, who came here to receive the prisoners, confined the General and me, under a guard and sentries, to a room; this he imputes to the Congress of North Carolina not getting Brigadier Lewes (who commands at Williamsburg) know of our being on parole by your permission when at Halifax. If any opportunity afford, it would add to our happiness to write something to the above purpose to some of the Congress here, with directions (if such can be done) to forward said orders after us. I have also been depossessed of the horse I held, and hath little chance of getting another. To walk on foot is what I never can do the length of Philadelphia. What you can do in the above different affairs will be adding to your former favours. Hoping you will pardon freedom, wrote in a hurry, I am, with real esteem and respect, honble. Sir, your very obedient servant,
ALLEN MACDONALD.

On 28th June, 1776, Allan Macdonald of Kingsburgh was permitted, after signing a parole and word of honour, to go to Reading, in Berks County. At the same time the Committee of Safety resolved "That such prisoners from North Carolina as choose, may be permitted to write to their friends there, such letters to be inspected by this committee; and the jailer is to take care that all the paper delivered in to the prisoners be used in such letters, or returned him." This action was approved by the Continental Congress on July 9th, which further ordered that Kingsburgh be released on parole. On the 15th his son Alexander was released on parole, and allowed to reside with him. Every attempt was made, on the part of the Americans, to exchange the prisoners, but the latter were

unfortunate in not having some one intercede in their behalf among the British officials. At last Kingsburgh was permitted to go to New York and intercede in his own behalf, and during the month of November, 1777, effected his own exchange, and then proceeded to Halifax, Nova Scotia.

As already noted, the rebellion of the Highlanders in Nova Scotia ended in a *fiasco*. Flora Macdonald was soon aroused to the fact that the battle was against them, and her husband and son had been thrown into the jail at Halifax. It appears that even she was brought before the Committee of Safety, when she exhibited a "spirited behaviour." Sorrows, indeed, rapidly accumulated upon her. A severe typhus fever attacked the younger members of the family, and two of her children died, a boy and a girl, aged respectively eleven and thirteen, and her daughter, Fanny, was still in precarious health from the dregs of a recent fever. By the advice of her imprisoned husband, she resolved to return to her native country. Fortunately for her, she secured the favour and good offices of Captain Ingram, an American officer, who promised to assist her. He furnished her with a passport to Wilmington, and from thence she found her way to Charleston, from which port she sailed to her native land in 1779. In this step she was partly governed by the state of health of her daughter Fanny. Crossing the Atlantic, with none of her family but Fanny—her five sons and son-in-law actively engaged in the war—the Scottish heroine met with the last of her misfortunes. The vessel in which she sailed engaged a French privateer, and during the conflict her left arm was broken owing to her being thrown violently on the deck. She refused to go below, but remained with the men, cheering them on, and exhorting them to be faithful. In a few years, she truthfully said, she had served both the House of Stuart and the House of Hanover, but had been worsted in the cause of each. For some time she resided at Milton, where her brother built her a cottage, but on the return of her husband they again settled at Kingsburgh, where she died March 5, 1790.

(Concluded.)

A GRAND GAELIC AND SCOTTISH CONCERT is to be held in the Waterloo Rooms on Friday, 6th April—Lord Provost Chisholm presiding. The programme is the most attractive ever submitted to a Highland audience. Tickets (2s and 1s) can be had from the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 1 Blythswood Drive.

THE most suitable and picturesque dress for boys is the kilt; it has twice the wearing qualities of any other costume. This season it promises to be more popular than ever. R. W. Forsyth, Renfield Street, makes a specialty of the Highland costume, and can supply an artistic dress in any tartan.

JOHN MACCOLL, Champion Piper.

SHADE of Patrick Mòr MacCrimmon! what would you say to meeting John MacColl, the champion piper and winner of two thousand prizes? What a cordial greeting there would be between these representatives of the ancient and modern schools. The former, sedate and serious, with broadsword and dirk hanging on either side, and shield slung on to his back, ready for any emergency, breathing forth warlike notes and deeds of great battles; the latter, cheerful and gay, and ready to tackle the strongest and the bravest on the "Piob-Mhòr," or to dance "Gille Callum." It may be that "distance lends enchantment to the view," when the mind is carried back to the professors of the College at Borroraig, in the Isle of Skye, and the grand old pipers it turned out, but here the analogy ends. Times have changed, and our pipers have changed also. There were no gramophones in the time of the MacCrimmons, so we can form no idea of how they played, but contemporary history corroborates the fact that they were famous beyond all others. It is doubtful if they played much better than our best modern pipers. That they played slower and more majestically, is very probable, and that they confined themselves mainly to pibrochs is more than likely. But as to being all-round first class players they probably were not. War and pibrochs absorbed all their skill and talent.

The subject of our present sketch, John MacColl, Oban, was born at Kintallen, Appin, in January, 1861. He commenced to play the pipes by ear at an early age under the tuition of his father, who was himself an excellent player. At the age of seventeen he repaired to Glasgow, where he studied pipe-music under the late Donald Macphee, who gave him a good grounding in marches, strathspeys, and reels. In 1880, he went as piper to the late Mr. Neil Macdonald, of Dunach, who sent him to take lessons in pibroch playing from Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, then at Fort-George. Shortly after Mr. Macdonald's death, he went regularly to piping and dancing competitions, and since 1882, he has won upwards of

two thousand prizes, which include over fifty medals, two sets of bagpipes, several cups, etc. He has also won a number of prizes for leaping, running, and golf-playing. On two occasions he won first prize for the best unpublished piobaireachd of his own composition. His most important gold medal is the centenary champion gold medal given at Inverness in 1888.

As a composer of pipe music Mr. MacColl has done remarkably well. His most successful pibrochs are "N. M. Macdonald's Lament," and "Donald Macphee's Lament," copies of each of which had to be given in at the competition for future publication. His marches are "Argyllshire Gathering," "Archie Campbell of Kilberry," "Braes of Kintallen," "Bignold of



Lochrosque," "H. L. Macdonald, of Dunach," "The Piper's Farewell to Paris," "The Clan Macmillan Society," "Macalpine Downie of Appin's March," and one of his best strathspeys is "Mrs. Macdonald, Dunach," which has been published in Henderson's Collection.

Mr. MacColl is also an excellent performer of Highland music on the violin, and as a master of the bagpipes his services are much sought after at public functions. Being still in his

prime there is every promise of a brilliant career as a piper before him, and as a composer much will be expected from such a competent performer and teacher of Highland music. We wish him all success in his future undertakings, as he is undoubtedly one of the best pipers in Scotland, and being surrounded by a wife and family he should be as happy as a king.

K. N. MACDONALD.

LOCH-AN-EILAN.

ENCIRCLED by the wild and gloomy hills
And corries where the eaglet still is found,
Where scream of bird the echoing forest fills,
And deer o'er crag and heather lightly bound,
A tiny islet almost hid from view,
Upon the bosom of a mountain lake,
Whose waters mirror every changeful hue
That o'er the sky above may swiftly break.
A ruin crowns the island's rocky brow,
A stronghold grim in ages long since fled;
'Tis but the haunt of crow and osprey now,
The outlaw and his train are with the dead.
How changed the scene since those forgotten times,
When the proud "Wolf" for wine and jest would
call,

And hearken to the minstrel chant his rhymes,
And feast and revel in the castle hall!
Or when, perchance, o'ercome by evil mood,
His wrath on those around him he would vent,
Then cross the loch and plunge into the wood,
On plunder and revengeful deeds intent.
What wretchedness in many homes he wrought,
And recked not tho' his hand shed guiltless blood;
But burned and pillaged, lives to him were naught,
And none could stay that fearful deathly flood!

But now, 'tis well we live in better days,
Tho' scarcer be romance throughout the land;
Thank Heaven that sweet peace has shed her rays,
And keeps from ill the tyrant's ruthless hand!

E. GRANT DICKSON.



LOCH-AN-EILAN.

UNPUBLISHED SONGS OF THE REAY COUNTRY.

BY REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNES.

(Continued from page 115.)

A FEW years after the Reay Country passed
out of the Mackay into the Sutherland
family, there was an order passed to

have all the dogs in Durness destroyed. Proprietors in those days were all-powerful, and however distasteful to the people this order, there was nothing for it but to obey. Barbara thereupon composed a song, bewailing the fate of the dogs, and ascribing the tyrannical order to the malignity of the *Cat*—the *Cat* being the crest of the Sutherland family.

4. *Chorus*—Air fàilirinn, illirinn, ullairinn, ù
 Cha 'n fhaic thu 'n diu duine le
 gunna no cù.
 'S mi mo shuidh' air an tulaich
 'S mi coimhead mu 'n cuairt
 Chithinn dà chuirean
 Tigh 'n a m' ionnsuidh gu luath
 'G iarraidh, gach anon diubh,
 Cairtealan uam,
 'S an Achd aig an darus
 Bha labhairt riu cruaidh.
 Air fàilirinn, etc.,
 Cha 'n fhaic, etc.

"Ach co bheireadh cairtealan duit-sa, a choin
 duinn,
 'S nach bitheadh tu 'n a d' thosd, gus an itheadh
 tu mir
 Na 'n tigeadh fear eile, mo rathad, 's e sgith
 Bhiodh tusa aig an daras, le sgall ann do chraos."
 Cha teid mise gus an darus 's cha 'n abair mi dùrd,
 Ma gheibh mi biadh-siubhail ach an ruig mi an
 Dùc;
 Is dh' fheumainn rud eile—deagh theisteannas ùr'
 A nochdamh do 'n uachdran, mar a dhéilig iad
 rium.

Nach eil cinneadh mo sheanair an diu na 'n cuis-
 bhùirt
 G' an cur leis na creagan 's an claigeannan brùite
 Cha chuala tu leithid do dh-achd anns an duthaich
 O'n uair sin bha Hàman ag àiteach na cùirte."

"Ach cionnus theid thusa gu Lunnainn nan cleòc
 Gun dad air do chasan, gun bhoinnid, gun bhròg
 Dh' fheumadh tu stob do mhaide 'n a' dhòrn
 'S glice dhuit fuireach 's an tulaich an ròig."

Ars' an cu luideagach ris an chù lòm,
 "Nach deanadh tu suidh air an tulaich ud thall
 'N tràth chitheadh tu an cat, tigh 'n a mach le
 chuid lann
 'Bhi aige gu h-àpar, is car chur na cheann."

Och! 's e 'n cat a bhi 'n uachdair dh' fhàg gruaim
 air mo linn,
 'S thug oirr bhi co cruaidh air an tuath, tha 'n
 Duth'ich-Caoidh
 Cha 'n fhaicear na giullain le 'n gunna 's a bheinn
 No sealgair, le chuirean a' siubhal na frithe.

'S e chi thu 'n diugh *stiataidh*, a' meaghal an cùil
 Na h-iseanan iargalt, bha riamh n'a cuis-bhùirt
 Cha bheag a' chuis mhi-thlachd, luchd-riaghlaidh
 na cùirt'
 Nach fhuiling iad duine le gunna no cù.
 Air fàilirin, illirin, ullirin, ù
 'S e 'n cat, le chuid spuirean
 Chur uileann 's a chù.

Barbara and her minister did not see eye to
 eye on all subjects. On one occasion he instituted
 a Temperance Crusade in the parish, and from
 the roll of members still preserved, the movement,
 to begin with, was a great success. On New
 Year's night a Temperance Soiree was held as a
 counter-attraction to the 'Change-House. Our
 bardess held aloof from the movement and made
 a song on the event, chaffing the members on

their sad declension from the customs of their
 fathers. Her sentiments may be gathered from
 the following stanzas:—

(5) Tha 'n sluagh an diu ar cruinneachadh
 Gu Fuaran mor' na Sean-airidh
 Na h-uaislean is am ministear
 Theid thus' is mise d' an éisdeachd.
 Tha bliadhn' ùra air tighinn orra
 Chuir iad cùil ri cridhealas
 Cha d' thoir iad deur de *spioradan*
 Do dhuine aig am beil déidh oirre.
 Ged nach toir iad spioradan
 Do 'n fhear a bhios g'am fithrealadh
 Olaidh iad gu cridheal leis
 Dheth duilleaga nan geuga. (tea)
 B' àite Gaidheal aon uair so
 'Sgheibht' uath' gun chunntadh e
 Ged tha e 'n diu cho Gallda
 Ri cabhsairean Dhun-Eidin.

The ecclesiastical struggle known as the "ten
 years' conflict" penetrated as far North as Cape
 Wrath, and one of the poems I have before me
 is entitled

"Cumha air staid na h-Eaglais le Barbara Nin-Rob,"
 in which she bewails the encroachments of the
 state into the sphere of religious liberty:—

"'S e so aimsir is cianail
 Chunncas riamh ri mo linn
 'Nuair tha neart an lagh shiobhalta
 'Cur aobhar Dhia bun os cinn."

She prays for the success of those who fight for
 truth and freedom in the church, but feeling
 herself unable to enter fully into the merits of
 the dispute, she contents herself by handing
 over the matter to her minister in the words

"Feumaidh mise bhi g'a fhàgail
 Aig mo nàbuidh tha dlùth
 Ach bithidh mi 'g earbsa san Ard-Rìgh
 Gu 'm faic e sgeal so duinnta."

The deaths of chiefs never failed to be
 followed by an outburst of elegies from the
 local bards, and there are one or two specimens
 of this sort of poetry in the collection, the
 authors of which are not given.

ELEGY TO THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 LORD REAY, WHO DIED 8TH JULY, 1847.
Air fonn—Miad m' mhulad ga 'm thaghal.

Dh' fhàs mo chridhe cho trom
 'S gu bheil gach cuisle mo chom dol cù
 'S gur ann o Shasunn nan Gall
 Thainig naigheachd, 's bu chall leam i;
 Fhir nach togadh mo gheall
 Ged thaghalainn bonn na frith'
 'S cian fada leam uam
 T' uagh, 's an dachaigh tha thall air tìr.

'S mòr 'naigheachd ri innis'
 Deagh Mhoirear Mac Aoidh gu 'n d'éug
 Ged a dh' fhàg thu do thìr
 Tha mi duilich o bhrìgh mo sgeul;
 Fhuair thu gean o'd shluagh
 Nach fhaigh duine ta nis fo 'n ghrein

'S ged a gheibheamaid Rìgh
 B'e ar raghainn Mac Aoidh so fein.
 'S cruaidh an teachdair am bàs
 Cha 'n eil duine gun chàs d'a thaobh
 Air son caraid no paisde
 No cuspair graidh is mò
 'S ged dh' fhuiling mi sàs
 Air son iomadaidh pairtidh bu dluithe
 Gu 'n d' rinn a bhuille so beàrn
 Nach càirear gu brath 'mo chridhe.
 Ach gu bhì 'g aithris do bhuaidh
 Cha bu duilich 'no cruaidh do chliù
 Dh' innseadh ruiteag do ghruaidh
 Gu 'm bu cheannard 's gu 'm b' uasal thu
 'S gann is urra' mi luaidh
 Dheasbhuidh gul, is sgur o'n chiùil,
 Do chridhe farsuing is fial
 'S làmh bheireadh ri sia do 'n Diùc.
 'N uair chithear do ghnùise
 Rachadh mart-fheoil air cùl gu leir
 Sar cheannard na cùirte
 'S math mo bharail de thùs nam Féinn
 Cha robh duine fo 'n chrùn
 B' àillt' cumadh, is stùil, is céum,
 'S mi gu bràth 'sileadh air t-ùir
 Nach eil mac-oghre le duthaich a d' dhéigh.

The following lament is after the model of
 Macrimmon's and is entitled

"Roinn air cluinntinn sgeal-bais Moirear Mac-Aoidh."

Mo thruaighe do thir
 Mhic-Aoidh, 's nach d' thig thu
 Cha tiodhlaic iad thu
 'S an ùir tha dligheach.
 Cha till, cha till, cha till thu tuilleadh
 Cha till Mac Aoidh a chaidh ri chinneadh.
 Cha 'n eil gruaim air gnùis
 'S cha 'n eil stùil a' sileadh
 Cor nach pill Mac Aoidh
 A chaidh ri chinneadh.—Cha till, etc.
 Bu naigheachd ri inns'
 Do 'n linn tha tighinn
 Nach tilleadh Mac Aoidh
 A chaidh ri chinneadh.—Cha till, etc.
 Bu naigheachd 's bu bheùd
 Mar dh' eirich dhuinne
 Gun do ghairm an t' eug
 Le aon bheum ar cinneadh.—Cha till, etc.

said, "Go to sleep, little sister," and so saying spread over the brown blanket of leaves a pure white coverlet, and spring, with a murmur like a sleepy child, nestled back to the arms of mother earth, and obeyed winter for a few weeks. But now she is waking, and only the soft, drowsy breath of June will avail to hush her to sleep again.

The wood pigeon told me all this yesterday as I stood in the churchyard, or perhaps it was told to his mate only; at anyrate I—eaves-dropper if you will—overheard it and now tell it to you. I looked over the churchyard wall, on the other side of which lies the sea, forever telling secrets to the dead, eternally singing their lullabys. Nay, not for ever, not eternally, for does not one of its most mournful songs tell of the time when "there shall be no more sea?" It is the self-sung dirge of the ocean. Yesterday the waves could only repeat what I had already learnt from the wood pigeon. But they had been telling it all day to the shore and the sea-birds, and were glad to find so ready and sympathetic a listener as myself. So they told me that they are tired of winter's storms, and that when the south wind comes they will rise to welcome her, and wear white cockades in honour of her advent, and the sun will shine in the morning, making them translucent, opalescent green; and in the evening he will pour the last rays of his strength and glory on them, and once more they will be, as the writer of the Apocalypse saw them, "a sea of molten fire."

The sea had forgotten its listener now, so I turned to the sea-birds, sitting in hundreds on a little patch of sandbank as yet uncovered by the waves. They were very busy with their own concerns—nesting prospects, discussions as to the advantages of our little Ross-shire lochs *versus* the great rocks of the Caithness and Orkney coasts. I have an idea that all the young couples begin life in a small way on the lochs. This impression is heightened by the extreme fussiness of my moorland acquaintance, whilst up by the North Sea the birds seem to have cultivated a more serene demeanour. But it may be merely the effect of the surroundings on their temperaments, and that the loch dwellers have caught some of the manner of the plover, than which a fussier bird never flew. Just then they all seemed equally fussy, and so extremely egotistical that I left them, and retracing my steps amongst the graves, took the road that follows the sea shore.

Once I pass the little farmyard, the road is mine. It might have been made by General Wade expressly for me. And the snow-clad mountains rising beyond the sea, and the grey line of horizon, and the blackbirds' music, are a



SPRING AWAKENS IN ROSS-SHIRE.

SPRING is waking. Under the brown leaves that autumn strewed on the earth's breast, she has stirred. Once before this year she half awoke, but winter

panorama and an orchestra for me, and me alone. I grew as egotistical as the sea-gulls. But why not? The chance wayfarer, passing with a brief nod, and his gaze fixed on the drab-coloured road, also has ears and eyes, but since he cannot discern the awakening of spring, am I not within my rights in claiming my surroundings as mine, mine by divine right of perception? Once when I was younger and less (or is it more?) egotistical, I used to yearn for a kindred spirit to share this keen delight in spring's awakening, but as one gets older, one yearns less. Or is it that one realises, after painful and heart-tearing experience, that at the most

there is but one who can be truly said to share one's particular delight in nature, or the particular way one has of delighting in her? Accident or circumstances—for what does it matter by which name one calls the relentless fate that shapes our outward lives?—has ordained that my kindred nature lover should live many hundreds of miles from me and the country she loves best. And if she were to suddenly appear by my side, we should probably not exchange a thought, at least not in words. So, after all, I don't yearn with any of these passionate longings which my youthful heart once deemed right and poetical! I merely



A VISION OF SPRING.

think—"I wish she were here, she would love it all as I do, and have the same thoughts about it." So here is egotism rampant again. I wonder by what process of mental analysis we could define this rare unspoken sympathy existing between two utterly dissimilar natures.

The road here leaves the sea for a little belt of wood. The dark pines were so silent that I thought they could not have heard the great news of spring's awakening; accordingly, I told them, but they still preserved the same majestic silence. A wee chaffinch took up my tale, and from a bramble thicket repeated "The spring,

the spring, the spring." I am sure the pines must have heard, and only waited for me to leave them ere they too began to tell each other of sunshine so bright and warm that it is pure joy for human beings to lie on the soft, feathery moss, and inhale the fresh piney odour. I left them, feeling a little hurt that they would not tell me their secrets too. However, the great secret that spring is waking, I heard first from the wood pigeon, and I think that he had only intended to tell his mate.

MYRA K. G. WARRAND.

Rye-field.



LIEUT. J. T. MACDOUGALL,
*42nd Battery Royal Field Artillery. Killed in action at Lombard's Kop,
October 30th, 1899.*

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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THE LATE LIEUTENANT J. T. MACDOUGALL, ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.

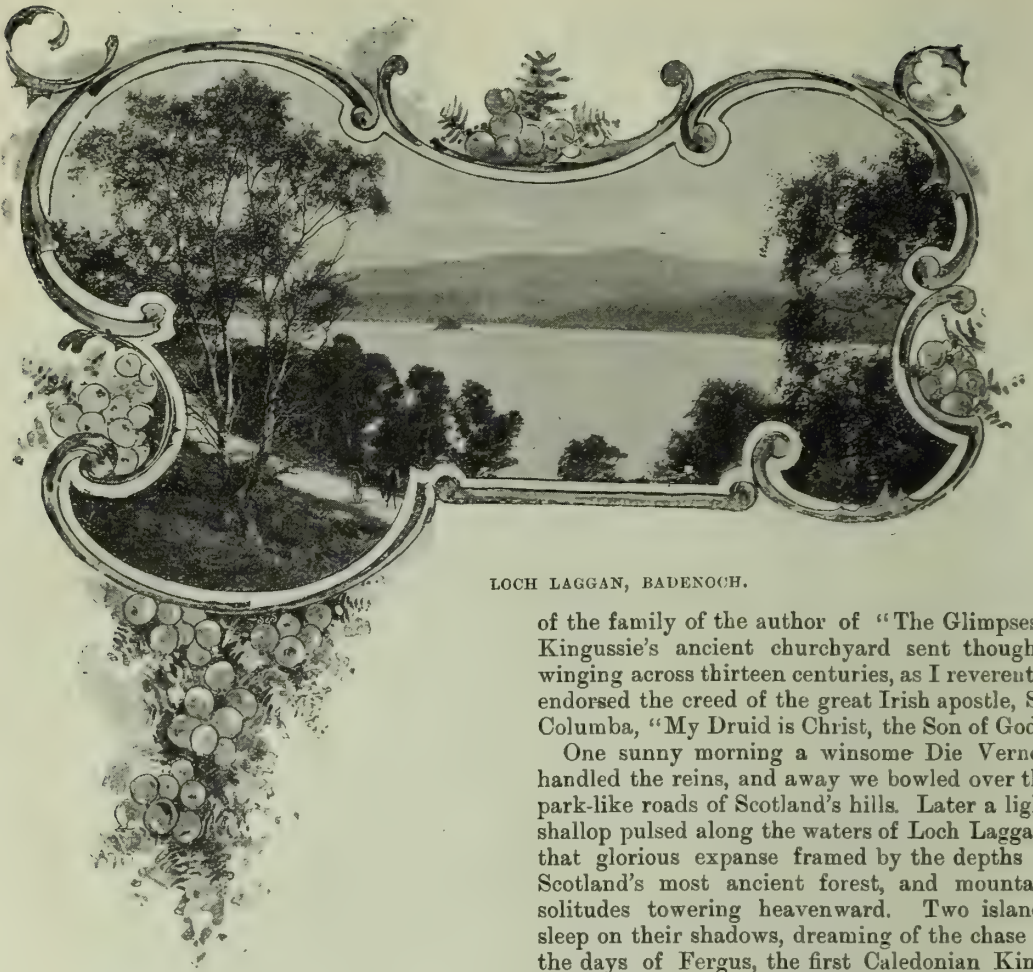
COTLAND has given her best for Africa. Alike from castle as from croft, her sons have gone forth for the honour of Queen and country, to carry the light of justice and civilization to her races, to teach her people "the way of peace," to give their life-blood for her welfare.

Not the least among these brave men was James Taylor MacDougall, who fell at Lombard's Kop, on October 30th, 1899, "loved by his brother officers, worshipped by his men." Born of a race of soldiers, he early chose the army as his profession. Educated first in Edinburgh, he went to Clifton College, and in 1888, passed into Woolwich. Like his father, the late Col. James W. MacDougall, he inclined to the Royal Artillery as his field of service, and justly proud he ever was of his corps. Gazetted in 1891 to the Garrison Artillery, he was ordered to Malta. The next move was to Singapore in 1895. While there, he qualified for promotion. "The successful candidates at the recent examination of officers for promotion at stations abroad, include the following:—Lieut. J. T. MacDougall, Royal Artillery, who received a special certificate, and was distinguished in military law, in fortifications, in tactics, in military topography, and in artillery." India followed next in 1897. In the autumn of 1899 the Battery was under orders for England, when the counter-order reached—"Africa." "Is it not delightful," he wrote, "I really don't think I ever was so pleased and excited in my life. I have longed for a chance of seeing service, and at last it has come. We will be off at once, delightful beyond measure!" Naturally of a bright, buoyant disposition, his genial manners attracted many. "One of the most popular men of the term," his fellow cadets said at Woolwich. A keen officer he took great interest in his men, arranging games and recreations for them.

Early in October the Battery reached Durban, and proceeded at once to Ladysmith. Elands-

laagte and Reitfontein were fought with success, and described by him as "great fun and most exciting. We all enjoyed it, and are looking forward to a big fight soon. I hope it comes." The reverses of that "big fight" are still fresh to memory, preceding as they did, the siege of Ladysmith. "The Battery marched out about midnight on the 29th," writes a brother officer, "and having got to our position, he and I slept on the ground till the first streak of dawn. We had been in action at 4000 yards against three Maxim Nordenfelts, and had practically silenced them, when two guns appeared on our right flank, and enfiladed us, and did a lot of damage before we silenced them." It was then he fell. Seeing one of his drivers wounded, he went to his assistance, and returning to his guns, the Messenger of Death met him. "He died like a true British officer and gentleman, and one bearing his name. He had the reputation of being a most promising and able officer, and was always considered the best subaltern in a very good Battery. All who knew him, loved and respected him; none more so than his brother officers. He was worshipped by his men." "He was a great loss to us, a more reliable, thoroughly good officer I never met, or one more liked by his men."

By a strange chain of sequences, the past and present are bound together. In 1792 his great-grandfather was at the taking of the Cape. Alan MacDougall of Hayfield and younger of Gallanach raised a company for his son, of the 91st Argyllshire Highlanders, of which Campbell of Lochnell was Colonel, and serving under him Captain MacDougall went to the Cape of Good Hope. More than a century has passed, and the martial spirit of the forefathers still burns in the hearts of the children. With the enthusiasm of a true soldier, Lieutenant MacDougall went to the defence of his country, and there—under the scorching South African sun, a simple wooden cross marks the resting place of "as gallant a soldier as ever lived"—till that great Easter Dawn—when the "Day" shall break, and the "Shadows" shall have fled away.



LOCH LAGGAN, BADENOCH.

KINGUSSIE DAYS.

"In the land of the Macphersons
Where the Spey's wide waters flow,
In the land where royal Charlie
Knew his best friend in his woe."

AN aggravated attack of Scottish unrest was precipitated by "Glimpses of Church and Social Life in the Highlands in Olden Times," and the thoughtful offices of the author's clansman, W. J. Macpherson, of Rochester, New York. It was foreordained that I was to put on my pilgrim shoon, move among an ancestral people, and enter into the glow of the '45 in treading the native heath of my maternal grandfather.

Inherited bias guided my footsteps to the capital of the land of the Macphersons, where choice memories are linked with the courtesies

of the family of the author of "The Glimpses." Kingussie's ancient churchyard sent thoughts winging across thirteen centuries, as I reverently endorsed the creed of the great Irish apostle, St. Columba, "My Druid is Christ, the Son of God."

One sunny morning a winsome Die Vernon handled the reins, and away we bowled over the park-like roads of Scotland's hills. Later a light shallop pulsed along the waters of Loch Laggan, that glorious expanse framed by the depths of Scotland's most ancient forest, and mountain solitudes towering heavenward. Two islands sleep on their shadows, dreaming of the chase in the days of Fergus, the first Caledonian King. The ruins of an ancient kennel warrant such day-dreams. Prince Charlie, the Cluny of the '45, Alan Breck, David Balfour, Landseer among his "Children of the Mist," all find a place in this fascinating mosaic of memories. New faces, on hospitable thoughts intent, await us at the landing. The drive to a shooting lodge was but a variation of delights. Kinloch Laggan Lodge, with the charm of its home circle and abounding hospitality, truly graces its Highland setting.

"Loch Laggan, admiring,
I gaze on thy charms,
Which thy hills, bold aspiring,
Enfold in their arms,
With their cloud-turbaned brows,
And their birch-mantled breast;
While the clear Pattach flows
To the beam of the west.

New charms as I gaze
Still unfold on my sight,
While the white wavy haze
Wraps Ardverikie's height;

And thy calm bosom shows,
Clear-reflected, each steep,
While the dark purple glows
In thy waters so deep.

Yon old, mouldering fort,
On thy green island's side,
Where Fergus held court,
May extinguish our pride ;
For the bright flow'ret's bloom
From each crevice fresh springs,
While defaced in the tomb
Lies the grandeur of Kings.

May our heart, like thy blossom,
Reflect Heaven's face ;
And our life, like thy blossom,
Prove fragrant of grace ;
And murmur, sweet Pattach,
In mem'ry's fond ear,
'May your days, like my water,
Flow useful and clear.'

The drive to and from Glentruim House, the seat of Colonel Lachlan Macpherson, was a chapter from Walter Scott. It was my introduction to the Macpherson hunting plaid, to bonnets, gartered stockings, bare knees, and skean dhus, as well as to the amenities attaching to this ancestral estate of twenty-two thousand acres, with its bens, dens, glens, mountain forests, and broad acres, all watered by the turbulent Truim, as it hastens down to join the Spey in a race to the sea. The perfume of rudely-tossed roses, plucked by the gentle lady of Glentruim, hovers around the memory of a breezy run-away along Speyside. All's well that ends well.

But Kingussie's shrine awaits us. The approach to the castle gives greeting with the unmistakable air of "to the manner born." The graciousness of opening glades and grassy stretches ; the happy blending of wide-spread branches and a' and a' of Scotland's leafy treasures, gave us welcome ; but aboon them a' the atmosphere of home enfolds one as in a garment. Thy granite Castle, Cluny, was a shrine for a loyal Macpherson from ayont the sea. Crossing the sun-lit vestibule, the *Bratach Uaine* bade us welcome. That venerable battle-stained green banner of the Macphersons, with never a stain of dishonour, set the blood astir in my veins, as I strolled along halls and corridors alive with historic fascination. I recall peering into the glass case of the famous *Feadan Dubh*, vainly striving for a closer view of the Black Chanter of the Macphersons.

A word touching race influence. While sitting under the spell of Ian Maclaren in Philadelphia—a suspicion of the mountain accent caressing my ear—laughing and crying alternated Celtically—that is to say, with astonishing facility. Whilst I was mopping my eyes, my lips were ganging aley. I never enjoyed myself more. In the grounds of Cluny Castle is a peaceful God's Acre, where rests the grand old Celtic man, the revered Ewen Macpherson, of Cluny Macpherson, Chief of Clan Chattan, C.B. The coronach chanted by his clansmen when they left him to his last sleep, voiced tender words of comfort for all who have tasted grief.

Kingussie in its cairngorm setting ; the head-long Spey dashing on to the sea ; the Strath of Badenoch with its fertile meadows and peaceful homes ; solemn Craig Dhu watching over the land of the Macphersons ; the gowans rare, the bonnie blue-bells, the purpling heather ; the



FALLS OF PATTACH, NEAR LOCH LAGGAN.

sunshine and the rain; the superb clouds flecking the mountain slopes with shadows; pleasant courtesies bestowed; these and many more cherished memories I owe to the kind

offices of two fraternal members of Clan Chattan.

(Mrs.) S. P. FISH.

Philadelphia, U.S.A.



CLUNY CASTLE.

THROUGH THE GLEN.

IT is always a delight to me—a walk through the glen. And is there need to add anything in support of this, when I say that the glen in question lies in the midst of some of the finest of West Highland scenery, and that it bears a name which signifies “The Beautiful Glen?” A lovely spot, worthy of its appellation it undoubtedly is.

It is a January day, and standing here at the entrance to the valley, one cannot but be struck with the freshness and the beauty which everywhere meet the eye. Here is no dreary, desolate waste, flanked on either side by great snow-covered heights, such as the mind is apt to picture to itself at the thought of a Highland glen in winter. Instead, the sunlight is falling on rich green verdure; the air which blows against the cheek is soft as that of a mellow October day; while the sky, flecked here and there with tiny white clouds—not even in mid-summer could it wear a fairer look. In truth, but for the bare firs which stretch for a short distance along the side of the steep, precipitous slope which rises on my right, there is nothing to remind one that King Winter is reigning.

Elsewhere he may be holding his court in right royal style, but here in this quiet spot there is but scant evidence of his presence and power. I linger for a few minutes and gaze around me, then proceed on my way.

The road which leads through the glen, and which I now follow, runs along the foot of the steep, precipitous slope already mentioned. On my left lies the bed of the glen—a broad, grassy, undulating tract; while beyond it, rise innumerable heights.

The road, which, for a short distance, at first follows a comparatively straight course along the base of the hill, then takes a bend and a sudden downward slope. In the hollow, at the foot of this, stands a crofter's house—a low little white building, with a single chimney above its left gable. A patch of bright colour on the road in front of the doorstep arrests the attention, and proves on a nearer approach to be a large brown-and-white collie asleep. This is the only sign of life about the little dwelling which, despite its lonely situation, has a pleasant and even cheerful look with the sunlight glinting on its window panes.

Then the road takes another curve and begins to rise somewhat steeply. At the top of the

long ascent I pause and look round. Certainly, the scene is a striking one—the glen presenting here an appearance both wild and grand. It has narrowed considerably, and wherever the eye may turn nothing is to be seen but knolls and heights covered with grass and heather, and great grey boulders lying about in the hollows between. And everywhere falls the clear sunlight, showing the freshness here and the ruggedness there, and bringing out the rich deep tints of the heather. There is no sign of life to break the intense solitude—not even the flutter of a wing across the wide expanse of blue overhead. The little cottage which I passed a few minutes ago in the hollow is hidden from sight, and the only sign of human habitation is

a solitary white house, standing away in the distance, far up among the hills. Below, in the bed of the glen, a streak of white marks the course of a small burn, and the only sound which breaks the deep silence is the rushing of a tiny stream of water down the side of the steep declivity on my right.

A little further on, the ruins of two small houses standing close upon the road, but a yard or two apart from each other, are passed. I have never been able to learn the history of these ruined dwellings, but I never pass them without wondering what that history is. Who were their last occupants? and where are they now? Did some cruel fate force them to leave their native glen and seek a home among



A SCENE IN THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

strangers, or mayhap in some land across the sea?—the tale, alas! of many a ruined cot in many a Highland glen. It is impossible to say, but at least there the two houses stand, roofless and desolate.

And now the head of the glen is reached, and before turning along the narrow path which leads out of it, I pause for a last look round. Just across from me lies a small loch, like a sapphire with a setting of green, and everywhere around are the everlasting hills. There is not a sound to be heard, nor any living thing to be seen. A wild, and, in some respects, a weird scene, yet withal, full of charm and beauty.

In the west there are signs that the hour of sunset is approaching. In all likelihood the spectacle then to be seen will be a brilliant one.

There is no time to wait for it, however, but one knows just what will be—a sky of the purest and clearest green, the great red sun going down behind the hills, and these stretches of luminous cloud above the horizon glowing with the deepest shades of orange and crimson and purple—the whole western heavens a blaze of light and colour. And the waters of the loch will catch the radiance and gleam as if touched with molten gold, and the heights all around will glow in the magical light with a hundred tints and hues.

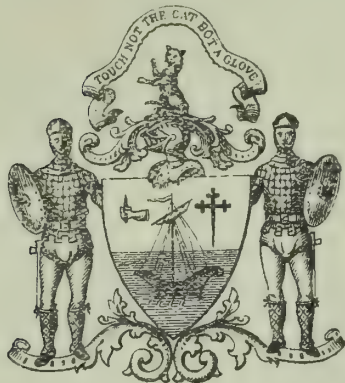
Yes, beautiful, transcendently beautiful—what power of the brush could place on canvas the glowing colours?—are the sunsets in this region of lochs and glens and hills.

AGNES WALKER.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE CLANS.

BY ALEXANDER DINGWALL, M.A., M.B., C.M.,
GLASGOW.

(Continued from page 125.)



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF CLUNY MACPHERSON,
CHIEF OF THE CLAN.

A FULL coat-of-arms is made up of the shield, supporters, crest and motto, other accessories are accidental except the wreath, which may be said to form part of the crest.

The Scottish seals of the 13th century afford many interesting examples of heraldic practice, but the elements of the science of armoury are exhibited in the seals of the preceding century, when stars, flowers and other simple devices are used unaccompanied by shields. The introduction of both arms, in a heraldic sense, and surnames, is usually assigned to about the end of the 12th century, when William the Lion adopted the lion rampant as the national ensign, from which circumstance he is commonly supposed to have donned his distinctive appellation. The shield, now the most important part of the coat-of-arms, has varied considerably in shape at different periods. There may be only one emblem on the shield or there may be many. The shield may be quartered and carry on it the devices of more than one family,—e.g., the shield of Mackenzie of Coul charges the first and fourth quarters with the Caberfeigh, which forms the bearing of the clan, the second and third quarters being occupied by a boar's head for Chisholm of Comar, the heiress of which family married the first of the Coul branch. The Marquis of Breadalbane carries three coats quarterly, first and fourth, the paternal arms of Argyll—a gyronny of eight; second, a fess chequy for Stuart; third, a

galley for Lorn. Thus the shield may be a record of family history, and is often a more certain indication of relationship than surnames, because two families may bear the same surname who have no blood relationship. Thus the common origin of the Stuarts and Boyds is denoted by the fess chequy which both carry, and on the other hand the different extraction of Ross of Balnagown and the Lords Ross is indicated by totally different bearings. Various opinions are entertained by heralds regarding the origin of supporters, which in Scotland were formerly called bearers. The most likely thing seems to be that originally they were merely a device of the engraver to fill up the void spaces between the triangular shield and the circular border of the seal. These supporters according to the best authorities are not hereditary, but may be altered at pleasure.

The royal arms of England have frequently been changed, and till the reign of James I., when the lion and the unicorn were permanently adopted, the supporters do not appear to have been regarded as hereditary. On some of the most ancient seals only one supporter is represented, and perhaps one of the earliest is that of the first Earl of Douglas, where the shield is supported from behind by a lion with his head in the helmet. The same figures as supporters are carried by several families without any ground of offence, and without any intention of claiming common descent or kin, and this is specially the practice in the case of figures of savages which appear to be very popular in Scottish heraldry.

“As two wild men supporters of a shield
Painted, who stare at open space nor glance
The one at other, parted by a shield.”

These savages are invariably wreathed with laurel, and frequently carry clubs, arrows, or branches in their hands.

Probably one of the most touchy and delicate points in Scottish heraldry is involved in the question relative to the right to bear supporters. It would appear that the only persons entitled to their use, are, first, peers; second, private gentlemen and their male heirs who can prove immemorial usage, or at any rate usage prior to the act of 1672, it being presumed that they received them as marks of royal favour; third, barons; fourth, chiefs of clans; fifth, those who receive them by Royal Commission. The right to supporters on the part of chiefs of clans is however a qualified one, as clanship in Scotch law is incapable of definition, and the clan as an institution is at an end if not by statute, at anyrate by disuse, in which case the legal definition of a chief would be a puzzle.

The crest was originally a projection on the



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE CHISHOLMS.

top of the helmet and was so called from its resemblance to the crista or cock's comb. It is now, properly speaking, that part of the adornment which is placed upon and surmounts the coronet and wreath, which in its turn is above the mantling which is supposed to attach to the helmet. In the first instance, crests were purely personal, and were in common use long before the hereditary bearing of arms. They were originally confined to a select few and given by Royal grant. With the exception of sovereign princesses, no lady is entitled to bear or use in her own right either crest or motto. There are, however, on record a few instances of ladies wearing crests and occasionally two supporters, and these include a Miss Boyd Robertson, of Lawers; Mrs. Farquharson, of Invercauld; and Hon. Jane Mary Fredrica Elizabeth Hood Mackenzie, of Seaforth. It is questionable whether the crest is essentially hereditary or not, but the majority of Scottish clans appear to have carried the same crest unchanged for centuries. As an exception to this may be mentioned the well-known crest of the Hamiltons, an oak tree and frame saw, instead of which is found a boar's head on the seal of Sir John Hamilton, the chief of the family in 1388. The oak tree, however, was carried by James Hamilton, Earl of Arran and Regent of Scotland, in 1549.

The badge is a mark of distinction somewhat similar to the crest with which it is frequently confounded. The badge was never placed on a wreath nor worn on the helmet, but was often and is occasionally still embroidered on the sleeves of servants and retainers. Sir George Mackenzie, however, asserts that the old and proper term used in Scotland for a crest was a badge. Nesbit seems to adopt the same view, and Shakespeare himself says—

“ Now, by my father's badge, old Neville's crest,
The rampant lion chained to the ragged staff.”

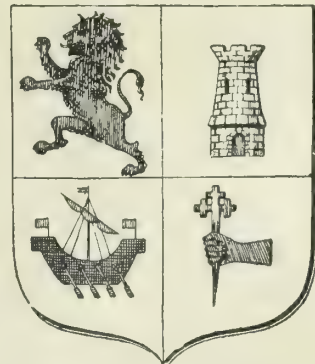
The truth seems to be, that while in England the crest and badge were usually different figures, in Scotland they were often the same. Among the Highlanders, however, the badge is quite distinct from the crest. It constitutes a mark of clanship, and is very often a leaf or sprig of a particular tree or shrub, usually an evergreen, which is carried as a rule in the bonnet. Thus the badge of the Gordons, ivy; of the Campbells, myrtle; Buchanan's, birch; Cameron's, oak; Grahams, laurel; Murrays, juniper; Robertsons, fern; Macdonalds, bell heather; Macgregors and Grants, pine. The chief of the clan, in addition to the badge worn in his bonnet, had two eagle's feathers, and this adornment too is often referred to by the bards:—

“ Bu tres an stiuradair buailleach
Riaghladar na dubh luinge beumach,
'Nuair dh'eirich tonna beucach ard,
Gu luaineach, luaisgeach, cobharach thall;
A measg comhstri dubh nan neul
Sheas thu mar thaibhse nan sian.
Ged reubadh ite iolair o d' cheann
'Us bhuail clamhuim do leine cheirte
Mar bhuine shruth bruchdach an eas.”

or again:—

“ Leo dh'aithriseas ginealach an treith
Clingte fuaim sgiath iolair mu cheann
Mar chuilcean fo osaig fhuar an loch.”

(To be continued.)



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF MACLEAN OF COLL.

+ ❧ + CONCERNING + LOCHIEL + AND + GLENGARRY. ❧ +

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

PART V.

DUNCAN CAMERON, crofter, at Blar-mac-foldach, on the Duke of Gordon's Estate, aged seventy five, (born 1750), lived at Conaglen of Ardgour, where he was born, until his tenth year, thereafter lived for twenty years at Gortan, at the head of Loch Nevis, and in other places in the immediate neighbourhood. Asked who were at the time the tenants of Gortan and Achaglyne, says they were of the tribe of MacGillivride, the estates of Lochiel and Barisdale being then both under forfeiture to the Crown. That he knew Archibald of that tribe who was ground officer on

Barisdale. That before Factor Butter's time, Monaquoich was let generally to those named Macphee, who were scattered all over Glendessary, and on the north shores of Loch Arkaig, as far as Muik, and the cattle of all those Macphees used to summer in Corrynagaul, Corryrea, and Corrybuie. That he knew Donald Mor Macmillan kept a boat on Loch Quoich, and used to ferry passengers from either side, but made no charge on passengers. That after Butter left Monaquoich, Glencoe succeeded him, and was in turn succeeded by Alexander Roy Cameron, tenant of Inverguseran, whose servants also kept a



LOCH OICH AND BEN TEIGH.

boat. That he has seen horses with back-loads of herring coming from Loch Hournhead, and taking the road from Bunchaoli, and round by the head of Loch Quoich, across the Gearuinn, through the Mainger, on their way to Strathlochy, and he had seen droves of cattle passing by the same road, and these droves had come across the ferry of Kylerea from Skye, also from Kintail, Lochalsh, and other places on the mainland, but that they ceased doing so, when the new line of road from Loch Hournhead to Invergarry was made not long ago.

That the witness and his brother, Dugald Cameron, had a steel bow tack of Coanich, on Loch Arkaig side, from Captain Charles Cameron, but they held no written lease, nor were they asked to sign a bill for the stock so held in steel bow, or for cash advanced to them. Interrogated for Glengarry, whether or not he knows that there are old march

stones defining the limits of Glendessary and Knoydart at Mam Clach Ard, from the wind and weather sheer below towards Scur-na-garbh-Kiach, on the west side thereof. Answers in the negative. Asked to name any person or persons who pointed out to him the marches betwixt Glengarry and Lochiel. Answers—That the marches at Monaquoich and Mam Clach Ard were first pointed out to him by John Breachd Macphee, servant to Mr. Butter, afterwards by Duncan Cameron, tenant, in Muik, both now dead. That Macphee showed the march burn of Ault-derry-na-Starach, while standing half way up the burn, declaring the burn had been the march for ever. Alexander Ban Macphee, now dead, pointed out the march while actually standing upon the cairn at Mam Clach Ard, and another, Alexander Buie Macphee, showed him the march standing at Feddan-na-Kiach. Ewen Cameron,

tenant of Muik, and Donald Cameron, son of Clunes, tenant of Achnasaul, pointed out the marches lower down.

Dugald Cameron, aged seventy six, (born 1749), residing at Banavie, was born at Moy, in Strathlochry, and had been in his youth a shepherd to Mr. Butter, at Monaquoich. That Duncan Mor Macmillan was head shepherd, and kept a boat on Loch Quoich, and he recollected on one occasion crossing in Macmillan's boat with a horse loaded with meal, to meet certain drovers at the Kirktown of Glenelg. That he was landed at the foot of Loch Quoich, on Glengarry's estate, and made the best of his way by the track leading to Kylerea. That he knows the island in Loch Quoich, under the name of Corryrea, and Duncan Ban Kennedy kept goats there. That he was acquainted with Archibald Macdonell of the tribe of MacGillivride, ground officer on Barisdale, also his son, Ewen Macdonell, who succeeded him in the croft.

In the Lochiel proof, no name was more frequently mentioned than that of Ewen Cameron, tenant of Muik, on Loch Arkaig side. He appears to have been an active, well doing, and successful man. But there was a "fly in the ointment." Poor Ewen writhed under his designation, and, fortunately, particulars of his grievance have been preserved, and may be of some interest to his descendants in Canada, if there any be. Muik, or Muck, has ever weighed heavily on the owners or possessors of the objectionable name. Even with the prefix of "Glen," it was not palatable to the wealthy Aberdonian, who returned from India a nabob. Again, the name was recorded by Boswell when he visited the isle, as having been too much for the Maclean laird, who tried "Monk." This did not go down, and whether Muck will survive the latest attack in form of "Muik" remains to be seen. Upon that historic bench at the end of the School-house of Kinloch Arkaig, all the news and gossip of Glen Pean, Glen Dessaray, and smaller glens, were in use to be discussed, as well as over a social glass, Captain John Cumming, Achdaliu, whose evidence is in part after given, deposed that poor Ewen wanted to have a prettier name, Muik being so objectionable, and he was seriously proposing to take the title of "Derrylochan." This was not to be, however. Muik remains, though it has long ceased to be a habitation, and if Derrylochan as a title exists, it must be searched for in the great Dominion. In 1825, no tidings had arrived of Ewen Cameron's death, and he was considered to be still living.

John Cumming, tacksman of Achdaliu, and other farms:—

This place I recollect fifty six years ago, an insignificant place called by the country people Achterloo. Visiting it after a long interval, it was not easily recognised, being now one of the finest places in Strathlochry and Letter-Lochiel. Mr. Cumming was Deputy Lieutenant for the County of Argyle, lived at Achdaliu, where he was born in the year 1753, except a short period when at school, and a year in Glenmaillie. His father, Alexander, was tenant of Kinloch Arkaig and died at Corpach, and the witness, besides Achdaliu, had Kinloch Arkaig, Lagganfearn, Glencamagerry, and Stronlia, also from Fassfern, the subjects of Uachan, Glendially, the

two Clachaigs, and Colan; together with Creguig farm, Ardgour; and Ochkill and Elegadale, in Ardnamurchan, paying in all a rent of £920. What this extent of holding early of this century meant may be imagined. Mr. Cumming was proud of saying he was of the Comyns, old Lords of Lochaber, but this exploiting of the poor people came to nothing in the sequel, for not only had the Cummings to quit Lochaber, but an attempt to establish themselves in Skye failed. Of the name of Cumming, once so great in Lochaber, there appears to be at present only one paying rent, and he, sticking to trade, seems to be doing well and extending his bounds. Mr. Cumming was interrogated as to the meaning of "sheilings," and being an intelligent, educated man, living through the changing epochs of cattle and sheep farming, his evidence, though not perhaps new, is perfect. He said that he meant by shielings, detached places in higher grounds, where tenants, in former times, before the introduction of sheep stocks in the Highlands, went with their whole cattle to graze in the summer season, built small houses commonly called bothies, and lived there with their families for a considerable portion of the year, particularly the summer months. That the shielings are generally detached a considerable way from the low grounds of the farm, but not always. Being desired to specify instances, if he can, of the distances between the shielings and the rest of the farms, deposed, after the Commissioner repelled Glengarry's objections, that in some instances the distances were very considerable, as for instance, in Mamore, where some are at the distance of twelve miles from the Strath of the farm, others less, others perhaps more. That the sheiling is sometimes cut off from the main farm, by farms belonging to other tenants, sometimes intersected by farms belonging to other proprietors. That since the introduction of sheep stocks, the practice of going to shielings with black cattle as of old, is in a great measure done away with, and farms made more compact and connected. That all the farms north side of Loch Arkaig had their shielings in Glenkingie, a considerable distance off. He then enumerates the Loch Arkaig farms, beginning with Muirlagan, followed by Callich, Coanich, Kenmore, Muik, Sallachan, Crieft, Achnasaul, Clunes, all having shielings in Glenkingie. In 1779, he got a forty-one years' lease of Achdaliu from the forfeited estate Commissioners. At this time Callich and other farms were tenanted in numbers by Macmillans, but had no leases from the Commissioners. That he knew Henry Butter to be factor on the forfeited estates of Lochiel, Barisdale, Cluny, Ardsheil, Callart, and Kinloch Moldart, having succeeded Mungo Campbell about 1758, and continued in office until the restoration of the various forfeited estates in 1785.

(To be continued.)

HIGHLANDERS AND LOWLANDERS alike in the Colonies wear the Highland costume to denote their nationality. When properly made the kilt is probably the most picturesque dress in the world; when ill-fitting it is not a thing of beauty. Mr. R. W. Forsyth, Renfield Street, Glasgow, employs only the most skilful workmen, and guarantees a perfect fit in all the goods he supplies.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

MAY, 1900.

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THE MACCOMBICHS AND STEWARTS.

April 12th, 1900.

SIR,—“Frank Adam” in your issue of April, asks whether the MacCombies were a sept of the Stewarts of Appin. In referring to an old and original extract copy in my possession from the Register of Appin, showing the list of killed and wounded of the Appin regiment at the battle of Culloden in 1746, I find that five MacCombies were killed and three wounded. Of other names who constituted the body of the clan, there were similarly killed and wounded thirty three MacColls and seventeen Maclarens, besides numerous Livingstones (Macleas), Carmichaels, Macintyres, Macinnishes, Blacks (Macildeus), Mackenzies, MacCorquodales, MacUchaders, Hendersons, MacRankens, MacCormachs (Buchanans), Camerons, Macdonalds, MacIachlans, and Macarthurs. The gentlemen who officered and led the clan were Stewarts; and of these forty seven were killed and wounded out of between fifty and sixty. It must be borne in mind that apparently in every clan there was, in latter times, a great admixture of names; but this was especially the case in regard to Appin or upper Lorn and lower Lorn, for the reason that at the “Iveich Mor” or “great sitting,” as it was called in Lorn, Appin was peopled from lower Lorn. This sitting appears to have occurred about the year 1466, Sir John Stewart having been murdered at Dunstaffnage in 1463 by Alane Macdougall at the Macdougall insurrection. Thus, those that did not return to their old allegiance with the Macdougalls, who three generations before had been Lords of Lorn, remained true to Sir John's son, Dugald; and, sacrificing everything in lower Lorn, joined their lawful chief in Appin, absolutely refusing to acknowledge Sir John's brother, Walter, who had laid claim as heir and chief in Edinburgh. Thus we find the same names practically in upper Lorn from that date on, though the close and friendly relationship Appin subsequently had with

the clans to the north no doubt accounted for some of the names we find in the list in question. The Maclarens came in with Dugald himself, whose mother was a Maclaren, and they thenceforward always followed the Appin banner as a clan. From the foregoing it may be surmised that the MacCombies, though pretty strong in Appin, were not necessarily an Appin sept.—I am, etc.,

Achnacone, Appin.

ALEX. K. STEWART.

MY NATIVE HIGHLAND HOME.

(Translation of Neil Macleod's song, “Mo ghradh do m' dhuthaich fhein.” *Clarsach an Doire*, 2nd edition, page 105.)

THOUGH distant from her rugged shores,
Still memory fondly turns,
To Scotia's bonnie heathery hills,
Her corries, lochs, and burns;
For ne'er shall I forget, though far
'Neath foreign skies I roam,
Till death's dark hand doth o'er me wave,
My native Highland home.

Aye, ne'er till death shall I forget
My comrades kind and leal,
Those martial forms that feared no foe,
With hearts as true as steel;
And never shall this heart forsake,
While life my bosom thrills,
For verdant plains 'neath tropic skies,
The grand auld heathery hills.

The land of corries, bens and glens,
The land of scrag and scour,
Whose sons unstained her banner bore
On every field of war;
The stern and rugged mountain land
Against whose frowning shore
The ocean billows ceaseless break
With deep and sullen roar.

Though to my lot kind fortune's smile
Her rarest favours bring,
Yet still unto thy heathery hills
This bosom aye will cling;
For ne'er shall I find hearts as warm,
Though distant far I roam,
As gathered round thy old hearthstone,
My own loved Highland home.

O once wi' lilt on dewy morn
The craigs and corries rang,
While through the glens when gloamin' fell
Sweet rose the milkmaid's sang;
And blythe on ilka brae was seen
In martial garb of eld,
The race whose steel against ilk foe
Their rugged mountains held.

Now all are exiled from the land,
And cold in ruins lie
The hearths that glowed for kith and kin
In kindly days gone by;
Yet ne'er shall I forget, though far
'Neath foreign skies I roam,
Till death's dark hand doth o'er me wave,
My native Highland home.

Ohio, U.S.A.

DUNCAN LIVINGSTONE.

The Argyle Colony in New York State.

(THE ISLAY EMIGRATIONS OF 1738-40).

By HENRY C. STUART, *New York.*

UP among the hills forming a spur of the Green Mountains, in what is now known as Washington County, in the State of New York, and near the Vermont boundary, there settled, some one hundred and fifty years ago, a colony of Scotch Highlanders from the Island of Islay—similar to, but not so large, as the Cape Fear colony in North Carolina—and to this day their descendants form a majority of the inhabitants of this locality.

In riding through this country, one would be forcibly reminded of the Highlands of Scotland, with its succession of hills and valleys, interspersed here and there with an occasional small lake, so that to-day, if the Gaelic were still spoken by the people there, one could easily imagine that part of the auld hills of Scotia had been transplanted to these shores. Such names as Macdougall, Macmurray, Macneil, Reid, Shaw, Barkley, Alexander, Stewart, Campbell, and many others almost purely Celtic, still abound.

The dividing line between the French and British possessions in America was left in dispute by the Peace of Utrecht, and a movement having been made by the French in Canada, in 1731, to secure part of this disputed territory, a proclamation was issued in 1735, inviting loyal Protestant Highlanders to settle this border territory, it being undoubtedly considered advisable to form at this danger point a barrier of this sturdy race of people, accustomed to arms, and who would therefore be well able to act as a buffer for the older colonies to the southward.

It is said that, in 1737, Captain Laughlin Campbell of the Island of Islay, a distinguished Highland officer, came to this country and looked the ground over with a view of settling it with tenants of his own estate. He accordingly secured, it is claimed, from the Acting Governor, the promise of one hundred thousand acres of this land for himself, besides

land for his colonists, free of all expense save survey fees and quit rent, if he would bring out one hundred families. He returned to Scotland, sold his estate there in Islay, and in 1738, brought over a colony consisting of thirty three families and forty nine single persons, making one hundred and seventy seven colonists in all, and in 1739, he again brought over one hundred and ninety three people, and in 1740, another hundred, making a total of four hundred and seventy persons. After the colonists were landed in this country, Campbell was unable to secure from the Provincial Governor the promised grant of lands, and the colonists were left to shift for themselves as best they could. As can well be imagined they suffered great hardships, having come over with but small means at their hand. The greater part of them went to Rockland County and Orange County, N.Y., and sojourned there for some twenty years, settling among the Dutch and Huguenots who had originally peopled that locality. At the present day there is scarcely a trace of their residence in that neighborhood, and the inhabitants there seem to have no traditional



STREET SCENE, ARGYLE VILLAGE.

remembrance of the Highland settlers. There is, however, near Spring Valley, a locality called Scotland Hill, and near it a descendant* of one of the original colony, who recently visited the spot, discovered a deserted graveyard in an unenclosed piece of wood on the farm of a Mr. Lovatt, where there are many graves marked only by rough stones without inscription, which possibly may or may not have been originally marked. He, however, discovered two, upon which there were legible inscriptions, bearing the names Alexander McDougall, and Alexander McDougall, Jr., buried between 1750 and 1760, which would correspond with the years the the colonists remained in that locality. Upon one of the graves was seen growing a lily, which to those of a romantic turn of mind might suggest that the tender care of some relative

originally placed it there, and it still bloomed as a mark of respect and affection.

It is traditionary that Laughlin Campbell, who brought the colony over, died in comparative poverty, a sad and disappointed man. By a strange coincidence a descendant of one of the original colonists in looking through Lenox Library, New York City, by the merest chance, happened to notice in an old copy of the New York Evening Post of Monday, February 22nd, 1751, on exhibition there, the following advertisement:—

“TO BE SOLD. The Mills and Plantation of Laughlin Campbell, deceased, lying in Ulster County, five miles from Goshen,† and five miles from the Walkill Meeting House, upon the Minisink Road. The Plantation contains two hundred Acres, about eighty Acres of good Plow



ARGYLE VILLAGE, NEW YORK STATE.

Land and fifteen Acres of Meadow Ground already clear'd and under good fence; there is a good fram'd Dwelling House, a Log House, a large fram'd Barn (40 foot by 30), a large Grist Mill, Saw Mill and Fulling Mill, all in good order, and a young Orchard. Whoever inclines to purchase the same may apply to Mrs. Martha Campbell, living on the Premises, and Edward Graham, Merchant in New York, and be by them inform'd of the Title and Condition of Sale, etc.”

From the above it is evident that Laughlin Campbell, after the defeat of his scheme, settled in what was then part of Ulster County, N.Y., and must have died some time between 1740, the date at which he brought over his last contingent, and 1751, the date of the above advertisement.

In January, 1763, Donald, George, and James Campbell, sons of Laughlin Campbell,

presented a petition to the Legislature of New York, asking for a grant of a hundred thousand acres between the Batten Kill and Wood Creek, in Washington County, being part of the territory which it was claimed had been originally promised to their father. It is not known why they asked for such a large grant, but it is supposed that they intended to provide for the settlers brought over by their father. In any event the petition was rejected by the Provincial authorities; but, nevertheless, in order to compensate the Campbells for the ill treatment which had been accorded to their father, a grant of ten thousand acres of land

*Alexander J. Reid, of New York.

†Evidently at what is now called “Campbell Hall,” Orange County.

was made to the Campbell brothers, their three sisters, Rose Graham, Margaret Eustace, and Lilly Murray, and four others, by the Governor and Council of New York. The success of Campbell's children in their application inspired a large number, consisting of many of the original immigrants, and in other cases their descendants, to petition the authorities for a grant of land to recompense them for the disappointments and hardships which they had undergone. This petition was presented on March 2nd, 1764, by Alexander McNaughton and one hundred and six of the original immigrants and their descendants, requesting that a thousand acres be granted to each of them.

The following is a list of the names signed to this petition, copied by Mr. A. J. Reid from the original document on file in the office of the Secretary of State at Albany, New York:—

Alexander McNachten and wife with six children, four alive, one son married and he has four sons and two daughters, two daughters married and has two children and one daughter unmarried.

Donald McDougall, one son and daughter, six grandchildren, all alive.

Duncan Read, eight children, all dead.

John McEuen and wife with five sons, two married, and has three grandchildren, all alive.

Alexander McDuffie and wife, two daughters and four grandchildren, all alive except himself, dead.

Robert Frasers and wife, two sons and four daughters, with five grandchildren, himself, wife, and two sons, dead, a grandchild, Wm., of age.

Duncan McDuffie* and two children, alive.

John Shaw and wife, two sons and one daughter, all married, himself and wife, dead, and three grandchildren, living.

Daniel Shaw and wife, one son and daughter, both of age, himself, dead.

Duncan Campbell and wife with four children, three of them sons, all of age, and one grandchild, himself, dead.

Malcolm McDuffie and wife, has four daughters and three sons, all alive, four of age.

Duncan Campbell,* two sons and one daughter, alive.

James Carmichell,* two sons and one daughter, alive.

John Campbell,* Junior.

Neil McPhaden and wife, one daughter, alive, two grandchildren.

Duncan McKinven and wife, one boy and three daughters of age, his wife, dead.

John Campbell,* Senr.

Alexander McCarter and wife, one son of age, himself, dead.

Dudley McDuffie and wife, two sons and three daughters, all of age, himself, dead.

Dudley McDuffie and wife, one son and one daughter of age, himself, dead.

Robert McAlpine,* five sons and two daughters, alive.

Hugh Montgomery,* two sons, alive.

Charles McCallar and wife, two sons and four daughters, himself, dead, four of the children of age.

Alexander Campbell,* one daughter, himself, dead.

Daniel McLeod and wife, one son, himself and wife, dead.

Daniel Livingston and wife, one daughter, himself, dead.

John Smith and wife.

Angus Graham,* two sons and three daughters.

Alexander Campbell and wife, two daughters, himself and wife, dead.

Alexander Campbell,* two sons and one daughter.

Murdoch McKinney and wife, five grandchildren, himself and wife, dead.

Neil McKinney and wife, one son and three grandchildren.

Hugh McCarter.*

Archibald Colman and wife, one son and two daughters, himself, dead.

John Christie and wife, one son and three daughters, himself, dead.

Alexander McCarter and wife, two sons and four daughters and six grandchildren, himself and wife, dead.

James Campbell and wife, one son and two daughters, himself, dead.

John Shaw and wife, two sons and two daughters, himself, dead.

Dougall McAlpine and wife, one son and one daughter of age.

John Niven and wife, one son and four daughters, himself and wife, dead.

Duncan McPhaden and wife, one son and four grandchildren, himself and wife, dead.

James Nutt and wife, one son and one daughter, his wife, dead.

James Torrey and wife, two sons and two daughters, himself and wife, dead.

James Torrey.*

Carmich McKay and wife, one son and one daughter, himself, dead.

Angus McCallister.*

Archd. McEuen and wife, one son and one daughter, himself and wife, dead.

Neal McEachron and wife, one grandchild, himself, dead.

Those marked thus * were married since coming to this country.

John McFale and wife, one son and daughter, himself, dead.

Daniel McNeal.*

Duncan Brown and wife, three sons and one daughter, all of age.

Duncan Campbell and wife, three sons and two daughters, all of age.

Neil Gillespie and wife, two sons and one daughter, all of age.

Dougald McMichael and wife, one son.

Robert Ferguson,* three daughters.

Archibald McNeal, four daughters and two sons.

Donald Lindsay and wife, one son and one daughter, his wife, dead.

Donald McMullin and wife, two sons and two daughters, himself, dead.

Peter McGoune and wife, two sons, himself, dead.

Roger Read,* two daughters, himself, dead.

George McKinney and wife, four sons of age.

Duncan Gilchrist, two sons and four daughters, himself, dead.

John Gilchrist,* three daughters.

Senr. Duncan McCarter and wife, two sons and two daughters, himself, dead.

Duncan McCarter.*

Neil McDonald and wife, four sons and two daughters, four of age.

Peter McCarter and wife, two sons and one daughter, two of age.

Dougald Thompson and wife, five sons and four daughters, four of age.

Neil McCarter and wife, one son and two daughters, two of age.

Neil McCarter and wife, three sons and two daughters, three of age, himself, dead.

Nicholas McIntire and wife, two sons and two daughters, four of age, himself, dead.

Alexander Gillis and wife, one son and daughter, one of age.

Duncan McDougald and wife, three sons and two daughters, two sons married and have five children, one daughter married and has four children.

Donald McEachron and wife, three sons and three daughters, all of age, himself, dead.

John Read and wife, two sons and three daughters, two of age.

James Gilles and wife, three sons and three daughters, two of age.

Allan McDougall and wife, one son and four daughters, five of age, five grandchildren, himself, dead.

Duncan Taylor and wife, two sons and two daughters, all of age, three married, two grandchildren.

William Clark and wife, one son and daughter, both of age.

Alexander Graham and wife, two sons, one of age, his wife, dead.

Archd. Johnson and wife, two sons and three daughters, three of age, himself, dead.

Archibald McCallier and wife, two sons and six daughters, four of age, himself, dead.

John McNeil and wife, one son and four daughters, all married, himself, dead.

Archibald McGoune and wife, four sons and one daughter, all dead, two sons and one grandchild.

Duncan McCallister and wife, one son and two daughters, himself, dead.

Archibald McCollum and wife, one son and one daughter of age, the son married and has two grandchildren, and his wife, dead.

Archibald McCollum and wife, two sons and one daughter, all of age, his wife, dead.

Daniel Ferguson and wife, one daughter, three grandchildren alive, himself, dead.

Angus Clark and wife, two sons and one daughter and two grandchildren, himself, dead.

Patrick McEachron and wife, himself, dead.

Duncan McDonald* and one daughter.

Lauchlin McLean,* one daughter, himself dead.

Allen McLean.*

"The Committee of the Council for the Colony of New York, to whom this petition was referred, reported May 21st, 1764, recommending that 47,700 acres should be granted to them.

The grant was made out in conformity with the recommendation of the Council, and specifies the amount of land that each individual of the petitioners is to receive, two hundred acres being the least and six hundred acres being the most that any individual obtains; also appoints five men as Trustees to divide and distribute the lands as directed. By the same instrument the tract was incorporated as a town, to be named 'Argyle.' "†

(To be continued).

THE CLAN MACKAY CONVERSAZIONE in Glasgow was a great success. There was a large gathering of the clan and friends. Dr. George Mackay, Edinburgh, president, delivered an interesting address, and songs were rendered by several ladies and gentlemen. An Excursion of members and friends is to take place on an early date and clansfolk desirous of being present should communicate with the secretary (John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow), at once.

MR. R. W. FORSYTH, THE CELEBRATED HIGHLAND COSTUMIER, is exhibiting just now a most attractive assortment of Highland costume accessories. Some of the most recent designs in shoulder brooches, dirks and sporrans are very handsome and artistic, the reproduction of old Celtic traceries being particularly fine. Visitors to town should not forget to call.

† From the History of Washington County.

UNPUBLISHED SONGS OF THE REAY COUNTRY.

BY REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNESS.

(Continued from page 139.)

IN 1841 occurred what is known locally as the Durness riots. These were occasioned by an attempt to remove part of the people from their holdings to make room for sheep. The tacksman of Rispond, Mr. Jas. Anderson, had accomplished the removal of some twenty-six families between the years 1838 and 1841, converting their crofts into a sheep farm. A list of the people removed then, as well as their destination, some of them to North America, has been preserved. Room was found for many of them in the townships of Saingo-beg and Lerin. But no sooner had they built houses there at their own expense than a second removal had to take place in 1841, in pursuance of the policy to clear the land of crofters, and substitute animals that paid better. This second eviction embraced no less than thirty-three families, the majority of whom had but recently settled down in their new holdings. It was more than flesh and blood could bear, and when Finlay, the Sheriff-officer from Dornoch, came to serve the summons of eviction, the females of the parish took himself and assistant in hand, and burnt the summons. Thereupon a strong force of policemen was despatched, with the Sheriff and Fiscal at their head, to arrest the ringleaders, and to vindicate the majesty of the law. Twelve policemen, with batons dangling from their waists, arrived late on Saturday evening at the public-house for the purpose, it was supposed, of capturing the guilty Amazons during the peaceful hours of the Sabbath morning. But this was not to be accomplished so easily as had been imagined. A crowd of people soon surrounded the public-house, and a deputation—consisting of Mrs. Findlater, the lady of the manse—was despatched to the Sheriff to demand of him an assurance that no steps should be taken to break the stillness and the sanctity of the Sabbath day. No such assurance was given, and the lady was gruffly ordered to mind her own business. This was enough; the doors of the public-house were forced open, and the rioters, brandishing such weapons as they could lay hands on—flails and reaping-hooks and tongs—ordered the policemen, Sheriff, Fiscal, and officers to clear out, and leave the parish as speedily as their legs could carry them. The Sheriff pleaded that in the present delicate state of his health such a night march of twenty miles or more would cost him his life. In consideration of this they

generously allowed him the use of his conveyance, which was speedily in readiness for him; but the policemen, mostly East Coast men, were glad to escape on foot, and some of them managed to hide in the corn-stooks for the greater part of the night. The rest were followed by the crowd a distance of seven miles to the confines of the parish. The worthy minister of the parish dreaded the consequences of this Saturday night's work, and knew that the next move on the part of the authorities would be the sending of soldiers to enforce their orders. He accordingly wrote immediately to the then proprietor of Durness, the Duke of Sutherland, detailing the hardship of the people, who had no prospective means of livelihood if removed, as no provisions whatever were made for them, and enlisting his Grace's sympathy in their behalf regarding the deplorable riot. The letter is as follows:—

Durness, 2nd September, 1841.

My Lord Duke,—I use the liberty of forwarding the enclosed documents* for your consideration. Though it may appear foreign to my province, yet I plead the cause of humanity, and have every confidence in your Grace's benevolence that the cases of the poor people, though not under your immediate management, yet residing in that portion of your domains now in the course of providence under your paternal care, your Grace, on mature consideration and enquiry, will be pleased to devise some means, as your humanity and wisdom may deem necessary in the case; otherwise I dread the consequences will be painful and disastrous. . . . It is not for me to suggest what may be expedient to be done in their cases. It is evident, however, if no local sources of industry in the country be provided, that some legislative measures must be employed for the wants of the redundant population. I beg leave also to state that the district of Rispond was originally intended for a fishing station, and the population of it, encouraged with a view to the productive industry of fishing several years ago, but which under its present management has not turned out a source of profit either to Mr. Anderson or the poor people. I must also be candid in stating that two days ago, on the summons of ejection being about to be served by the officers, they were resisted by the females of the district, and a few others who sympathised with them also congregated. I dreaded the consequences might be serious. It was in vain to persuade in the present excited state of feeling, when no prospective opening was provided for so many destitute people; public sympathy cannot possibly be suppressed, and their indomitable love of country is more ardent in proportion to their poverty and seclusion.

In the absence of local magistracy, I have taken it upon me, from a sense of duty, candidly to state the above circumstances, and I would implore your

*List of families under process of eviction and their circumstances.

Grace's intercession in the manner you may deem expedient.

With sentiments of high and, permit me to say, of affectionate regard, I have the honour to be, my Lord Duke, your very obedient and humble servant,

WM. FINDLATER.

P.S.—I have not informed any of the parties of my writing you Grace on this painful subject, nor held out hopes of doing so.—W.F.

The effect of this letter, combined with the determined attitude of the people not to remove without bloodshed, fortunately made the authorities pause in their wholesale clearances, and the people are still in possession of their holdings, such as they are. The following verses commemorating the riot were composed by Mr. Donald Mackay, when considerably over eighty years of age:—

ROINN LE CAILLEACH SMO.

AIR FONN—“*Cha mhor nach coma leam cogadh no sith.*”

Bha mise ann an Smò o linnibh nam Fiann,
Nan laoch sin nach teicheadh gun fhuil thoirt a bian,
Cha chuimhne leam batail a chunna' mi riamh,
Gun duine ann nach seasamh ri clogha no liagh.

'N trath thàinig na Cataich, bu spalpail an céum,
Is duil ac' ri creach thoirtan Crasg uainn do leum,
Gun duine nam feachd, chumadh buille no béum,
Ri mnathan Cheannabin, buaidh thapaidh leo fein.

'N trath chunnaic na gaisgich na h-armagan ruisgte
An clogha, 's an corran, an cabar, 's an t-sùist,
Chlìsg iad le feagail, is thubhairt cuid dhiù
'S mise so do na Cataich no cath Druim-na-cùb.

'Feadh bha iad 's an Dùrin, bha cùisean orr' teann,
Ged thàir iad da'n Inn, cha b' fhada dh' fhan iad ann,
Gun ùrachadh bidh' no dibhe, no dràma,
Chuir pìob Dhomh'll-ic-Cullaich iad uile do dhanus'.

Aig Tobair-a-chrib ann am priobadh na sùil,
Bha'n *Countari-dance* a bha annasach ùr,
'S ged choisinn MacCullach le phiobaireachd cliù
'S olc chumadh na fleasgaich ud, *step* ri chuid ciùil.

'S bhuail an *retreut* aca le cabhaig is caor'
Ruith Siorra' is Fiscal, Polisich is Maoir
Bha cuid ac a' canntuinn “bithidh an gnothuch
dhuinn daor

Mar fhàir sinn ar falach air taobh eile a chaoil.”

Gun fhuil thoirt air neach aca, ghlan theich iad air falbh

Cuid ris an aonach, is cuid feadh an arbh'
Butchair Dhornoich gun fheòl thoirt do 'n arm
Gu madainn Di-Domhnaich 's an eorna leth-marbh.

Finlay, the sheriff-officer, whose pride was sorely wounded by the treatment accorded to him by the females, who sent him back half-naked, was made the subject of many satirical songs on the occasion. Here is a specimen, the author of which is unknown:—

CHORUS—Fhionnla, na tig ni's fhaigse
Fhionnla, Fhionnla;
Fhionnla, na tig ni's fhaigse
Na tig am feasd mar aon fhear.

'M faca tu gin riamh cho coimheach
Ri Fionnla uaibhreach a Strathnabhair,
Bho 'n chaidh rusgadh leis na mnathan
Tha e caitheamh diombaidh.—Fhionnla, &c.

Carson a bhitheadh tu cho tòrail
Ged a bha thu greis an Dornach,
Chi am fear bhitheas fada beò
Thusa gun ordugh punndaigh.—Fhionnla, &c.

Thug thu earraid leat is Fiscal
Siorra' oir gur e bu mheasail,
Nuair a chaidh na fir 'n an drip,
Bha thus' am measg nan deanntag.
Fhionnla, &c.

Thug thu butchair leat a Dornach
Ann an dàil 's gum bithheadh feòl ann,
'S ann chaidh fhaotainn measg an eorna
'Caoineadh leabhair-cunntaidh.—Fhionnla, &c.

'S e 'n aon sealbh bha air a' tighinn,
Gun do thàir e as a rithist,
Bhris no mnathan bochd an cridhe
'Ruith an deaghaidh Fhionnla.—Fhionnla, &c.

'N staid na neo-chiont 'san robh Adhamh
Thug an aon bhean gu staid naduir,
Nach tugadh leth-ceud agus dhà dhiubh
Car do dh'ardan Fionnla.—Fhionnla, &c.

Ma theid thusa nall do Chataibh,
Thoir fios uam gu Ruair Brocair,
Ach an cuir e fonn gu ceart
Do Mhuinntir Far air Fionnla.—Fhionnla, &c.

Besides the Findlater collection, from which I selected most of the above, Mr. Hugh Mackay, mason, Durine—whose father was one of the best historians and seannachies of the Reay Country—furnished me with some unpublished songs of more or less interest. The first is by Colin Macdiarmid—a brother of the famous Peggy Macdiarmid, known as “Bean a' chreidimh mhoir.” Colin was a bard, and rather unhappily married. He was like most bards, fond of a “droppie,” and it would appear that on that account he was subjected to frequent curtain lectures. On one occasion he took it much amiss, and speaks freely to his wife in song:—

Ged a dh'èlann lan an taomain,
Thiginn dhachaidh crìdeilidh,
S cha b' aobhar sud gu tigh a sgaoileadh
Ged a ghlaodhainn *botul*.

Teann a nunn 's na teanndaidh rium
Oir 's e do dhùmbadh choisinn mi,
Laigh gu samhach air mo chùl-thaobh,
Sùgradh cha bhi nochd againn.

Fhuair mi thu gun chòt', gun leine
'S iad air tolladh mu do shléisdean,
Cionnus 's urrainn dhomhsa a t-éideadh
'S e *leidigeas* gu bochdainn mi.—Teann, &c.

Phós mi thu a dheòin no dh'aindeoin,
'S bha thu deonach air mo mhealladh,
'Nuair bha mi òg is mi mo leanabh
Rinn mi gealladh amaideach.—Teann, &c.

'N am bitheadh tusa mar bu chòir duit
 Dh' easbhuidh riamh thigh'nn null a Cnòideart,
 Gheibhinns' bean gun dhol deth m' eòlas
 Cheart cho boidheach colsach riut.—Teann, &c.

This same Colin was drowned near Loch Stack while hunting the deer. He had wounded a stag, which managed to make his escape on the ice of the lake. Colin followed on his track, when the ice gave way, and he was drowned. There is a reference made to his funeral in the cash account kirk-session records of Durness, under date 1799:—

"To cash for mort-cloth on the occasion of Mr. Colin Macdermot's funeral, 7s 6d."

The following lament was composed by the woman with whom he lodged on the night preceding his death, and must conclude my paper on this occasion:—

Ged a gheibhinns' 'n Rhi-Ruadh
 Rìgh bu chruaidh leam tàmh ann,
 'N deaghaidh smior an duine-uasail
 O'n latha chualas do bhàthadh.

Gu'n do luigh smal air an dùthaich-sa
 An deigh do 'n bhùrn bhi toirt sàr dhuit,
 'S gur h-ann tha maisean nan daoine
 'N a luidhe an diugh anns a' bhàghan.

A Ghlinne-dubh 's tu tha daochail
 'S ann ort thainig an caochladh 'm bliadhna,
 Tha do threabhair 'n an aonaich
 Gun aon a chumas rian orra.

Bho dh' fhalbh maisean nan daoine,
 Fear foinnidh finealta deas fialadh,
 Feuch gu 'n robh trìuir air an talamh
 Do leithid Cailean Mhic-Diarmaid.

Ach a Chailean Mhic-Diarmaid
 Bu tu Ceanna-cliar agus càirdean,
 'S aig àm suidhe 's an tigh-bda dhuit
 Ge b'e dh'òladh 's tu phàigheadh.

Tha do pheathraichean gruamach,
 'S mòr mo thruas ri do chàirdean,
 Tha do mhathair fo chùram
 Is mor ciùrradh do bhràithrean.

Tha do bhean is fo chnùsail
 'Nan luidhe' bochd ciurrach 's an àm so,
 Cait an d' fhairich no an cualas,
 Sgeula cho chruaidh thainig teann-oirr?

(Concluded.)

FARQUHAR BAN'S DOG.

ALL the shepherds in Glencaorin envied Farquhar Ban for his dog. Fraoch was undoubtedly a splendid animal—a black-and-tan, well set on his legs, with fine glossy coat, gracefully carried tail, and a long clean muzzle a lady might kiss. His soft brown eyes beamed with intelligence almost human as he looked round at his master for the orders he

never failed to execute. His feats in keeping his flock together amid the bustle and confusion of fair and market, and the manner in which he rounded sheep amid the misty corries and chasms of the glen, were subjects on which the neighbouring shepherds often dwelt. Far beyond the reach of call or whistle he worked on distant braes and heights to a code of signals that only his master and he knew. One might at times see Farquhar standing on some crag or knoll, waving his stick with his broad blue bonnet on the point of it, and Fraoch in the distance, a mere speck, gathering the sheep from hidden hollows and gullies, and ever and anon showing himself on some elevated spot for further signals. He was a Highland dog and understood no language but the Gaelic. I heard Jock Laidlaw, one of the Lowland shepherds in the glen, remark: "mon that's a gran' dog of Farquhar's, I would gie eight puns for him mysel', if he kent braid Scotch."

Fraoch however was not exempt from the weaknesses of his species. In the sheep smearing and clipping season, when smearers, shepherds and their dogs were congregated at neighbouring folds, he would, when the night fell, quietly disappear from his master's hearth and spend the night with rollicking companions. A sense of duty always brought him back before daybreak, but his guilty look usually told its tale. These were the only occasions when Farquhar applied the rod, used strong language, and made remarks upon the dog's mother, "A ghalla cham"—the one-eyed bitch. But neither the birch, nor insult to the mother who bore him, could altogether check Fraoch's roving propensities.

It was on one of those Autumn nights when the smearers were at work at Lubgorm, three miles to the east of Farquhar's cot, that Ian Roy and his wife got the fright that was talked of for some weeks in the glen. They had been in the Lowlands visiting some relations, and Ian who was of a free-and-easy disposition had been making himself merry amongst them. On their way back, at a spot called Glais-nam-bodach (said from of old to be haunted) between Lubgorm and Farquhar's cottage, they heard uncanny sounds amongst the fallen rocks and birch trees that covered the slopes of the dark dale into which the road dipped, and the following colloquy took place—

Wife—"Cìod an fhuaim tha 'n sin, Iain" (What noise is that, Iain?)

Iain—"Na féidh am measg nan clach" (The deer amongst the stones!)

Wife—"Cha 'n e, na caoraich; tha uisge beatha Cheann-na-Drochaid 'na do cheann fathast" (No, nor sheep; Bridgend whisky is still in your head?)

Further noise with a distinct clinking of iron.

Wife—"A Dhia bi mu 'n cuairt dhuinn, 'se 'm Fear-a's-miosa féin a tha ann!" (God be about us, it is the Evil One himself.)

Iain—"Tha 'n fhuaim gu dearbh coltach ri gliongaich shlabhraidhean" (The noise is indeed like the clinking of chains).

A weird agonizing cry, in which a scream and howl seemed blended, coming from the same quarter, set Iain and his wife running. The nearest human abode was Farquhar's, and for that place of refuge they ran. Farquhar received them with that sympathy and concern for the distressed which no change or adversity has banished from the Highland cot. Their faces were blanched with fear, and some minutes elapsed before they regained breath to tell their tale. At length their story was told and into no unbelieving ear. It was well-known in the glen that Farquhar himself would rather go miles out of his way than pass through Glai-nam-bodach at midnight. As Iain's wife became composed enough to go into details, and was giving Farquhar a minute description of the sounds that frightened them, a whining and scratching was heard at the door. When Farquhar rather reluctantly raised the latch, Fraoch burst in and made for his usual place of refuge, when in fear of a thrashing, under the bed. It was clear to all from the glimpse they got of him that there was something wrong, and Farquhar set about coaxing him to leave his hiding place. In this he at length succeeded; and the dog appeared in the cringing attitude of a suppliant for mercy, at the same time trying to wag a pitiable remnant of tail stripped of both hair and skin. Iain's wife came to the immediate conclusion that he had been in the hands of the Evil One. Farquhar, however, assumed the air of one who would not take that for granted without proof, and remarked "Mu bha bhrùid bhochd na làmh-an-san bidh faileadh dadhte dheth" (If the poor brute has been in his hands there will be a singed smell about him). On examination there was no smell of fire about Fraoch, but some sooty marks were found about his hind quarters. This was evidence enough to satisfy the trio that the dog had been in the hand of one whose habitation is the nether regions; and Iain's wife, after many exclamations of awe, began moralizing. Iain knowing from past experience that this would end in personal application, hazarded the query "Ach ciod an t-olc 'rinn an cù bochd gum faigh-eadh e leithid do pheanas?" (But what evil has the poor dog done that he should be punished so). "O Iain, Iain," answered his wife, "nach 'eil thu faicinn gur rabbadh dhuit fein a th'ann; mur dean thu aithreachas tachairidh dhuitse mar

thachair dhasan" (O Iain, Iain, don't you see it is a warning to yourself; if you do not repent what has happened to the dog shall happen to you).

The following morning Iain and his wife resumed their journey, and Fraoch might be seen trotting after his master with a red cotton handkerchief tied round his tail. He gallantly tried to do his work as in other days, but when he attempted to wheel round sharply he seemed to feel that there was something wrong with his steering gear, and would suddenly sit down and gnaw at the bandage.

It transpired some weeks after that "Fraoch" had been at Lubgorm on the above eventful night, and had a "set to" with one of the dogs there which developed into a general fight that turned the vicinity of the smearing bothy for a time into a canine battlefield. Further, that one of the smearers, whose dog suffered severely in the fray, got hold of Fraoch, tied a sooty tin kettle to his tail with a strong cord, and with a kick and malediction startled him home. That the dog, in that plight, did not venture along the road but kept to the adjoining braes, and on his way over the rough ground not only made the noise which frightened Iain Roy and his wife, but got fixed between two boulders, and in the struggle to release himself left the tin kettle and part of his tail behind. Farquhar vowed he would be avenged upon the man who thus treated his dog, but they never met, for the man shortly after left the district.

Knickerbockered deerstalkers and gillies have taken the place of the shepherds of Glencaorin, and Farquhar is now old and frail. The last time I saw him I reminded him of "Fraoch" and Glai-nam-bodach, but afterwards regretted doing so as the language in which he spoke of the man who tied the kettle to his dog's tail is too strong for the pages of the *Celtic Monthly*.

A. G. M.

ARE THE M'AREES OR MACINTEES A SEPT OF THE MACGREGORS?

BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND,
20th January, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—Can you or any of the "Celtic" readers oblige with some information with regard to the surname, spelt indifferently M'Areë, M'Intee, or Macrea. Numbers of the name were settled in Balquhiddy during the seventeenth and part of the eighteenth centuries. Some of the family migrated to Glasgow about the end of last century, and adopted the surname King.

I have heard, but do not know for a fact, that the Macarees were a sub-clan of the Macgregors. Many entries relating to the family appear in the Balquhiddy Parish books of registration.—Thanking you in anticipation, I remain, dear sir, faithfully yours, A QUEENSLAND SCOT.

JAMES MUNRO, The Gaelic Grammarian.

BY FIONN.



JAMES MUNRO was the son of Alexander Munro, Joiner, Fort-William, and Catherine Robinson, his wife. He was born in Fort-William, in 1794, and died in the Old Fort there, on 25th December, 1870. He received his education in the old Parochial School, Fort-William. There is no evidence that he ever attended college, although his works would lead one to suppose so. When a youth he thought of following law, but he abandoned that idea and went in for teaching. He taught one of the General Assembly's Schools at Carradale, Kintyre. From thence he removed to Corpach where he taught a school for some years; and, while there, he was advanced to Parochial Teacher of the extensive Parish of Kilmonivaig, at Blarour, where he taught with success for several years. He was, for some time, Inspector of Poor for the Parish. He was also an elder in the Parish Church, Kilmonivaig. Eventually he resigned his offices and retired on a competency. He spent the closing years of his life at Fort-William, and his remains were interred in the Craigs Burying Ground there—under the shadow of Ewen Mac-lachlan's monument. A plain tombstone is

erected to his memory by his sister. The following couplet is inscribed on it:—

“Chuir e riaghailtean air Gàidhlig
Agus snas air cainnt a dhùthcha.”

He was, for the most part, a self-taught man, and, for one in his position and circumstances, his general knowledge was remarkable. He had an excellent command of Latin, Greek, and French. As a Gaelic scholar he stood very high, as is testified by the late Dr. Cameron of Brodick, who, in a lecture on “Gaelic Books,”[†] refers to “a valuable Grammar by James Munro. The first edition appeared in 1835, and the second, very much enlarged, in 1843. If I except Dr. Mackintosh-Mackay, I do not know that anyone now living has done so much as Mr. Munro to advance Gaelic literature, and his services deserve acknowledgment from his countrymen, which they have not yet received.”

James Munro was a good poet, and wrote many Gaelic songs which are still popular. He was also a good musician, and could play on several instruments.

In the preface to his “*Bibliotheca Scoto Celtica*,” Reid acknowledges his indebtedness to James Munro for various notices of the Gaelic poets, which he supplied him. The late D. C. Macpherson of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh—the “Abrach” of the “Gael”—and author of the “*Duanaire*,” was one of his pupils, and he undoubtedly owed much of his enthusiasm for Gaelic literature, as well as his accurate scholarship, to James Munro.

His works are:—“*A Grammar of the Gaelic Language*,” 1835, enlarged edition, 1843; “*A Gaelic Primer with Vocabulary*”; “*An Treòraiche, or First Book for Schools*,” 1843; “*An t-Ailleagan, a collection of Gaelic Songs*,” 1830; “*Am Filidh, a collection of Songs with Music*,” 1840.

AM MUILEANN-DUBH.

SIR,—Like “Fionn” I am much interested in this subject. It recalls many happy memories. Fifty years ago I often witnessed the young men and maidens of my native village, Camghouran, in Rannoch, Perthshire, dance to the strain of the song, used by an old village worthy as *port a bheul*. The version in use was slightly different from the versions given in your columns. Fionn's has most resemblance to it. There was the refrain. The third line of each verse was the first line repeated. The second and fourth lines were, throughout, the same as those of the first verse, except that where the measure required it, “*anns a*” was used in place of “*'s a*” at the beginning of the second and fourth lines.

The proper distinction was not always made between “*Bha*” and “*Tha*” the first word of each

[†] *Reliquiæ Celticæ*, Vol. ii., page 529.

verse, and I cannot vouch for the sequence. The version was as follows, but, *brevitatis causa*, I shall give only the first line of each verse after the first. The reader from the foregoing explanation can supply the rest.

Refrain—Tha 'Muileann-dubh air bhogadan,
Air bhogadan, air bhogadan,
'S tha 'Muileann-dubh air bhogadan,
'S e 'togairt dol a dhannsa.

1. Bha nead na circe-fraoiche,
'S a' Mhuileann-dubh, 's a' Mhuileann-dubh,
Bha nead na circe-fraoiche,
'S a' Mhuileann-dubh bho 'n t' Samhradh.
'S tha 'Muileann air bhogadan, etc.
2. Bha gobhair agus caorich.
3. Bha crodh a' breith nan laogh.
4. Bha tombac agus snaoisein.
5. Bha rud nach 'eil sibh saoilinn.

That your readers may have a full version in one number, I add the three verses given by Fionn, and they are even more suggestive and germane to the subject than mine, though they are new to me.

6. Bha cur 'us cathadh 's gaoth.
7. Shaoil leam gun robh min eorna,
'S a' Mhuileann-dubh, 's a' Mhuileann-dubh,
Shaoil leam gun robh min eorna,
'S a' Mhuileann-dubh 's gun deann ann.
8. Bha Diabhol-dubh-nan-adhaircean (the primary cause of all the mischief !).

I have taken the liberty, for the reason which appears in the sequel, to substitute "nan" in the last verse for Fionn's "air" and "Bha" for "Tha." Probably one or two of my verses may grate on the classic sensibilities of Fionn, but I give them as I got them.

It is a bold thing to question the history of a Highland incident recorded in Gaelic verse and which has received Fionn's *imprimatur*. I am sceptical however. A beautiful theory—the labour of nearly fifty years—which I had intuitively constructed from internal evidence, is shattered by Fionn as completely as the Exciseman, *alias* *Diabhol-dubh-nan-adhaircean*—to describe him adequately to the then universal sentiment of the district, from the *Tigh-mòr* to the *Bothan-dubh*—shattered the distillery on my native hills of the last smuggler in Rannoch, known throughout the length and breadth of the land as "*Am Muileann-dubh*." I have been in this distillery, have seen the *poit dubh*, *in situ*, the mill lade to the bigging, and the tail race therefrom, the barley steeping—though not an *eitean* or *deann* of it was intended for *min eorna*, but the whole for "*rud nach 'eil sibh saoilinn*." The building itself was not known to me, and was not spoken of in the district—probably for an obvious reason—as "*Am Muileann-dubh*," and to that ignorance on my part the Black-mill paradox remained a mystery for the long period I have mentioned.

By pure accident, about two years ago, I made my discovery when narrating to Professor Mac-kinnon the large number of smugglers' *làraichean*

that can still be seen by the burns among the hills of my native glen. He interrupted me rather brusquely, by asking what we called the building in my district. I was fairly nonplussed and could not recall any term by which it was known. In turn I questioned him as to the appropriate name. He replied at once "*Am Muileann-dubh*." My riddle was already read. Everything adjusted itself to its neighbour like a pack of cards. It was as clear to me now as if written by a sunbeam. I rattled off my verses to the kindly professor, and shortly after, he made me repeat them to his good lady on her return to the room. He only remarked that the purest Gaelic was transmitted down by means of verses like these, and instanced "*nead na circe fraoiche*," adding "If you or I were to speak of this we should probably say '*nead na cearc thraoich*.'" I assented.

Only an old Highland herd intimately acquainted with the habits and habitats of grouse, goats, sheep and *crodh-laoigh*, and who has for many a long winter forenoon sat by the glowing hearth, and heard the smuggling tales then so common, can appreciate the suggestiveness of the song. Every line is pregnant with meaning. "The Ewie wi' the crooked horn" is nothing to it. I venture to submit that the bard witnessed the stone gable, all that remained, of the now deserted *Muileann-dubh*, the other parts according to my observation being generally constructed of feal and divot, and easily overthrown, tottering to its fall, in other words *air bhogadan*, by a great spate, so common on the Highland hills, and that all the incidents crowded on his imagination, if he was not indeed stating literal facts within his knowledge, all of which are most likely to have happened. "*Togairt dol a dhannsa*" is the bard's pleasantry.

The time and locality of the incident which suggested the song I know nothing of.

I saw in common with all my schoolfellows the *Muileann-dubh* above referred to—having been caught *flagranti delicto*—being led away to Perth Prison by the gauger and his minions. That ancient institution was a subject of veneration to us Highland boys. When, years after, I moved to Perth, I was greatly shocked at the flippant familiarity with which it was there regarded, and even spoken of as "doon bye."

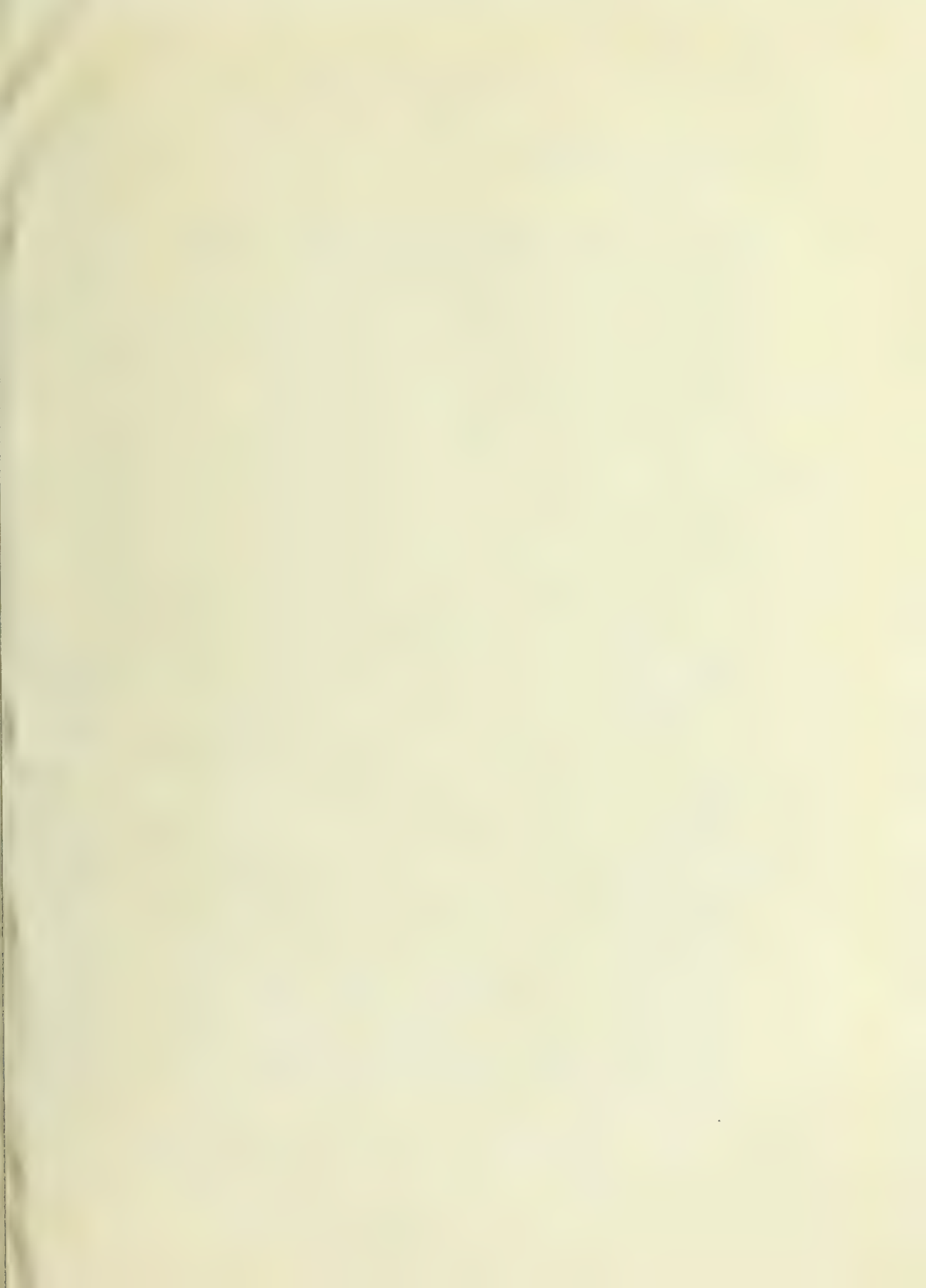
The miller was an old man. He had been in trouble previously. I was young and do not remember whether he had served his full term, but about that time he was carried to his long home, without stigma, or loss of respect in the district. *Requiescat in pace*. He lived at Dalno, below Bohespie.

A deep, deep gloom fell over the school as well as the whole population. Had we witnessed "the Deil awa' with the Exciseman" we should have probably remarked in the words applied to *Oicheir Dubh Bhaile Chrodhain*, "*Cha robh 'n call cho farranach*."

If you think the subject sufficiently interesting, I may on a future occasion pursue it a little further, and give some incidents of Highland life suggested by it, that I hope will be of some interest to your Celtic readers, if not to the "*Bodaich Ghallda*."

Edinburgh.

I am, etc., GREGOR MACGREGOR.





ROBERT BRUCE STEWART.

Chief of the Stewarts of Appin.

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ROBERT BRUCE STEWART.

CHIEF OF THE STEWARTS OF APPIN.



THE Stewarts of Appin are descended from Sir James Stewart of Perston, fourth son of Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl, second son of Alexander, fourth High Steward of Scotland, whose eldest son, James, was ancestor of the royal family of Scotland.

Dugald, first of Appin, fifth in descent from Sir James, was the only son of Sir John Stewart, Lord of Lorn and Innermeath, whose eldest daughter, Isabel, had married Colin, first Earl of Argyll. By this marriage the Lordship of Lorn passed to the Argyll family. Dugald having taken steps to recover the Lordship, by a compromise with his uncle, Walter Stewart, it was agreed that Dugald should retain the Appin Estates in Upper Lorn and forego his claim to the Lordship of Lorn.

Upon the death of Dugald, ninth of Appin, in 1769, without male issue, the Chieftainship of the clan devolved upon the Ardsheal family, who were descended from John, second son of John Stewart, fifth of Appin.

During the troublesome times of the '45, Dugald, ninth of Appin, being a minor, the clan was led by Charles Stewart, fifth of Ardsheal, who was an enthusiastic Jacobite, and together

with Lochiel and Glengarry took a leading part in the correspondence with Prince Charles as to his chances of success in Scotland. Ardsheal joined Prince Charles and led his clan at Prestonpans, Falkirk, and at Culloden, where the Stewarts of Appin, perhaps of all the clans, suffered most severely. After Culloden, Ardsheal was attainted of high treason and his estates were confiscated. Before escaping to France he succeeded in reaching Appin, where he lay concealed for some days in a cave in Ardsheal. Ardsheal House was afterwards sacked, and Ardsheal's wife with her family were compelled to flee for refuge. Contributions in the name of rent were regularly remitted to Ardsheal, in France, by his faithful tenants, in addition to the rents paid to the Crown Receiver.

The Ardsheal Estates were subsequently restored to Duncan, sixth of Ardsheal, who succeeded to the chieftainship of the clan on the death of Dugald, ninth of Appin, in 1769, and on the death of his grandson, Charles, eighth of Ardsheal, in 1881, the chieftainship devolved upon the late John Stewart of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister of Law, whose eldest surviving son, Robert Bruce Stewart, is now representative of the Stewarts of Lorn, Appin, and Ardsheal.

The Ardsheal Estates, which were, until recently, believed to have been strictly entailed, were sold by the late proprietor and so have passed from the family.

Born on the 23rd April, 1863, after taking his degree at Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1887, Robert Bruce Stewart decided to enter upon new pastures and seek his fortune among the busy turmoil of city life. He entered the legal profession and is now practising as a solicitor in London. He is a Vice-President and a member of the Council of the "Stewart Society." From his earliest years he showed a great fondness for sports and games of all kinds. He has two brothers, who are also devoted to sports, the younger of whom, Haldane Campbell Stewart, is the well-known Kent County cricketer and an accomplished musician.

LIEUT.-COL. DUNCAN STEWART.

LIEUT.-COL. DUNCAN STEWART, formerly of the 92nd Gordon Highlanders, whose portrait appears in our issue for this month, is the second son of the late John Duncan Alexander Stewart (fourth in descent from James Stewart, sixth of Fasnacloich, Appin) by his marriage with Harriet Everilda, daughter of Major Anthony Gore, brother of Sir Ralph Gore, Bart., of Manor Gore. Lieut.-Col. Stewart was born on 18th June, 1831, and was educated at Westminster, where he attained the position of Princeps Oppidanus in 1848. He was destined for the bar, but on the outbreak of the war with Russia he entered the army, and joined his regiment in the Crimea before the conclusion of the campaign. He subsequently served in South Africa in 1857, whence he proceeded in that year to the East Indies. He was actively engaged in the suppression of the mutiny, was specially thanked for his services at the battle of Azinghur, and was present at the actions of Shahjehanpore and Mohunpore, and the capture of the fort of Pourie. At the action at Beejapore, where he was in command of six troops of cavalry, he was wounded by a sabre cut. Mentioned in despatches, medal with clasp, and brevet of Major.

He married, firstly, Emily Rose, daughter of John Mackenzie Lindsay, Director of H. M.'s Chancery for Scotland (son of James Fullerton Lindsay Carnegie, of Boysack, Fullerton, and Spynie, Hereditary Fowler to the Kings of Scotland, and heir to the Barony of Spynie), by whom he had three sons, the second of whom is now serving with the 4th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in South Africa, the youngest, a midshipman in H.M.S. "Canada," having been unfortunately drowned at Halifax, N.S., in his first cruise, in 1887. He married, secondly, Cecil Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Charlton Whitmore, M.P., of Apley Park, Salop, by his marriage with Lady Louisa Anne Douglas, eldest daughter of Charles, fifth Marquis of Queensberry, K.T.

Lieut.-Col. Stewart is the author, jointly with his cousin the late J. H. J. Stewart, F.S.A., Scotland, of "The Stewarts of Appin," a work in which the previous accounts of the family up to 1730 have been considerably amplified, and its history brought down to 1880.

The costume in which Colonel Stewart is shown in the portrait, is a Court Dress of the period of 1745, and was worn by him at a ball, given to H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh, in Edinburgh, in 1864.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE STEWARTS OF APPIN.



THESE arms are of some historical interest. The fesse chequy, "The Stewarts' chequer," as Sir Walter Scott calls it, is the ancient cognisance of the Stewarts, and appears upon the seal of Alan, the second High Steward of Scotland, appended to his charter to Melrose Abbey about A.D. 1190, being, as Laing says in his *Scottish Seals*, page 127, "perhaps the earliest instance of this well-known bearing of the Stewart family." Sir James Dalrymple in his *Historical Collections* says "The fesse chequée was assumed by the Stewarts, perhaps, because the fesse represents the military belt, and the fesse chequée represents battalions or squadrons of soldiers, because the Stewart of Scotland had the command of the kings armies. Likewise, the fesse chequée represents the chess-boards, which, of old, accountants in the king's office of exchequer did make use of in calculating their accounts; whence probably the exchequer had its name, and which office was under the charge of the High Stewart."

The celebrated Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl (second son of Alexander, the High Steward) who fell, A.D. 1298, at the Battle of Falkirk, charged his paternal coat with the "bend and buckles" of Bonkyl, on his marriage with the heiress of Sir Alexander Bonkyl of that ilk. These bearings still appear in the shields of the



COLONEL DUNCAN STEWART.



Dukes of Hamilton and Buccleuch in consequence of their descent, in the female line, from Sir John Stewart. But Sir John Stewart of Innermeath and Durrisdeer (fourth in descent from Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl) and afterwards of Lorn, in consequence of his marriage in 1388 with Isabel, daughter of John of Ergadia, Lord of Lorn, dropped the cognisance of Bonkyl, and quartered the galley of Lorn with his paternal coat of the fesse chequée.

Twelve generations later, on the death in 1769 of Dugald Stewart, ninth and last of Appin, the representation of the Stewarts of Lorn and Appin devolved upon Duncan Stewart, sixth of Ardsheal, the lineal descendant of John, first of Ardsheal, who was second son of John

Stewart, fifth of Appin. Duncan, sixth of Ardsheal, to whom his paternal estate was restored after its forfeiture in 1746, had established in 1771 in the Scots Herald Office, his position as the representative of the Stewarts of Appin and Lorn, and on the 28th April, 1800, the Earl of Kinnoul, then Lyon King of Arms, issued the following certificate and declaration:—"The ensigns armorial pertaining and belonging to Charles Stewart, Esquire, of Ardsheal, eldest son and heir of Duncan Stewart, Esquire (late collector of the customs at New London, in Connecticut, North America, heir male and representative of the Stewarts of Ardsheal, Appin, and Lorn) and Anne, youngest daughter of the Hon. John



CASTLE STALKER—A STRONGHOLD OF THE STEWARTS OF APPIN.

Irvine, merchant in Boston, New England, and many years one of His Majesty's Council, which Duncan was eldest son of Charles Stewart, fifth of Ardsheal, by Isabella, daughter and co-heiress of John Haldane of Lanrick, which Charles was son and heir of John, who was son and heir of Duncan, who was son and heir of John, the first of the family of Ardsheal, who was second son of John, fifth baron of Apine, by . . . daughter . . . Macdonald of Moidart, which John was son and heir of Duncan, who was son and heir of Alan, who was brother and heir of Duncan, who was son and heir of Dugald, first of the family of Apine, the only son of the last Lord Lorn, and the seventh in descent in a direct male line

from Alexander, sixth Lord High Stewart of Scotland, by Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl, his second son, who married Margaret, daughter and heiress of Sir Alexander Bonkyl of that ilk, are matriculated in the Publick Registers of the Lyon Office, and are blazoned as on the margin, thus, viz:—quarterly, first and fourth or, a fess checkie azure and argent for Stewart, second and third argent, a galley, her sails trussed up and oars in action sable for Lorn. Above the shield is placed a helmet befitting his degree, with a mantling gules the doubling argent. On a wreath of his liveries is set for crest a unicorn's head issuing out of the wreath, argent, maned, horned, and bearded or, on a

scroll above the crest this motto, "Quhiddier will zie," and on a compartment below the shield are, placed for supporters, two roe-bucks proper." The certificate is signed by James Horne, the Deputy of the Earl of Kinnoull, and the following note is added:—"The roe-bucks were adopted as the old supporters of the Stewarts, Lords Lorn, and, proper, for Mrs. Stewart of Ardsheal, as representative of that family." Under the authority of the Lyon Office, dated 13th June, 1879, the flags in the galleys are blazoned gules.

The present representative of the family is Robert Bruce Stewart, Esquire, Bachelor of Arts, University of Oxford; the principal branches being those of Achnacone, Fasna-

cloich, Invernahyle, Ballachullish, and Strathgarry.

Duncan Stewart, second of Appin, rebuilt, for the accommodation of King James IV., Castle Stalcaire, which had previously been a hunting-seat of the Lords of Lorn, of the families of Macdougall and Stewart. Eilean Stalcaire signifies in Gaelic Falconer's Island, and tradition says that it was often inhabited by King James IV. and King James V. when hunting, hawking, or fishing in Appin and the surrounding districts. A brooch was long in the possession of the Appin family, which had for a pendant a handsome pearl, said to have been taken out of a salmon killed by Duncan when fishing in the river Awe with James IV.

—✠— CONCERNING — LOCHIEL — AND — GLENGARRY. —✠—

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

PART VI.

Captain Cumming's evidence.—Monaquoich.—Introduction of south country sheep into Lochaber and Glengarry.—Lochaber glens now desolate.—Rejoicings on restoration of the Lochiel Estates.—Men give place to sheep and deer.

IN the year 1804, there was a general let of the Lochiel Estates, farms were consolidated, rents greatly raised, and Glenco and his like having appeared, the people disappeared.

Captain Cumming further deponed that at the time Mr. Butter got the factorship he lived in Achnacarry, where he resided for three years, and until he got Corpach and Monaquoich with its sheilings. That the witness' father died at Corpach, and was succeeded by Butter. That he has known Monaquoich since the year 1770, fifty five years since, and went through it minutely, being, for several days, in search of a strayed colt. Captain Cumming was very severely cross-examined by Glengarry, and questioned minutely as to the colt search, and otherwise, from which he emerged with credit. Asked—Where do the waters of Loch Quoich discharge themselves. Answers—He does not know, as he never was at the foot of the Loch. Asked—Does not an unbroken mountain range divide or separate Glendessary from Glenkingie. Answers—That he does not know what an unbroken mountain range means. Asked—Do you know what Creachan (a Gaelic word) means. Answers—That he cannot give any description of Creachan farther than this, that where there is an easy walk on the top of a hill or mountain, sheep get fine feeding or pasture there. When

searching for the colt, Captain Cumming had slept in the bothy of Butter's, in Corrynagaul. Shepherd Macmillan; he is now asked for the position of the bothy, and to describe its whereabouts, and gives its name, receiving for answer that the place was situated in Corrynagaul, but the deponent cannot describe it by name or situation, having never been there but on the one occasion, and as that was so far back as 1770, he has no recollection of the place.

Mr. Butter, when first appointed factor, lived at Achnacarry, but quitted it in 1762 to live at Corpach, vacant by the death of the deponent's father. Knew that Mr. Butter, besides his great holding on the Lochiel Estate, also had the farms of Kilinan and Glaster from the late Glengarry, and he was the first person who brought the south country sheep to the countries of Lochaber and Glengarry.

Witness' first rent for Achdaliu, in 1763-4, was £6 6s. with public burdens, afterwards increased by the Commissioners to £11 16s., and this continued to be his rent at the present day, but he had to give a grassum of £500 at one time for a renewal of the lease.

The nineteenth century is drawing to a close, and great indeed has been the advance in wealth, comfort and progress, but what can be said of Glenkingie, Glendessary, Glen Pean, Glen Camagerry, Glenmaillic, Glen Lui, and others, swept of their ancient and worthy people. Much might be said, but I leave this subject with a few quotations from the striking work of the late Professor Shairp of St. Andrew's, "Glendessary and other Poems, Lyrical and Elegiac." London, 1888.

Referring to the joy in 1785, on the news of the restoration of the forfeited estates of Lochiel, he says:—

“ High up along Lochaber Braes
Fleeter than fiery cross it sped ;
The great glen heard with glad amaze
And rolled it on to Loch Arkaig head.
From loch to hill the tidings spread,
And smote with joy each dwelling place
Of Cameron—clachan, farm, and shiel,
And the long glens that interlace
The mountains piled benorth Loch Eil.
Glenmaillie and Glen Camgarie
Resounded to the joyful cry,

Westward with the sunset fleeing,
It raised the homes of green Glen Pean.
Glenkingie tossed it on—unbarred—
It swept o'er rugged Mam Clach Ard,
Start at these sounds, the rugged bounds
Of Arisaig, Moidart, Morar, and Knoydart
Down to the ocean's misty bourn
By dark Loch Nevis, and Loch Hourn.

* * *

The Highlands all one hunting ground,
Where men are few and deer abound,
And desolation broods profound
O'er the homes of the men of Culloden.



LOCH OICH AND INVERGARRY CASTLE.

That, too, will pass—the hunter's deer,
The drover's sheep will disappear ;
But when another race will you rear,
Like the men that died at Culloden ?

GLENGARRY'S PROOF.

Macmillans in Glengarry.—Affray between Macmillans of Ballachan and Camerons of Loch Arkaig regarding marches.—Custom as to tracing lost or stolen cattle.—Ownership of island in Loch Quoich.

Glengarry's proof will now be taken up. His first witness at Fort-William on 21st February, 1825, was Sarah Macmillan, spouse of Ewen

Macmillan in Blaich of Ardgour, and in token that she was over seventy years of age, a certificate was produced from the minister of Kilmallie, that there were no regular registers earlier than 1818, but that the proposed witness would depone that she had been a married woman for over fifty-four years. Lochiel's agent objected to anything short of an official extract, and his objection having been over-ruled by the Commissioner, and the witness interrogated in the Gaelic language by Duncan Stewart, Esquire, collector of customs at Fort-William, answered, that she has been fifty-four years a married woman, and that she was eighteen years

and upwards at the time of her marriage which took place at Badingoig of Glengarry, her father being one of the tenants of Badingoig and Ballachan on that estate.

Witness deponed that she did not know herself whether the island of Loch Quoich belonged to Glengarry or not, or whether he had a house there, but when a young woman her father told her that the island belonged to Glengarry, and that he had a house there, and she heard others say so also; and at this time her father was then the oldest man living thereabout. That Badengoig had the sheiling of Ry-ac-nam-breachd, to which place she and others resorted every year, and they had their regular bothies there. She recollected when her father and several other tenants were dispossessed to make room for a single sheep farmer, one Peter Maclaurin, who is now present as a witness. That the witnesses own name was Macmillan, and all the other tenants of Badengoig and Ballachan, dispossessed by Maclaurin, were named Macmillan. Her father had told her there had been a tuilzie or serious affray, at an early period, between the Macmillans of Badengoig and Ballachan and the Camerons of Loch Arkaig, regarding marches, also that one of the Camerons had his head broken in the affray, and was carried home in a litter across the hills to Loch Arkaig side.

John Kennedy, residing at Bunarkaig, near Achnacarry, seems to have been the oldest of all the old witnesses. He was bed-ridden, and questioned in Gaelic by Captain John Macdonell of Killicbonate, sworn interpreter, and said he was a widower and upwards of eighty nine years of age. That his father and his brother, Angus, were tenants of Ballachan, his father having first entered five years after the battle of Culloden, there being also another tenant in Ballachan, named John Kennedy. His elder brother, Angus, having married, the witness took upon him the support of his mother and had a part of the farm. Witness and his brother, Angus, erected bothy sheilings on Ry-ac-nam-breachd, but were challenged by Ewen of Muik, with whom they had words. Interrogated whether witness knew, during his youthful years, and in looser times, that it was customary to follow the trace of cattle lost or stolen, and after having tracked them from the summit ridge or out mosses into a distinct and positive part of a neighbouring farm or property; it was not the bounden duty of the occupants of that other country, to trace them off their own march, or be responsible to the drovers of the cattle to the full amount of their value. Depones, that he recollects that being the practice of the country. Interrogated, does he know that Caochan-an-daimh was the place where Lochiel's people gave up the track of such cattle. Depones, that it was.

Mary Macmillan or MacIsaac, spouse of Alexander MacIsaac or Macdonell, residing at Kinlochunagan, on the farm of Cullachy, examined in Gaelic at Marshall's Inn, Fort-Augustus, on 23rd February, 1825, by Thomas Gillespie, Esquire, residing at Ardochy, as sworn interpreter. Stated she was upwards of seventy years of age, and daughter to one of the

numerous Macmillans who occupied Badengoig and Ballachan. She gave details of sheiling life and herding in the Garrioch, and other high grounds, with her cousin, Moal Morri(sic) or Miles Macmillan. That she was born at Badengoig and lived there until she was twenty four, when she was married. Asked concerning the island in Loch Quoich, said her father told her that the island belonged to Glengarry, who had a house there. That her father, when a young man, was in Glengarry's service, and told her that he had repeatedly carried letters to Glengarry when living at the house. Witness, herself, had picked up broken pieces of old crockery upon the Larach or Stance of said house in the island. The next witness was examined at Loch Hournhead, on 25th February, 1825.

(To be continued.)

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE CLANS.

BY ALEXANDER DINGWALL, M.A., M.B., C.M.,
GLASGOW.

(Continued from page 147.)



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE MACLEANS
OF DRIMNIN.

III.—*Clan mottoes, slogans, traditions associated with the crests; Mackenzies—Fitzgerald saves the King's life; Macleans—Gillean of the battle-axe; Mackays—Mackay's charter for his lands, the "strong hand," hence crest and motto; Macdonalds—How Coll touched land first, motto of Clan Ranald.*

THE motto, formerly called in Scotland the Ditton, consists of a word or sentence upon a ribbon or scroll, which, in Scottish Heraldry, is usually placed above the crest.

Sir George Mackenzie considers that the position of the motto should vary according to its import, that is, if it relates to the crest it should be placed above that figure, and if to the arms and supporters, under the adornment. It so happens, however, that so many mottoes have no apparent reference to any part of the armorial bearings, that this rule is not capable of universal application. When such relation does exist the suggested arrangement is very appropriate, and especially so when more than one motto is used—e.g. The motto has generally proved in old families to be as hereditary as any of the charges on the shield. Mottoes, in a strictly heraldic sense, have not been met with on Scottish seals earlier than the sixteenth century, and even during that period the number is comparatively limited. Probably the oldest Scottish heraldic motto is that of the Lindsays, *endure*. But more ancient still are the slogans or war-cries of the Scottish clans, to which no one under the rank of banneret was at one time considered to be entitled. In fact they were generally confined to chiefs of clans and military leaders with their retainers. Many of the Scottish slogans are taken from the names of military leaders—a Douglas, a Home—others are taken from the places of rendezvous of the clan. Mackenzies shouted “Tullaich àrd,” and Grants, “Craigellachie,” the gathering place being proclaimed by means of the fiery cross.

It has often occasioned remark that many of the clan mottoes are in Latin, but it is an authenticated fact that Highland gentlemen, two or three hundred years ago, were able to read and speak Latin and Gaelic when they knew little or no English. Rory Mòr, the famous chief of Macleod, is said to have been the last to retain this practice. Latin was also understood by many of the bards, and the blind minstrel, on more than one occasion, introduces Sir William Wallace as conversing with the natives of France in that tongue as the only common means of communication.

The origin of most of the heraldic emblems worn by the clans is unknown, and the majority of the stories, said to account for them, are fabulous legends. I can only give a few.

Tradition says that the Mackenzies are descended from one, Colin Fitzgerald, an Irish adventurer, who attached himself to the court of Alexander III. in the thirteenth century. He married a daughter of Kenneth Matheson of Lochalsh, by whom he had a son called Kenneth. All his descendants were, by the Highlanders, called MacChoinnich, taking the patronymic from the Matheson rather than from Colin, whom they deemed a stranger.

It is said that, on one occasion, Alexander was hunting in the forest, near Kincardine,

when an infuriated stag, closely pursued by the hounds, made straight in the direction of the king. Colin Fitzgerald, who accompanied the royal party, gallantly interposed his own person between his majesty and the wild animal, and shot it in the forehead with an arrow. The king, in acknowledgment of this royal gratitude, at once issued a diploma in favour of Colin, granting him armorial bearings, which were to be a stag's head puissant, bleeding at the forehead where the arrow pierced it, to be borne on a field azure, supported by two greyhounds. The crest to be a dexter arm bearing a naked sword, surrounded by the motto, *fide parta fide acta*, which continued to be the distinctive bearing of the Mackenzies of Seaforth, until it was deemed expedient, as corroborating their claim on the extensive possessions of Macleod of Lewis, to substitute for the original the crest of that warlike clan, a mountain in flames, with the motto, *Lucea non uro*, the ancient shield supported by two savages, wreathed about the head with laurel, and armed with clubs, issuing from which are the bearings now used by the representative of the chief of Kintail.

The incident of the hunt—Colin Fitzgerald's rescue of the king—was painted by West for the last of the Seaforths, in one of those large paintings with which the old Academician was



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE MACLEANS
OF DOCHGARROCH.

wont to employ and gratify his later years. The artist received £800 for the noble painting, which is still preserved in Brahan Castle, and in his old age he expressed his willingness to give the same sum for it to have it exhibited among his pictures.

The Macleans claim descent, through one Gillean na Tuaidh, from Fergus, an ancient Scottish king. Gillean na Tuaidh was so called from his carrying, as his ordinary weapon and constant companion, a battle-axe, and from him the Macleans have derived their name. The following anecdote is said to account for the origin of the crest which is a battle-axe, surrounded by a laurel branch.

He was engaged with other lovers of the chase in a stag hunt on the mountains, and having wandered from the rest of the party in pursuit of game, the mountain suddenly became enveloped in a thick mist, and he lost his way. For three days he wandered about unable to recover his route, and on the fourth, exhausted by fatigue, he entered a laurel bush, where, fixing the handle of his battle-axe in the earth, he laid him down and slept. On the evening of the same day his friends discovered the head of the battle-axe above the bush, and found its owner, with his arm round the handle, asleep on the ground.

The Macleans of Duart, Lochbuie, Dochgarroch, Ard gour, Brolas, Pennycross and Coll, all have for crests the battle-axe between two branches of laurel, holly, or cyprus, but some of the oldest coats-of-arms of the clan have not got this. The shield of each family varies, but each has a helm in one quarter and a cross in the other, although in each family they are differently arranged. The badge of all the Macleans, except Lochbuie, is holly, and the war-cry of all is *Bàs na beatha*.



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE MACKAYS
IN TONGUE HOUSE, SUTHERLAND.



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF ADMIRAL
ROBERTSON-MACDONALD OF KINLOCH-MOIDART.

In 1566, Mackay of Farr disregarded the summons to appear before Queen Mary, at Inverness, along with the Earls of Caithness and Sutherland. For his non-appearance before the Queen, a commission was granted to the Earl of Sutherland to invade the land of Strathnaver. He besieged Castle Borge which was held by a small force of twenty resolute clansmen under Rory, brother of John Mor Mackay, and after a stout resistance on the part of the garrison he took it and demolished it. Cannon were used for the first time in the north of Scotland in this siege. It is said that when Mackay was asked by the Earl of Sutherland to exhibit his charter for his lands, he put his hand clasping his dirk upon the table and exclaimed, *Lamh laidir* (*Manu forti*, or with the strong hand). *Manu forti* has been the motto of the Clan Mackay ever since. They were among the last of the clans to accept a sheepskin charter for their lands from government.

There is an Irish legend which is said to account for the "*lámh-dhearg*" of the Macdonalds. Coll Uan was expelled from Ulster along with his brother, by his cousin, the king Mauritius. They sailed in quest of some settlement in Scotland, and on the way agreed that the first to touch land should be chief of all they obtained. Coll found that on approaching land his boat was being passed by that of his second brother. But not to be done he laid his hand on the gunwale of the boat and with an axe severed it at the wrist. Seizing the bleeding

hand he threw it ashore and shouted, "lamh dhearg buadhach."

In the poem "Cumha lamh-dhearg Chlann Domhnuill" the Irish legend is not mentioned, but the loss of the hand is attributed to a duel between Coll and one of his chiefs, in a quarrel for possession of a white falcon, which in the middle ages was specially valuable for hawking.

At Bannockburn, the Macdonalds under Angus, Lord of the Isles, formed the reserve of the Scottish army, and, in that memorable and decisive battle, did good service to the cause of Scottish independence. The motto of the chief of the Clan Ranald, "My hope is constant in thee," was adopted from the words addressed by Robert the Bruce to Angus, his ancestor, on his making the final charge on the English. It is one of the proudest in Scotland.

(To be continued.)

THE ARMS OF THE MACLEANS OF COLL.

WESTMINSTER, LONDON,
May 9th, 1900.

SIR,—I shall be very much obliged if you can spare me some of your valuable space in your next issue, so that I may correct an error occurring in the May number, in the article "Armorial Bearings of the Clans." Those given therein as belonging to Maclean of Coll are quite incorrect, nor as far as I can tell do they exactly coincide with the arms of any of the chief branches of the Clan Maclean.

On February 24th, 1803, Alexander Maclean of Coll matriculated his arms in the Lyon Court, the official extract being now in the Coll charter chest. The arms so matriculated are as follows:—



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF MACLEAN OF COLL.

"Quarterly, first or, a hill rising from the base; second, argent, a dexter hand and arm issuant from the sinister in fess gules and holding a cross crosslet fitched in pale azure; third, argent, a galley, her oars erect in saltyr sails furled sable and flags displayed gules; fourth, per fess or and azure, in chief two hawk's heads couped and affronté gules, in base a salmon naiant proper. Above the shield is placed a helmet befitting his degree with a mantling gules, the doubling argent. In a wreath of his liveries is set for crest a battle-axe erect in pale, crossed by a branch of laurel and cypress in saltyr all proper. In an escroll above this a motto "Altera Merces." Supporters, on the dexter a greyhound proper collared and leashed gules, on the sinister an ostrich proper, in its beak a horse shoe azure. Motto below "Virtus Durissima Terit."

I may add that holly is the badge of the Macleans of Coll, and also that the chief of a clan wears three eagle's feathers in his bonnet, not two. Trusting the writer of the very interesting articles on clan heraldry will excuse these corrections.

I am, etc., HECTOR A. C. MACLEAN (of Coll).

[NOTE.—We must exonerate Dr. Dingwall from any blame in connection with the error which our friend Mr. Hector Maclean of Coll points out relative to the family arms given in our last issue. We had engravings of three Maclean coats-of-arms prepared for these interesting articles, and by mistake the wrong illustration was given. The arms shown last month were those of the Macleans of Berlin, who are descended from Lachlan, sixth of Coll, so that the title was not so inappropriate after all. They use the same crest and motto as the present Coll family, and two quarters of the shield are similarly charged. We have given above an illustration of the shield and crest of Coll, without the supporters duly belonging to the chief of that family, as described heraldically by Mr. Hector Maclean. It will be also noticed from the picture given in the preceding chapter that the Macleans of Drimnin (of which family Kaid Maclean of Morocco is a distinguished member) use almost the same bearings as the German Macleans, the fourth quarter having an addition for distinction. We make this explanation in justice to the author of these interesting papers on armorial bearings; it is a subject seldom treated of in such a popular style.—EDITOR.]

MESSRS. McVITIE AND PRICE, ST. ANDREW BISCUIT WORKS, EDINBURGH, whose celebrated Scotch Oatcakes and Biscuits are so well-known in all parts of the kingdom, have just added two attractive specialities to their list of manufactures. We have received samples of their Saltaire Crackers and Trinidad Wafers, which can be had in boxes of various sizes, and having tested them heartily recommend them to our readers. They maintain the high standard of excellence which characterises all the products of this great firm. Messrs. McVitie and Price's goods can be had through any grocer.

"The Gaelic Names of Plants" is now ready and can be had at the *Celtic Monthly* Office, price, 7½.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1900.

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LONELY STRATH NAVER.

Inscribed to Mr. James Macdonald, formerly of Tain, Ross-shire.

DEAR is the token, friend, and sweet,
Thou send'st me from Loch Naver's shore,
A spray of heather white as snow,
Which grew where dwelt Mackays of yore.
Lone is the scene that teemed with men,
And maidens who were fair and true,
Whom curst eviction drove afar
From Naver's Strath and Lochan blue.

In broad Ontario oft I've met
Strath Naver's brave and stalwart race,
Who in each worthy walk of life
There ever take an honored place.
No thanks to fiends who drove them forth,
And set their sacred homes aflame;
Let history's finger mark with scorn
Such deeds of infamy and shame.

Dear is the token, as 'tis sweet,
From that lone Strath thou sendest me;
But dearer far the kindly thoughts
Which in this action prompted thee.
My thanks I waft thee o'er the sea
Old friend, for this charmed talisman;
The spray I lovingly will prize
Till life has filled its measured span.

New York. DUNCAN MACGREGOR CRERAR.

CLAN FORBES "SPAIDSEARACHD."

EDINBURGH, 21st May, 1900.

Where can I find the music and words of our clan "Spaidsearachd," "Cath Ghluin Eurainn"; also any other information as to the locale, time, and cause of the "Cath"? Where is Glen Euran?

ALASDAIR ROB FOIRBEIS (Lonach).

THE DESERTED CROFT.

OLD house, that stands on yon hillside,
Stern monument of bygone days!
Where are the hearts that wept and died,
The race that thrived upon your braes?

This many a year the rain doth drip,
The sun doth shimmer thro' thy roof;
Sheep there afford companionship,
The hearts of old remain aloof.

Old home! why dost thou linger there,
Time's sentinel of joy to pain
Transfixed, were thy bare walls once fair,
That now do mock man's eyes in vain!

Why dost thou stand when life is gone,
Sad witness of our social crimes?
Oh, crumble into dust, thou lone
And deathly shape of former times.

Where are the souls you sheltered once,
The hearts that wept and died in thee?
The fathers dead—mayhap the sons
Wander in lands beyond the sea.

Perhaps for thee, oh land! they died
(Because they died thou standest now);
Sad victims of their country's pride,
Who would not leave their sons the plough.

Joy of the past, gone is your place!
And in a land where freedom rings;
Mis-shapen laws that quench the race
From whom the land's own bulwark springs.

Oh, Scotland! to the patriot heart
The silent hills proclaim their name;
And make the tear unbidden start,
The proud cheek flush and blush for shame.

Already hast thou reaped the curse—
Thy stalwart children die no more—
Give back the land and let them nurse
In homes like these the hearts of yore!

BERNARD GEORGE HOARE.

Mr. Roderick Ross, Chief Constable of Bradford, who has just been appointed to a similar position in Edinburgh, is a native of Helmsdale. He has had a very successful career.

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.—We have many readers among those who are fighting our country's battles in South Africa, and hardly a week passes but we receive interesting letters from them. A "Gay Gordon" in an interesting communication from Bloemfontein says "to every Scotsman here, a paper like the *Celtic Monthly* keeps him in touch, and makes him feel near, our beloved Scotland." Captain Colin MacRae of the "Black Watch" says that the Highland Society of Cape Town gave his regiment a warm welcome, and made their stay there most pleasant. We fear that patriotic Gael, Mr. J. G. W. Fraser of Bloemfontein, has missed his *Celtic* for several months past, but he will now have a great pleasure in store for him. We are sending the delayed parts!

MACRAE OF INVERINATE.—Highlanders will be pleased to notice that Mr. Colin G. MacRae, W.S., Edinburgh, has been created a Knight in the new list of Queen's Birthday Honours. The clan Historian gives Sir Colin as chief of the whole clan.

The Argyle Colony in New York State.

(THE ISLAY EMIGRATIONS OF 1738-40).

By HENRY C. STUART, New York.

(Continued from page 154.)

JUDGE GIBSON, of Salem, who made a study of the Argyle settlement and of the various families who located in that vicinity, says in an article on the McNaughton family, that in this grant of the Argyle Patent, as finally made in 1764, a trust was created for the benefit of all the settlers who came to this country in the three companies brought over by Laughlin Campbell in 1738, 1739, and 1740, or the descendants of such of them as had died, or those of their families surviving. The five trustees were Duncan Reid, of New York City, gentleman; Peter Middleton, of New York

City, physician; Archibald Campbell, of New York City, merchant; Alexander McNaughton,* farmer, who after his arrival in this country settled, together with several other families of his associated colonists, at New Windsor, Orange County, where they remained until they removed to the Argyle Patent in 1764; and Neil Gillespie, of Ulster County, farmer.

So far as can be ascertained Gillespie and McNaughton were the only ones of the trustees who became actual settlers on the Argyle tract. Great credit is due to McNaughton for the active interest he took in behalf of the Campbell



ROADWAY LEADING INTO MAIN STREET, ARGYLE, NEW YORK STATE.

colonists. During the twenty years intervening between their arrival here and their settlement in Argyle, he kept track of the various families, and was the prime mover in securing the grant from the Colonial Government, and in the actual settlement upon it. In this Argyle Patent, in the trust which was created for the benefit of all the settlers under the terms of the grant, he was named as the presiding or principal trustee, and the affairs and management of the same were principally under his charge. As a matter of fact, many of those entitled to a share in the property never came

forward to claim or receive their portion, and their shares were disposed of to others.

It is currently supposed by many living in the Argyle vicinity, that the name was given to the locality because of some grant of it to the Duke of Argyle, but this was not the case; the original settlers all having come from Argyle-shire, they naturally named their colony from the home county.

The petitioners evolved a very ambitious

*McNaughton was the first Justice of the Peace for the County of Charlotte.

scheme for the laying out of their property, and planned that a stately street running from the bank of the Hudson eastward through the centre of the tract, should be created, which was to be twenty-four rods wide, facing upon which each settler was to have a town lot where he might enjoy the society and protection of his neighbours, these lots to contain from twenty to sixty acres. In the rear of these town lots were to be located the farm lands, varying in size from two hundred to six hundred acres each. While the project was very alluring upon paper, yet it was found impracticable to carry it out, owing to the fact that the street, as planned, would run over hill and down dale, making it impossible of accomplishment.

Among the first families who settled after the survey had been made were those of Reid, McKallor, Gillis, McNeil, Gilchrist, and Taylor, while certain portions of the lands were left unclaimed or unoccupied and passed into other hands or were occupied by squatters. To this day many of the farms of the original settlers are occupied by descendants in the female line, but I believe there is no case where the same property is occupied by a direct descendant in the male line. The farm taken originally by John Reid was, until a few years ago, occupied by a lineal male descendant, but since the death of the last occupant it has passed out of the hands of the family, and although there are many male descendants living in various parts



ROAD LEADING INTO VILLAGE OF ARGYLE, NEW YORK STATE.

of the country, I believe there are none of this family residing in the town of Argyle.

For the first thirty or forty years this colony did not show much growth from outside, very few new settlers coming in, and affairs were not in a very inviting condition. The principal settlers going there during this time were officers and men from the Highland regiments disbanded after the French and Indian wars, mainly from the 77th or Montgomerie's Highlanders, many of whom located in this section, and their descendants still reside there. Of course these Highland soldiers were naturally attracted to the section by the fact that their own countrymen were located there.

The original Patent included what is now

known as the town of Argyle, and parts of the towns of Fort Edward, Greenwich, and Salem. In the History of the town of Greenwich, it is stated that the first man known to have attempted settlement in that town was one named Rogers, a desperate man, who built a hut on the banks of the Batten Kill at the mouth of Cossayuna Creek, as early as 1763 or 1764, and lived there for some time. Alexander McNaughton, Archibald Livingston, Duncan Campbell, and Roger Reid settled near the Batten Kill as the allottees of the Argyle Patent, as early as 1765, and found Rogers there claiming title from Colonel Lydius, to a tract of land running east from Cossayuna Creek to the vicinity of a stream known as

Black Creek. He warned them not to trespass on his claim, making various threats as to what he would do. These men knew, however, that their titles were perfect, and went on industriously with the work of clearing their lands and erecting their houses, regardless of these threats. One day, when Livingston went away, his wife was forcibly carried off and set down outside the limits of his claim by Rogers, who then proceeded to remove the furniture from the premises. For this act he was subsequently arrested by Reid, who was a constable of the old town of Argyle, assisted by Joseph McCracken from Salem. The arrest was made under a warrant from Squire McNaughton, the father of Mrs. Livingston, who had been appointed a Justice of the Peace, and this was the first civil process served in this county. It was to be expected that a man of the reckless character of Roger would resist the officers, and so it proved. Rogers tried to defend himself with his gun, which McCracken seized. In his endeavors to wrest it from the hands of the ruffian, he (as Dr. Fitch relates) burst the buttons from the waistband of his trousers, which, as he did not wear suspenders, slipped down over his feet. The little son of Rogers, observing McCracken's exposed condition, and seeing his father taken at a disadvantage, ran up and hit him posteriorly, but without causing McCracken to loosen his hold on the gun. Rogers was secured and conveyed to Albany, after which we find no trace of him.

One of the interesting characters who settled in the Greenwich section of the Argyle Patent, was Archibald Campbell first, as he was called, son of Duncan Campbell, who, together with Christopher Yates, were the surveyors who ran the division lines in 1764, and who it is said was related to Archibald Campbell, one of the trustees of the Patent, who was a merchant in New York City. Archibald Campbell was a man of wealth, education, and influence. He married Flora McNeil, and, soon after the survey was completed, settled on a tract of six hundred acres which he owned in what was then Cambridge, now the town of Jackson. Whether this land came to him by inheritance or purchase, we are unable to learn. He possessed no little vanity, and was frequently heard to boast of his distinguished family connections. His house and furniture and his manner of living corresponded with his pretensions. The house which he built in the year 1800, and in which he lived at his death on January 1st, 1808, is still inhabitable and occupied.†

(To be Continued).

† From the Town History of Greenwich.

CUMHA MNATHA.

AIR FÖNN :—" *Cha till mo bhean tuillidh.*"

THIS beautiful little lament is taken from *Coinneach 'us Coille*, a volume of Gaelic songs and poems, composed by that gifted son of Glenmoriston, Mr. Alexander Macdonald. Highland mothers were wont, in the past, to sing their babes to sleep with verses of this kind, and the babes sometimes grew up into bards and bardesses. I daresay Mr. Macdonald had his early inspirations in the romantic glen in which he was cradled. At anyrate, he has given the Highland mothers and fathers of the present day a number of Gaelic Songs well worth singing, and handing over to their children and grandchildren. I have endeavoured to translate the lament into English and give the result below.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

Dh'fhag mi'n diugh anns a' chlachan,
An trom luidhe fo'n fhòid,
Bean mo shùgraidh 's mo gheallaidh,
Bean leannanach m' òig'.

Cha till mo bhean channach,
Cha d' thig mo bhean mhìn,
Cha till mo bhean bhòidheach,
'Us mise m' ònar leam fhìn.

'S truagh a ghaol nach e mise
Bha 's a' chiste na d' àit',
Ciamar shiùbhlas mi 'n saoghal
A nis às aonais do ghràidh?

Cha chluinn mi tuilleadh mar b' àbhaist,
Do ghuth blàth-bhinn na m' chluais,
No do cheum air an ùrlar
A' dol gu sunndach mu 'n cuairt.

Tha do mheal-shùilean dùinte,
'S tha do ghnùis gun a tuar,
'S tha do bhilean neo-dhaite,
Ged bu thlachdmhor do shnuagh.

Cha 'n 'eil m' fhàrdach ach fuar domh
Gun thu 's, a luaidh, ri mo thaobh;
B' fhèarr leam agam a nochd thu
Na meud fortan an t-saoghail.

Tha do leanabh na m' achlais
'S e' toirt dealt air mo ghruidh,
'S a chridhe beag air leth-sgàineadh
Ag iarraidh 'mhàthair 's i bhuainn.

Chaidh solus mo bheatha-s'
As le osag a' bhàis,
'S tha nis oidheche mu 'n cuairt domh
Ach 's math nach buan i na m' là.

TRANSLATION.

I have left in the graveyard,
Beneath the cold clay,
My loved wife whom I courted
In youth's happy day.

My wife sweet and bonnie
Has left me to mourn ;
My wife with smile sunny
No more shall return.

Would that I were now lying
In thy place, my dear ;
For my life shall be cheerless
When thou art not near.

The soft sounds of thy footsteps
I hear never more,
Nor thy voice in my ear
Sweet, sweet, as of yore.

Thy red lips, and cheeks rosy
Are colourless, pale ;

And no more in thy bright eyes
Shall I read love's tale.

My lone home is cold, dreary,
Thou flown from my side,
I would rather thee near me
Than empires world-wide.

As I fondle the baby
Tears on my cheeks burn ;
He cries sore for his mother
Who ne'er shall return.

My life's noonday—bright, happy,
Is changed into night,
But I see the morn breaking
In shimmers of light.

THE GRIZZLY LAD'S LEAP.

(LEUM A' GHILLE RIABHAICH.)

BY FIONN.

THE following may be accepted as the traditional account of certain incidents which are more or less authenticated by Gregory and other historians.

At one time (about 1450) the Laird of Coll (*Iain Garbh*) and MacNeill of Barra were at deadly feud, or as the *seanachie* graphically describes it—“*an rùn na biodaig d'a chéile*.” It would appear that when Iain Garbh was an infant his mother married MacNeill of Barra, who thought he might attach the island of Coll, seeing the heir was a mere child. Iain Garbh and his nurse fled to Dowart and MacNeill took possession of Coll. In course of time Iain Garbh decided to gain possession of his ancestral estates and having raised a following of some

fifty clansmen, he sailed from Mull for Coll, and landed at a creek or bay known as “*An Acarsaid Fhalaich*”—the Hidden Anchorage. Fortunately he met a woman who knew who he was, and she gave him information regarding MacNeill and his movements. She told him that MacNeill was at the time residing at Grisipool House, but as he was living in daily dread of the lawful heir making an attack upon him, he kept up daily communication with Breacachadh Castle—the messenger always riding on a grey horse.

“And there he goes,” continued the garrulous dame, shading her eyes with her hand as she looked in the direction indicated—“He rides in haste to acquaint MacNeill of your arrival, and unless you checkmate him you and your men will be taken prisoners.”

Among Iain Garbh's followers was a young man from Dervaig, Mull—called “*An Gille Riabhach*”—or the Grizzly Lad. He being



BREACHACHADH CASTLE, ISLAND OF COLL.

swift of foot offered Iain Garbh to stop MacNeill's messenger, and bring back his head, on condition that he received from Iain Garbh the lands of Dervaig, Mull, which, at that time, formed part of the Coll estate. Iain Garbh willingly consented, and the *Gille Riabhach* taking advantage of certain short cuts reached a place called "*Bealach na foille*," or Pass of Deceit, before the messenger. Resting himself by the wayside he carelessly enquired of the messenger what his news was. "Important news," answered the messenger, "Iain Garbh and his followers have landed and are proceeding towards Grisipool, and I must make haste so that MacNeill may not be taken unawares—I

see him and his men in the distance." "Is there any sign," enquired the *Gille Riabhach*, "by which MacNeill knows when he sees strangers in your company, whether they are friends or foes?" "Oh yes," responded the messenger, "if foes, I keep apart from them, but if friends I and the grey horse move in their midst." "I have heard enough," said the *Gille Riabhach*, and instantly springing up, pulled the messenger off his horse and cut off his head. Iain Garbh and his men soon came up, and the *Gille Riabhach*, throwing the head of the messenger to his master, mounted the grey horse and rode in the midst of the followers of Iain Garbh, and so deceived MacNeill and his



DERVAIG, ISLAND OF MULL.

men. A conflict ensued, and it is said that MacNeill, engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with Iain Garbh, was getting the better of his adversary, when the *Gille Riabhach* came to the assistance of the latter and wounded MacNeill severely. Before the *Gille Riabhach* was aware, he was sorely pressed by MacNeill's foster brother. The *Gille Riabhach* was in an awkward position, being hemmed in by the banks of the stream which passes Grisipool House, and he was obliged, in order to avoid a deadly blow from his adversary's battle-axe, to leap backwards and upwards across the stream, and the place is still known as "*Leum a' Ghille*

Riabhach"—the Grizzly Lad's Leap. Such was the force of the blow aimed at the head of the Grizzly Lad that the axe went into the ground, and before MacNeill's foster-brother could defend himself the *Gille Riabhach* leaped back and cut off his head.

MacNeill was killed and Iain Garbh took possession of the island. He fulfilled his promise to the *Gille Riabhach* by giving him the lands of Dervaig, in Mull.

I may add that interesting variants of the foregoing story will be found in "*Clan Traditions and Popular Tales*" by the late Rev. John G. Campbell, Tyree.

HIGHLAND BRIGADE CONCERT.—A Grand Concert, under the most distinguished patronage, will take place in the Queen's Hall, London, on 4th July. The proceeds are to augment a fund now being raised for the "widows and fatherless bairns" of the men of the Highland Brigade, and donations should be sent to Mr. Donald C. Fraser, Hon. Treasurer, Scots' Corporation Hall, London.

THE SCOT ABROAD.—We understand Mr. R. W. Forsyth, the well-known Highland Costumier, has of late been successful in securing several important contracts for uniforms and accoutrements in connection with the recently formed Scots kilted regiments in the United States, Australia, etc. The kilt as a military dress is becoming very popular at home and abroad.

DUNCAN JAMES.

A TRUE STORY.

THERE was no doubt that she was very plain, this old nurse of ours. She never actually acknowledged the fact herself. Indeed, which of us would? But she often said, "Na, I was never just what you wud ca' bonnie, but I was lichtsome company an' a good singer, an' there wasna a better dancer in a' the Leachin. Aye, I might hae a pit or two wi' the sma' pox, but I'm no' what a body wud ca' marked wi' it. Na."

She was, in truth, more deeply marked than anyone I ever saw. Yet, as I recall her expression when talking to a little child, when greeting some erstwhile nursling after a long separation, I could almost find it in my heart to call old Nurse beautiful.

She had often told me the story of Duncan James, but, somehow, never had the pathos of it impressed itself on me so much as it did that afternoon in May. We were sitting on the west side of the little wood; Nurse busily knitting at a grey sock for 'one of the young gentlemen'; and singing with the voice that once charmed the Leachin:—

"Ho rò, mo nighean donn, bhòidheach,
Hi rì, mo nighean donn, bhòidheach,
Mo chaileag laghach, bhòidheach,
Cha phòsainn ach thu."

Behind the west hills the sun was setting in a clear golden glory; a wood-pigeon sang to his mate tenderly and amorously; and a pee-wit, disturbed by the hunting of the old fox-terrier, complained peevishly and with much whirr of wings.

"Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal
Ge bheil no mhiann 's mo ghaol ort;
'S ged chaidh mi uait—"

I heard a deep sigh which neither came from the pigeon nor the pee-wit.

"What's the matter, Nurse?" I asked, "Dropped a stitch?"

"No, dearie."

"Why did you sigh, then?"

"Indeed and I don't know." A pause. "It was on a May nicht just like this that I parted wi' dear Mr. Duncan James."

"Tell me about him, Nurse," I said. I knew that she loved to talk of all her nurslings, but most to tell the story of her short nursing of the baby-boy whom she always spoke of as "Mr. Duncan James."

"Surely I've told you many and many a time before, dearie?"

"Never mind, I've forgotten."

Would that I could produce the simple pathos

of her telling. When speaking to strangers her language was a curious mixture of what she called 'high English,' picked up from the 'gentry,' and the homely Invernessian accent; but, in familiar converse, she lapsed entirely into the vernacular interspersed with the tender sweetness of her native Gaelic. As nearly as possible I will tell the story as it was told me, but I fear it will be much marred in the telling.

"Dear Mr. Duncan James! Aye, but he was a bonnie boy, bless him! He had only just lost his mother, puir lambie, when I came to be nurse to him. He was three past, and a big boy for his age. Aye, if he's spared to this, he'll be a pretty man! He was left with just his father, and what does a man ken aboot a bairn? He had been fretting sore for his mammie, but he cam' to me at once, an' he pit his wee airms roon' ma neck, an' I told him aboot the place his mamma had gone to, an' where he would go too if he was a good boy, an' then I sang "There is a Happy Land," an' the dear lambie went to sleep with his headie on my shoulder. So him an' me became very chief. I learned him his alphabet an' his shorter catechism, an' hymns. I had the full charge of him, an' I made his little frockies an' everything. He was just like my ain bairn to me. I had been with him for nine months when two of his father's sisters came to stay. Na, they were 'na even flesh 'an bluid to the bairn, but just sisters to his father's first wife. I misliked the look o' the pair o' them at the first—lang, ill-favoured wenches, wi' a hard glint in the eye o' them. They began at once to try an' tak' ma bairn from me, but would he gang to them? Na, na, nae fear! He just couldna bide them. An' then I heard whispers that they were complaining to his father that I was spoiling the child, an' that he was learning a bad accent from me, an' that he was that wicked that he was neither to haud nor bind. The wee pettie, just as good as sugar! The puir baby was just afraid o' his life o' them two hard women. As sure as death he would begin to trem'le whenever he heard their voices. An' then the way they would meddle wi' me in the nursery, saying this, that, an' the other thing wasna fit for the child to wear. What did they ken aboot bairns? A pair o' boney auld maids, an' never likely to be anything else either in this world or the next! Many an' many's the time I would hae taken ma leave but for the thocht o' leavin' the mitherless lamb in their clutches. At long last the eldest cam' in to the nursery one day an' says she, "Mr. Smith will not require your services after the term." "When Mr. Smith tells me that himsel'," says I, "it's then I'll be thinking o' greasing ma brogues an' cutting ma' stick." She got as red as a bubbly-jock an' then

as white as ma apron. An' I willna deny that p'raps it might hae been better if I hadna said it, an' maybe I shouldna hae said it, but I felt ma time was up whatever. "I shall send Mr. Smith to speak to you himself, you impudent woman," says she, an' sweepit oot o' the room. An' in a few minutes up cam' the maister, the first time he had darkened the doors o' ma nursery. "Nurse," says he, "I am surprised to hear of your impertinence to my sister; and as I have also learnt that you are not doing the best for my son, I think that it would be as well if you went to-morrow. Here are the wages due to you till the 26th of May, and board wages in full." An' wi' oot as much as giving me time to say a word for mysel' he went awa'. An', oh, but it was me that had a sore hairt that nicht when I happit ma wee laddie up in his cot! I didna let on that I was goin' awa' frae him. An' the next morning he saw me packing ma kist, an' he was aye speirin' at me what I was doing it for, an' at last I told him that I was going awa' but I would be back to him soon. (May the Almichty forgie me the lee!) An' then he said, "Take me with you, nurse; oh, don't go away an' leave me." An', oh me, but ma hairt was like to burst. At last ma kist was packed an' in the cairt, an' ma bonnet an' shawl on, ready to go. Mr. Duncan James was crying fit to break his little hairt, an' the tears rinnin' doon ma ain cheeks like water. I took him in ma airms, ma wee bit laddie, an' he twined his airmies roon' ma neck, an' I thoct that he would never let me go. An' at the last one o' them hard women cam' an' tore him from me, an' the last I heard as I left the house was the cry of my wee bairnie, "Nurse, Nurse, don't leave me! I'll die if you don't take me with you! Don't leave me, Nurse, Nurse!" It's thirty years an' more since that day, but I'll never forget it. I've felt leaving my children, but never any like the way I felt leaving Mr. Duncan James. If I had left him wi' kind folk—but they were hard, hard, an' I like to see justice done to children."

"And you've never seen him since then, Nurse?" I asked.

"Na, na, dearie, never from that day to this. Soon after that I went to a situation in the Island of Rum, an' then I took a place in England. So someway or another I never saw Mr. Duncan James again. Fine would I like to, for I'm sure that he grew to be a guid an' bonnie man as he was a guid an' bonnie boy. I heard that he went oot to foreign parts to make tea. But if ever he wins hame an' you see him, my dear, tell him that his old nurse is thinking long to set eyes on him afore she dies."

It has slipped my memory how it was that Nurse discovered that Mrs. Smith, tenant of Coulin Cottage, was far-away cousin to Duncan James. However, one fine morning late in May, found Nurse and myself on our way to call at Coulin Cottage, and to enquire of Mrs. Smith news of Duncan James.

Nurse was in her best clothes, including the lace shawl which my mother had presented to her after the birth of my eldest brother. Poor old dear, how excited she grew as we approached the cottage. I think she almost pictured little Duncan James, in his plaid frock and pinafore, running out to meet her.

"Who kens but ma bairn may be staying wi' his cousin, an' maybe he'll remember that this is the shawl I wore when I parted from him."

When we reached the little garden gate I let Nurse go up to the cottage by herself, and, drawing under the shadow of a copper beech, resigned myself to a good half-hour's wait.

It was a lovely morning, with all the promise of Spring fulfilled, yet with all its freshness and young greenness too. A hedge of lilac in full bloom skirted the little garden, and the little garden itself was bright with daffodils and narcissi. Behind the thatched roof of the cottage a row of Scotch firs reared their kingly heads, and beyond all I could see the West Hills, dark blue against the sky line. I could hear, too, the innumerable sounds of the farm-yard; the clash of the tin pails as the dairymaid left the byre; the soft lowing of the cattle; the bleating of foolish lambs looking for lost mothers; and the patient plodding of hoofs going round in the horse-mill.

I had been enjoying myself thus but a brief ten minutes, when I became aware of someone approaching from behind; a man by his footstep which was heavy. He walked straight to the little garden-gate, and, as he turned to struggle with the latch, I had a full and all satisfying view of him. He was a stranger to me; well as I knew the neighbourhood I could not remember his face, nor, indeed, his figure. When one is accustomed to regard rough tweeds and moleskins as indigenous to the soil and the people, it is startling to be confronted with broadcloth and gold chains. This was my first impression of the man. My second was, that for a man of his age (his face indicated less than forty years), his figure was corpulent to an aldermanic degree. My third and fourth impressions came so quickly after each other as to be almost simultaneous; they were, 'the successful merchant,' and 'Duncan James.' He shut the gate with a snap and walked up the little approach with the pompous step of prosperity. I was glad when the porch concealed him. A

figure so incongruous to its surroundings had marred the idyll of Spring. And Nurse? Ah, poor old Nurse! Where was her bonnie boy? Her little motherless bairn? The nursling her heart had yearned over?

The house door opened. I heard a voice say, "Well, goodbye, Nurse, I'm only sorry that—," and it died away to an indistinct murmur, as though the speaker were retreating into the house again. Next the answer in Nurse's 'highest' English, "I'm very much obliged to you, Mrs. Smith, and must ask pardon for the trouble I gave." Then Nurse herself came out, and as she came near me I saw that her poor old face was very white, and in her eyes were the slow difficult tears of old age. I helped her into the phaeton, and, when we were once more jogging along under the shade of the beeches, I put my hand on hers and said, "Well, Nurse?"

"He's gone, dearie," she said, "they got word of his death in foreign parts only a few weeks back."

"His death?" I exclaimed.

"Aye, dearie, yon gentleman that cam' in was his partner in the tea trade and brought the news. Aye, aye," continued Nurse more to herself than to me, "the dear boy, so he went afore his old nurse after all; weel, weel, it canna be long now."

She had not to wait long, our dear old Nurse; she followed Duncan James very soon. I like to think that God has given her "some humble home among his many mansions," where, perchance, He permits her to see that 'justice is done to the children,' for surely thus would she be happiest.

Rye-field, Ross-shire.

MYRA K. G. WARRAND.

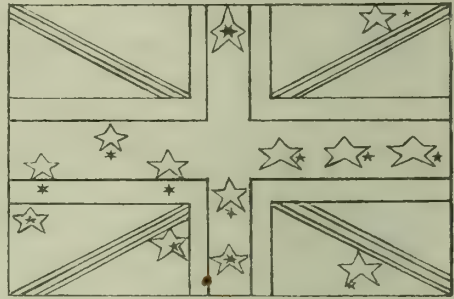
CAPTAIN JOHN MACPHERSON OF BALLACHROAN AND THE GAICK CATASTROPHE OF THE CHRISTMAS OF 1799 (O.S.).—Such is the title of an interesting little work by the genial Provost Macpherson of Kingussie. The weird tale of the "Black Captain" is well-known, but the learned author has corrected many errors, and added many additional facts to the narrative, which give this booklet a special value. It is illustrated with a portrait of the famous captain, and a view of the scene of his death. The work is published at 1/-, and the proceeds are intended to assist in raising a cairn in commemoration of the sad event. Mr. George A. Crerar, Kingussie, is the publisher.

MR. DAVID GLEN, EDINBURGH, has just issued Part 15 of his Collection of Bagpipe Music. The place of honour is given to a spirited march "General Hector A. Macdonald," by Pipe-Corporal Donald Mackenzie, 1st Seaforth Highlanders, which we had the pleasure to receive and hand to Mr. Glen for preservation in his "Collection."

"HIGHLANDERS AT HOME OR GAELIC GATHERINGS," by R. R. McIan. For particulars of this illustrated volume see advertisement facing page 169.

"EMPIRE UNION JACK."

A HIGHLANDER'S GIFT TO COLONIALS.
AN INGENIOUS DESIGN.



COLONEL D. A. CAMPBELL, late of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers and the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, forwards us a copy of a printed slip and a letter which he has received from South Africa, and which we have pleasure in publishing. They are as follows:—

"AN EMPIRE UNION JACK."

Brigadier General Brabant recently received a present in the shape of an "Empire Union Jack," accompanied by the following letter and description:—

St. Oswald's, Cheltenham,
29th Jan., 1900.

Dear Sir,—On seeing the notification in the papers of your appointment to command a Colonial Division, as part of the British South African Forces, I planned, and my wife worked, the flag sent herewith, in the hope that you would accept it although coming from so humble people as a retired Army officer and his wife.

The flag is meant to give expression to the sentiment that has been in our minds ever since this war became serious, and that is the sentiment of profound joy and pride and thankfulness at the united feeling of brotherhood that has tied into the one strong bundle all portions of Her Majesty's Dominions. Had this sentiment been merely ours, to have asked your acceptance of an expression of it would have been an impertinence, but it is the daily theme of a Press that gives utterance to the feelings and views of the millions in this, the Mother Country. From that point of view, I trust that the offering we send you may be regarded as a proper and seemly contribution to the feeling of admiration and love that animates all in this country towards their brother "Sons of the Empire."

I enclose a description of the flag, and I shall sincerely hope you will accept it, and even carry it to Bloemfontein and Pretoria.—I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) D. A. CAMPBELL,
Lieut.-Colonel, late Royal Dublin Fusiliers and Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

To Major-General Brabant, etc., etc.

THE EMPIRE UNION JACK.

1.—The blue (or purple) star at the top denotes (a) the Mother Country, (b) devotion to the Empire.

2.—The white (silver) stars represent (in the form of the Northern Constellation of the "Great Bear") the possessions of the British Crown and its Colonies in the Northern Hemisphere.

The "pointers" pointing true to Mother Country and devotion to the Empire.

3.—The yellow (golden) stars represent (in the form of a cross, the Southern Constellation of the "Southern Cross") the British possessions and Colonies in the Southern Hemisphere; and by their incorporation with the field and stripes of the Union Jack, show the devotion of these also to the Mother Country and the cause of the Empire.

4.—The stars are five-pointed as indicating the feeling of kinship running through five continents.

Headquarters, Colonial Division, Dordrecht
(forward), March 6, 1900.

To Lieut.-Colonel D. A. Campbell, etc., etc.

Dear Sir,—Brigadier General Brabant desires me to ask you to excuse a reply to your kind letter and handsome present direct.

The General directs me to assure you of his very deep appreciation of your extremely kind thought, and to congratulate you upon having formulated so happy an idea as that which finds expression in the Empire Union Jack, which it has afforded the General so great pleasure to receive.

Will you kindly convey to Mrs Campbell the General's assurance that he greatly admires her skilful handiwork?

The flag will be greatly prized by this Division, and General Brabant will be only too delighted to realize your happy anticipation that it may be borne in triumph to Bloemfontein and Pretoria. The association of your name, in this way, with the Division is an honour, particularly since the Royal Dublin Fusiliers are serving in the present war.—I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) H. T. TAMPLIN,

Major, A.D.C., Colonial Division.

Lines on "The Empire Union Jack."

From out the ancient crosses
Of radiant red and white,
From out the field of azure
Shine forth, and throw your light
Ye brilliant constellations—
"Great Bear" and "Southern Cross"
And purple star of "Mother-land"—
Wave forth, for wild winds toss
The folds on which you shelter,
The flag to which you cling,
And let the wondering nations
Think well what words you bring:—

Of strength, of loyal rallying,
All corners of the earth
Pouring devoted vassalage
To aid their land of birth;
Children of that great mother
From whom they take, with pride,
Not only breath, but liberty,—
Freed, but not flung aside;

Hating the thrall of tyranny,
Knowing that Britain's call—
"To arms!" is ever for the right,
They rally one and all;
That gave all rights that freemen crave—
Now stung that fostering hand.
Treated as heirs, though strangers,
Each cherished as a child,
Their gratitude was treachery,
Our own land they defiled
With the blood of those who hailed them;
These, free—those, all but free.
They sought to break the Old Land;
Now they reap the traitor's fee;
Taking the sword of rapine
They fall before the just,
Great sword of an uproused Empire,
Unnumbered as the dust,
Called into wondrous being
By the one grand touch of kin:
What forty millions could have held,
Four hundred millions win!

This, this is why for gladness,
For pride, for thanks and praise
Of such an Empire's union
This banner we would raise;
This, this is why the crosses
Of radiant red and white,
Surrounded by the azure field,
Show here another sight.

To tell, that under Heaven
Who made her love the "Right,"
The righteous nation at her need
Was given an Empire's "Might."
These stars proclaim a story
That has gone from pole to pole,
A tale of grandest concord,
A tale to stir the soul;
They tell of wounds and death, of limbs
Shattered and torn away,
Of all the horrors war unfolds,
Of tumult and affray;
Of love that tosses to the veldt,
As a worthless thing to hold,
Dear life itself; of love that lays
Down life for friend, we're told;
Of giant strength that tottering goes
Like aspen leaves in spring,
The famine wolf driven from the mouth
By the lion's heart within;
Of the patient women letting their babes
"Go home," one after one,
Dry-eyed;—they know them sacrificed
On the altar of duty done.
And, as they forth to battle,
They meet the ingrate bands—
First in our own just borders
Then in their lawless lands—
Who—these at bed and board were bred
And fed as her own sons,
Who—she started those on their own feet,
As a child that creeps soon runs,
Who—knowing the fostering hand that spread
Content through all her lands,
Shine on in gold and silver
And purple then, ye stars,
From out the ancient crosses,
From forth the field and bars,

Enlightening, but not quenching,
 The oriflamme we hold
 As dearest emblem handed down
 From the brave days of old.
 Shine on and tell your story
 Of marvellous, perfect love,
 Till we, "at home," give heart-felt thanks
 For such love to our God above.

D. A. CAMPBELL (Lt.-Col.).

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS: OR, A CAMERON HIGHLANDER IN A DIFFICULTY.

THE period of British occupation of France following the Battle of Waterloo, apart from its historical significance, has always been replete with minor incidents which even time has not entirely robbed of interest. Perhaps none contributed more largely towards the store of material than the Highland soldiers, who, discovering that the Gaelic possessed a key to the French tongue, were quick to avail themselves of an advantage which opened a direct entrance to French hearts. Whatever may have been the facilities thus afforded, it was undeniable that the Highlanders and the French people quickly fraternized. It was no uncommon sight during that period, as the former lay quartered in a provincial village, to see some grizzly Highlander, grim and battle-scarred from his many campaigns, sitting quietly by the fireside, a child on each knee, while the good madame was preparing the savoury ragout. That a spirit of true fraternity seemed to exist between the Highlanders and all classes of the French people, is borne out by an incident related to me by one of the soldiers concerned, long after his return from the wars, and which visibly impressed me at the time of recital.

It happened to two young lads belonging to the Cameron Highlanders, then quartered in such a village as that described. The lads possessed a liberal education for these days, and had some ambitions outside of their military duties, one being to perfect themselves in French. Two dark-eyed maids living in a neighbouring chateau, whose acquaintance they had made, served but to quicken their ambition in that direction. The boys had simply stumbled on a method which has never yet been excelled in mastering the beauties of a foreign tongue. It is feared, though, that the acquaintance thus begun, turned out to be, as we may well imagine, but an echo of an old story—old as the Garden of Eden and yet ever young as the flowers each spring. On one occasion the fascinations of the fair teachers must have proved unusually attractive, because when the lads finally started to take leave, they found the chateau gate, a

huge ponderous affair, surmounted with barbed spikes, closed for the night. Youth, however, laughs at obstructions, and while one lad braced himself against the gate, the other, mounting his shoulders, was in the act of swinging clear over the top, when, unfortunately, his kilt got caught on the spikes. At the same unlucky moment the master of the chateau appeared at an open window, but seeing the situation, quietly withdrew, and re-appearing in the courtyard below, came promptly forward with a ladder to the rescue of his prisoner. Strange to say, the gallant Frenchman demanded no explanations; on the contrary, observing their youth and evident embarrassment, and perhaps recollecting that he was once young himself, invited them into his library. The lads followed, not without some misgivings, which proved groundless. The nobleman was a gentleman of France, and whether it was that the sight of their Highland garb reminded him of an older time when the Gaul and the Caledonian clashed swords together, or whether he was overcome by some feeling of sadness that the descendants of the same two races were now no longer allies, it is needless to inquire; only he treated the lads most kindly, gave each a goblet of wine, and inquired from what part of Scotland they came. The elder answered that he came from Strathnaver and his cousin from Caithness. "Strathnaver" mused the Frenchman to himself, then asked "is Strathnaver a big place?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, "it is a big place, regiment after regiment has been raised amongst my people at times without the Strath hardly missing them." Astonished that there should exist, unknown to him, a spot in Europe which could belch forth warriors with such prodigality, the Frenchman took up a large gazetteer by his side, and turning over the leaves until Strathnaver was found, he read—"A district in the north of Scotland, inhabited by an ancient Celtic tribe, known as Clan Mackay, who contributed large contingents to the Protestant armies under Gustavus Adolphus in the Thirty Years' War."

This interested the Frenchman more deeply than ever, an animated conversation followed, in which he further showed the gallantry of his race by referring to the many signal military services rendered by the Scots in former days, services which France never forgot.

On parting, the lads received a cordial invitation to call again, but theirs was a soldier's life. Next morning the 79th were ordered to distant cantonments in Pas de Calais, and the romance so delightfully begun was henceforth doomed to be nothing more than a beautiful dream. And perhaps it was as well.

New York.

MACDHUI.



HERCULES H. G. MACDONNELL, J.P.

"Four Generations."

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 10. VOL. VIII.]

JULY, 1900.

[Price Threepence.



**HERCULES HENRY GRAVES
MACDONNELL, J.P.**

IN the *Celtic* for October, 1897, we gave a portrait of Sir Richard Graves MacDonnell, K.C.M.G., C.B., the ninth in descent from Colla MacDonnell, of Tynekill (or Tennekill).

Colla himself was the direct descendant of the great Angus Mòr; whose son, Alexander Og, was defeated by the Bruce, on the Dee, in 1308, and then imprisoned at Kintyre, where he died. His younger brother, the famous Angus Og, then succeeded to the Lordship of the Isles, but his sons escaped to Ireland. There his son, Somerled, became a soldier of fortune, serving with the O'Connors of Leinster. Somerled had four sons, who fell in succession in battle, fighting for the O'Connors. The last of these four, Marcus, was slain in 1397, not far from Sligo, and is recorded in the Irish Annals, as "Constable of Gallowglasses" for the O'Connors.

From this Marcus the family race was continued, and it was his grandson, Caragh, who built Tynekill Castle about 1435; and it was Caragh's grandson, Colla, who, in 1562, received grants of thirty townlands from Queen Elizabeth. These were confirmed in 1637 by Charles I., to Colla's great-grandson, James. They were not long held by that young man, for they were all forfeited in 1641, as (before he was twenty-four) he had joined in the Rebellion as a Colonel in the "Catholic Confederates," bringing with him about twelve hundred men.

As James refused to accept terms of pardon (that were accepted by others), these lands never came back to the family. They had been of considerable extent; for seventeen out of the thirty townlands can be distinctly traced, and these included quite ten thousand valuable acres.

Succeeding generations were not owners, but were substantial holders of land; successively at Coolavin, County Wicklow; at Baytown and Peacockstown, County Meath; and at High Park, County Cork. After that, the Rev. Richard MacDonnell had a distinguished career in Trinity College, Dublin, both as Scholar and Fellow, in 1808, and as Provost T.C.D., from 1852 to 1867.

His son, Sir Richard, died in 1881, without issue, and the next brother, Hercules H. G. MacDonnell, thus became the representative of this branch of the MacDonnells.

Hercules was born in Dublin, on 3rd January, 1819. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1835, where his career was very distinguished, obtaining first place at entrance; scholarship at an unusually early period; eight first honours in classics and mathematics; and in 1839, first gold medal in ethics and logics. In 1842 he was called to the Irish Bar, and also in 1846 to the English Bar, at Lincoln's Inn. From 1854 to 1885 he held the post of Secretary to the Board of Charities for Ireland.

In 1836 he was one of the principal founders of the University Choral Society; and in 1856 joined in re-organizing the Royal Irish Academy of Music, of which he continued an Honorary Secretary for twenty years. In 1864 he joined in founding the "Strollers Club," and from 1885 to 1895 arranged and edited their famous collection of ninety-nine male four-part songs. In 1897 he was elected their President, and in 1898 printed the "Story of the Strollers." He also printed from time to time several pamphlets; in 1876, the "Bayreuth Festival"; in 1878, "Dates Musical and Dramatic"; in 1884, "Musical Acoustics"; in 1878, "From Naples to the Bosphorus"; in 1889, "Eternal Rest or Motion," which gave rise to considerable scientific discussion; also "Histories of the Graves and MacDonnell Families," in 1889 and 1897.

In 1842 he married Emily Anne, daughter of Judge Moylan; she died on 16th February, 1883. He had 8 children, 24 grandchildren, and 17 great grandchildren.

The Argyle Colony in New York State.

(THE ISLAY EMIGRATIONS OF 1738-40).

By HENRY C. STUART, New York.

(Continued from page 173.)

THE first church organization in the Argyle colony took place in the summer of 1785, under the shade of a tree on the farm of John and David McKnight, and the church building was erected upon a part of the glebe lot of five hundred acres originally set aside for this purpose. It was known as the Associated Presbyterian (or Anti-Burgher) Church, its first pastor being the Rev. Thomas Beveridge, and to this day, upon the same spot, stands its successor, which is locally known as the South Argyle Church.

A little to the east of the Argyle settlement,

on a tract of land lying between it and the present boundary of the State of Vermont, and comprising the principal part of the present town of Salem, was early established a colony of Scotch-Irish from the north of Ireland, the pastor (Rev. Thomas Clark) and the congregation of his church in Ireland coming over and settling here without break of the church organization or celebration of its ordinances. This church was of the Associated Reformed branch of the Presbyterian denomination, and to it went many of the neighbouring settlers of the Argyle Patent. This transfer of a church



VIEW OF HILL BEHIND ARGYLE VILLAGE, NEW YORK STATE.

organization bodily is unique in the history of the American colonies. Dr. Clark's colony during the year 1766 erected the first church in the present County of Washington, and probably the first one north of Albany. About the same time, or a little prior, there came to the Salem neighbourhood a number of settlers from Pelham, Massachusetts, who were principally of Scotch-Irish descent, and also in the latter part of the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth, there arrived directly from Scotland quite a number of settlers, some of them from Perthshire, among whom may be mentioned the

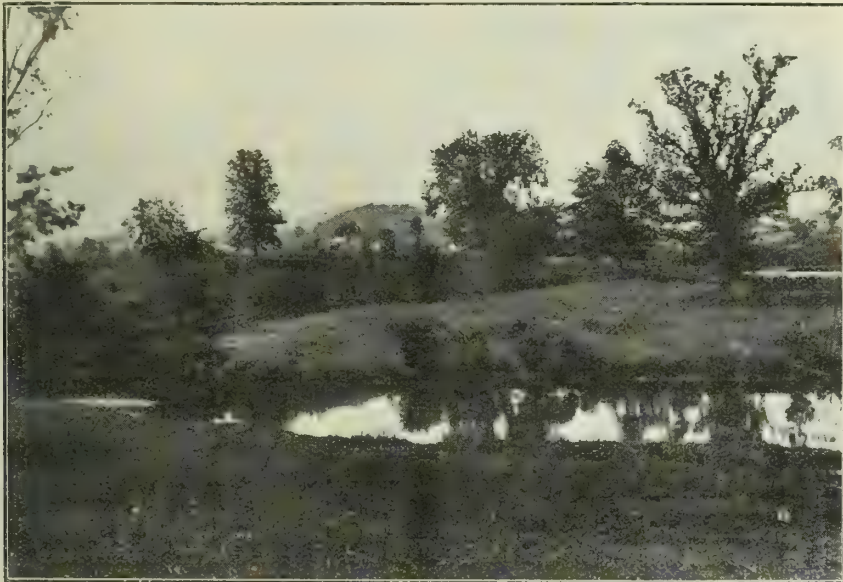
Shaw, Maxwell, McFarland, Christie, Gow, and Proudfit families, in which latter family there were two clergymen of distinguished ability, father and son, Rev. Dr. James Proudfit, and Rev. Dr. Alexander Proudfit, who, for a great many years, were respectively pastors of the Salem church. Dr. Alexander Proudfit, in addition to being very influential and prominent in the councils of his church in this vicinity and the State, was a public spirited citizen, interested in all manner of good works for his neighbours and neighbourhood, and was largely instrumental in establishing the Academy at Salem, which

was, for many years, the most noted educational institution north of Albany. Andrew Proudfit, son of Rev. Dr. James Proudfit, and Ebenezer Clark, son of Dr. Clark above mentioned, early located in what is now known as Argyle village, and are said to have been prime movers in establishing the church there in 1792, also of the Associate Reformed branch.

There are, I believe, at the present time in Argyle and the surrounding districts, some ten United Presbyterian Churches, which are attended by the descendants of those Highland and north of Ireland settlers. Both the Burgher and Anti-Burgher sentiments were represented in the various churches, but, at about the time of the union in Scotland of these two branches,

they were also united in this country into what is now known as the United Presbyterian Church.

During the War of the American Revolution the sentiment of the Argyle colony, like that of nearly all the Highland settlements in this country, was divided. I find by referring to a list of the soldiers in the Continental Army from Charlotte County (this being the name at that time of what is now Washington County) several Highland names, but I believe that most of them came from the Salem colony and were not a part of the Argyle colony. The Argyle region was over-run during the Revolution by the opposing forces, and the course of Burgoyne's march from Canada was within four



SCENE IN VICINITY OF ARGYLE, NEW YORK STATE.

or five miles from the boundary of the Argyle Patent, and his final surrender took place within a distance of ten miles from it, so that the settlers of that locality were more or less annoyed by the scouts and Indians in the train of the British army. Some of the young men in the colony were known to have entered the British service, and they and their families afterwards removed to Canada. One whole family in the town of Argyle, the Allans, were massacred by the Indians attached to Burgoyne's force, and the tragic death of Jean McCrea, which is now a matter of history, occurred at Fort Edward, in the immediate neighbourhood, and the tree under which she was killed was standing until within a few years. It is said that she was being conducted by Indian scouts

who had been sent by her lover, an officer in the army of Burgoyne, to the camp where he was stationed, but, that for some reason which never seems to have been adequately explained, these scouts were false to their trust, and committed the deed which sent a chill of horror through the surrounding country, and to this day is fresh in the minds of residents of that locality. Neil Gillespie, who was one of the original settlers and also a trustee, was a very resolute Tory, and acted as a scout for the British troops. After the ending of the war he removed to Nova Scotia, and his descendants, I presume, are still residing there.

After the cessation of hostilities the American Government did not confiscate any of the property of the loyalists in the Argyle colony, it

evidently being deemed best to leave things as they were and not to stir up further ill-feeling.

It is fair to presume that the original settlers in Argyle, having come here under the leadership of Campbell, were Whiggish in their sentiments, and if residing in Scotland at the time of the Rebellion in 1745 would undoubtedly have been arrayed against Prince Charlie. However, some of the later settlers were from Jacobite families in Scotland, and I remember having seen in the household of a member of the McAuley family, an enormous claymore which was said to have been wielded by their ancestor at the battle of Culloden, where he was fighting for the cause of Prince Charlie.

While the writer is not an admirer of the so-called "kailyard literature," which undoubtedly gives to a person unfamiliar with Scottish life and character a wrong impression as to what Scotchmen in general really are, yet many of the character sketches in the works of Dr. Watson (Iain Maclaren) and others are very true to life, and their counterparts can be found to-day among the residents of this Scottish colony of Argyle. I have personally known in the neighbourhood of which I am writing, characters who might have sat for the portraits of the good bodies sketched in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." I recall one person in particular, Dr. Archibald Gow, who was a second "Dr. Weelum MacClure." He had a wide practice, covering a circuit of fifteen or twenty miles, and was the friend as well as the physician of the whole neighbourhood, one who never spared himself day or night upon his errands of mercy. Another fine specimen of the old Highlander was a neighbour of whom I have heard in my youth, Alexander Robertson, from Glen Giraig in the district of Athol, Perthshire, who, although a stern Presbyterian, was yet wont in his leisure hours to divert himself by playing the violin, an instrument of which he was very fond, and which reminds me that the inhabitants of the district of Athol always seemed to be of a peculiarly musical turn of mind, where, I believe, the last two harp players in the Highlands lived, Robertson of Lude, and Stewart of Clunie, several members of the former family having had a very fine taste for music.

The present village of Argyle, which is located in about the centre of the original tract, is a pretty village with shaded streets, and an unusually handsome church for a country town, where has also been established for many years an Academy which has always borne an excellent reputation, and from which have gone many young men who have become prominent in various walks in life in other parts of the country.

From time to time there have been considerable migrations from this colony to the Western States, so that at the present time, the descendants of the original settlers undoubtedly number many thousands of people.

With the lapse of years of course, the use of the Gaelic has entirely died out, so that none of the descendants of this Celtic colony are now familiar with the mother tongue of their ancestors. However, Gaelic Bibles can occasionally be found in the households, and I have seen one in the possession of a descendant of Allan Stewart, one of the Highland soldiers who settled in the Argyle colony.

(Concluded).

ANCIENT GAELIC LITERATURE.

I.—THE BOOK OF DEER.

BY FIONN.

THIS book derives its name from the Monastery of Deer in Buchan, Aberdeenshire, to which the MS. once belonged. It consists of eighty-six parchment leaves, which are six inches long and four and-a-half broad. It is now in the library of the University of Cambridge where it was discovered in 1860. Its contents are the Gospel of St. John complete, preceded by portions of the other three evangelists—all in the Latin text of St. Jerome—also part of an office for the visitation of the sick, and the Apostles' Creed. What makes the Book of Deer of importance to the Gaelic student formed no part of its original contents. It is the Gaelic entries on the margin and in the vacant spaces of the volume, referring to grants of lands made to the Monastery of Deer in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, that make the book of supreme value to the Gael of Scotland. "These entries," as Mr. Macbain remarks,* "are important, not merely linguistically but also historically. They throw an important side-light on the political, social, and ecclesiastical machinery of the time, as well as being the only specimen of old Scotch Gaelic extant; for the next Scotch Gaelic work, uninspired from Irish sources to any very large extent, is the Dean of Lismore's book (1512), fully four hundred years later." . . . "Before the sixteenth century, we look in vain for a trace of literature or record in Scotch Gaelic, save in this Book of Deer."

There are many contractions in the MS., such as those for *m* or *n* and *r*, and the contraction

* "The Book of Deer" by Alex. Macbain, M.A., Inverness; see Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, Vol. xi. 1884-85.

me for *mac*, also the sign 7 for "agus." These contractions are filled out in our extracts from the text, but they are put in italics. The first Gaelic entry is known as "The Legend of Deer," and while of no historical value, it will remind the reader of many other legends he may have heard accounting for the origin of certain place-names.

THE LEGEND OF DEER.

"Columcille agus drostán *mac cósgreg* adálta tangator áhí marroalseg día dóib goníc abbord-

obóir agus béde cruthnec robomormáer buchan araginn agus essé Irothídnaig dóib ingathráig sáin insaere gobraith ómormaer agus óthóséc. tangator asáathle sen incathraig ele agus doráten ricolumcille si iarfallán dórath dé agus dorodloeg arinmormáer .i. béde gondas tabrád dó agus nithárat agus rogab *mac* dó galár iarnéré na gleréc agus robomaréb act mádbec iarsén dochuid inmormáer dattac na glerec góndendaes ernacde les inmac gondisád slánte dó agus dórát inedbairt dóib uácloic intiprat goníce chlóic pette mic



FAC-SIMILE OF FOLIO 4 "BOOK OF DEER."

garnáit doronsat innernacde agus tanic slante dó ;
Iarsén dorat collumcille dódrostán inchadráig
sén agus rosbenact agus foracaib imbrether gebe
tisad ris nabad blienec buadacc tangator déara
drostán arscartháin fri collumcille rolaboir
collumcille bedear ánim óhúnn ímácc.

TRANSLATION.

Collumcille and Drostan son of Cosgrach his pupil came from Hi as God had shown to them unto Abbordoboir and Bede the Pict was Mormaer of Buchan before them, and it was he that gave them that town in freedom for ever from Mormaer and Tosech. They came after that to the other town, and it was pleasing to Calumcille, because it was full of God's grace, and he asked of the Mormaer to wit Bede that he should give it to him; and he did not give it; and a son of his took an illness after [or in consequence of] refusing the clerics, and he was nearly dead [lit. he was dead but if it were a little]. After this the Mormaer went to entreat the clerics that they should pray for the son that health should come to him, and he gave in offering to them from the Stone of the Well to the Stone of the Farm. They made the prayer, and health came to him. After that Calumcille gave to Drostan that town and blessed it and left as (his) word, "Whosoever should come against it, let him not be many-yeared [or] victorious." Drostan's tears (deara) came on parting with Calumcille. Said Calumcille, "Let Dear be its name henceforward."

The second, third, and fourth entries relate chiefly to the founding of the Abbey of Deer sometime in the tenth century, with the names and rank of those who made grants of land. It is interesting to note that some of these names are still found in the Highlands, such as MacFingune or MacKinnon, MacLulach or MacCulloch, and MacMhaoilein or MacMillan.

The fifth entry is that to be found on the specimen page produced herewith, which reads as follows:—

7 BENNACT INCHOMDED ARCECMORMAR 7
ARCECTOSECH CHOMALLFAS 7 DANSIL DANEIS.

Donchad mac mec bead mec hidid dorat
acchad madchor doerist agus dodrostan 7 doch-
oluim cille insore gobrad malechi 7 comgell 7
gille crist mac finguni innaifnasi intestus.
7 malcoluim mac molini. Cormac mac cennedig
dorat gonige scali merlec. Comgell mac
caennaig taesec clande canen dorat doerist 7
dodrostan 7 docholuim cille gonige ingort lie
mor iggin infius isnesu daldin alenn odubuci
golurchari etarliab 7 achad. issaeri othesseach
cubraith 7 abennacht arcachben chomallfas araes
cubraith 7 amallact arcachen tiefa ris.

TRANSLATION.

AND THE BLESSING OF LORD ON EACH
MORMAER, AND ON EACH TOISEACH WHO WILL
FULFIL (IT), AND TO THEIR SEED AFTER THEM.

Donchad, son of MacBead, son of Hidid, gave Achad Madchor to Christ, and to Drostan and to Columcille in freedom for ever; Malechi, and Congell, and Gillichrist, son of Fingune, in witness thereof, in testimony, and Malcolm, son of Moline, Cormac, son of Connedig, gave as far as Scale-Merlec. Congell, son of Caennig, Toisech of Clan Canan gave to Christ, and to Drostan, and to Calumcille, as far as Gort-lie-Mor, at the head of the Pius (?) which is nearest Aldin Alenn from Dubuci to Lurchari between mountain and field, in freedom from Toiseach for ever, and his blessing on each one that will fulfil (it) after him for ever, and his curse on each who will come against it.

The sixth entry is somewhat similar to the foregoing.

There are two editions of the Gaelic of the "Book of Deer," one was published, Latin and Gaelic complete with facsimile pages, in 1869, by the Spalding Club, under the editorship of Dr. John Stuart. Another edition of the Gaelic with translations, notes, and vocabulary, is given by Mr. Whitley Stokes, in his *Goidelica*.

Such of our readers as wish to study this very interesting specimen of ancient Scottish Gaelic minutely, should read the excellent paper on the "Book of Deer" by Mr. Alexander Macbean, M.A., Inverness, to whom we gladly express our indebtedness on this occasion.

LAMENT.

BY THE HON. S. RUADRI ERSKINE.

SEE the dark green pines of the hill ;
The fair blue Islands of the Clouds ;
I see the white edge of the sea,
And the high bosom of the green wave ;
But I cannot find Raonaid in Breadalbane.

I see the white surf of the sky,
The rolling green waves of the hills ;
I see the bright skirts of the clouds,
And the soft golden spray of the sun ;
But I cannot find Raonaid in Breadalbane.

I see the rich white fleeces of the sea,
Spread out for the wind to walk upon ;
I see the sparkling jewels of the wood,
And the snow shining like armour in the sun ;
But I cannot find Raonaid in Breadalbane.

I hear the ouzel piping at the ford,
The sweet music of water rushing over stones ;
I hear the glad mavis of spring-tide,
And the soft voices of winds among trees ;
But never more shall I hear Raonaid in Breadalbane.

—❧— CONCERNING + LOCHIEL + AND + GLENGARRY. ❧—

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

PART VII.

Travelling tailors as retailers of local traditions and gossip.—Sheiling of Corrynagaul.—Kinloch Morar and the ‘Ford of the Cows.’—Definition of a merk-land and what stock it carries.—The kindly Macdonells of Greenfield.—Tenants removed to make room for sheep.

DONALD MACDONELL, tailor in Doune, aged eighty years and upwards, examined in Gaelic by Mr. John MacEachan, residing at Sandaig of Knoydart, said he knew Archibald Macdonell, commonly known by the name of Archibald MacGillivride, who was king's ground officer on the estate of Barisdale when under forfeiture, and had made clothes for him. Witness, it may be noted, as was then the custom in country places, travelled about at stated times to places, where he was lodged until his work was completed. These tailors were thus not only the circulators of all the current news and gossip, but picked up and retailed old stories and traditions, embellishing them according to their abilities and fancy. Witness cut the cloth for Archibald MacGillivride at his house of Achaglyne of Kinloch-nevis, while Archibald's wife and family were at their sheilings with their cattle. Witness consequently could not get lining or thread for making the clothes, and therefore proceeded with the cloth to the sheilings in Corrynagaul, where Mrs. Macdonell and the family were. That he made up and finished the clothes there, and observed her milch cows, sheep, and goats, grazing close to the house. That if any part of the house still remains he could point out where it was. That he was there two nights, and the place was called Luib-mor-Corry-na-gaul.

Catherine Macdonell, spouse of Archibald Macdonell, residing at Kyles, Knoydart, aged seventy-eight years and upwards, deponed that she was daughter to the deceased Ewan Macdonell, who was son to Archibald MacGillivride, the Barisdale ground officer.

That her grandfather used to go to shiel at Luibmore, Corrynagaul, and thinks she was herself there with him one season, when very young, and “it is like a dream upon her mind, that she could yet point out the stance or larach of the house of that sheiling, where her grandfather resided,” in sheiling time.

Ewen Ban Cameron, residing at Doune of Knoydart, aged seventy-eight, recollected Captain Archibald Macdonell, father of the present Coll Macdonell, Esquire, of Barisdale, when he lived at Carnoch of Kinloch Nevis. Knew another Archibald Macdonell, called Gillivride, who lived at Achaglyne, and he knew that this Archibald went to sheiling with his cattle to Corrynagaul, and witness was in that sheiling bothy at Luib-Corrynagaul, and drank milk there. Knows that Archibald was baron officer on the forfeited estate of Barisdale.

Upon 2nd November, 1825, appeared Catherine Gillies, a widow, aged seventy years and upwards, residing at a small place called Ardnamurach in North Morar, examined in Gaelic by the Reverend Donald MacColl, residing at Auchdarroch of Appin, and stated that she was of the fifth generation from Finlay MacWilliam Mor Gillies, who was tacksman of Kinlochmorar, a two merk land. That he further rented the lands of Camusnabraan, and Little Oban, and Romisaig, the whole of these lands then belonging to Glengarry. That Finlay had an out herd with his yeld cattle, who lived at



[From Photo by

LOCH GARRY, LOOKING WEST.

W. Drummond Norie.]

Ceannabreachd in Glenkingie, the witness adding of her own accord, that she did not live in those days, but had heard that he lived there, and this from her father and others, now dead. That the suiming of Kinloch Morar now, and so far back as she remembers, is forty-eight cows and all their followers, and four mares with their followers. This witness, who could not speak English, was, however, able to specify the extent and values of the farms, in the form of merks, to the astonishment and confusion, as will be seen immediately, by her hasty silencing of Lochiel's cross-examining counsel of that day, no less than Duncan Macneill, afterwards the distinguished judge, Lord Colonsay. Witness went on to depone that Kinloch Morar is what is called a double merk land, and had two glens annexed to it. That Camusnabraan and Little Oban kept eighteen cows without followers, and similarly Romisaig, twenty-four cows, but witness could not positively say whether these three places were considered a single or double merk land. That the glen above the house of Kinloch Morar, is called Glen Lochan-an-eich, and that from a loch in this glen, there is a run of water which falls into Loch Morar. That upon this water there is a bad ford, called the ford of the cows, and she knows from hearsay that it got this name, because Ewen Gillies, her grandfather's brother's son, at the time, lost three cows at said ford, about thirty years ago, when the ford was shut up and discontinued, and the witness had seen the fence erected to prevent access. Upon cross-examination, Mrs. Gillies was sharply questioned, but my readers will be glad to see that by the clearness of her replies, she emerged speedily and triumphantly, resulting in the acute Lowland agent and the clever Highland counsel's speedy collapse. Answering Lochiel's counsel, she said she could not say when her ancestor, Finlay MacWilliam Mor, died, but she understood it was before her own father was born. Asked—How she knows that the lands she has mentioned as possessed by Finlay, belonged to Glengarry. Answered—That being long before her own time, she only knew it by hearsay. That the farms she has been referring to, lie not in Knoydart, but in North Morar. Interrogated—What she means by a merk land (in Gaelic, marg). Answers—That she can give no further definition of it, but that it is a certain extent of land, that keeps a certain number of cows, and pays a certain rent. Interrogated—Says the number of cattle a merk land will keep, depends upon its being considered a double or a single merk. A double merk land will keep forty-eight cows with their followers, and if a glen or hill is attached to it, it will keep a few horses in addition

to these cattle, while a single merk land will keep half that number of cows, without followers, and no horses; and finally, her cross-examination suddenly closing, deponed she could not write.

Three intended witnesses for Glengarry at Fort-William, on 3rd November, 1825, viz.—Mary Gillies, Culnamuck of North Morar, aged eighty years and upwards, and bed-ridden; Ewen Macinnes, in Clachaig of Glenco, aged eighty-two years or thereby; and Allan Macdonald, at Inverco, aged eighty years and upwards, could not be examined from the state of the weather, at their homes. Archibald Macdonald, at Mandally of Glengarry, was examined, a married man, aged seventy-eight years, born 1747; stated he was born at Ardochy of Sliesgarve; his evidence on the question of marches was of little value, but I give his description of the Macdonells of Greenfield, and their kindly disposition, the predecessors of those eminent members of that historic family, so long and at present distinguished in Canada.

That these horses were troublesome in the way of trespassing on the farm of Greenfield, when it was possessed by Angus Macdonald, father of Angus Macdonald, late tenant there, and Mr. Macdonald pointed these horses, and when the deponent went to relieve them, Greenfield scolded the witness, who replying, that as he could not prevent them straying he must needs sell them. Greenfield replied that he would not allow witness to sell them, as he was a young man at the head of a fatherless family, and that he might send the horses to Glenkingie. That this occurred sixty-two years ago (1763).

Peter Maclaren, residing at Lundy of Glengarry, aged seventy-five, born 1750, said that his first



[From Photo by

W. Drummond Norie.]

FALLS OF GARRY, NEAR GLENGARRY.

farms were Wester Garrygoulach, Badenjoig, and Ballachan, that he was then worth £1500, and there were removed from his farms to make room for him, Angus, the son of Donald Macmillan; Ewen Macmillan, commonly called Badenjoig; Widow Kennedy, daughter of John Brogach Kennedy, who had married Duncan Ban Macmillan; Miles Macmillan, brother of said Ewen; and Duncan Mackinnon, originally from Strathlochry. Witness had previously tenanted Poullarie, in Sliesmein of Glengarry. That the rent he paid for his three farms was £150, and he could have had more lands did his means enable him to stock them with sheep. Having stated that one half of Corrynagaul (formerly forest) belonged to Glengarry, he answered on cross-examination, that thirty years ago (1795) the march was pointed by Angus Rankin, tacksman of Dalness; the late Angus Macdonald, tacksman of Greenfield; Duncan Macdonald, son of the late Glengarry piper; and three other persons, whose names he does not now remember. That Glengarry was himself present at the time on his attaining majority, and making his first perambulation of the marches on his estate. Witness minutely described the different places, composing Sliesmein-Gearrich, and Sliesgarve-Gearrich. That he knows the hill of Gearrich, and was often on the top of it, and that it is situated about the middle of Glenkingie. In answer to testing questions of his knowledge, he said in answer to the query—What are the Braes of Glengarry, and desired to describe them. Answers—That the Braes of Glengarry are wide, and send their waters into the river Garry. Asked—To name these waters. Replies—Quoich, Corrybuie, Kingie, and so on to the Braes of Knoydart.

The next chapter will deal with the patronage of the parish of Kilmonivaig, disputed between Glengarry and the Duke of Gordon.

(To be continued.)

"THE GAELIC NAMES OF PLANTS."

SIR,—I am not a botanist or an herbalist, yet I cannot refrain from writing to express the genuine pleasure which I received from a perusal of this most interesting volume. A hasty glance at the book would lead one to suppose that it could only interest or instruct such as made botany a special study, or were interested in the medicinal qualities of herbs and flowers. A more careful perusal, however, will show that to any one who has spent his boyhood in the Highlands—roaming barefooted and bareheaded o'er hill and dale—the work will awaken some of the most pleasurable recollections and reminiscences of youthful days "among the bloomin' heather," and enable him, in a measure, to live them over again. I read the book through and never met with a dull page, for ever and anon I came across the Gaelic name of a plant which I had all but forgotten. I almost felt the cooling draught of that favourite well or *fuaran*, which in the hottest day in summer was so refreshing, when I read of the *biolair* or watercress, and the *seileisdeir* or water-flag—which grew so plentiful there. I also recollected that the root of the *Iris* or *seileisdeir*

dyes black, and poor Johnnie Macdonald, whose mother was a widow, used to bring this dark fluid to school as a substitute for ink. This set me a thinking of "native dyes," and I tried to recollect a few. I used to be sent to gather *fearna* bark (alder-wood) when a dark dye was wanted, and *crotal* when a redish brown was required. When I came across the *sealbhad* (sorel) I almost smelt the odour of the *poit ghuirmein* which occupied the fire-end during the winter. Sorel was required to fix the blue dye, and I used to gather it for that purpose. Then there was the *luachair* or common rush, the pith of which was commonly used to make rush-lights—or wicks for the *crùisgein*, to whose flickering light Highland boys used to learn their lessons long before the days of paraffin. How eagerly I turned to the index to see if Mr. Cameron knew all the delights of digging the *braonan* and *brisgein*, the sweet joys of chewing a *bunag* or *puineag*, or the supreme happiness of eating a whole mouthful of *dearcán monaidh* or blaeberreries. Yes, he knew it all, and my mouth watered as I read the familiar Gaelic name of these tit-bits. I thought the author might not be familiar with the old-fashioned cures of our remote Highland glen, but there they were—*Ròcadal* (horse radish), a cure for toothache, *tri-bhileach* (bogbean), an excellent tonic, while the very look of the Gaelic name for dandelion made me feel the terrible taste of that decoction of the *Beàrnan-Bride*, which we had to be coaxed or bribed to swallow.

To one who like myself was "half-tutored by the Atlantic," the section devoted to sea plants such as *duileasg*, *feumainn*, and *slata-mara*, is as refreshing as a breeze from *Sgeir-nan-crùban*. I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed Mr. Cameron's book, and I consider it but right to inform your readers that the work is not one to interest and instruct the botanist only, but that it yields delight to all who have spent their youthful days in our Scottish Highlands.—I am, etc.,

An t-Eilean Iosal,

An t-òg mhios 1900.

BODACH A' GHLINNE.

* THE GAELIC NAMES OF PLANTS (Scottish, Irish, and Manx), collected and arranged in scientific order, with notes on the etymology, uses, plant superstitions, etc., among the Celts, with copious Gaelic, English, and Scientific indices, by John Cameron, Sunderland, new and revised edition. Glasgow: John Mackay, 1900.

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE CONCERT, in aid of the widows and fatherless bairns of the Highland Brigade killed in South Africa, will be held in the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, London, on 4th July. A most attractive programme has been arranged, and a large attendance is expected.

STEWARTS OF APPIN.—In our sketch of Mr. Robert Bruce Stewart, Chief of Appin, in last issue, two facts were perhaps not made sufficiently clear in our desire to condense as much as possible. The paragraph relating to the Lordship of Lorn would read more correctly as follows—"By this marriage it was claimed that the Lordship of Lorn passed to the Argyll family. Dugald having taken steps to recover the Lordship, by an enforced compromise," etc.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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JULY, 1900

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THE MACCLURE FAMILIES.

I HAVE been making many enquiries and researches regarding the family of McClure, and now proceed to give the readers of the *Celtic Monthly* the result of my labours.

The Rev. J. Campbell McClure, minister of Marykirk, Kincardineshire, has very kindly supplied the tradition of his family, handed down through a long line of long-lived successors. In early times, a sept of the Macleods left the Isle of Skye for Ulster, where the northern Irish pronounced the "d" as "r," and so the name passed from Maclude to Maclure. Later on, many of these passed on to Galloway, and thence to Wigtown and Ayr, from the north-east of Ireland. Mr. McClure always understood the name McClure to be the same as Macleod.

The tradition of the Skye McClures is that they were teachers, as the MacCrimmons were pipers, to the Macleods, hence the derivation "Mac Giolla Labhair," son of the servant of the book. This tradition the Skye McClures retain to the present day.

Many Gaelic authorities derive the Galloway McClures from "Mac Giolla Uidhir," son of the pale youth or servant; and in ancient charters, the McClures are mentioned as owners of property in conjunction with the Kennedys, Earls of Cassilis, and the Montgomeries, afterwards Earls of Eglinton, in Ayrshire, 1485 and 1488; and from the similarity of christian names, it is assumed that these McClures were relatives of the Kennedys and Montgomeries.

As regards the Irish McClures, the first immigration was comprised, the late Mr. Waugh McClure, J.P., of Lurgan, told me once, of three brothers who came over at the Plantation of Ulster, 1608. The first settled at Saintfield, County Down, and was Mr. McClure's ancestor as well as mine. The second, on the shores of Loch Neagh, at Crumlin, from whom the late Sir Thomas McClure descended, and the third, in Derry, from whom the Derry McClures descended.

After this, it is evident that many McClures came over during the sad persecutions of the Covenanters, 1660 to 1688; and also it is said by Boswell, in his "Tour through the Hebrides," that he met there (October, 1777) at Ulva, a Captain McClure from Londonderry, who was properly a Macleod, being descended of some refugee Macleods who fled to Ireland after the disastrous battle of Worcester, and, to conceal their identity, changed their name to McClure, and were thus intermingled with other McClures already there at the time. Some of the Down McClures are maternally of French descent through intermarriage with the family of De la Cherois, refugees of noble ancestry, who came to Ireland *temp* William III., with many followers.

I shall be very glad to hear from any McClures, who may have any further family traditions, if they write to me direct. It is a subject I am much interested in, and am not alone in my interest, as there are many others also very anxious to trace particulars.

JOHN WILFRED MACCLURE.

Munster and Leinster Bank,
Tralee, Ireland.

MACLEAN CRESTS AND BADGES.

68 MITCHELL STREET,

GLASGOW, 2nd June, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—I shall feel obliged if you will grant me space to make the following corrections in regard to the badges and crests of the Macleans, as given in Dr. Dingwall's able and instructive lecture on "Armorial Bearings of the Clans," and reported in this month's *Celtic*. Dr. Dingwall states that holly is the badge of all the Macleans except Lochbuie. Now this is not the case, the badges being as follows:—Duart, Brolas, Drimnin, and Pennycross, crowberry; Ardgour, Coll, Dochgarroch, and North Macleans, holly; Lochbuie, blaeberry.

He is also incorrect as to the crests. Lochbuie, Dochgarroch, Ardgour, Pennycross, Coll, Drimnin, etc., have for crests, a battle-axe encircled with laurel and cypress (in no case is holly used). Lochbuie and Dochgarroch have for motto, "Vincere Vel Mori"; all the others have "Altera Merces." Duart has for crest, a castle; motto, "Virtue mine Honour," same as in the coat-of-arms of Duart. Brolas use both crests adjoined, and over the battle-axe the motto, "Altera Merces." The chief of the clan, Colonel Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, Bart., C.B., represents in his person the families of Duart and Brolas.

The war-cries or slogans are—"Bas na beatha" (Death or Life), and "Fear eile air son Eachuinn" (Another for Hector), used alternately. The latter dates from the battle of Inverkeithing.

I am, etc., JOHN MACLEAN.

[NOTE.—I am indebted to my friend Mr. John Maclean, and Mr. Hector A. C. Maclean, for their corrections. My statement regarding the Clan Maclean badges was made on the authority of Mr. J. P. Maclean, the Clan Historian.—A. D.]

Prince Charles Edward in Rome.

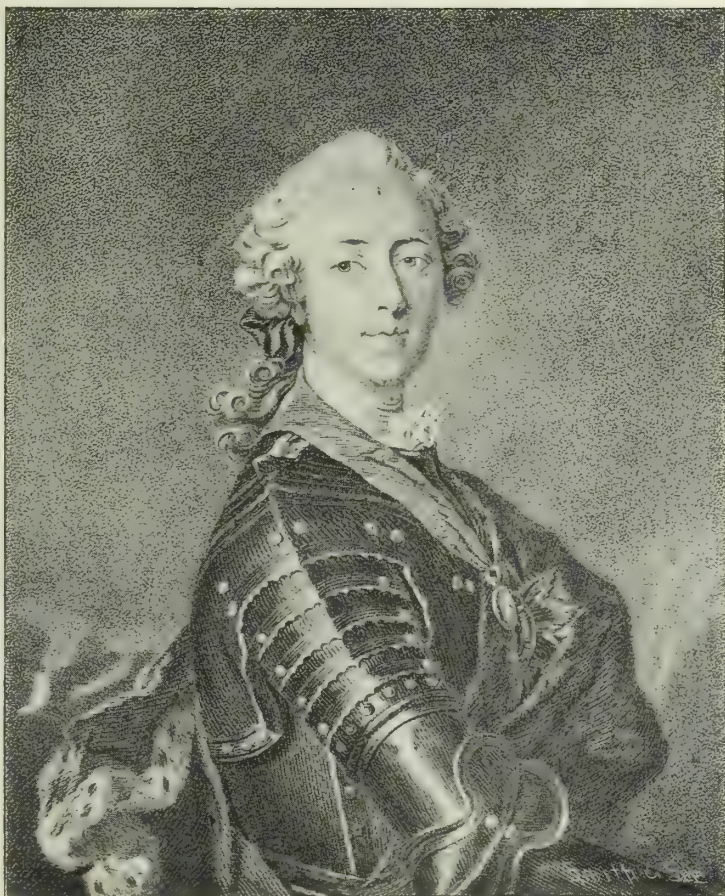
By J. A. LOVAT-FRASER, M.A.

"**I**N a Highland cottage," said Fiona Macleod on a recent occasion, "I heard, some time ago, a man singing a lament for 'Tearlach Og Aluinn,' Bonnie Prince Charles; and when he ceased, tears were on the face of each that was there, and in his own throat, a sob. I asked him later was his heart really so full of the 'Prionnsa Bàn,' but he told me that it was not him he was thinking of, but of all the dead men and women of Scotland who had died for his sake and of Scotland itself, and of the old days that could not come again. I did not ask what old days, for I knew that in his heart he lamented his own dead hopes and dreams, and that the Prince was but the image of his lost youth, and that the world was old and gray, because of his own weariness and his own grief."

The tragedy of Prince Charles Stuart is sadder than any in Shakespeare, because it is true. It is one which will always bring tears to the eyes, because it is typical of so many lives. The story of the Prince's life is the story of failure. There is a "high failure" that "over-tops the bounds of low successes." The chivalrous career of Montrose ended in failure and the scaffold. But the name of Montrose shines in the page of history. The brilliant beginning of Prince Charles ended in drunkenness and broken-down debauchery. The story of his life, with its bright beginning and its dark ending, is repeated in many lives. The moral that it teaches, is the importance of the virtues of self-control and strength of will, to prince and peasant alike.

After the Highlands of Scotland, there is no place so closely associated with Prince Charles as the Eternal City. In Rome Charles was born. He lived there for many years, and there

he died. To those who have studied the details of his life, Rome is full of memories of the Prince. His father, "James the Third," lived in the Palazzo di Sant' Apostoli. The Palace is now known as the Palazzo Muti-Papazurri, and stands near the Corso, the principal street of Rome. It is a house of the ordinary Roman type, built round a court-yard, and over the large doors the passer-by may see the orange trees with their yellow fruit growing within. Near it is the Church of the Holy Apostles, where James and his sons habitually worshipped. There James' wife, Clementine Sobieski, was buried for a time, until her remains were removed and interred in St. Peter's. Prince Charles was reared amidst the refined and high-bred society of Rome. Among the cardinals



PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.



MONUMENT TO THE STUARTS IN ST. PETER'S, ROME.

and the princes of the old historic families he early acquired that charm of manner and courtly air which commended him so strongly to those with whom he came in contact. He was a welcome guest in the palaces of the nobility, and a frequent attendant at dinners and dances. The first hint of his intention to try his fortune in Scotland was given by his appearance at a ball, in the Palazzo Pamphili, in the Highland dress. The Prince was fond of music, and he and his brother, Henry, were in the habit of giving a concert once a week to the *elite* of the Roman world. One of his favourite recreations was golf. He played the ancient game in the grounds of the Villa Borghese, which is now the Bois de Boulogne or Hyde Park of modern Rome. It is said that the prince and his father, James, used to wander among the ruined places of Rome, talking over their plans for the recovery of their ancestral kingdoms.

James and his two sons, Charles and Henry, were naturally personages of much importance in Rome. "The King of England," says President de Brosses, in 1740, "is treated here with as much respect as though he were a real reigning sovereign. He lives in the Piazzo di Sant' Apostoli, in a large palace, not remarkable for beauty. The Pope's soldiers mount guard there, as at Monte Cavallo, and accompany him whenever he goes out, which does not often happen. It is easy to know him for a Stuart." The President adds, that his dignity of manners was remarkable, and his devotion excessive. The poet Gray, writing in the same year, states, "The Pretender I have had frequent opportunities of seeing at church, at the Corso, and other places; but more particularly, and that for a whole night, at a great ball, given by Count Patrizzi to the Prince and Princess Craon, at which he and his two sons were present. They are good fine boys, especially the younger, who has the more spirit of the two, and both danced incessantly all night long."

In January, 1744, at the age of twenty-three, Charles left Rome to put his fortunes to the touch. He did not again take up residence in his birth-place till more than twenty years after. On New Year's Day, 1766, his father died, and Charles returned to the Palazzo di Sant' Apostoli, where he had spent his youth. "James the Third" had been recognized as King of Great Britain and Ireland by the Courts of France, and Spain, and the Pope. When he died, his son, Charles, requested that the recognition accorded to his father should be continued to himself. France and Spain, influenced by fear of Great Britain, refused, and the Pope followed suit. Charles displayed intense indignation and annoyance. He refused to mingle in

Roman society, and shut himself up in his palace, giving out that he wished only to be recognized as plain John Douglas. Cardinal Henry Stuart, Duke of York, vainly endeavoured to persuade the Pope to acknowledge his brother as a sovereign. He ostentatiously drove through the streets of Rome in his state carriage, having Charles seated on his right hand, a distinction which no cardinal should grant to any but a king or queen. But the Pope persisted in his refusal to recognize Charles as a king. The Rectors of the English, Scottish, and Irish Colleges, were banished from Rome, for treating the Prince as their sovereign. The Prince was left to hold his little mimic court, surrounded by a few faithful Jacobites who refused to desert him. Wretched and miserable, Charles yielded more and more to his besetting sin. He became a slave to "the nasty bottle," as Cardinal York calls it. So degraded did the once brilliant Prince become, that when his visitors came to know him, "they treated him without any ceremony." In his miserable seclusion he remained for a year and a half.

In the middle of 1767, Charles, "being tired," as the English ambassador said, "of living in the midst of the town like a hermit, or rather like one infected with the plague," decided to resume friendly relations with the Pope. He was accordingly formally introduced to Clement "as a private nobleman," and again took up his position as a member of Roman society, where he was known as the Comte d'Albanie. He became a frequent guest at the Vatican, and appeared at the balls and concerts with which he had been once familiar. But his existence was embittered by the refusal of the title of king. "He has a melancholy, mortified appearance," wrote a lady who saw him at this time. His life in society was unfortunately broken by those periodical disappearances, when he sought solace for his grief in Cyprus wine.

In the summer of 1770, Charles left Rome, and did not return till two years after. In March, 1772, he married the young and beautiful Princess Louise de Stolberg, and the newly wedded pair took up residence in the Palazzo di Sant' Apostoli. Charles again attempted to have his title as King of England acknowledged by the Pope. As soon as he had taken up his abode in Rome, he informed the Papal Secretary of State of the arrival of the "King and Queen of England." No notice was taken of his formal announcement, and the Princess soon made herself unpopular, by requiring from the Roman ladies a deference and precedence which they were not disposed to give. Charles was proud of his young wife, and under her influence, overcame, for a time, his besetting weakness. "She seemed made to

turn everybody's head," said Bonsetten. The Prince appears to have been fairly happy at this period. "He delighted," says Bonsetten, "to speak English, and spoke much and willingly of his adventures." "His young wife," he adds, "laughed heartily at the history of his having been disguised in woman's clothes, considering his mien and stature." But the happiness was not of long duration. The Prince and his wife were utterly unsuited to one another. In less than two years they left Rome, and after a stormy period of married life, they were amicably divorced.

Having parted from his wife, the Prince invited to his lonely home his illegitimate daughter, Charlotte, whom he had not seen for twenty years, and who had been living in a convent with her mother, Clementine Walkinshaw, daughter of Walkinshaw, laird of Camlachie. Charlotte, who was attractive and affectionate, soon captured her father's heart, and he legitimized her, and created her Duchess of Albany. But he did not enjoy her society very long. In January, 1788, he was attacked by paralysis, and on the 31st, he died in the arms of his daughter. He was attended in his last moments by the Franciscan brothers, James and Michael MacCormick, two Irishmen from Leitrim. He was buried in St. Peter's, beside his father and mother, and there, in the Imperial City of the Caesars, he now rests. Seventeen hundred years before his death, the spot where he lies was a Roman Circus, in which Christians were torn to pieces by savage beasts. In the ground, which was stained by the blood of the martyrs, the Bonnie Prince Charlie sleeps. *Beati mortui qui in domino moriuntur*; so runs the inscription on the marble monument.

The contrast between the beginning and the end of the Prince's life is sad in the extreme. The fatal habit which he first learnt when lying among the damp heather of the Highlands, made his later years a disgrace to himself, and a sorrow to his friends. The hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick, embittered his later life. It is said that he used to burst into tears when he heard the tune of "Lochaber no more." On one occasion, he was induced by an Englishman named Greathead, after some unwillingness, to speak on his enterprise in Scotland. He recounted his adventures with animation and eagerness, but when he came to describe the terrible penalties visited on his followers, he was choked with emotion, and fell convulsed on the floor. The noise brought into the room his daughter, the Duchess of Albany. "Sir," she cried, "what is this? You have been speaking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders! No one dares to mention those subjects in his presence."

Not long ago it was the fortune of the present writer to be present at a great ecclesiastical function in St. Peter's. An excited mass of Italian pilgrims waited to receive the benediction of the Holy Father. The sound of their voices was like the sound of the waves breaking on the rocks of Mull. Leo the Thirteenth was borne in on his chair high above the heads of the people, and the pilgrims shouted and cheered, and again and again the famous cry was raised "Il Papa Re, Il Papa Re, the Pope King, the Pope King." The Noble Guards, and the Pope's Chamberlains, and the scarlet-robed Cardinals passed down the nave like a piece of mediæval pageantry. And as the writer listened to the sonorous Latin Litany sounding in the incense-laden air, he looked across to the monument of the Stuarts, with the marble effigies of James the Third, and Charles the Third, and Henry the Ninth, and there mingled in his ear, with the murmur of the Catholic prayer, the beautiful words of Andrew Lang:—

Ah, my prince, it were well—
Had'st thou to the Gods been dear—
To have fallen where Keppoch fell,
With the war-pipe loud in thine ear.

* * *

More than thy marble pile,
With its women weeping for thee,
Were to dream in thine ancient isle,
To the endless dirge of the sea!

But the Fates deemed otherwise,
Far thou sleepest from home,
From the tears of the northern skies,
In the secular dust of Rome.

DEATH OF A HIGHLAND CLAN HISTORIAN.—We regret to intimate the death at Inverness of Mr. R. S. T. MacEwen, Barrister at Law, Lincoln's Inn, and late Additional Recorder, Rangoon, Burma. Mr. MacEwen after a very successful career in India and Burma, returned to the old country to spend the evening of his life. He was greatly interested in Highland literature, and as a result of a conversation which the writer had with him, Mr. MacEwen decided to write a history of his own clan, the materials for which he had been collecting for many years. The MS. of "Clan Ewen" was completed sometime ago and is now in the printer's hands, and it is to be regretted that the author has not been spared to see the publication of his work. His sudden death will be lamented by a large circle of friends.

CLAN MACLEAN.—This Society will publish shortly a volume containing a complete collection of all the tunes associated with the clan, several of which had to be taken down specially from clansmen for the purpose.—The oil-painting of the chief, Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, C.B., which the clan are to present to him at the social gathering in October, is making good progress, and promises to be a striking likeness.

THE PIOBAIREACHD OF ETERNAL GOOD-BYES.

A TALE OF STRATHNAVER.

THERE was, before now, a swanky lad on Loch Naver side, who was better than the best at three things—the playing of a piobaireachd, the playing of a new-run salmon, and the playing with the heart of a maid. It is but a quiet place now, Loch Naver side, but when Dùghall Donn sent the skirl of his pipes across the water it was a throng place, and no mistake. The Strath was green, and yellow, and white, as the seasons went from Spring to Autumn, and

on a summer eve you would see the peat-reek curling up from the farm places, like the holy smoke from an altar, as the folk were sitting, at their evening meal indoors, and giving God grace for His mindfulness of their hunger. Faith! but it was a land of milk and honey, long ago. But now! och, och, there is no manner of use to speak about these things, for in Strathnaver now, there is a shameful silence, and only here and there a wheen ruined biggings standing, with never a blue column of peat-reek at all to tell that yonder a man or a woman or a bairn will be thanking God for His mercies.

But it was down by Naver side that Dùghall Donn piped his piobaireachd. You might see his house standing still near the inn at



BEN LOYAL AND THE SANDS, KYLE OF TONGUE, SUTHERLAND.

Altnaharra, on a mound of green grass. He was, as I was afore telling you, a swanky lad—by which we mean in Sutherland, a long strengthly straight man that has the swing of a king about him when he walks, and the fearless look of the rover in his eye. Oh, but it was the bonnie brown eye that Dùghall Donn had, with a soft deep danger about it when he went courting the maids of Mudale in the gloaming, and a red flash of fire about it when he was crossed or angered. Down by the lochside or up the banks of the Mudale river, you might hear his pipes at any hour, for Dùghall was the roving chiel all his days. He would sit at his window and stare out at the loch and Ben Clebrig, as if they were just new come into the

world and had a wonder about them to see. And so they had for the swanky lad of Altnaharra. He would go dreaming along the hillside by his lone, and never see anything but the clouds, and the hills, and the loch. Some said he had the second sight and knew more than a man should ever know. But, no matter, he had a coaxing way with the maids, and when a man has that—well, that is the first sight and the best.

It fell on a day, when the corn was waving fine and yellow in the little fields that lie between Altnaharra hostelry and the loch, that Dùghall Donn took the bend of the road and went away to see the world that lies beyond Ben Clebrig and the Crask. It is always the

way with the brown-eyed ones—they cannot rest at home, but will ever be wanting to see, and know, and try things for themselves, as if the glen and the lochside had not been enough for their fathers and their fathers' fathers. So it fell, that when the swanky lad took the way to the south, there was heard that night many a sound of weeping and lament on Loch Naver side, for the danger of the brown eyes had fallen on a woman's heart here and there, across the hills.

And the days grew into weeks, and the weeks slid into months, and the months began to make a tale of years.

Then there was heard a strange and half-forgotten sound of piping up on Clebrig's side. For there is a trick in the good piping which a man, with a fine ear for the piobaireachd, never forgets, when once he has heard it lovingly.

"That is the piping of Dùghall Donn and no mistake!" said Angus Mackay, at the hostel door, one quiet gloaming.

"Och, you are dreaming, Angus," said young Ewan, the herd.

"Dream or no dream, my lad, there was never a piobaireachd like that put on the pipes but the swanky man, with the danger in his eyes, played it."

Then the two men listened. And down from the great scarred sides of Clebrig there came the sound of a smooth played piobaireachd that slid into the soul, and made them that heard it think, with a lump in the throat, of days long gone by, and old songs and courtings, and the tale of a heart-breaking good-bye for ever and a day.

"My God! it is too much. I'm for the hill," and away he went with a sob in his throat, and the restlessness that kills all astir in his soul.

"Aye," mused old Angus, "it is the piping of one who has seen for himself, but my old heart will be too dry and withered to beat faster at the sound of it. But wae me for the young ones. If they hear it, there will be empty hearths in Naver side the morrow."

That night, when all was still and quiet at Altnaharra, and the moonlight was lying like a fairy shroud on the loch, and the air was trembling all alive with the coming of the chilly life that thrills the world when Dawn begins to lift the eyelid of the Day—Dùghall Donn stood in front of the hostelry at Altnaharra, and blew the magic piobaireachd on his pipes. The sound went down the winds of Dawn, and every man and maid who had youth at all turned restlessly on the pillow, and wakened with a catching of the breath. Young Ewan heard the sound first, and came creeping from the barn behind the inn. He saw the swanky lad, that had gone away and seen for himself, standing like a king,

and piping before the door, with a look on the face of him like the dawn. And in the dimlight, Ewan saw sitting on the little round seat, beneath the great tree, in the garden opposite—a woman weeping quietly to the music of the man. With a straightening of the back, and a fling of the shoulders, the piper wheeled about, and took the path to the highroad, playing all the while with a heart-breaking sob in every note. The woman rose and followed without a word, and these two, in the fast coming dawn-light, went along the road by the church, the man walking with the knees thrown out at every step, which is the mark of the piping Gael ever since the days of MacCrimmon, and before that.

At Mudale bridge they stopped—and, in the silence that followed, there were only two sounds heard—the far off cry of a whaup, as it sent its first wild gurlly cry into the mouth of day, and the gentle sound of the woman weeping, as she stood with her face buried in the piper's shoulder.

He was clad in a ragged coat and ragged trews. On his head of curly brown hair there was set an old bonnet of blue—set with a careless jaunty air about it that matched well the high look on the face below. But he was woe-some to see, standing there in his rags, with that straight strengthly look of a king about him, that rags and ruin can never hide.

And the woman—she was small, and thin, and pale, with a shower of jet black hair falling over the man's shoulder when her face was hid. She had lily white hands, and soft feet that were all scarred and bleeding with the tramping of the roads. And the man and the woman stood still and silent there, on the bridge of Mudale, she weeping quietly, and he looking far away into the light of dawn.

"Will we be going back again, lamb of my heart, to where the knowledge of the sorrow is?"

"Ah, take me back again, my lord, for I canna thole the silence and the mystery of the glens. I am weary for the sounds and the laughter of my ain place. God Himself is looking at us here, where the winds come sighing from His home. Take me back to where you found me, play me over the hills again, and forget this place ye lived in, and the hearts ye loved so well. Come, my piper, come away from this land of silent men, and when we have crossed the hills, you'll forget that ever ye were here."

Then the swanky lad looked northward up the road, where the two tall pillars of stone marked the place that men set out for the salt sea smells—and as he looked there was a hunger in his eye and a heaving in his breast. But the woman saw him looking northward, and with more tears and coaxings, she cried, "Not that

way, never that way, but back to my ain place yonder!"

And she pointed her lily white finger to the south, where Ben Clebrig had caught the pale wan light of day, and was waking up in his mighty silence from his long, sound, stony sleep.

"Well and well—if it is to be, here's for the back o' beyond!" cried the swanky man. And stooping down, he bound her little feet where the rough travelling had cut them, and taking his own shoes from his tired soles, he tied them tightiy, but tenderly, on to the woman's. Then the fire and the danger and the wild light leaped in his eye again as he threw the drones over his shoulders, and, in his rags and shoeless misery, piped a piobaireachd of everlasting farewells to

the loch, and stream, and glen. On and on through the trees of Altnaharra they went, back by the road they came, and the winds were full of the pipe music that seemed to tell of everything that had been and would never be again. Ewan, the herd, was watching them as they went by the hostelry, and he said, that when they took the bend of the road, the pipe music was heart-rending to hear, and the tears were running down the cheeks of the great strengthly man as he played, but the woman had stopped her weeping, and was laughing quietly to herself, and dancing strange steps of cheerfulness behind the man, as he played his piobaireachd of eternal good-byes.

TORQUIL MACLEOD.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE CLANS.

BY ALEXANDER DINGWALL, M.A., M.B., C.M.,
GLASGOW.

(Continued from page 169.)



MacLean of Coll

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE MACLEANS OF COLL,
REPRODUCED FROM AN OLD BOOK-PLATE IN THE
POSSESSION OF MR. H. A. C. MACLEAN, LONDON.

IV.—*Leslie rescues the queen and earns a motto.—Ogilvy and Keith preserve the Scottish Regalia.—Robertson of Struan captures one of king's murderers.—Origin of the name Skene.—The Clan Chattan and the Cat.—Sir Malcolm Clammond and the calthrops at Bannockburn.—“Stand fast, Craigellachie,” the Grants’ motto.—Arms give precision to history.—Fictitious ancestries.—Who are entitled to use arms?—Heraldry a class distinction.*

THE motto of the Leslies, *Grip fast*, has been unchanged since the time of Queen Margaret of Scotland, by whom it was given to Bartholomew Leslie, founder of the family, under the following circumstances. In crossing a river swollen by floods, the queen was thrown from her horse and in danger of being carried away and drowned, when the knight, plunging into the stream, seized hold of her majesty's girdle, and as he brought her with difficulty towards the bank she frequently exclaimed “Grip fast,” and afterwards expressed the desire that her preserver should retain the words as his motto in remembrance of the occurrence.

Sir George Ogilvie was entrusted by William, Earl Marischal, in keeping the castle of Dunottar, in which were lodged the crown, sword and sceptre, the regalia of Scotland, which he carefully preserved from the English who forced him to surrender the castle, but missing the regalia they kept him and his lady in long imprisonment, of which she died. On the restoration of Charles II., Sir George delivered the regalia to the Earl Marischal again entire, for which King Charles honoured him with the title of knight-baronet, and allowed the thistle, the badge of the kingdom, to be carried on his arms. William Keith, son of the Earl Marischal, was also honoured with a coat-of-arms of special concession for his loyalty to Charles II. in assisting to keep the regalia out of the hands of the English. The coat bears a sceptre, crown, and sword, on an orle of eight thistles. And here, as in all cases, when arms of special concession are marshalled next paternal arms, the arms of special concession have precedence.

The arms of the Robertsons of Struan are charged with three wolves' heads; the crest is a dexter hand holding an imperial crown; motto, *virtutes gloria merces*. The first of the family



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE DUKE
OF SUTHERLAND.

is said to have been a Duncan Macdonald, who got the lands of Struan for killing wolves. Robert, one of the heads of the family, had the honour to assist in capturing one the murderers of James I., and ever since, the family of Struan has borne a wild man lying chained under the escutcheon of their arms.

Among Scottish surnames, to which a fabulous legend has been attached to account for its origin as a name, is Skene. According to one version of the story, Malcolm Canmore, on his return south from the defeat of the Danes at Mortlake, in Moray, in 1010, was pursued by a wolf through the wood of Culblean to the forest of Stocket, near Aberdeen; the other version says he was hunting in that district and was pursued by a wild boar, when a younger son of Donald of the Isles, or as Sir George Mackenzie says, of Robertson of Struan, seeing the king's danger, came to the rescue. Thrusting his left arm, round which he had wrapped his plaid, into the animal's mouth, he stabbed it to the heart with his dirk. The king gave him in return a grant of land. He took the name of Skene, and adopted as his arms, three dirks with as many wolves' heads above them, and a Highlander in costume holding a knife in his right hand.

Among others the Macdonalds, Macbeans, and Macneils, have a galley or ship in one of the quarters of their shield, with sails furled and oars erect. The Macphersons also have the ship as an armorial figure, although they were probably not such a seafaring clan as the others. They carry the Cat as their crest, which is the emblem of the Catti, whom some consider to be the stock of the Clan Chattan. These Catti were probably driven from Germany by Julius Caesar. They embarked for Britain, were

driven north by stress of weather, and landed in Caithness (Cattis corner). From thence they spread into Sutherlandshire, and gave it the name Catobh, and then became the progenitors of the Keiths and Sutherlands.

The Macpherson motto is *Touch not the cat bot a glove*. In their arms they carry a dagger, point up, for killing the Cummins.

The motto of Drummond is *Gang warily*. The tradition is, that at the battle of Bannockburn, Sir Malcolm Drummond recommended Bruce to order caltrops (pieces of iron with four sharp spikes) to be thrown over the ground in front of the advancing English cavalry, a stratagem which materially assisted in gaining the day for the Scottish king. Sir Malcolm humorously remarked when tendering his advice, that the caltrops would make the English "gang warily." After the battle, Bruce in gratitude for his services, granted him large estates in Perthshire, gave him permission to use the words as a motto, and added a field strewn with caltrops to the Drummond armorial bearings. The Gaelic name for the chief of Clan Drummond is An Drumanach; the clan badge was originally wild Thyme (Lus an righ), but is now Holly (cuileann).

The name Grant is probably derived from an extensive moor in Strathspey, the country of the Grants—Griantach, otherwise Sleabh Grianais, the plain of the sun, the many Druidical remains scattered over it, indicating it to have been a place consecrated to the worship of the sun, the great object of Celtic adoration, and the crest borne by the Grants, burning mount, is referred to as representing the Baal teine or fire, raised in honour of Baal. The badge of the Grants is the pine or the cranberry heath, and their war-cry,



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE SHAWS
OF ROTHIEMURCHUS.

"Stand fast, Craigellachie," the bold projecting rock of that name in Stathspey, being their place of rendezvous.

Apart altogether from the question of whether the modern practice of arms is to be recommended, it goes without saying that the study of heraldry is not only an interesting but a useful one.

When we can trace in armorial bearings the descent and alliances of many of our noble families; when the arms are in combination with the proud motto or battle-cry of the race, we have to thank sentiment for giving precision to history, and throwing light on the modes of life and thought of our ancestors.

But now-a-days, ancestors as well as arms are readily found by the professional genealogist for the *nouveau riche* who wishes to claim kinship with some noble house; nor is it difficult to give an appearance of reality to the farce by adding a respectable gallery of family portraits and tombstones, which not only do not always speak the truth, but often assist in transmitting to posterity a record of fictitious ancestry.

And there are others, loyal clansmen who ought to know better, and clan associations for whom there is no excuse (I shall not mention names), who have the audacity to flaunt on their note-paper the coat-of-arms of their chief. Assuming that they are entitled to use arms at all, it is illegal for even younger members of his own family to use the arms of the chief without distinctions, and these younger branches of families require to have marks of cadency assigned to them by the Lord Lyon. Sir George Mackenzie asserts that the right to armorial



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE FORBES'.

ensign does not extend to the mere possessor of wealth, nor is the privilege extinguished by poverty.

When such abuses are permitted in our own land, need we wonder at the experience of the English Diplomatist in New York. He sent his London-built carriage to the coachbuilders for repairs, and in calling a few days after, found every Yankee gig and trap in the place emblazoned with his arms. On indignantly demanding to know the reason of this, he was coolly informed that the pattern seemed to be much admired.

May we not with reason ask if the practice of heraldry has not outlived its usefulness; and while we cherish the memories of the past, does it not pain us to witness the indignities they suffer in the practice of the present. Does modern heraldry not help to foster an unrighteous class distinction, pamper the vain glorious, and bolster up a tottering oligarchy? These are questions for consideration. But if the practice of heraldry does decay, may its death be the herald of that new day when "man to man the world o'er shall brithers be for a' that."

(Concluded.)



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE MACKINNSONS.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The Annual Excursion of Glasgow and Edinburgh members was held at Polmont, on Saturday, 23rd ult., and was a great success.

The Flag at Pretoria.

Entombed in a coffin by British subjects, 2nd August, 1881; unfurled by them on its new Flag-staff, 5th June, 1900.

'**I**N other climes none knew thee
but to love thee'

Thus Britons laid the grand old
Flag to rest;
And turned and left that little grave
so lonely,
When they had buried what they
loved the best.

For British blood dies hard; each
son and daughter
Who faced and feared not famine
nor the foe,
Shrank, bowed in shame to know
that battle's slaughter
Had bought such 'Peace with
Honour' wreathed in woe.

They who had striven for their dear
Country's Emblem,
Must lay it down within that
bitter tomb;
But on its headstone they inscribed
'Resurgam,'
And in their hearts, Hope burned
up in the gloom,
For Freedom's Flag—Britannia's
Flag,
Dead at Pretoria.

Nigh twenty years have passed; long
years of Serfdom,
But! 'cross that waste of waiting,
hark! from far
The skirl of pibroch and the roll of
war-drum!
And through the cloud, shines out
the Conquering Star!

'Tis the march of men in khaki o'er the karoo,
It is the pipes of kilted clan on clan;
While the fettered Lion they have bled to rescue
Is leaping now triumphant in their van.

Oh! not in vain is proved the faith of freemen
Who once again have fought to right the wrong,
Who nobly cried 'All well' from out their death-den,
Who, worn with weakness, to the last stood strong.

Once more the 'Red and White and Blue' is lifted
Above that little grave of dark despair,



And we who waiting, watched while long months
drifted,

Kneel at our heroes' feet in Heaven-bent prayer.

And high behind the flaming sword,
We see our Star arise;
'This is the doing of the Lord
And wondrous in our eyes.'

For the Flag—the bonnie Union Flag
Floats at Pretoria!

MAJOR ALLAN.

THE HIGHLAND DRESS.—Visitors to Glasgow should not forget to visit Mr. R. W. Forsyth's establishment, where they will find a large and choice assortment of Highland dress ornaments, crest brooches, clan tartans in every variety, suitable for the kilt, or ladies dress wear, and an immense variety of artistic articles suitable for presents from Scotland.

HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS.—Vol. II. of the History of the "Clan Donald" is now ready. It is a large volume of over 700 pages, and includes histories of the branch families of Clanranald, Glengarry, Glencoe, Macallister, Keppoch, etc., with a valuable appendix. The work is well illus-

trated with *fac-similes*, arms, views, etc. Copies (21/9 post free) can be had at the "Celtic Monthly" Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

MESSRS. M'VITIE & PRICE, ST. ANDREW BISCUIT WORKS, EDINBURGH, have just added to their Summer list of novelties three new varieties of biscuits which are likely to become popular. Boston Meal Wafers, is an American whole-meal biscuit, light and pleasantly flavoured; Oxford Fingers, a rich shortbread biscuit; and Kentucky Crackers, which are light and delicate. We have tested samples of these attractive goods, and find them worthy of the great reputation which Messrs. M'Vitie and Price enjoy as biscuit manufacturers.



CHARLES EDWARD STUART MACDONALD.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

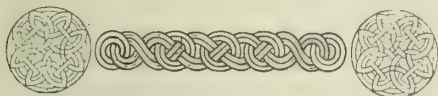
A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 11. VOL. VIII.]

AUGUST, 1900.

[Price Threepence.



CHARLES E. S. MACDONALD,
ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

MR. CHARLES EDWARD STUART MACDONALD was born at Inveraray in 1853. His father was the late D. T. Macdonald of Calumet, U.S.A., formerly magistrate at Inveraray, and was well known in the Western Highlands and Islands. He was related to Lachlan Maclean, author of a "History of the Celtic Language", "History of Iona", and other works on Gaelic subjects; and he took a deep interest in the literature of the Highlands. He claimed to be descended from the Lords of the Isles.

When a young man, the subject of our sketch left Scotland with his father, and lived in Norway and Germany, and also visited Turkey and Egypt. On arriving in the United States he settled in St. Louis, Mo., and embarked in the drug business, in which he has prospered.

We read a great deal in the newspapers about the large pro-Boer meetings held in America, but we may safely infer that few Highlanders are to be found at these gatherings. They are in entire sympathy with the Mother Country in the present struggle in South Africa. Mr. Macdonald, like many of his countrymen in the States, is doing a good work at present in raising money, by means of "chain letters", for the widows and orphans of the brave Highlanders killed in the Boer War, and has succeeded in raising a good sum for this laudable object. He expects to be able to visit the Highlands and his old home this autumn, to see once more the lochs and glens he loved so well in his youth.

St. Louis, Mo., where Mr. Macdonald resides, has a strong Highland colony, and a flourishing society of the Order of the Clans. We have quite a number of subscribers in that great city

of the United States—the home of probably as mixed a population as can be found in any part of the globe.

THE WHITE ROSE.

THE STEWARTS' BADGE.

My Highland harp again I string
At day's e'er welcome close,
And for the gallant Stewarts sing
A song on the white rose.

Not faultless was the regal line
Who as a symbol chose
From out the flora of our clime
The snow-white fragrant rose;

But able aye to win and charm—
Though traitors did oppose—
The Highland heart, the Highland arm
To guard their treasured rose.

Forgotten was the broil and feud
And reconciled were foes,
As shoulder up to shoulder stood
The clansmen round the rose.

In trying days, "Come woe or weal,"
Dundee and good Montrose,
And kindred heroes dauntless, leal,
Have bled for the white rose.

From the first morn of Stewart sway
To its romantic close,
Scenes tragic, brilliant, sad, and gay,
Have clustered round the rose.

And still a youth of royal mien
In tattered kilt and hose
Haunts the low wilds of stern Albyn,
His badge a withered rose.

Peace to the brave devoted dead,
In their last long repose,
Who on the field and scaffold bled
For the white regal rose.

While to the ben the mist shall cling,
And stream through valley flows,
In plaintive song the Gael shall sing
Of Stewarts and their rose.

Hatfield.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

ANCIENT GAELIC LITERATURE.

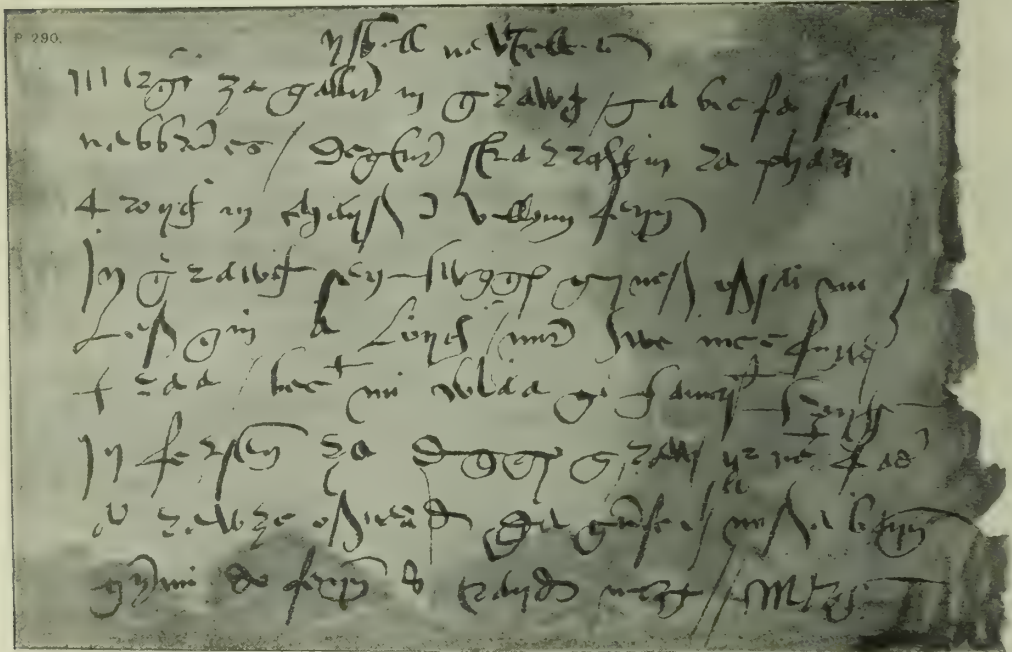
II.—THE DEAN OF LISMORE'S BOOK.

BY FIONN.

THIS volume consists of Gaelic poetry collected by Sir James MacGregor, Dean of Lismore, Argyre, and his brother, Duncan MacGregor, who acted as his secretary, in the early part of the sixteenth century, 1512-1526. It is a small quarto of some 311 pages, bound in a piece of coarse sheep-skin, and very much defaced. It lies in the library

of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh, where it may be examined by the curious.

"The Dean's MS. differs," says Skene, "from all other MSS. in the library in two essential particulars. It is not, like the other MSS., written in what is called the Irish character, but in the current Roman character of the early part of the sixteenth century; and the language is not written in the orthography used in writing Irish, and now universally employed in writing Scotch Gaelic, but in a peculiar kind of phonetic orthography, which aims at presenting the words in English orthography as they are pronounced."*



FAC-SIMILE OF PART OF POEM BY ISABEL, COUNTESS OF ARGYLL

A complete transcript of the Dean's Book, with the exception of those parts that are illegible, was made in 1813 by Ewen MacLachlan, of Aberdeen, for the Committee of the Highland Society. The greater portion of it was afterwards transcribed, translated, annotated, and published in 1862, under the title of "The Book of the Dean of Lismore," by the late Rev. Thomas MacLauchlan, LL.D., Edinburgh. To this volume Dr. Skene contributed valuable notes and an elaborate introduction on the history of Gaelic, and especially Ossianic, literature. All the Ossianic ballads in the Dean's MS. were transcribed by the well-known Gaelic scholar and philologist, the late Dr.

Cameron, Brodick, and are published in the first volume of that valuable work—"Reliquiæ Celticæ."

In presenting our readers with a *fac-simile* specimen of this MS. we have selected a complete poem, by no less a personage than Isabel, Countess of Argyre in the fifteenth century. In these degenerate days, when it is difficult to find a Highland proprietor who can speak the language of the people on his estate, it is pleasing to think that Gaelic was cultivated in fashionable quarters in days gone by. Here, then, is the text of the Dean's MS.,

* Introduction to "The Dean of Lismore's Book," by the late Dr. W. F. Skene, page vii.

as transcribed by Dr. MacLauchlan, as well as his modern rendering of the same :—

YSSBELL NE V' KELLAN.

Margi za gallir in grawg ga bee fa fane abrum
ee
Degkir skarrichtin ra phart troyg in chayss in
vellum feyn
In grawg sen tuggis gin ness oss sai mi less gin
a loyth
Mir hwe mi furtych traa beeth mi wlaa gi
tannyth troyg
In fer sen za duggis graw ys nach feadis rawge
oss nard
Da gurfee missa boyn gymi do feyn is kayd
marg.

Margi.

ISEABAIL NI MHIC CHAILEIN.

Mairg do'n galar an gràdh, ge b'e fàth fa'n
abraim e,
Deacair sgarachduinn r'a phàirt, truagh an càs
'sa bheileam féin,
An gràdh sin thugas gun fhios, o's e mo leas
gun a luaidh,
Mar faigh mi furtachd tràth, bithidh mo bhlàth
gu tana truagh;
Am fear sin do'n tugas gràdh, is nach faodas
ràdh os n-àird,
Da cuiridh mise am buan chioma, domh féin is
ceud mairg.

Margi.

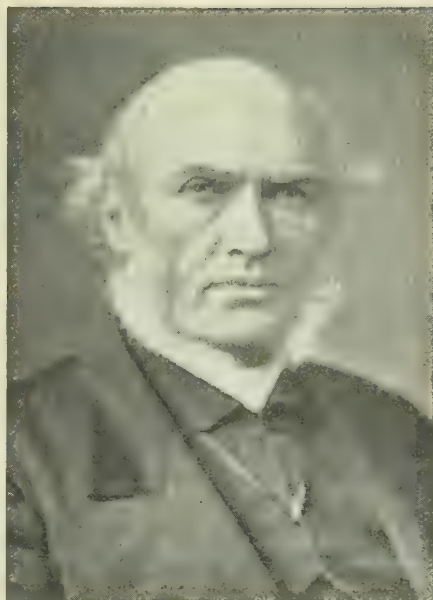
The above has been rendered by Dr. Nigel MacNeill, in his "Literature of the Highlanders," as follows :—

Pity one that bears love's anguish,
Yet the cause that must conceal;
Sore it be to lose a dear one,
And a wretched state to feel.

And the love I gave in secret
I must ever keep unknown;
But unless relief comes quickly
All my freshness will be gone.

Ah! the name of my beloved
Ne'er to other can be told;
He put me in lasting fetters;—
Pity me a hundred fold.

The MS. of the Dean of Lismore has a literary and a philological value, and throws considerable light on the language and literature of the Scottish Highlands, and, therefore, we are much indebted to the patience and perseverance of those Gaelic scholars who have placed the treasures contained therein within easy reach of all students of the ancient language.



REV. THOMAS MACLAUHLAN, LL.D.

Dr. Thomas MacLauchlan, who transcribed and translated the Dean of Lismore's Book, was born at Moy, Inverness, where his father was minister, in 1816. After studying at Aberdeen and Edinburgh Universities he was licensed in 1837. The following year he was appointed colleague and successor to his father at Moy. In 1844 he accepted a call to the Free Church at Stratherick where he remained till 1849, when he accepted a call to St. Columba Church, Edinburgh. He acted as Convener of the Free Church Committee on the Highlands and Islands from 1854 till 1882. In 1864 he received the honour of LL.D. from Aberdeen University, and in 1876 he was elected Moderator of the Free Church General Assembly. He died at Edinburgh, 21st March, 1886.

Among his best known works are "The Early Scottish Church," 1873; "Carswell's Prayer Book," 1873; "Celtic Gleanings," 1857; "The Dean of Lismore's Book," 1862; "The Gaelic Reference Bible" which he edited along with Dr. Clark. The "Review of Gaelic Literature" (1872) which appears in "The History of the Highlands and Highland Clans" was from his pen, while he also contributed to current Gaelic Literature.

MR. R. W. FORSYTH, RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW, has at present a magnificent display of tartans and Highland military dress accoutrements in his windows. The tartan kilt materials worn by the officers of the various Highland regiments are shown, as well as specimens of the artistic sporran tops supplied by him for the officers, privates, and pipers, of these distinguished corps.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE HIGHLANDERS:

BY JOHN MACKAY, C.E., J.P., HEREFORD.

" . . . 'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To loyalty unlearned ; honour untaught ;
Civility not seen from others ; valour
That wildly grew in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sowed."

THE great antiquity of the Celtic races—which the Caledonians or Highlanders formed a part, and do yet form a part—is now undoubted. Their language, their ancient religion (Druidism), their customs, their usages, make it evident that their origin was oriental. Their language, even in its modern style, has a greater affinity to the ancient languages of the east, and to the classic languages of Europe, than any other language now spoken.

The first glimpse we have of the Celts in history is from the ancient Greek and Roman historians. They swarmed away from Mid Asia, along the northern shores of the Black Sea, crossed the Danube, and turned southward into Greece; westward along the northern shores of the Mediterranean, the Adriatic, into Lombardy, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, and Gaul or France; and crossed the channel into Ireland and Britain, south and north. From Lombardy and Gaul they invaded and ravaged the territories of the infant Roman Republic, and formed settlements eastward of Rome which became eventually incorporated in the Republic. They afterwards swarmed from Gaul, the Alps, and Lombardy, besieged Rome, and threatened the very existence of the Roman Republic, as told by Livy. It took the Romans ten years to subdue the Gauls, and many more to subjugate South Britain. The Caledonians, within their mountain regions, bravely defied and withstood the legions of mighty Rome, and eventually expelled them beyond the Forth and the Tyne. They overleaped the Roman walls, and ravaged the country from the Tyne to the Humber and the Trent; which led to the introduction into South Britain of the Saxons and the Danes, and other swarms of continental hordes, who expelled the ancient inhabitants of the country, and gradually took possession of it from the English Channel to the Firth of Forth on the eastern side, cooping up the ancient inhabitants into Cornwall, Wales, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Strathclyde. These fierce barbarians were soon followed by a fiercer race, the Norsemen, or the Lochlinnich of the Gaelic annalists, who subjugated the Hebrides and the maritime districts of the northern and eastern coasts of Scotland to the Tay. These portions of the

mainland were recovered during the reign of Malcolm Ceann-mor and his sons who succeeded him. The Caledonians in the interior remained unsubdued and independent, thanks to their Grampian mountain fastnesses.

Malcolm Ceann-mor, from his being reared in Northumbria and his marriage with the Princess Margaret, the near relative of the last Saxon king of England, Edward the Confessor, was the means of introducing various Saxon usages in the government of the State and Church, obnoxious to the Celtic population. The removal of the Court to Dunfermline was an event which was followed by results very disastrous to the future prosperity of the Highlands, the inhabitants of which, by the continual incursions of the Norsemen, were being reduced to a condition of poverty. The transference of the seat of government from Abernethy to Dunfermline by Malcolm, caused the administrations of the sons to become inoperative in the Highlands beyond the Grampians, or to be only feebly enforced; and, in consequence, the people gave themselves up to turbulence and violence, revenging in person those injuries which the laws could no longer redress. Especially was this accentuated by the repeated contentions between the sons of Malcolm and his brother, Donald Ban. In the turmoil caused by these revolutions and civil wars, the great districts of Moray and Ross fell under the sway of the native Mor-maors. The Hebrides, Galloway, Argyll, Sutherland, and Caithness, were still to a great extent occupied by the Norsemen. Among the Gaelic tribes, Donald Ban was regarded as the rightful heir by the law of tanistry. In the consequent wars of succession the Normans came in, also the introduction of feudalism. They were useful to the sons of Malcolm in asserting their pretensions to the crown, and for their services obtained large grants of lands, creating an element of further discord.

Released from the salutary control of monarchical government and harassed by these civil wars, the Highlanders soon saw the necessity of substituting some system in its place to protect themselves from the aggressions to which they were exposed. From this state of affairs originated the great power of the chiefs, who obtained their ascendancy over the different little communities into which the population of the Highlands was naturally divided. The powers of the chiefs gradually became very great. They were judges in all cases of dispute between their clansmen and followers; and, as they were backed up by resolute supporters, they soon established within their own territories a jurisdiction almost independent of kingly authority.

From the division of the people into tribes and clans, under separate chiefs, arose many of

those institutions, customs, feelings, and usages that characterised the Highlanders. The nature of the country, and the motives that induced the Celtic inhabitants of the country beyond the Grampians to make it their refuge, necessarily prescribed the form of their institutions.

Unequal to the forces that drove them from the plains, and anxious to preserve and maintain their independence, they defended themselves in those fastnesses which in every country are the sanctuaries of national liberty, and the refuge of those who resist oppression. Thus, in the absence of their monarch, and defended by their mountain barriers, they did not always submit to the authority of a distant government that could neither enforce obedience nor afford protection.

Thus a patriarchal system of government, a kind of hereditary monarchy founded on custom, was established over each clan in the person of the chief. This system of clanship was calculated to cherish a warlike and martial spirit. The young chiefs and heads of families were respected or despised according to their military or peaceable inclinations and dispositions.

The military ranks of the clans were fixed and perpetual. The chief was the principal commander; the eldest cadet commanded the right wing, the youngest the left. Every head of a distinct family, or sept, was captain of his own men. Each clan had its own standard-bearer, who generally inherited the office from a distinguished ancestor. Each clan had a stated place of meeting, or rendezvous, where they assembled at the call of their chief; and on emergency, for an immediate meeting, the "Fiery Cross" was despatched through the country of the clan. This custom is well described by Scott in the third canto of "The Lady of the Lake," the "Gathering." Each clan had its own "war-cry," or slogan, a Scoticism from the Gaélic word, *sluagh-ghairm* (call the people). It served as a watch-word in case of alarm, in the confusion of battle, or in the darkness of night. Each clan had also its particular badge, and its own peculiar, or set of, tartan.

When the warriors went upon any expedition, omens for good or evil luck were always looked for. If an armed man was met, the portent was good. If any four-footed animal of the chase was observed and killed, success would crown the expedition; if it escaped, the portent was bad.

For every expedition of this kind, the tenants had to pay to the chief a night's provisions, and also when he went a-hunting, he who lived nearest the hunting place, had to find, or was bound to supply, a night's entertainment for the chief and his men, and food for the hounds.

There is nothing so remarkable in the social

and political history of any country as the succession of the Highland chiefs, and the long and uninterrupted sway they held over their clansmen. The authority that a chief exercised among his clan was truly paternal. He might, with great justice, be called the father of his people. It cannot be accounted for in any other way than that the warm attachment, the respect, the incorruptible fidelity which the Highlanders always displayed for their chiefs, proceeded from the kind and conciliatory system which they must have adopted towards their people, much as the feelings of the clansmen may have been awakened by the songs and traditions of the bards, to respect the successors of the heroes they celebrated.

The tribal divisions of the clans, and the establishment of patriarchal government, were attended with important consequences, affecting the character of the people. It was rendered necessary from the state of society in the Highlands. The authority of the king, from the distance of the court in the south, became weak and inefficient, yet it continued to be recognised, though his mandates could neither stop the depredations of one clan against another, nor allay mutual hostility. This was particularly the case in the reign of the first Stewart kings, when the Lords of the Isles held regal sway and dominated the whole of the Isles, Argyll, and Ross, and even held the superiority over parts of Sutherland and Caithness, creating continued commotions, and setting one clan against another. The only remedy the powerless king could suggest was a *three score* duel on the North Inch of Perth, which he and his court came to witness. No wonder, that with such a government, the Highlands were a scene of turbulence and violence. The state of affairs was no better in the Lowlands and the south, among the clans of those districts, the Gordons, Keiths, Lindsays, and Ogilvies; the Scotts, Kerrs, Douglasses, Maxwells, Johnstones, Armstrongs—a continuous source of rapine, turbulence, and defiance of authority, entirely owing to the feudal power and the ambition of the nobility. In this respect, and in respect of obedience to the kingly authority, the Lowland clans and their nobles were greatly less patriotic than the Highland clans, as a fact in Scottish History.

Amid the turbulence and violence that without doubt existed in the Highlands, when no appeal for redress of wrong done, or injuries sustained, could be effectually made to any legal tribunal, yet to prevent the utter anarchy which would have ensued from such a condition of society, voluntary tribunals composed of the principal men of the clan were appointed to assess damages and compensation, and as cattle,

sheep, and goats, were the chief source of wealth, a composition in cattle, sheep, or goats, was the mode of compensation for injuries of any kind or degree, and these tribunals generally determined the amount of compensation according to the nature of the injury, and the ranks and means of the parties. Such compensations were called *eirig*, fine, forfeit.

Besides this, every chief held a court, in which he decided all disputes occurring among his own clansman. He always resided amongst them, knew them personally, and all disputes were settled by his decision. The prosperity or poverty of his tenants depended upon his proper or improper decision, and treatment of them. These tenants followed him in war, attended

him in his hunting excursions, supplied his table with the produce of their farms, rent being paid in kind, and they assembled to reap his corn and to prepare and bring home his fuel. They looked up to him as their adviser and protector. The cadets of his family, respected, in proportion to the proximity of the relationship in which they stood to him, because sub-chiefs or chieftains scattered over different portions of his domains, holding their lands and properties of him, with a sort of subordinate jurisdiction over a portion of his people, as justices of the peace, and they were ever ready to afford him their advice or assistance in all emergencies, thus forming a strong and useful tie between chief and people.

(To be concluded).



AROS CASTLE, MULL.

GATHERING OF HIGHLAND CHIEFS AT AROS CASTLE.

THE beginning of the seventeenth century was a troublesome time in the Western Isles. Plot followed plot, and feud succeeded feud, among the Highland clans. King James thought he would step in, exercise his authority, and produce order from the existing chaos. This was easier said than done. Argyll obtained from James in 1607, all those lands in Kintyre and Jura which had shortly before been

forfeited by Angus Macdonald of Islay. The conditions on which Argyll got possession were not such as would tend to produce peace. One of the conditions was that he would not let those lands to any persons of the name of Macdonald or Maclean—two formidable clans.

Next year, the King sought to carry out his intention of exercising his power over these lawless clansmen by appointing Andrew Stewart, Lord Ochiltree, lieutenant over the Isles, with Andrew Knox, Bishop of the Isles, and a few others, as a council to assist him. Lord

Ochiltree, with a small fleet and army under his command, visited the Western Isles in August, 1608. He first visited Islay, where Angus Macdonald handed over to him Dunyvaig Castle and the fort of Lochgorme. Leaving Islay he proceeded to Duart Castle, Mull, which Hector Og Maclean surrendered. From Duart he proceeded to Aros Castle, another Maclean stronghold, where he held a court. Among those who attended were Angus MacDonald of Islay, Macdonald of Sleat, the Captain of Clanranald, Rory Mor Macleod, Hector Og of Duart, Maclean of Ardnacross, Allan Maclean, tutor of Ardgour, and one or two others. Finding Angus Macdonald of Islay agreeable to the conditions imposed, he was allowed to return home. The other chiefs not being quite so pliable, Ochiltree, by the advice of his chief councillor, Andrew Knox, Bishop of the Isles, invited them to hear a sermon preached by the Bishop on board the "Moon." Rory Mor Macleod was the only one who could not be coaxed to the sermon. After the sermon, which may have been dry, Lord Ochiltree had no great difficulty in prevailing on them to dine with him.

When dinner was over the host told his astonished guests that they were now his prisoners by the King's order, and weighing anchor, he sailed direct to Ayr, whence he shortly proceeded with his prisoners to Edinburgh. Some of them were confined in Dumbarton, some in Stirling, and others in Blackness. It would appear as if the Bishop did not feel quite at ease on account of the part he took in the kidnapping of those chiefs, for in a letter sent to James VI. he says, "My credeit amangis thir folkis be the forme of this last actioun praetischit amangis thame, somewhat (as apperis) deminischit, that it mycht pleas your Majestie to oppoynt some uthor of yonger aige, gritter curage, bettir discretioun and credeit in thois cuntries," etc.

The imprisonment of so many chiefs, together with the destruction of galleys and other vessels, afforded the King an excellent opportunity to carry out his cherished projects in the Isles, and it was the following year that the famous "Statutes of Icolmkill" were enacted.

EACHUNN.

CLAN MACLEAN IN LONDON.—A most successful gathering of the Clan Maclean was held this month in London at the invitation of Mr. Hector A. C. Maclean of Coll, the local Secretary. The Chief, Col. Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, Bart., C.B., and Lady Maclean, were present, and also Mr. Neil Maclean of Breda, president of the society, Dr. Ewen J. Maclean, Mr. James G. Maclean, and other leading clansmen and clanswomen. Addresses were delivered by the chief, the president, and the host of the evening, and it was agreed that such meetings were conducive to the welfare of the society and the benefit of the individual members.

A CHILD OF THE HEATHER.

THE scent of the sun-warmed heather filled the air. Cruachan's twin peaks looked up to a blazing sun, and the heat haze was everywhere. A girl was filling a basket with crotal, which she was gathering from some rocks on the hillside. She paused, and brushed the tangled curls from her brow. It was warm work on a day like this, but her basket was nearly full now. There would be enough in it to dye the wool, which would be spun and woven into a gown for her mother. A little breeze had sprung up and the girl threw herself down amongst the deep heather for a moment's rest before turning homewards. She leant her head against a stone, and sighed contentedly. The blue waters of the loch reflected every fleecy cloud that floated across the sky, and the bees sang drowsily amongst the heather. The girl's eyelids drooped, and the song of the bees sounded fainter and fainter. The sun kissed her brown cheeks, but she did not heed him.

It was not till a covey of grouse rose with a loud whirr that she started up. Surely she had been sleeping! But what was that? Men's voices speaking quite near her. She leant on her elbow and listened. They were at the other side of the boulders from where she lay. She could hear what they said and her face grew pale. They were a party of Macdonalds planning a march on Inveraray in the night. The thatched roofs would be as dry as tinder with the recent heat, and would burn easily, they said. The town would be in a blaze before the folk knew an enemy was in their midst. What would MacCailein Mòr say then, when he looked upon the blackened ruins, and saw his people homeless? Their coarse laughter made the girl shiver in the sunshine. Then she heard they were an advance party on their way to Glen Aray, where they were to await the others before advancing on the town. Oh! what could she do? If she had only been a man! If her brother Rory had been at home, but he had left the day before to sell some sheep and had not returned yet, and there was no one to send to warn them. At length the men rose to go, and the girl lay deeper in the heather till they went further down the hill and disappeared in the wood. The girl sprang to her feet, lifted her basket, and sped round the shoulder of the hill to the cottage where her mother sat waiting for her.

"Morag, you have been long," said the woman, who was sitting at her spinning wheel. "What has kept you? It must be late, the sun has gone from the window."

"The day was warm, mother, and I sat down to rest and fell asleep. Have you wearied?"

"Aye, have I, Morag, I thought something had come over you," said the woman, turning her sightless eyes towards the girl. It was well she did not see Morag's face, or she would have known there was something wrong. A sudden thought had struck Morag before she entered the cottage, and she made up her mind to say nothing to her mother of what she had heard on the hillside. Her heart was beating furiously, but she kept calm before her mother. She prepared their simple meal, and when they had finished, put away the dishes quietly and tidily as usual. This done, she sat down and talked to the blind woman of what she would do on the morrow, and wondered if Rory would be back

and if he would get a good price for his sheep.

Presently a knock came to the door, and Morag rose and opened it. Her breath came faster when she saw who it was, but she made no sign. It was a lad she had seen with the Macdonalds an hour or two ago. He looked pale and haggard and asked for some milk. He had come a long way and had further to go. Well Morag knew he had further to go and on what errand, but she could not refuse him common hospitality without exciting suspicion.

"Come in," she said, and pushed forward a wooden stool. He sat down as if he was weary, and wiped away with the back of his hand the blood which was slowly trickling from a sword



A SCENE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

cut on his brow. Morag brought him the milk and he drank it greedily, then rose to go.

"Will ye no rest awhile," said blind Seonaid, when she heard him rise.

"I must go now, I have comrades waiting for me further along the road," he answered, again wiping away the blood that oozed into his eyes. Morag's heart softened towards the lad, he was evidently weak from loss of blood, and he was so young. Taking a linen cloth from the kist in the corner, she bade him sit down, and she washed the wound and bound it firmly with the rag. He rose again, and bidding Seonaid good-day, went towards the door. As Morag held it open for him, he looked at her with

grateful eyes and, seizing her hand, muttered "beannachd leat," and disappeared among the trees.

Morag had hopped her mother in the box-bed, and was putting things in order for the night. Moving about softly, she glanced ever and anon towards the bed, and then saw with satisfaction the woman had fallen asleep. She was a heavy sleeper and rarely wakened in the night.

The time had come at last. If she left now, there would be time to get to Inveraray before the Macdonalds. She would go to her cousin who lived at the quay, and he would give the alarm. She would take the short cut over the hills. She knew the way and it was a clear

starry night. Wrapping her plaid round her, and taking a farewell look at the woman in the bed, she lifted the sneck and passed out into the night.

When she reached the top of the hill, she stopped and looked back. The loch lay cold and glistening at the foot of the hill, and she fancied she could almost see the cottage where her mother was sleeping peacefully. She had not dared to tell her of the night journey on which she was going. Seonaid would never have given her consent, for Morag was the calf of her heart, and she knew the dangers which might befall the girl.

Morag drew her plaid closer round her. She had a long way to go, and the night wind made her shiver as it blew cold across the hills, but she never flinched. Her one thought was to reach Inveraray in time, and to be home again by the morning. On she went, stumbling over the rough ground; through fragrant bog myrtle which caught her skirts as if warning her to turn back; through deep heather that came up to her knees. Then she would sink ankle deep in the slimy, treacherous bog, that stretched over every hollow; still on past a ruined shieling and a solitary clump of trees. She started as an owl hooted and flew past her in search of prey.

At last she found herself in Glen Aray, and was now only a mile from the town. She hurried on. She would soon be there and the town would be saved. But what was that? She stopped and listened, her ears strained to catch every sound. She heard the cracking of dry twigs under heavy footsteps, and dark forms confronted her, as they came out from amongst the trees. They were the Macdonalds, whom she had seen in the afternoon.

"Ay, ay, and what errand might ye be going, my white love?" said one of the men, grasping her firmly by the wrist and peering into her face. "It is a strange time to be on the road. It is to Inveraray ye'll be going, I'm thinking?"

Morag tried to shake herself free, but the man only tightened his grasp on her arm till the blood throbbed in her veins.

"Let the lass go," said another of the men. "What harm can she do, and we will have more to do before the sun rises, than fool with women." A roar of laughter greeted this speech.

"Angus is itching to be at the throat of Mac Caillein Mor himself," said the man who had spoken first and who had still a firm hold of Morag. "Well, well," he said to the girl, "for fear ye should lose ye're road, we will put you safe in the wood here, and will come back for a sight of your bonnie face ere the sun sets to-morrow."

Morag listened as if in a dream. What were they going to do? She was powerless amongst

these men. They took her into the wood and bound her to a tree, then left her.

Morag's thoughts turned back to the little cottage by the loch side. Would she never see her mother again? Then she pictured the woman's anguish when she awoke and missed her. Her brain was in a whirl, and she strained at the cords that bound her, but it was of no use. It only made them cut deeper. She dared not scream, no friend could hear her, and it might bring the men back. She must wait and suffer the agony of suspense, and the town was doomed now. She could see the Macdonalds stealthily entering the town, firing every home with blazing torches, and she saw men, women, and wailing children pouring out of the houses, half clad and terror-stricken. Oh! it was cruel, and she might have saved them.

Suddenly footsteps came hurriedly through the bushes. The next minute some one was cutting Morag's bonds. She was free! "Go quickly," said a voice she had heard somewhere before, "they won't be back for a while yet." Then the figure melted into the darkness, but not before Morag had recognized the face of the lad whose wound she had bound.

Morag's feet scarcely seemed to touch the ground, as she flew on. She felt a breath of salt air as she neared the town, and it gave her fresh energy. The dawn was breaking as she reached her cousin's house on the quay. The door was opened to her repeated knocking, and Morag stumbled in breathless and worn out. Soon she had told her story, and her cousin Donald Dubh, had sounded the warning. Every man who could wield a broadsword had turned out, and within an hour they were on their way to meet the enemy. The Macdonalds were soon driven back after a short fight, and the town was saved.

That evening when the sun was setting, and sending golden shafts of light amongst the trees in Glen Aray, a straggling ray fell upon the dead face of one of the Macdonalds. He was only a lad and had his head bound with a white cloth.

ANNA NIC DHAIBHIDH.

THE REAY CHARTER CHESTS.—Members of the Clan Mackay and others interested in the history of Sutherland, will be pleased to learn that the papers of the Lords of Reay, which have disappeared since the estates were sold by Eric, Lord Reay, have now been found, and are being carefully gone over by a literary clansman with a view to publication. They prove to be of the greatest value, and consist of charters, wadsets, sasines, marriage settlements, contracts, wills, rent rolls, etc., as well as the MS. of a history of the Clan Mackay, which has never been published. To-day we received an intimation that another box of Reay papers had been found, and it is possible that the fine old family portraits which were removed from Tongue House, may also be traced.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The *CELTIC MONTHLY* will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

AUGUST, 1900

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our next issue completes Volume 8 of the *CELTIC*, and October number commences the new Volume. The Annual Subscriptions are now due, and as we are desirous of completing the list of subscribers for the next year as soon as possible, our readers will greatly favour us by sending their annual contribution (4s. post free) at their earliest convenience to John Mackay, Celtic Monthly Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

BOUND COPIES OF VOLUME VIII.—We will be only able to offer a few copies of the bound volume for sale, as several parts are nearly out of print. A nicely bound copy of the complete volume can be had, in green cloth, gilt title, for 6/6 post free. It will make a very handsome book, suitable for a present, or to send to a Highland friend abroad. As the number of copies available is so small, readers should apply at once.

We have also in stock a few copies of volumes 6 and 7, bound uniform with volume 8, which can be had for 6/6 each, post free. Apply Celtic Monthly Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

THE MACCORQUODALES.—A correspondent in New Zealand sends us the following queries. Can any of our readers oblige him?—"MacCorquodales, 1, Highland appellation or designation; 2, present chief; 3, origin, 4, tartan; 5, coat of arms; 6, crest; 7, badge; 8, motto; 9, tune; 10, slogan; 11, clan to which affiliated; 12, septs or dependents; 13, English equivalents; 14, lands or territory, past or present; 15, could you name any documents, books, or libraries, etc., where such information could likely be obtained."—Yours obediently,

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

MESSRS. McVITIE & PRICE have just added to their Summer List of Novelties two new varieties of afternoon tea cakes, the Romney and Costa-Rica, which we have sampled and find very pleasant.

ATHOL.

LAND of ben and misty corry,
Sunny braes, and woodlands cool;
Where the Tummel and the Garry
Foaming rush from pool to pool.
Where the lofty grey Scheallion
Its eternal watches keep
O'er the homes of stalwart clansmen,
And the graves where heroes sleep.

Of the hunter's bugle sounded
In thy corries far and drear,
When the antlered herds surrounded
Were for monarch's sport brought near.
Of the fiery-cross went speeding
O'er thy heather, moss, and crag,
And the warlike slogan ringing
In thy dales has scared the stag.

Down thy glens of birch and bracken
Mackintosh came long ago,
With his champions of Clan Chattan
On their way to meet the foe.*
And thy passes, since, have echoed
Of the tramp of host and band
For the field and foray buckled,
Leal of heart and strong of hand.

Shrill the pibroch of Macdonald
From thine olden clachans rose,
When the sons of Coll and Ranald
Gathered round the good Montrose.
And Lochiel and stalwart Appin
Have as victors trod thy lea,
When in rugged Killiecrankie
Rang the slogan of Dundee.

And thine own devoted clansmen
Ne'er less brave have been than these,
When the chiefs of Blair and Struan
Raised their banners to the breeze;
When the "Gathering" of Clan Murray
Over field and forest rang,
And the tartan of Clan Dhonnachaidh
Down the banks of Garry swang.

Valiant sons of valiant fathers,
Ready aye to draw the steel,
For the rights of ancient Albyn—
For their king and kindred's weal.
And thy ducal house, green Athol,
Still sends heroes to the field,
Mindful of their ancient motto
And the symbols on their shield.

Bravely fought thy chiefs and vassals
For the Stuart Kings of yore,
Bravely fight to-day their offspring
For their Queen on Afric's shore.
Proud art thou of Tullibardine
Of Prince Charlie's fateful day,
Write another Tullibardine
On thy scroll of fame to-day.

Hatfield.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

* Skene, in his latest and most matured work "*Celtic Scotland*," came to the conclusion that the Mackintoshes and Camerons were the combatants on the North Inch of Perth, in 1369.

—✠— CONCERNING ÷ LOCHIEL ÷ AND ÷ GLENGARRY. —✠—

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

PART VIII.

THE PRIORY OF ARDCHATTAN.

The Reformation.—Spoilation of ecclesiastical property.—Priory of Ardochattan founded by Duncan Macdougall.—Glengarry becomes titular of Kilmonivaig.—Titles of Ardochattan and Kilmonivaig from 1447 to 1828.—Names of the Bishops of the Isles, Abbots of Iona, and Priors of Ardochattan, 1629.—Keppoch assists the Campbells to collect the tiends, 1634.—The Gordons contrive to include church and patronage of Kil-

monivaig in the Lochaber charters, 1618.—Wholesale bribery and corruption.

PERHAPS no period of Scottish history forms more unpleasant reading than the period from 1560 to 1600, following upon the Reformation, generally so called. There was of old in Scotland, of late years rapidly dwindling, a singular tendency towards questions connected with religion. Roman Catholicism in Scotland, latterly corrupt to the core, but all powerful in the State, fell without



[From Photo by

ARDCHATTAN PRIORY, ARGYLLSHIRE

Iain Munro, Oban.]

a blow. No doubt some of its enemies were sincerely anxious for a purer creed and manner of living, but they either allowed, or were unable to prevent the great property of the Church from being alienated by the Crown to a grasping, poor, and greedy laity. Not only were the stipends allocated to the working clergy miserably inadequate, but the new lay-owners grudged even the pittance, and by the unjust and ruinous system of uniting parishes, many, particularly in the Highlands, already too large for proper supervision—left a withering,

lasting, and prejudicial effect upon the ecclesiastical parochial system of Scotland. It is unnecessary to say that those prominent Reformers, the Campbells of Argyll, Glenorchy, and Calder, were high spoliators. The magnificent ecclesiastical foundations and bequests of the ancient Macdonalds, Macdougalls, and other men of power and rank, fell to men of the new Church, who in time uprooted and expelled the old benefactors even from their remaining lands. It did not happen, however, that such acquisitions—seldom paid for in cash—proved an

enduring success, for certainly, taking Kintyre and Muckairn in illustration, the Argylls and Calders had a very bad time.

The Priory of Ardchattan, within the Bishoprick of the Isles, had amongst its large endowments the parish of Kilmonivaig, one of the two extensive parishes composing the Lordship of Lochaber, and now comprehending the ancient parochial divisions of Kilchoan in Glengarry, and Kilchaoril in the Brae of Lochaber. Ardchattan is stated in that learned and singularly correct work, the *Origines Parochiales Scotiæ*, to have been founded in 1230 or 1231, for monks of the Order of Vallis Caulium, by Duncan Makoul (Macdougall), said to have been

one of the family of Lorn, but very little of its early history is known. I have not observed any writ of earlier date than 1447, when Pope Innocent the Fourth granted a Charter of Foundation. This deed may, however, have been in the nature of a *Novodamus*. Since this period, the charters after mentioned, of the Priory of Ardchattan, including the parish of Kilmonivaig, are fairly complete, and range from 1447 to 1828, when Alexander Macdonell, proprietor of Glengarry, succeeded in making good his claim to be titular of Kilmonivaig. The compiler of the *Origines* frequently, in order to authenticate his assertions, refers to "The Ardchattan Charters and Inventory." In the



[From Photo by

BEN CRUACHAN FROM ARDCHATTAN PRIORY.

Donald Mackay, Oban.]

year 1649, the parish of Kilmonivaig is stated to have been vacant since the Reformation, which entirely suited the Campbell titulars, who uplifted the whole income, that is, so far as absentees, they could manage to do so by the strong hand. I observe that in 1634, these high Reformers were not above calling in the arm of the Roman Catholic chieftain of Keppoch, Archibald Macdonell, to assist them in recovering their dues from the heritors of Kilmonivaig.

It was not until Presbyterian 1720, that the first minister of Kilmonivaig was inducted. The unfortunate Presentee complained that he had neither manse, glebe, kirk, nor competent stipend, and vacated as soon as he could. Since

1720, the succession has been regular, including the widely-known and eminent Celtic scholars, Dr. Thomas Ross and Dr. John Macintyre.

The titles now to be enumerated, embracing Kilmonivaig, extend from Pre-Reformation times to the year 1828.

1. Foundation of the Priory and Monastery of Ardchattan, of the Order of Vallis Caulium, by Innocent IV., Pope of Rome, anno 1447.

Vallis Caulium is latinized from the French Val-des-choux, in Burgundy, the name of the first Priory of the Order of Benedictine Monks, of which the Cisterrians are a branch. The name means, literally, the vale of cabbages (or of colewort, or pot herbs, generally), and the three houses of the order in Scotland, were situated at Pluscardine, Beaulieu, and Ardchattan.

2. The orders and ceremonies prescribed to the said Priory, by Paulus, Pope, dated April, 1465.

3. Confirmation by John, Bishop of the Isles, to the Prior of Ardhattan, and monks serving within the same, of their sundry privileges, dated 19th July, 1469.

4. Letter of Protection, granted by John, Lord Illis, to the Prior of Ardhattan, his monks and monastery, their families, possessions, kirks, lands, and others, goods and gear, moveable and unmoveable, whatsoever, dated 22nd June, 1477.

5. Confirmation by John, Bishop of Argyle, of the parsonage of ane kirk, called St. Moniveke, in Lochaber, mortified to the said Monastery and Priory of Ardhattan, by John, Lord de Illes, with consent of Angus, his son and heir, and the hail fruits and rents of the said kirk, dated last September, 1479.

6. Bond of Maintenance and Protection, by John of Yla, Lord of the Isles, whereby he obliged him and his successors to maintain, supply, and defend the house of Ardhattan, with all privileges appertaining thereto, and specially the parsonage of Kilmonivock, dated 12th July, 1485.

7. Confirmation granted by Robert, Bishop of Argyle, approving the election of Sir Dougall, Prior of Ardhattan, to the said Priory, dated 16th September, 1491.

8. Process laid upon the Bull of the said monastery, for Mr. John Campbell, given out in form of Instrument under the sign and subscription of Thomas Knox, Nottar, dated 28th January, 1545.

The above titles are enumerated in certain legal proceedings, instituted in 1629 by John, then Bishop of the Isles, against the whole vassals of the Bishoprick; and the opportunity is taken of giving from these proceedings, the names of the Bishops of the Isles, Abbots of Icolmkill, and Priors of Ardhattan, immediately prior to the above date, running backwards.

1. Bishops of the Isles, running back from 1629:—

1. Thomas.
2. Andrew, father of Thomas.
3. John Campbell, Bishop of the Isles, Abbot of Icolmkill, and Prior of Ardhattan.
4. Mr. John Carswell.
5. Rorie Maclean.
6. Farquhar Maclean, brother of Rorie.

2. Abbots of Icolmkill:—

1. Mackinnon.
2. Macgillicalum.
3. Mr. Patrick Maclean.

3. Priors of Ardhattan:—

1. Alexander Campbell.
2. Duncan Macdougall.
3. Macarthur.
4. Macdougall.

The first of the Campbells who obtained a charter of the Priory of Ardhattan, including the church of Kilmonivaig, was Alexander Campbell, apparently connected with the family of Calder. His charter, following upon the resignation of John, Bishop of the Isles, was granted by King James VI., on 5th June, 1580. Infestment followed, within the Priory, taken by Neil, Bishop of Argyle. Alexander married Katherine Macdonald, and having resigned his estates, received a new charter

from James VI., whereby Ardhattan was erected into a temporal tenantry, including the church and parish of Kilmonivaig in Lochaber, and the patronage thereof, by charter, dated 9th December, 1602. Upon this charter, he was infest on 21st April, 1606. In 1615, King James annexed the Priory of Ardhattan and Abbacy of Icolmkill to the Bishoprick of the Isles, ratified by the Scottish Parliament in 1617. Alexander Campbell died about the year 1630, and was succeeded by his son, John Campbell, who is served heir in special to his father, in *ecclesiæ et parochiæ de Kilmonivaig*, on 16th September, 1631. John Campbell gets a precept from Chancery as heir of his father, dated 1st October, 1631, on which he was infest on 12th October following. The subsequent writs are:—

1. Ratification by the Scottish Parliament of Alexander Campbell's charter and infestment, dated 29th July, 1644.

2. Agreement between John Campbell of Ardhattan and Ronald Macdonell of Keppoch, whereby, in consideration of 100 merks Scots paid by Ardhattan to Keppoch, the latter agreed to assist Ardhattan in the recovery of the teinds of Kilmonivaig, dated at Inveraray, 27th September, 1634.

3. Charter by John Campbell of Ardhattan, in favour of Archibald Campbell, his eldest lawful son, of the lands of Ardhattan and the patronage of Kilmonivaig, dated 9th April, 1652.

4. Sasine thereon dated 15th June, duly registered 19th June, 1652. This John Campbell disposed the patronage of Kilmonivaig to Lord Macdonell and Aros, in 1675, under the circumstances hereafter specified, but in the troubles which befel the Glengarry family, the right of patronage fell into disuse, and it nominally continued in the Ardhattan title deeds, hence the line of Campbells until the year 1828, when the last shred lapsed, is continued.

5. Bond by Æneas, Lord Macdonell and Aros, in favour of John Campbell, father of Archibald Campbell of Ardhattan, for 1600 merks Scots, as the balance of the price of the patronage of the parish of Kilmonivaig and teinds thereof, dated the last day of April, 1675.

6. Special service of John Campbell, as heir to his father, Archibald Campbell, in the church and parish of Kilmonivaig, dated 19th May, 1697.

7. Precept from Chancery following thereon in favour of John Campbell, dated 10th June, 1703.

8. Sasine thereon, dated 17th July, registered 29th July, 1703.

9. Disposition of *inter alia* the church and patronage of Kilmonivaig by John Campbell, in favour of Charles Campbell of Ardhattan, dated 8th February, 1708.

10. Charter of Resignation under the Great Seal, in favour of Charles Campbell, dated 13th February, registered 21st February, sealed 22nd February, 1738.

11. Sasine following thereon, in favour of the said Charles Campbell, dated 10th May, registered General Register of Sasines, 5th June, 1738.

12. Contract of marriage betwixt Patrick Campbell, eldest son of the said Charles Campbell, with consent of his father on the one part, and Lilius Macfarlane, daughter of the deceased John Macfarlane of Gartalane, dated 26th June, 1753.

13. Disposition by the said Patrick Campbell, to Robert Campbell of Ardchattan, his second son, dated 21st October, 1795, registered at Edinburgh, 31st January, 1799.

14. Precept from Chancery for infetting Robert Campbell (his elder brother being dead) as heir in special to Charles Campbell, his grandfather, in the patronage of Kilmonivaig, dated 27th August, 1824.

15. Sasine following thereon, dated 8th September, registered 1st October, 1824.

16. Disposition of the patronage of Kilmonivaig by the said Robert Campbell, in favour of Colonel Alexander Macdonell of Glengarry, dated 27th May, 1824.

17. Sasine thereon, dated 17th August, 1824.

The sale to Lord Macdonell and Aros being again renewed and confirmed by Nos. 16 and 17, it might be presumed that Glengarry's rights were unquestionable. This, however, was not the case. Without the shadow of legal right the Gordons had contrived to get the church and patronage of Kilmonivaig included in their Royal Charters to parts of the Lordship of Lochaber as follows:—

1. Charter by James VI. in favour of George, Lord Gordon, of the lands of Inverlochy and others in the Lordship of Lochaber, dated 17th September, 1618.

2. Precept from Chancery thereon of same date, sealed 12th April, 1623.

3. Sasine thereon, dated 11th July, and registered Particular Register of Sasines at Fortrose, 22nd July, 1623.

4. Charter of Resignation and Novodamus under the Great Seal, in favour of George, first Duke of Gordon, of the lands and earldom of Huntly and others dated 21st May, 1684, sealed 10th September, thereafter.

Corruption and bribery unparalleled on the part of the crown officers, attended the granting of this Charter, for properties including the patronage of Kilmonivaig, and property rights belonging to others were introduced wholesale.

5. Retour of the special service of Alexander, Duke of Gordon, as heir to his father, Cosmo George, dated 9th February, 1754.

6. Precept from Chancery thereon, dated 25th March, 1754.

7. Sasine thereon, dated 3rd April, registered General Register of Sasines, 17th April, 1754.

8. Charter under the Great Seal, in favour of Alexander, Duke of Gordon, dated 6th August, sealed 16th August, 1766.

(To be Continued).

ALLT ROAN CHRUaidh.

AIR Fonn:—"Ho rò, mo nighean donn, bhoidheach."

SEISD:— Gur h-iomadh alltan craobhach,
Tha ruith tre choill is fhraocha,
Ach soraidh thor gach aon diubh,
Thoir uams' do Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Cha 'n fhios domh e' àit' an sir mi,
Na 'n tòisich mi ri innseadh,
Na h-uile sealladh finealt',
A chit' aig Allt Raon Chruaidh.

An uchd nam beanntan iargalt'
Tha breith a' chaochain bhriagh so,
'S tha iomadh fuaran fìor-uig'
A' brùchdadh 'dh' Allt Raon Chruaidh.

An gaillionn fhuar a' gheamhraidh,
'San silleadh gruaim nam beanntan,
Bi 'n sruth a' dol na dheanntaibh
'S bi strann 'an Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Bi neart an uisg' o'n uachdar,
Teachd 'nuas le farum fuasach,
Bi drochaidean ga 'n sguabadh
Roimh uamhor Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Bi creagan air am spealgadh,
Bi sgàirnich chlachan balbh ann,
'S bi fuaim bhios grabhal garbh ann
Leam eas-a Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Ma 's toigh leat a bhi sealltuinn,
Air cumhachd tha gun cheannsal,
Thoir sùil is beachd san am so
Do 'n ghàir tha 'n Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Tha 'n tuil tha domhain, beuchdach
A' sguabadh roimh gach eise,
'S mar urchar, creagan leumnaich
Thar eas-a Allt Raon Chruaidh.

An tiormachd teas an t-samhraidh
'S na gathan gréin a' dannsadh,
'Se siubhal seimh is fann 'n sin
Tha 'm bruachan Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Sin an uair bu chaoimh leam,
Bhi seabhaid' air gach taobh dheth
'S na h-eòin le ceòl is sùgradh,
Air bruachan Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Tha 'n dreathan donn 'san dìg ann,
Tha 'n smeòrach le guth binn ann,
Tha 'n uiseag sùrdail 'seinn ann,
An speuran Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Cearc thomain is cearc fhraoich ann,
Tha speurag sireadh faobh ann,
Tha fìtheach, feadag, 's faoileag
Toirt sgrìob á Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Tha chuaineann air gach taobh ann,
Tha àilean reamhar, shaor ann,
Tha eich, is crodh, is caoraich,
Air raointibh Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Tha ach'ean* crìochach fèidh ann,
Tha bain' is mil gu leòr ann
Tha 'n t-im air dhath an òir ann
Am bruachan Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Tha seanairean gun bheud ann,
Tha gilleann òga treun ann,
Gnìomhach, foinnidh, spèiseil,
Air bruachan Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Tha maighdeanan gu guanach,
Gu h-iasgaidh is neo-ghruaimieach,
'S tha mnathan beusach, uasal,
Air bruachan Allt Raon Chruaidh.

Aultbea.

H. M.

*achaidhean—fields.

§ seabhaid—wandering.

THE NORSE ELEMENT IN SUTHERLAND.

BY REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNES.

THE subject of this paper is a very wide one, and there are two or three ways of approaching it. We may first interrogate the topographical record and ascertain from the place names of the present the nationality of the tribes once upon a time in actual possession. There is no doubt that a great deal of the history of the past is embedded in the names of places, and for a long period the only record we possess of our ancestors is the topographical one. By means of it we are able to trace the march of early Celtic tribes through Central Europe, until they took possession of the British Isles, centuries before the Christian era. A careful examination of the place-names of Sutherland makes it abundantly manifest that it was for a long period in possession of the Norsemen. Norse names occur on the coast in some districts in the proportion of three to one, and occasionally may be met with in the heart of the County. There is historical evidence that the Norse power was supreme for a period of about 500 years, in Caithness and Sutherland; that is from 750 A.D. to 1263 A.D., and the marvel is, that Sutherlandshire is not to-day like Caithness, occupied by a Teutonic speaking people, largely the descendants of these Norse invaders. Such is not the case, however; and parts of Caithness and the whole of Sutherland retained the Celtic speech of their forefathers in spite of this more or less complete political subjugation for so many centuries.

(2) Another method of estimating the Norse influence in one County is by an examination of the dialect of Gaelic spoken there. It differs to a certain extent from the dialects of districts farther south, and less exposed to Scandinavian influences. In this respect we shall find a very large number of loan-words from the Norse in the Gaelic of Sutherlandshire. The dialect of the Western Highlands and Islands reveals the same influence, but not nearly to such a large extent, the reason being, as I take it, not that the Norse influence was less paramount in the Western Isles than in Sutherland—for the place-names of the Western Isles are more Scandinavian than Sutherlandshire place-names—but for the reason that Goidelic influences were stronger there to resist the foreigner, with Celtic Ireland on the one side, and the Gaelic Kingdom of Dalriada on the other, in the near vicinity.

(3) The subject may also be approached from the anthropological side. Seeing that a vigorous race existed for centuries in our midst it is impossible to ignore their contribution to the form and feature of the present inhabitants. Can we trace any Scandinavian features—physical, mental, and moral—in the present Highlander? Of course the science of anthropology is yet in its infancy; but still, there are some outstanding racial characteristics, so plain that he who runs may read, and an attempt will be made to point out what may be considered undeniable Scandinavian types in our midst.

In these three ways then, I propose briefly to trace the Norse element in Sutherland—topographically, linguistically (in the Gaelic dialect), and ethnologically, in the racial characteristics, physically and psychologically.

(4) There is a fourth method, which in the hands of competent authorities, might yield valuable results. I mean architectural structures, the remains of forts built very often on prominent and almost detached rocks on the seashore. Two of these are to be met with on the north coast; one, Castle Borge, in the parish of Farr, and another, Castle Bharruich, at Tongue. Now a good many archæologists are inclined to ascribe to these a Norse origin, and their erection so near the sea, with in many cases a passage underground leading to the sea, seems to point irresistibly to a Scandinavian origin. Of course, their being in possession of the Clans at a later period, proves nothing one way or the other.

Let us first learn the lesson which the place-names furnish.

The name of the County itself is Norse—



CASTLE VARRICH, KYLE OF TONGUE.

Sudr-land, which means southern land. It was so called in reference to Caithness; for a part of Sutherland lies south of it. But far the greater part does not lie to the south of Caithness, so that the name, as applied to the region of Cape Wrath, is a misnomer. We must remember, however, that the Norsemen never called the north-western district of the County by the name of Sutherland. The whole north-coast from Cape Wrath to Duncansbay Head was called Kata-ness (point of the Catti). It was only in modern times, as recent indeed as 1630, that the Sherifdom of Sutherland was made to embrace the Reay Country or Mackay's land and Assynt. Thus it happens that there is no Gaelic term for modern Sutherland. *Cataobh* corresponds exactly to the ancient Sudr-land, the south-east of the County; and no native of Assynt or of the Reay Country would say in the vernacular that he came from *Cataobh*; he should at once say that he hailed from Duthaich-mhic-Aoidh or Assynt, as the case might be. Yet in English, he should use the term Sutherland, without hesitation. Because the names Sutherland and *Cataobh* are not co-terminous it is impossible to translate literally the phrase—a native of Sutherlandshire.

This little word *sudr*, which enters into the place-name, and means southern, is still preserved in the designation "Bishop of Sodor and Man." There is no place of the name of Sodor; but the title dates from the Norse period, when there was a bishop over the Southern Isles and Man.

After the County name, come the Parish names of which there are thirteen. These are Assynt, Dornoch, Golspie, Creich, Kildonan, Lairg, Clyne, Loth, Rogart, Farr, Tongue, Durness, Eddrachilles. Of these, five are clearly Gaelic names—*Creich*, Gael, *crìch*, boundary, gen. of *crioch*, march; *Lairg*, Gael, *luirg*, *learg*, high ground or eminence; *Clyne*, *sgìr Chlìn*, is the Gael. *cluain*, meadow, again oblique case; *Kildonan*, the church or *cell* of Donan, an Irish Saint; and *Eddrachilles*, *eadar-dha-chaolas*, literally between two Kyles. Of these five there can be no doubt. Equally certain is the Norse derivation of two parishes at least. *Durness*, which occurs as *Dyr-ness* in the Saga, the point of the deer; and *Tongue*, which is the Norse for a *tongue*, a spit of land running out into the sea. There are *tongues* in Lewis and the Western Highlands, similarly situated. We have thus seven parish names disposed of satisfactorily, five Gaelic and two

Norse. What are we to make of the remaining six—Assynt, Dornoch, Loth, Farr, Golspie, and Rogart? In these, there may be traces of Pre-Celtic Non-Aryan language, or of an earlier Celtic language akin to the Brythonic, usually called the Pictish language. In the present state of Gaelic phonetics, it is simply impossible to say what Assynt means, and although *Loth* has been recognised as Ptolemy's Logi by good Celtic scholars, the connection is very problematical. Leaving these as meanwhile insoluble, we are left with this proportion in the region of certainty—two-fifths of our parish names are Norse, perhaps we may safely say one-third of our parochial names are Norse. Can we say of a Sutherland Highlander that he is to the extent one-third of Teutonic origin?

Coming now to place-names of less importance, we find a very large number indeed of clearly Norse origin, side by side with unquestionable Gaelic names. In the south-east of the County, occur a large number of terminal *dales*. Care must be taken here for there is a Gaelic *dail*—a loan-word from Norse *dalr*; *dale*, and this Gaelic word *dal* enters largely into the topography of the Highlands. The rule is that when it comes first as in Dalmore (large dale) it is Celtic; but when it stands last as Langdale, Spinningdale, Swordale, Migdale, it is Norse, and these names were applied by a Norse speaking people, for of course the generic term in Gaelic stands first—*each geal*; but Teutonic, white horse. This terminal *dale* is of such frequent occurrence in the place-names of Sutherland that they easily sum up to hundreds.

2. After *dale* the Norse *gil*, a narrow glen with a stream in it, makes a good second. It also appears for the most part terminally.



HELMSDALE CASTLE, SUTHERLAND.

Examples are Achredigill, Baligill, Smigill, Ritigill, Fresgill, Urigill, Achrisgill, Traligill, Suisgill, Apigill, etc.

3. Norse *bol*, a farm, abode—root in Eng. build—yields the following place-names, Kirki-boll, Torboll, Eriboll, Borroboll, Eldraboll, Learable (mud-town), Arnaboll, and Crosple; a corrupt form *bo* appears in Embo, Skibo, and Skelbo, in East Sutherland.

4. *Melr*, stem mel, bent grass, appears in Melness, Melvich, Achmelvich (Assynt).

5. *Fjall*, a mountain, is of frequent occurrence terminally. It appears as bhal-val, and al and le (Ben) Loyal, Arkle, and Sabhal.

6. *Vik*, a creek, bay, occurs as such in Kerwick, *vich*, Melvich, and more frequently as aig. Quite a number of names end in aig in the Highlands.

7. *Vollr*, a field (Gen. vallar), appears terminally as wall, well; examples are Golval, Rossal, Marrel, and Langwell.

8. *Setr*, a seat, residence, also mountain pasture, appears in Lewis as shadir, of which there are no less than thirteen; and with us as set, said, and side, terminally Bowside, Linside, Caonasaid (King's place), Bosset.

9. The Norse names for animals are met with frequently in place-names—e.g., the sheep, horse, lamb, salmon, eagle, furnish us with Soa, and Hoan, sheep-isle, Rossal, horse-field, Lamigo, lamb's goe. Lax-ford, Salmon-ford, Beinn-Horn, Eagle-hill. Different kinds of trees, such as the Yew and Ash, and copsewood (*rhis*), furnish well-known places; the latter as a prefix is very common, Rispond, Achrisgill, Eddrachillis, etc.

10. *Vatn*, water, appears as bhat, in Assynt, in Sandwood, Gaelic, Seannabhat, sandylake. Sand itself occurs in Sango, more and beg, the big and small sandy goes.

11. *Harri*, heights, appears in Altnaharra. *Bakki*, bank ridge in Backie, Hysbackie, cold-backie, and the Norse *thing* is found in Dalting, parish of Farr.

Indeed the parishes of Farr, Tongue, and Durness—Lord Reay's Country, contain a larger percentage of Norse names than any district of equal size on the mainland, outside of Caithness. The coast-names of these parishes are almost entirely Norse, and many are to be met with in the far interior.

Halladale, Holydale, Forsinard, Forsnain, Begas, Kirkton, Melvich, Portskerry, Baligill, Poteegan, Armadale, *Diob-coirean*, Skerry, Torrisdale, Tongue, Melness, Coldbacky, Hope Heilim, Talmine (when an islet), Eriboll, Durness, Sango-beg, Crosspul, Keoldale, from which it can be safely inferred that the Kyles of Tongue, Eriboll, and Durness, were early

made use for embarking purposes by the predatory Vikings.

The prevalence of Norse names makes it abundantly manifest that a Scandinavian population once had possession of our fertile straths and glens. They subdued the early inhabitants, who were speaking a Celtic tongue, at first Pictish, and latterly Gaelic or Gadelic. Have they left their impression upon the character of the people, as well as the topography of the county? In answering this question it must be admitted that *language* is of little consequence in determining questions of ethnology. Suppose an inhabitant of Mars was to visit this earth of ours, with a good knowledge of languages, and that he alighted in Galloway, he should find that almost all the place-names were Gaelic, and nothing would be more natural for him than to come to the conclusion that he was in the midst of a Gaelic speaking people. In the same way, did he alight in Durness, he should expect to find the people speaking a Teutonic dialect from the prevalence of Scandinavian names. In both cases he should have been mistaken. In Galloway, where place-names are largely Celtic, the language of the present day is English; in Durness, where place-names are largely Norse, the people speak Gaelic. We may therefore dismiss *language* as a factor in determining ethnological problems. No doubt the people of Galloway are largely Celtic in blood, though not in speech, and the converse is true of many Highland districts—they have a large mixture of Scandinavian blood, though speaking now a Celtic language.

(To be continued.)

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED HIGHLANDER IN NEW ZEALAND.—Many of our readers, both in Kintyre and New Zealand, will regret to learn of the death of Mr. Neil Fleming, of Flemington, Oamaru. He was a native of Kintyre, and, like many of his countrymen, decided to try his fortune in the Australian Colonies, landing in New Zealand. Being a man of great commercial ability and activity, he started business as a stock, shipping, and exporting merchant, and soon acquired a large connection, and was very successful. Mr. Fleming, who was a good Gaelic scholar, took a keen interest in the Scotch societies of Dunedin, and was president of the Gaelic Society and the Caledonian Society. On social occasions, he frequently treated his compatriots to a Gaelic song, in which capacity he had few equals in the colony. In a note which we have just received from one of our subscribers in New Zealand, Mr. D. A. Cameron, of Southland, he says: "I am sorry to hear of your uncle's death—Mr. Neil Fleming, of Oamaru. He was highly respected in his district, and I have always heard him spoken of as a highly influential and esteemed member of the community. He took a deep interest in Highland affairs, and will be much regretted by his friends in New Zealand."

"COLIN O' THE SEA."

CATRIONA, with the eyes of the colour of the deep loch, lived with her mother in the little white cottage away up on the hillside. Down in the village dwelt Andrew Mackay and "Colin o' the Sea," in both of whom burned the love for the same woman. Every morning they awoke to feel it hot and close to their hearts, all day it lay in their thoughts, at night it did not sleep. But with Anndra the love-sickness awoke an old, evil restlessness, while Colin desired nothing save to wander along the shore in the dusk-shadows, or climb the heather-clad hillside and dream away the hours.

It had been naked steel between their families in the old days, and because of the sleeping feud the rivals seldom spoke.

After a while it fell out that Anndra went away to the low country where he had an uncle engaged in business. Before he left, he came to the door of Colin's cottage, and beckoned him out. The poet stepped into the gloaming readily enough, for he had foreseen this interview in his dreams.

"Swear that you and Catriona will not meet at all until a year has passed" was Anndra's demand.

Full of an impulsive generosity, Colin swore by that which he held most sacred that his eyes and her's should not meet until a year had elapsed.

"You are my enemy," he said abruptly, "but the Time has not come." And Anndra was satisfied.

Colin kept his oath. For a full year he avoided her who was the light of his day and the spirit of his songs. The better to keep the conditions of his bond, he crossed the island to the far side and spent the summer in an old fisherman's hut. Here he dwelt till autumn came, and then he lay on the moors in the day and slept in the sheiling of a shepherd until the cold weather came, and the term of his oath was nearly spent. In the summer-time, with the flowers and the gentle breathing of the sea around him, his poetry was full of the sweetness of his love, and many a song he sang which none save the sea-birds heard. When the autumn came his muse left him, but he saw many things which were born to him on the lonely moorlands, tinged with purple and brown. Winter brought a return of fiercer inspiration. The wind grew keener, the mists choked the corries, the sea was white with restless foam, the glens were snow-covered. The spirit of the old bards and heroes came over him. He longed for the day when he should meet Anndra face

to face. He knew it would come—he had seen it afar off.

At last the day came when his oath no longer held him in voluntary exile. He rose before dawn and watched the light creeping over the grey, silent sea. Then as the old familiar colours came into the world again, he turned his face towards the village.

"She will meet me at the turn of the road," he said to himself. Seated on the broad ledge of the little stone bridge was Catriona. The pale, winter sun fell on her face full of the freshness of the morning; her arms were extended in glad welcome; her eyes flashed with the soft fire of love.

And so they two sat—now silent, now speaking—they scarce knew of what. They were content to sit hand in hand and drink in the beauty of the scene before them and their own dream-thoughts within. By and by, a solitary horseman made his way up the steep hill-road. His horse's hoofs struck a metallic note on the frost-bound stones, and Catriona and Colin turned in idle curiosity to watch the rider. Then she whispered with a trembling pressure of the hand which lay in Colin's—"Anndra!"

"I knew it, heart of me, do not fear," was the reply.

When he reached the crest of the hill, the rider drew rein sharply, the breath of the horse forming great jets of white in the frosty air. He dismounted and approached the two figures.

He was dressed in Lowland style, but beneath the plumed hat of the gallant they recognized his face. Catriona's heart grew chill, as he bowed in mock courtesy, and she knew that, whereas she had never loved him, now she hated him.

"You have made the best use of your time," he said, with a sneer, "despite your solemn oath, your word is as treacherous as the sea, by which you swore."

"It is a lie you are speaking, Anndra Mac Aoidh," cried Catriona, her face paling.

But Colin was silent, lest he should leap upon him as he stood there in the clear morning light.

"The witness is prejudiced," Anndra replied, and made as though he would seat himself beside them. But Colin's sea-heart rose, and he struck the newcomer full in the face bringing blood to his lip.

Anndra's hand went to the hilt of the Spanish blade which dangled at his hip, but he did not draw.

"Will you meet me, Poet?—the old conditions, each man his own steel, and the oath on the dirk to him who falls, I give you the choice of place and time."

And Colin, ignorant of his opponent's skill at the duello, and careless of what he said, answered, "The shore at dawn to-morrow."

"But you have no weapon," was the contemptuous reply.

"I will find one, I am thinking," and Colin turned on his heel and followed Catriona down the village road.

Anndra laughed as he rode along, waving his gloved hand to a score of acquaintances, his cloak carelessly thrown back, and his richly embroidered doublet displayed with cavalier grace. He laughed, because at his side he wore the steel which had never yet met defeat in the duello. Six duels had he fought, and four of his men were cold. They had nicknamed him in Holland "The Sword of Lightning." And he thought of the poet, and laughed again.

That night Anndra drank deep with a few boon companions, but Colin spent the hours in watching from his window. An old claymore was in his hand, a broad, basket-hilted weapon of great age, and with curious engraving on the blade.

And as he sat there in semi-darkness, he spoke to it, chanting, it seemed, some old forgotten lines of hidden meaning.

They were the children of his own inspiration, addressed to the Sea he loved so well, with its heaving swell, its soft, warm motion, and anon the thunder of the surf in the shore-caverns. And the Sea answered, calling him with the gentle sighing of its lapping waves, yet irresistibly. He left his room and moved swiftly shorewards, until he stood before the Atlantic and felt the salt air cool upon his temples. In an hour dawn came—and Anndra. As they met, their faces strangely wan in the weird grey light, Colin felt his blade move in its scabbard like a living thing, and knew that the answer had come.

"Have you no second?" asked Anndra, through his teeth.

Colin had never thought of needing such, ignorant and careless of the etiquette of the duello.

But from behind a great sea-weed covered boulder there glided a slender figure in white with a shawl cast about her shoulders. She stood close at Colin's shoulder, and he smiled to see the discomfiture of the gallant. After a word, Anndra threw off his coat, rolled up his fair linen shirt-sleeves, and handed his plumed hat to the fellow who stood by him. Colin stood ready, his head bare, his dark kilt flapping gently against his lean, brown knees, and in his keen eyes a look of proud disdain. Then they drew. Anndra flung down his scabbard on the wet stones with a harsh clang, and saluted his opponent with supercilious courtesy. Their

long blades gleamed blue in the dim dawn-light, but not a sound broke the silence of the lonely shore save the rasp and ring of steel on steel.

Anndra's aim was to disconcert Colin with the brilliancy of his swordmanship, confuse him with the rapidity of his attack, and bring him to his knees with some delicate French trick of the wrist and point. But he knew not that in the blade which crossed his flashed the spirit of the sea—that phosphorescent glimmer which haunts the waters ere the storm breaks.

Little by little his strokes grew feebler, his points uncertain, his guards ill-formed. Once his spurred riding-boots slipped amongst the rough shingle, but he was up like a flash and Colin's stroke only glanced on his sword-arm. Then the horror of defeat, the hot indignation of disgrace, broke out upon him, and forgetting his cool scientific play, he rushed at his antagonist. There was a grinding jar, a hoarse laugh, and his good blade snapped like a rowan twig.

"It is the sword of Diarmaid of the Sea-Isles that I am using," said Colin, quietly. And the other folded his arms in sullen silence. The Sea-Poet drew his dirk and held out the naked steel. Anndra took it slowly, and turned towards the rising sun.

"Before this cross and before God, I swear to leave the maid, Catriona, to Caillein, the Sea-Poet, and to quit this isle before noon."

Then he repeated the old, old formula as Colin instructed him, and kissed the cross of the dirk-hilt, the oath that no clansman can break. After that he turned inland once more in the cold, clear light of the early morning, and rode away with his companion.

And then to Colin and Catriona the sun seemed to rise with new joy.

COINNEACH DUBH.

DISCOVERY OF THE EARLY RECORDS OF THE 91st ARGYLLSHIRE HIGHLANDERS.—A very interesting and unique volume came into our possession lately, in the shape of the MS. volume of Monthly Returns of the 91st Argyllshire Highlanders, dating from the year of its embodiment in 1794 to 1809. It is a large volume of 400 pages, strongly bound in calf, each return being signed by the colonel of the regiment. The records of this gallant regiment were well kept, the whole volume being a model of neatness, and each page containing a return on every department of the corps. Recollecting that the 91st took part in the first Dutch War at the Cape in 1796, we had the curiosity to go over the Monthly Returns for that period, and were amazed to find that the Argylls lost very heavily during the period of their stay in South Africa. Indeed, they lost more men in this first Boer War than they have done during the present, although they have suffered so severely at Modder River, Magersfontein, and other conflicts.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following Gaelic song and its accompanying air received the Third Prize for "Original Gaelic Poetry" at the Mod, held last year in Edinburgh. It is the com-

position of Mr. John MacFadyen, Glasgow, author of *An t-Eileanach*. The air is a variant of that associated with the well-known song—"Ochdìn a rìgh gur a mi tha muldach."

AN CEITEIN.

GLEUS A.

{ : s ₁ : l ₁ , l ₁	d : r. m : l. s. m	m, r. — : m	: l ₁ : t ₁ , l ₁	s ₁ : l ₁ t ₁ : m, d	r, t ₁ — : l ₁ }
Air faill ill	ò - ro', hill - ò hill	oireann - an,	Hill iù hill	ò - ro, hill - o hill	oirrean - an;

{ : r ₁ : m ₁ , s ₁	l ₁ : d. t ₁ : l ₁ , s ₁	l ₁ d. — : r	: r : m, s	l. s : m. s : m, r, d	t ₁ , l ₁ — : l ₁
Mo cheòlraidh luaineach, car uair bi	somal - ta;	Nach tigthu'nghleannleam, do chainnt chachoma leam.			

Tha 'Ghrian ag èiridh, 's gach gnè a' beothachadh;
Tha oiteag shìochail, troimh 'n tìr, a' feothachadh.
Tha thus 'san àile, 's rinn nàdur mothachadh,
O thig do 'n bheinn leam 's a choill a' smothachadh.

Cha 'n ann cuir sìos air toil-inntinn fhreagarach,
Ri srann na fìdhle 'san ruidhle bheadarach;
No ceòl cruit chiatach nam miar-tholl feadanach,
'S gur binn leam duanag na gruagach leadanach.

Tha torman alltan fo mheanglain fhocharach,
'S gach geug a lùbadh, fo 'n ùr-bharr cochullach;
Na raointean uaine, fo 'n luachair, bachullach,
'S gach réidhlean ìosal na mhìn-cìos fochunnach.

Ged 's cainnt do mhóran gur gòraich 's milleadh e,
Cluith fhaoin de 'n t-seòrs' ud, bheir brón mar
tìllear e.

Ach caidir còmhlain—'s ma 's deòin leat fìdir e—
Fo smachd na còrach, cha ghòraich idir e.

Tha fàir nan sléibhtean fo speuran uinneagach,
'Us lusan snuadhmhor mu bhruachan puinneagach;
Tha ceòl nam maighdean a seinn gu luinneagach,
A' táladh bhuailtean, gu cuachach cuinneagach.

Na toir leum uibeir an luib gach annasach;
No t-uchd ri sàile, 'san snámh nach aithne dhuit.
Mar steud gun srian ris, 's a dhiolaid falamh air,
Gus an teid deigh'n* ort fo chreuchdan aithreachais

Gach flùran maother le aodann luranach,
An gnais, gu 'n saoil mi bhì aoidheil furanach;
Gach bile gaineamhain gu seamarach muranach,
Toirt trian deth m' òige le deòin 'bhi cuireideach.

Do ghean ga d' thréigsinn, do spéis a' fannachadh;
Gun toir thu chùil ort 's gun diùlt thu banaladh;
Ag aithris ùrnuigh 's do dhùil ri beannachadh,
'S do sporan 's iall air 's tu dian ga teannachadh.

Gur cùin an t-sàmhchair air làr nan coireachan;
'S tha ribheid shìùbhlach an dlùth 's nan doireachan;
Ri still nan garbh-eas is lannireach boinneachan,
Gun leum, na geala-bhric, a' deallair' mar ghloin-
eachan.

'Si 'n acair Neamhaidh tha làidir tabhachdach,
'S cha leig i ceàrr thu air ràith'dean amaideach;
Ma gheibh thu cinnt air, 's an fhìrinn fhàireachadh,
Gu 'm bheil thu snìomhte ri nì bith-mhaireannach.

Cha chuirear còmhla, an crò, mo sheallaidhean;
Tha 'n eunlaidh fhiadhaich, air sgiath, mu stall-
aichean.

CRAOBH.

Cha 'n fhaigh mi sòlas, cho beò, an tallachan,
Na 'n cùirtean briagha mu 'n iadh na ballachan.

* fetters.

THE KYLE OF SUTHERLAND.

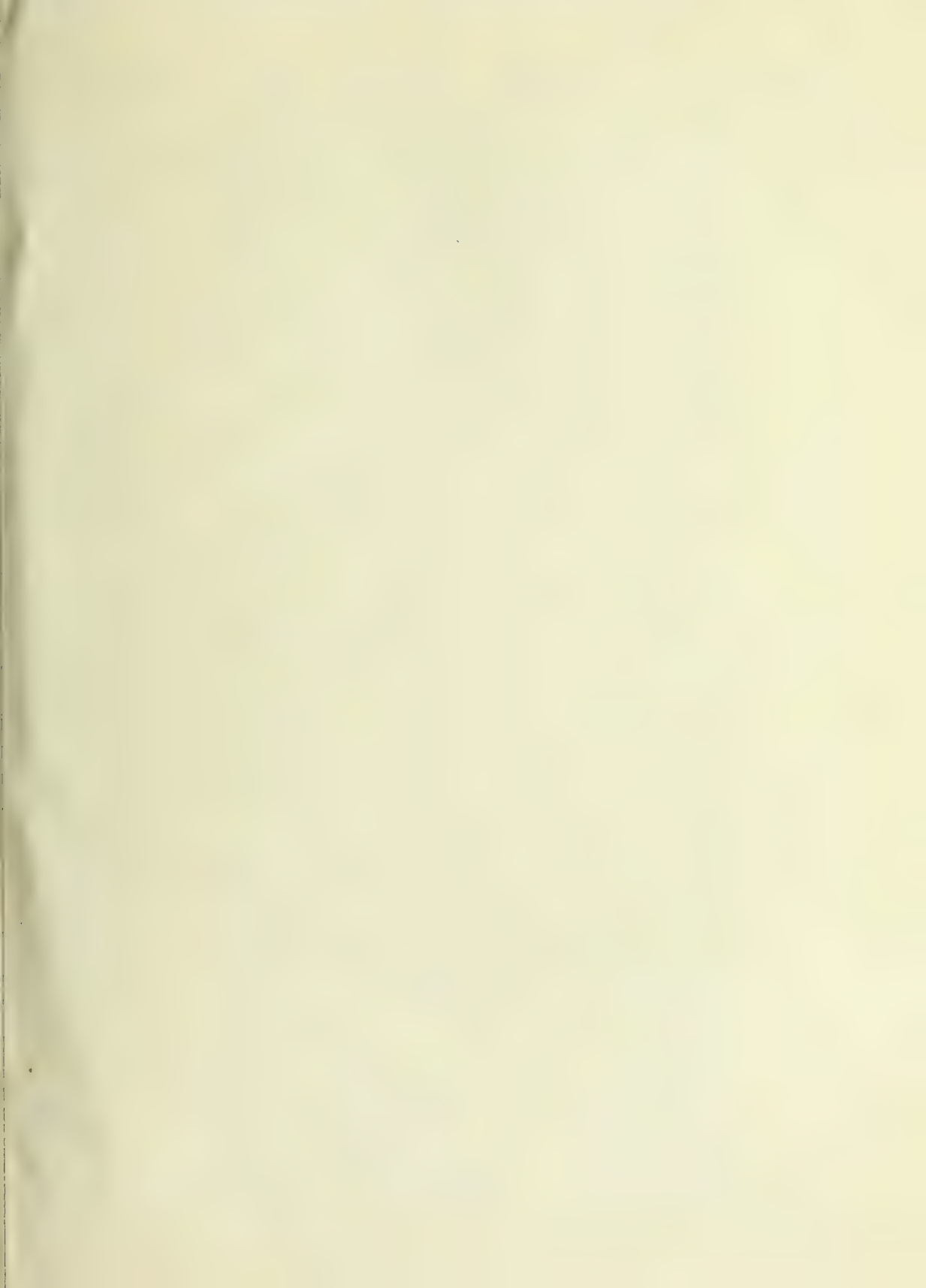
THE KYLE OF SUTHERLAND extends from the Dornoch Firth about two miles in a North-Westerly direction to Inveran, where the waters of Shin and Oykel meet. The tide flows up the whole length of the Kyle, notwithstanding its irregular depth. The scenery around is exquisite; high mountains rise up on both sides, partly bare and partly wooded; some are very steep, while others ascend in a gradual slope.

Not far from Bonar is a wood called Craighendhu which is remarkably dark at night. It is said to be haunted by a "bodach" who is believed to utter fearful screams on a certain night of the year. No one knows the reason why, although it is supposed

that a terrible murder took place in the wood, but it is not known who was murdered or who the murderer was.

Farther up the Kyle on the Ross-shire side is a deep round pool called the "mischief sponge bowl"; it is not visible until one is quite at it, because of a small ridge by which the pond is surrounded. Every now and again it is seen to bubble, and as the pool contains salt water it is believed to have some subterranean connection with the Kyle of Sutherland. There is another curious pond near Culrain, where tradition says Montrose when being pursued threw in some treasure. Some miles beyond the Kyle on the river Oykel is a place called Tutunrarach, where the Sutherlands defeated a marauding body of the Macleods of Assynt.

ERIC STAIR KERR.





LACHLAN MACLEAN.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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LACHLAN MACLEAN,

CHIEF, CAPE TOWN HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

THE subject of our sketch this month is a Highlander whose name has come very prominently into public notice during the past year in connection with South African affairs, his position as Agent for Sir Donald Currie's "Castle" Line of Steamers at Cape Town being one of great responsibility. His fellow-countrymen in other parts will doubtless be glad to learn some particulars of the career of this distinguished Highlander.

Mr. Maclean, fourth son of the late Lachlan Maclean of Greenhill, Tiree, was born at Crosh, Tiree, 28th January, 1852. His mother was also of the clan name. He was educated at the local schools and by private tutors. In April 1868, he came to Glasgow and entered the office of Sir Donald Currie; was transferred to the Leith office in 1871, and to the London in 1874. Four years later he was appointed Agent in Cape Town, South Africa, for the celebrated "Castle" Line. During his residence in Leith he was a member of the First Midlothian Rifle Volunteers, and twelve years ago he took an active part in raising the Cape Town Highlanders, a fine body of kilted clansmen the command of which was offered to him, but which he declined on account of want of sufficient leisure to do justice to the position.

A member of the Gaelic Society of London, he took an active part in forming a kindred institution in South Africa—the Cape Caledonian Society, of which he is a life member. Last year the Cape Highland Society was formed under the most auspicious circumstances, and the subject of our sketch was elected first chief. It is probably the first purely Highland Society formed in the Southern Hemisphere. The Gaels of Cape Town gave Lord Lovat's Scouts an enthusiastic reception and entertainment, and provided comforts for them and the Highland Brigade. I need hardly add that Mr. Maclean is also a life member of the Clan Maclean Society, and takes a deep interest in all its undertakings.

Although closely occupied with business Mr. Maclean finds time to devote some attention to

public affairs, and was Mayor of Claremont (in which district Kenilworth is included) in 1898, and is still a member of the municipality. He was chairman of the Claremont School Board last year, and also of the Finance Committee of the Wynberg Hospital.

It is interesting to mention that Mr. Maclean is fond of all branches of sport—what true Highlander is not!—especially shooting and fishing. The hall of his residence at Kenilworth is decorated with many fine trophies of big game, the result of a shooting excursion on the East Coast, near the Zambesi, in the Beira district. The Cape Game Protection Association founded in 1889, which has done excellent work, owes its inception to him, and he still acts as honorary secretary and treasurer, and is also a member of the Marine Fisheries' Committee—a semi-government body dealing with marine fisheries. This Gael was also the first to introduce trout into South African rivers, which are now well stocked and will be open for fishing in a year or two.

Mr. Maclean is married to Margaret, daughter of the late John Cumming Crawford of Edinburgh, and has one child, "Sheila," born 29th May, 1893. His residences are "Greenhill," Kenilworth, a beautiful suburb seven miles from Cape Town; and "Duart," Seaforth, Simonstown—names which have a Highland significance—the island of his birth, and the ancient seat in Mull of the chiefs of his clan.

TO SOMEBODY.

THY face to see, thy smile to greet,
Thy hand to feel tight-clasped in mine;
Thy breathing soft upon my cheek.
In broken speech to whisper words
Of tenderness.
As we two tread the winding path,
Thy voice to hear, and treasure up
The mem'ry of each low, sweet tone.
In thy deep eyes, fair dreams to see
Of dawning love.
What though the night-wind whistles keen
And stirs the tendrils of thy hair?
To-morrow's sun will pierce the gloom;
What though the chill of darkness falls—
Has love no warmth?

COINNEACH DUBH.

CLACH-AN-T-SOLUIS: THE STONE OF LIGHT.

HE harvest, up amongst the hills at Muilzie, had come to an end, and the lads were as usual preparing for a dance. The sounds of Domhnall Piobair's pipes might be heard evening after evening floating over the loch as he exercised his fingers and lungs for the coming event. The lassies were all in a flutter about ribbons and partners, and the lads vied with each other as to who should have the good looking girls and the best dancers. But none of the young stalwarts thought of plain Mairi Ciar. It was beauty they wanted, not worth.

On the eve of the dance Mairi went to the end of the loch to bring the cows home. The last rays of the setting sun made a shining way from the waters at her feet to the mysterious fields of purple and gold that stretched away beyond and above the gloomy mountains. She sat on a mossy stone at the end of that path of glory to think of the lucky girls and handsome lads who were to be at the dance, to which no one had invited her; and covered her face with her hands. She did not remain long in that position when this vision of sweetness and softness unearthly spoke into her ears, and this was what it said:—

Greas dachaidh, greas dachaidh,
Greas dachaidh, gu luath.
Oir cosinnidh maitheas
Air maise gnùis buaidh;
'Us boigsidh na d' bhròilleach,
A' nochd 's an tigh chiùil,
Clach dhìomhair an t-soluis
A dh' fhosglas gach suil.

Home hasten, home hasten,
Home hasten, apace,
For goodness shall triumph
O'er beauty of face;
And bright on thy bosom
Shall sparkle to-night,
A charm that gives novel
Perfection and sight.

For a time she did not take her hands from her eyes, for she was afraid. When at length she ventured to do so the sun had set, the glory of loch and sky had vanished, and the curtains of night were falling over the surrounding hills. She put her hand to her palpatating heart, and lo! there was something in the folds of the plaid over it. It was a stone, clear as crystal, encircled with a triple band of gold. She rose and hastened home with the cows, and as she drew near her mother's cot saw Archie Crùbach, the tailor, limping about the door. He had come to invite her to the dance. Although she knew that none of the other girls would have

him for a partner, she was glad he had come for her. She determined to tell no one the story of the mysterious stone, went about her evening work as usual, and was ready as the hour of the dance drew near to accompany the lame tailor.

The dance was a grand affair for Muilzie, for the tacksmen (the grandees of the glen) and their wives were there. The lads and lassies were, of course, in their best attire. There were not many silk dresses, but no lack of comely forms. When the dance began, little agile figures stepped and reeled with all the unstudied grace of the days when the world was young; and the bright tartans of the Frasers and Chisholms mingled with the darker one of the Mackenzies.

There was a good-humoured clapping of hands as the tailor limped in with Mairi Ciar. Isabel Alann, the beauty of the township, nudged her partner, Donald Roy, when the twain entered as if they were subjects for sport. But when the tailor and Mairi joined in the next dance there were whispers of surprise on all hands on the manner in which they acquitted themselves. Mairi's stooped little form straightened until she seemed three inches taller than when she entered. She danced with ease and grace wonderful to behold, and her face was lit up with an undefinable beauty, the effect of which soon began to tell upon the lads. Even Donald Roy, the son of one of the tacksmen and the handsomest lad in the township, to his partner's mortification could not keep his eyes off her. The mysterious stone sparkled in her breast, but the lads took no notice of it. The girls however did, and came to the conclusion it was only an eight-sided crystal from Scoor-na-lappich encircled with a bit of brass wire. The tailor, too, seemed an altered man. The contracted sinews of his lame leg relaxed as the dance proceeded, and at length the limp in his gait wholly disappeared. His only uneasiness arose from all the lads wanting to dance with Mairi. Never before was there a dance at Muilzie of such a hearty, jovial kind. The whisky Farguhar Mor brewed for the occasion was productive of nothing but good humour. All the lads seemed under a spell of unalloyed happiness; and the girls seemed equally delighted, making no slighting remarks upon one another, as girls sometimes do. There was, however, one exception; the fiend of jealousy entered into Isabel Alann. Donald Roy's attentions to the once despised Mairi Ciar hurt her as nothing else could, and as the two were standing together conversing about the dance, she stepped up to them and joined in the conversation; thinking her own beauty would put Mairi's new charms in the shade. The result, however, was a disappointment to her, for the light of the

stone in Mairi's breast shone full in her face and disclosed the ugliness of her nature. Selfishness, vanity, and hate were imprinted upon her features in a manner that made Donald shudder, and revealed to Mairi that the powers of the stone were manifold. From that night Donald transferred his affections to Mairi; and the only satisfaction Isabel got was that when he made the matrimonial proposal he was rejected. Mairi remained true to the tailor who thought her worthy of attention when none else did, and eventually they married. The issue of the marriage was one

son, and Mairi like nine-tenths of the daughters of Eve, similarly favoured, made an idol of him.

There came a day when the son not only attained to manhood, but fell in love with one of the bonniest girls in Muilzie. The mother was full of anxiety. She was prejudiced in the matter of beauty, doubting the goodness of all who possessed it; and thought too that there was no one in the township good enough for her son. She bethought her one day of the mysterious stone that, for the long happy days of her wedded life, had lain in the chest which



HARVEST TIME IN THE HIGHLANDS.

contained the few things of value she possessed, and determined to try its power upon the girl of her son's choice. With this object she one afternoon pinned the stone in her breast and went to the loch side, the common pasture of the township, knowing that the girl would be there to milk her father's cows. They met, but the stone revealed to her no evil in the girl, indeed, it seemed to have lost all its power. On her way home she sat down on the spot where she heard the voice long years before to think the matter over. Dark threatening clouds hung over the hills; the wind with a

low moan came down the corrie close by; the loch looked grey and cold, and the rushes on its margin shivered. These sights and sounds depressed her, and she put her elbows on her knees and covered her face with her hands. As she thus sat a stern voice sounded in her ears, and this was what the voice said:—

Chum gu 'm faiceadh càch do mhaise
Thugadh clach an t-soluis duit,
'S cha b' ann 'chum gu 'm faiceadh thusa
Ann am maise cuirig uile;
Pheacaich thu, us bithidh prabach,
Bho so mach gu làth' do bhàis,

'S cha 'n fhaic maighdean mais 'na maitheas
Ann ad mhac o so gu bràth.

Unto thee a charm was given,
Not 'neath beauty sin to see,
But that other eyes might beauty
Beneath plainness see in thee.
Thou hast sinned and ugly shalt thou
Be from henceforth till thou die,
And thy son shall find no favour
Ever more in maiden's eyes.

Mairi thenceforth was the ugliest hag in
Muilzie; and the sin of the mother was visited
upon the son, for all the girls took a strange
dislike to him, and to wed him there was no one.

A. G. M.

THE NORSE ELEMENT IN SUTHERLAND:

BY REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNES.

II.—LANGUAGE AND ETHNOLOGY.

WE now come to the second method of tracing the Norse element in our midst, viz., the prevalence of Norse words in our Gaelic dialect. The proportion of Norse words in the Gaelic of Scotland is much larger than in Irish. In the latter, indeed, it is almost a *minus* quantity, although the Danish power there was very great. The reason is obvious. Ireland had a rich literature of its own before the arrival of the Danes; so that their presence and political supremacy for a time, in Dublin, left few traces either upon the place-names or language. Not so in Scotland; we borrowed freely from the Scandinavian, and there is little doubt that for a time there was a keen struggle for the ascendancy between the rival tongues in both Caithness and Sutherland. In the former, the Teutonic tongue prevailed, except in the hilly districts, by sheer weight of numbers; in Sutherland, the Gaelic tongue prevailed for the same reason. In common with the Western Isles and Highlands we borrowed largely from the foreigner, and in some departments we have adopted almost wholesale vocabularies.

1. Terms connected with shipping. The Norsemen were expert navigators, the Celts were not. It is probable that on the arrival of the Scandinavians they found that the Gaels had not made much advance on the *coracles* of Columba. It was natural, therefore, that the latter should adopt Norse terms connected with the sea, just as the Norsemen appropriated Gaelic terms of agriculture, and carried these with them into Iceland on the fall of the Norse power in Scotland in 1263. The following are among the most common:—*bàt*, the most

common name for boat in Gaelic, was borrowed into Welsh and Irish from Ang.-Sax. *bât*, but into Scotch Gaelic directly from Norse, *batr*; *sgioba*, crew; N. *skip*, a ship; *rangan*, boat-ribs; *tobha*, rope (N. *tog*); *tobhta*, rower's bench; *birlinn*, a galley; *coit*, a small boat; *culaidh*, boat; cp. Shetland *whelly*, wherry; are all from the Norse. The fewness of native shipping terms in Gaelic is significant. With one or two exceptions, in places where the fishing industry is easily and almost necessarily prosecuted, no branch of the Celtic race takes kindly to the sea. Hunting seems to have been the ideal life for them in ancient times; and their great desire in modern times is for a pastoral life, although the fates have dealt unkindly with them, in locating them in Scotland on the sea-coast.

Further Norse terms connected with the sea are:—*àbh*, a hand-net, N. *haf-r*; *abhsadh*, slackening sail, N. *halsa*; *acair*, anchor, N. *akkeri*.

Fresh-water fish names are native:—*breac*, trout; *bradan*, salmon; but salt-water fish names are largely Norse, such as:—*sgait*, skate, N. *skata*; *geadag*, grilse, N. *gedda*; *cìlig*, cod, N. *keila*; *saoithean*, coal-fish, N. *seid-r*, saithe; *cudaig*, young of coal-fish, O.N. *cod*, fish-fry akin to Eng., cod; *trosg*, cod, N. *thorsk-r*, etc.

2. Names of implements and utensils; *casaidh*, a straw basket, Lewis *cisean*, N. *kass-i*, a basket; *sgèap*, a bag for carrying grain, N. *skeppa*, a measure; *locair*, plane, N. *lokar*; *sioman*, a rope of straw, N. *sima*; *biota*, a wooden pail for carrying water from the well, N. *bytha*, a pail; *biota-bhùirn*, a pail of water, N. *brunnr*, well; *cùdainn*, Sc. *coodie*, a small tub, N. *kut-r*, cask; *sgùlag*, a basket for holding the fisherman's lines, N. *skola*; *ballan*, a wooden vessel, N. *bolli*, bowl; *bleaghan*, a worthless tool, N. *blad*; *clobha*, a pair of tongs, N. *klofi*, fork.

3. Nicknames, etc. It is a curious and significant fact that our vituperative vocabulary is largely borrowed from the Norseman. In the March number of the *Celtic Monthly* I have given a list of the most common epithets of contempt, which need not therefore be reproduced here.

4. Another class of words, with a strong mixture of Norse, is the nomenclature of peat-cutting. Thus:—*torra-sgian*, peat-cutting spade, is a hybrid, made up of Norse and Gaelic *torf*, *sgian*. The Reay Country form of the word is *toirsgil* cp. N. *torf-skéri*, peat-cutter; *bac-moine*, peat-bank, is another hybrid, *bac* from N. *bakki*, bank, so frequent in place-names. The arrangement of peats on the bank-head known as *baire*, also *stoiréag* (dais) and *rùghan*, a larger heap, and *brìg-mhoine*, heap of peats, N. *brik*, Eng. brick, are all Norse. In all probability the Celts had no occasion to cut peats until after the

Norse invasion when their forests were burnt. The mythical tale of *Dubh-ghiubhais*, the Scandinavian witch, who set fire to all the forests of the Highlands as far south as Badenoch, may contain a historical fact.

III. The prevalence of so much borrowed Norse material in our Gaelic dialects implies a close intercourse between the two races. Have the Norsemen left their impress on the character of the people as well as upon their dialect and place-names? This brings us to the third method of approaching the subject, viz. ethnology. The whole subject of Highland ethnology is yet in a chaotic state. Sufficient progress, however, has been made to enable one to see that hitherto erroneous opinions prevailed on this subject. It is usual to speak of the Highlanders of Scotland as a purely Celtic race, because they speak a Celtic tongue, but *language* is a very unsafe criterion in determining racial characteristics. "Skulls are harder than consonants." Some of the best ethnologists find that pure Celtic types are exceedingly rare in Scotland; craniological measurements and physical features go to prove that a larger amount of *Celticism* is to be found in Devonshire than in the Scottish Highlands. Though the ancient Britons were overcome politically by Romans and Anglo-Saxons and Normans successively, yet the physical type prevailed, the foreign element being gradually assimilated. Hence it is misleading, and scientifically wrong to call Englishmen of the present day an Anglo-Saxon race. *Anglo-Celtic* would be racially a more correct designation. So far from being a pure Celt, the Scottish Highlander of the present day is a combination of widely different races.

1. He must possess elements of at least two pre-Celtic races and non-Aryan; one of these races being Iberian, a small, dark, puny race, of a quick, skilful and cunning disposition. These were the *cave-dwellers*, largely subsisting on shell-fish and marrow bones; the other pre-Celtic race is supposed to be Finnish, a tall, fair-haired race, probably the builders of such constructions as the stones of Callernish.

2. A Pictish element. At the dawn of history South, East and North Scotland was occupied by a large-limbed, warlike race, speaking certainly a Celtic dialect more akin to the Brythonic than to Gaelic; but their language, as already stated, determines nothing as to race; some authorities maintain that the Picts are non-Aryan; others, that they are Goths; others again, Celtic. The Caledonians were a sept of this race; and all that is known with certainty is that they spoke at one time a Celtic dialect akin to the Brythonic, and latterly a Gadelic dialect imposed upon them by the Gaels of Ireland.

3. A Scandinavian element. The last foreign element on a large scale was received on the arrival of the Norsemen. In this way several races contributed to build up the present Highlanders; can we trace with any definiteness Norse characteristics among the people of Sutherland? After the lapse of centuries is it possible to trace the physical and mental characteristics of some of our progenitors? All such attempts must be only tentative, and made with the extremest caution; for on such a subject it is most difficult to generalise. The Norse type, fair and sandy hair, fair skin, and blue eyes, is still very persistent in the district. In Caithness, which is almost wholly Norse, hundreds of this type may be seen, and large numbers in Sutherland, though not to the same extent.

4. Psychological characteristics, however, bear a greater strain in questions of ethnology than either the colour of hair or eyes. The Norsemen were distinguished for their roving habits, and something of this spirit has descended to the Sutherland Highlander, who may be found in all quarters of the globe. No doubt the pressure of circumstances accounts for the larger colonies of Sutherland and Reay Country men to be met with in the New World. Still the *spirit* was there; the same spirit of adventure that induced so many of them to become soldiers of fortune in the Continental wars.

5. The Scottish Highlander generally possesses a solidity of character for which we look in vain to his supposed cousins of France and Ireland. For genuine Celts they are altogether too practical, shrewd and sober-minded. Rob Donn is more of a *sage* than a poet living in cloud-land; and if his maxims of wisdom savour of Pope, it is not because his parish minister was a reader of the English poet, but rather on account of the same Teutonic strain in both. Comparing Sutherland with other Highland Counties of stronger Celticity it is not too much to infer that its Liberalism in politics and religion, and the absence of loyalty to exploded causes, is due in no small measure to a larger dash of Norse blood in the veins of its people.

(Concluded).

THE MÒD.—Our readers will notice from our advertising pages that the Mòd at Perth has been postponed till the 29th November. The number of competitions and prizes is largely increased, and we trust that many of our readers will compete.

THE HIGHLAND REGIMENTS.—Captain A. Gordon MacRae of the Argylls has been appointed in command of the Recruiting Staff in Glasgow, and is desirous of securing Highland lads for the kilted regiments in which special advantages are offered. See our advertising pages.

SUTHERLANDMEN IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

MR. D. MACKAY, a subscriber in New South Wales, sends a most interesting letter on topics relating to Sutherlandshire, from which we quote the following passages, feeling sure they will be read with pleasure by our many readers in all parts of the world hailing from that county.—

In your last *Celtic Monthly* I notice a reference to Colin Macdiarmid's verses. He was my grand-uncle—a brother of my grandmother, as your contributor, Rev. Adam Gunn, states. I have heard my mother, in this country, referring to the death of Colin Macdiarmid by drowning. "Colin's body could not be found, and my mother, who was ill, was not informed of the occurrence; but she appeared to divine what had happened, and remarked—'Colin is dead and you cannot find his body (they had search vainly for it during two days) but look in a corner of the lake (mentioning it) and you will find his body there.' Her words came true." It is strange for me to be reminded of that story by a look at the *Magazine* for last month.

A brother of Colonel Kenneth Mackay (who is commanding the New South Wales soldiers in South Africa) named Donald Mackay has just cycled around the continent of Australia in record time—a most hardy and plucky journey. The heat, rough roads, etc., are only known to those who have resided in this country.

I notice by the papers that Lord Loch is ill. He was governor here for some years. I never hear the name or see it, without thinking of the shudder with which some old folks from Sutherland mentioned his father's name.

NOTES ON THE MACGREGORS.

MR. FREDERICK GREER, Co. Tyrone, who is seventh in descent of his branch of the Greers (a sept of the Macgregors) in that county, sends me some notes on the Clan Gregor which are worthy of publication and may not be known to many of our readers of that clan. The first paragraph is particularly interesting. He says:—

In a letter I received many years ago from Mr. Robert Hyde Grey of Northcliffe Hall, Cheshire, he told me that his friend, Mr. Macgregor of the Board of Trade, when at Rome, was told by a Cardinal there that he had seen a document in the Vatican Library in which it was stated that Pope Gregory IV. had sent his legate to Dunstaffnage to act as proxy at the baptism of a son of King Alpin who was named Gregor.

When George IV. visited Edinburgh in 1822 the Clan Gregor, from hereditary right, had charge of the Regalia of Scotland on that occasion; and in a letter I received many years ago from the late Admiral Sir Malcolm Macgregor, Bart., he said he had a picture of the clan under his grandfather bearing the Regalia at that event. The procession, which was marshalled by the Lyon King of Arms (of Scotland), surely ought to be of some authority in the matter.

I was in the Trossachs in 1873 when the present chief, Sir Malcolm, was born, and a dear old

Highlander, Peter Macgregor by name—who pulled me about in his boat on Loch Katrine, and brought me to all the places of interest and repeated portions of the *Lady of the Lake* about them—was the first person from whom I gained the intelligence of the birth of the young chieftain.

ANCIENT GAELIC LITERATURE.

III.—THE FERNAIG MANUSCRIPT.

BY FIONN.

THIS MS. is next in importance to that of the Dean of Lismore to which we have already referred. It was written by Duncan Macrae of Inverinate, chief of his name, about the year 1688, and the subsequent five years. It consists of two small volumes of paper, seven inches long by three broad. Six leaves were cut out of the second volume amounting probably to some six hundred lines of poetry. At present the collection contains about 4200 lines of poetry. From the facsimile submitted herewith it will be observed that the handwriting, which is that characteristic of the period for writing English, is neat and clear, though small, obscurities being caused mostly by the fading of the ink. From the catalogue of Gaelic MSS. made by the Rev. Donald Mackintosh and included in Vol. III. of the edition of Ossian published in 1807, we learn that the MS. was then in possession of Mr. Matheson of Fernaig, father of the late Sir Alex. Matheson of Ardrross. It passed through the hands of Dr. Mackintosh Mackay, and on his death in 1873 it was handed by his trustee to Dr. Skene.

Professor MacKinnon read a most interesting and valuable account of this MS. and its authors, to the Gaelic Society of Inverness, in whose *Transactions the paper appears.

The orthography is on the whole phonetic. Macrae's spelling of the same word varies considerably even on the same page. But, as the writer of the introduction to the transcript of this MS. in "*Reliquae Celticae*" remarks, "Macrae's phonetics are much easier to understand than the Dean of Lismore's, both because he does his work better and because his Gaelic is practically the modern dialect still spoken in Kintail."

There is no love song and no drinking song in this MS., the contents of the collection being mainly Political and Religious. The religious poetry forms about one-half of the contents, and is on the whole of considerable merit.

A complete transcription of the MS. appears in Vol. II. of "*Reliquae Celticae*," from which our fac-simile page is reproduced, and a few of the poems are there rendered into modern Gaelic.

*Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, Vol. XI., 1884-85.

Professor MacKinnon and Dr. Geo. Henderson have also rendered a good many of the poems into modern Gaelic. The following is a translation of the verses in the facsimile page. We may state that the extract is from a poem

addressed to the Highland gentlemen who fought at Killiecrankie, 1689, and is entitled:—"Soraidh a chaidh a chur am meadrachd Dàin, dh'ionn-suidh nan uaisle Gaidhealach, a bha ann an lù Raoin Ruairidh."

4

Err Vaghky sea gi shojlt
And i nordu battallion
Lea Vijltive di hlohrie
Si hroiltie ri craunthu
Ga bea chijgg i fouhas
Bea shid ouhre ra go athin
Frass phellerrie leouh
Le more eymb nj cannon

Euimig oganigh suyrk
Huit si nouhre oid go tallu
Di ghoylshie Chlain Donjll
Chlain Chamroines hijle Ellen
Ach nj hajrrinne vo luyh
Hugg ead rouhar lea launthu
Ho-jrd im magh i ratrejt
Lea kajrtt eiggine slea ainhoine

Cha di noissie leo din
Ho-ird di rebelldu gratheill
Ach to jrd fo cheile
Lea bejmb skeih agas claijh
Ach gin gaiphe ead ratrejt
Lea reish chon nj hauthne
Sgi dagjh leo ceidin
Si trejpe oid no ly

Bj lijnor si nouhre oid
Cory i glousid sea loijnt
Keijn, aidd, agus grouggin
Ferr gin chlousin gin chora
Cha chleunt and i zeve
Ach, alleise [agas] vo is me
Quarters for Jesus
Bi veirle ghajj con-thie

Ma hjmbchle nj hauhne
Bi ghailhoile in leirsh
Roh nj miltive no ly
Ha aind fathist gin nerie
Va quidd deu gin lauhne
Beoile ri flahis gevighk
Sno mairrig in lah
Ni ghajj nirr claij gi bejj ghajj

Gimb—

IV.

Err Vaghky sea gi shojlt
And i nordu vatallion
Lea Vijltive di hlohrie
Si hroiltie ri craunthu
Ga bea chijgg i fouhas
Bea shid ouhre ra go athin
Frass phellerrie leouh
Le more eymb nj cannon.

V.

Euimig oganigh suyrk
Huit si nouhre oid go tallu
Di ghoylshie Chlain Donjll
Chlain Chamroines hijle Ellen
Ach nj hajrrinne vo luyh
Hugg ead rouhar lea launthu
Ho-jrd im magh i ratrejt
Lea kajrtt eiggine slea ainhoine.

VI.

Cha di noissie leo din
Ho-ird di rebelldu gratheill
Ach to jrd fo cheile
Lea bejmb skeih agas claijh
Ach gin gaiphe ead ratrejt
Lea reish chon nj hauthne
Sgi dagjh leo ceidin
Si trejpe oid no ly.

VII.

Bj lijnor si nouhre oid
Cory i glousid sea loijnt
Keijn, aidd, agus grouggin
Ferr gin chlousin gin chora
Cha chleunt and i zeve
Ach, alleise [agas] vo is me
Quarters for Jesus
Bi veirle ghajj con-thie.

VIII.

Ma hjmbchle nj hauhne
Bi ghailhoile in leirsh
Roh nj miltive no ly
Ha aind fathist gin nerie
Va quidd deu gin lauhne
Beoile ri flahis gevighk
Sno mairrig in lah
Ni ghajj nirr claij gi bejj ghajj.

Gimb.

The following is a modern Gaelic rendering of a few of the preceding verses taken from Dr. Henderson's "*Leabhar nan Gleann*," page 278.

Air "Mackay" s e gu seòlt
Ann an òrdugh "bhataillion"
Le mhiltibh de shlòghraidh
S a shròilte ri crannaibh
Ga b'e chitheadh am fuathas
B'e sid uair dha go fhaighinn,
Fras pheilearaibh luaidhe
Le mòr fhuaim nan "cannon."

Iomadh òganach suaice
Thuit san uair ud gu talamh
Do dh'uailsibh Chlainn Dómhnuill
Chlainn Chamroin s shìol Alain;
Ach na thearuinn bho luaidh
Thug iad ruathar le lannaibh
Thoir a mach an ratrèut
Le ceart éiginn s le h-ain-deoin.

Cha do shnosadh leò eudann
Thoir do réubaldaibh grathail
Ach toirt fo chéile
Le beum-sgeith agus claidheamh
Ach gun ghabh iad ratrèut
Le réis chon na h-abhna
S gu d'fhàgadh leo ceudan
San t-sréip ud na'n laighe.

Duncan Macrae—"Donnacha nam Pìos"—to whose industry and perseverance we are indebted for this literary treasure, had a tragic end. "His wife," says Professor MacKinnon, "was heiress of Raasay; but she, more zealous for the dignity of her own clan than that of her husband, secretly conveyed the title-deeds of Raasay to a relative of her own, and deprived the Macrae's of the lands. Duncan Macrae prospered notwithstanding. He bought the lands of Affaric from the Chisholms, and went to the east country to complete the titles. His attendant on the occasion possessed an unfortunate gift, known as '*An Eòlas Aoin*' or '*Eòlas na h-Aoine*,' by which he could cause the death of anyone seen by him crossing a stream upon a Friday. When returning from the east country with the title deeds of Affaric, it is said, in his possession, Macrae and his attendant attempted to cross the river Connag at Dorisduan. The river was in flood. The attendant crossed safely, and thinking that his master had also gained the bank he turned his averted eyes upon him, when the flood carried the chief to a swirling pool. Strong saplings grew upon the edge of the pool, by the help of which Macrae could swing himself on solid ground; but ever and anon the attendant was constrained to look in his direction when he instantly dropped into the water. The chief was drowned, by which accident," says the family historian, "the family lost much property by the destruction of bonds

and other papers he had by him." A pibroch called "*Cumha Dhonnachaidh nam Pìos*" was composed upon the occasion, two lines of which run—

'S grianach an là, hó!
Thainig lighe anns an abhuinn, hì!

We commend to our readers a careful perusal of the articles referred to giving details of the contents of this MS. as well as much that is interesting regarding its compiler, and we have no doubt they will agree with the conclusion arrived at by Professor MacKinnon: "Altogether the Fernaig Manuscript appears to me to be an important contribution to our stock of Gaelic Literature. The political and religious intelligence, the devout and tolerant spirit, the strong sense and literary power displayed by the various writers in rude and turbulent times, are creditable to our people, while the enlightened compiler is a Highland chief of whom not only the Macraes, but all his countrymen may well be proud."

THE SCOTTISH CELTIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

Handsome Donation to the Highland War Fund.

SOME time ago we had the honour to receive a letter from Mr. Archibald Campbell, president of the Celtic Society of New York, stating that his society had collected a sum of about £40 which the members desired to remit through the *Celtic Monthly*, and wished to know before remitting if we would be willing to accept it for the relief of the dependents of our Highland soldiers who had been killed or wounded at the front. We need hardly say that we were only too proud to be entrusted with such a duty, and lost no time in saying so to our patriotic countrymen in New York. A bank draft for £40 19s. 8d. has just reached us, accompanied by an interesting letter from the worthy president. The donation we have handed over to the Highland Societies' War Fund, with a suggestion that it be spent entirely in the Highlands. The following is Mr. Campbell's letter:—

Dear Sir,—I received your letter of the 20th inst., and can only thank you very sincerely for undertaking the task of forwarding the money to the proper parties. I am sure I can speak for the society when I say that we feel highly flattered by your kind tribute paid to our society in your letter, and I am still more certain that I speak for our members when I say that we all deem it a privilege to be able in any way to alleviate the suffering or cheer the hearts of those of our countrymen who have experienced such heavy losses through the cruel ravages of war. I cannot tell you how proud I feel at receiving your very kind letter; how pleasant it is to think that we have kinsmen across the seas who are all working for the same object, trying to draw the Celtic race closer together and keep alive the grand old traditions of our forefathers before the world. You would be astonished if you were here to see the enthusiasm that is kept up amongst the Highlanders. Truly, absence from home makes the heart grow fonder, and we all long to see another sight of the grand old hills.

It is very kind of you to have publicity given to our efforts, and we can only thank you again and again, and still feel our gratitude but poorly expressed. Enclosed you will find draft for £40 19s. 8d.—Yours very truly, A. CAMPBELL.

BEANNACHD DHEIREANNACH AN EILTHIRICH.

(Translated from "Clàrsach nam Beann," page 23.)

The emigrant's bark o'er the blue waves was bounding,
And the shores of auld Scotia were fading from view;
The voice of the watch through the storm-blast was sounding,

"All hands, of your country and homes take adieu."
Still in auld Donald's breast burned a Gael's devotion,
Though bitter and sad in his heart the emotion,
As fast 'neath the waves of the dark rolling ocean
From his gaze the loved land of his childhood withdrew.

O Scotia, he sighed, with heart-breaking emotion,
I leave thy fair hills for a shore distant far;
For the greed of red gold o'er the waves of the ocean,
That race whose bright steel never failed thee in war,
Whose name is entwined with each legend and story,
Where thy claymore in battle won honour and glory,
Are swept from their homes in the glen and the corrie
As the blast of the North hurls the mist from the scour.

How changed from the days when our chiefs gathered round them,

True loyal hearts 'mid the pibroch's wild strains,
Who for their chiefs e'er a foeman could wound them,
With the best of their hearts' blood have crimsoned the glens.

But those heroes now sleep 'neath the sod of the valleys,

To whom the leal hearts were a pride and a solace,
Who ne'er would desert for the gay southern palace,
The gray mossy tower 'mid the wild craggy bens.

Has Scotia forgotten each legend and story

Of the men who ne'er failed her on foray or field,
And gave not to her arms but prestige and glory,

When called for her honour the claymore to wield?
Who stood for her freedom through battles and sieges,
Whose deeds have adorned and emblazoned her pages,

Who ne'er through the storms and the conflict of ages,
Left a blot on her name or a stain on her shield.

Proud land of the moorlands and storm-swept mountains,

Of glen and of corries, of craigs and of carns,
Of clear wimpling burnies and cool crystal fountains,
Of braes and of forests, of lochs and of tarns,

Who now since snell ruin thy sons has o'ertaken,
Will the sweet weird strains of thy wild harp awaken
In thy bonnie green glens and thy corries forsaken,
While exiled in sorrow the Gaelic heart mourns.

O far from my thoughts when I roamed o'er the heather,

Culling gaily in youth's happy hour from each store
The pleasures of life with heart light as a feather,
That I as an exile would leave thy loved shore.

The wee cot in the corrie, the home of my sires,
Where for ages blazed bright on its hearthstones their fires,

But all hope to return in my bosom expires,
And the graves of my sires I shall view nevermore.

Though the stars in the blue lift shine bright and unclouded,

Yet gloamin' has mantled the mountains in gloom,
And thy dun hills for aye from my vision are shrouded
Sweetland of the song where the heatherbells bloom.

The stars in their course through the blue vault of heaven,

A glint of thy hills on each evening are given,
But an exile for aye from thy shores I am driven,
And to view thee no more is my heart-breaking doom.

Proud queen of the ocean farewell, but remember,
When boldly thy foemen are gathering afar
Thy power to defy and thy empire dismember,

Vain, vain will the call be o'er mountain and scour
For the steel of the race o'er the ocean waves driven,
Whose homes and whose land to the stranger are given,

Who from shieling and cot without pity are riven,
That race who ne'er blenched on the red fields of war,

Loved land of my sires though I leave thee forever,
No hand can e'er sever the strange wizard spell
That binds my auld heart to thy dun hills of heather,
Where swells the wild pibroch and blooms the blue-bell.

Sweir, sweir do we part, proud land of the ocean,
And still in my heart burns the warmest devotion,
As I bid to thy shores with heart-breaking emotion,
Loved land of my childhood, for-ever farewell.

OHIO, U.S.A.

DUNCAN LIVINGSTONE.



PENMORE, ISLAND OF MULL.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

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VOLUME IX.

We have no sensational announcement to make in connection with the new volume, which commences with our next number. The *Celtic Monthly* enjoys a circulation and popularity which no former Highland magazine ever attained, and we do not think that at its present very moderate price its attractiveness could be much enhanced. We receive many letters from readers at home and abroad congratulating us on the excellence of the *Celtic*. Our subscribers in distant lands are particularly flattering in their remarks, and often assure us that they look forward to the arrival of the magazine each month with the greatest interest, and that their copy is usually passed from hand to hand until it returns to its owner in a very tattered condition. Encouraged with these assurances we feel that we could not do better than continue our ninth volume on the "old lines," and hope to make it, if possible, even more attractive than its predecessors.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Annual Subscriptions are now due, and as we are desirous of completing the list of subscribers for the next year as soon as possible, our readers will greatly favour us by sending their annual contribution (4s. post free) at their earliest convenience to John Mackay, Celtic Monthly Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

BOUND COPIES OF VOLUME VIII.—We will only be able to offer a few copies of the bound volume for sale, as several parts are nearly out of print. A nicely bound copy of the complete volume can be had, in green cloth, gilt title, for 6/6 post free. It will make a very handsome book, suitable for a present, or to send to a Highland friend abroad. As the number of copies available is so small, readers should apply at once.

We have also in stock a few copies of volumes 6 and 7, bound uniform with volume 8, which can be had for 6/6 each, post free. Apply *Celtic Monthly* Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

A JACOBITE GAELIC SONG.

THE following is a translation of a portion of a well-known Jacobite song beginning—

"A Chlanna nan Gàidheal
Dha 'm b'abhaist 'bhi rioghail,
Ho ró, togaibh an àird!"

The author of the song was Alexander MacDonald (Alasdair Mac Aonghais) son of MacDonald of Achatriachadan in Glencoe. He was born about 1665. Although eighty years of age, in 1745 he joined Prince Charles. He did not live to return to his native glen; he died at Dunblane and was buried there. The translation was discovered inside a copy of Stewart's collection of Gaelic songs (1804) which we possess.

ROUSING SONG TO THE GAELS.

Clans of the Gael,
Royal of yore,
Ho ro, the tune lift on high!
Follow your Prince
Like the dearest of kinsmen,
Ho ro, the tune lift on high!
Follow him ev'ry man,
Wait not, delay not,
Think not of danger:
But trusting in Christ,
Actively, forwardly,
Stormily onward,
Armed for the combat;
Let there be merriment on your long journey,
May you have ardour and fierceness for exploits,
Ho ro, the tune lift on high!

On leaving the hamlet
All will be over,
Ho ro, the tune lift on high!
Parting from wives and from homes,
Ho ro, the tune lift on high!
On nearing the conflict
Let each man be two men,
Stretched be each arm,
Each heart like a lion:
Daringly, sternly,
Deftly, with boldness,
O may each field be won,
Ever victorious;
Ho ro, the tune lift on high!

Let not your flesh tremble
At sound of the powder,
Ho ro, the tune lift on high!
Nor change come upon you
At sight of the muskets dark blue,
Ho ro, the tune lift on high!
When that sound is over
Then vanishes danger and hurt;
Be ye in clusters,
As is ever your custom,
Patient each brave one—
Piercing and dealing blows
Mightily, herd-like,
Until the enemy cannot withstand you
Ho ro, the tune lift on high!

—❧— CONCERNING ÷ LOCHIEL ÷ AND ÷ GLENGARRY. —❧—

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

PART IX.

The Rev. Dr. Ross informs Glengarry of his privileges.—Glengarry issues a presentation to Rev. Dr. Macintyre for the parish and is supported by Campbell of Ardoch.—Duke of Gordon contests the right and lawsuit follows.—Gordon of Glenbucket's Inventory of Deeds saves the property to the Macdonells.—Cumberland destroys all the title deeds of the family by the burning of Invergarry Castle in 1746.—Disposition, charter and resignation of the patronage, tiends, and vicarage of Ardoch in favour of Glengarry.

THE Duke of Gordon had, without protest, presented the learned Dr. Thomas Ross to the parish in the year 1776, as did John Macdonell of Glengarry, Mr. John Skeldoch in 1725. Dr. Ross was very much about Glengarry, and so frequent a visitor at Invergarry House that he had a bedroom specially reserved for himself, and he it was who in all probability told Glengarry of his family's rights which had fallen into desuetude. In any case, upon Dr. Ross' death on 15th October, 1822, Glengarry issued a presentation to the worthy Dr. John



From Photo by]

[E. E. Henderson, Govan.

LOCHAN, GLENKINGIE, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

Macintyre, who had been a tutor in his family. With Dr. Macintyre, and his famous Blarour teacher, Mr. James Munro, I, in early life, had the honour of being acquainted.

The Duke of Gordon also issued a presentation which brought matters to a point. Upon an investigation of his titles, Campbell of Ardoch became satisfied that the right had been alienated by his predecessors to the Glengarry family, and declared his willingness to associate himself now with Glengarry in vindicating the right. Naturally the Duke of Gordon, who

nearly fifty years before had himself presented the late incumbent, declined to recognise the legal right of Glengarry, and the business went into court. For a time the issue was doubtful, as Glengarry had great difficulty in establishing that his predecessor, Lord Macdonell and Aros—who being a Roman Catholic, was debarred from presenting parish ministers directly, or indeed at one period from personally holding the property—had either paid a price, or received a disposition, or been infeft in the property. The loss of the Glengarry papers in

1745-46 seemed to have included the necessary missing documents. Stimulated by Glengarry's determination to conquer the Duke of Gordon, for their own credit, Glengarry's law agents, assisted by Ardochattan, exerted themselves with an assiduity which ultimately proved successful. The story is best told in the last of the Glengarry legal papers, dated January, 1828, and shows that the care of Gordon of Glenbucket, himself a Catholic—in so fully narrating the nature of the deeds in an Inventory of Titles, prepared in 1744, fortunately itself escaping destruction after Culloden, and only just discovered—saved this estate to the Glengarry family, although Colonel Macdonell himself did not survive the pronouncing of a favourable decree. The Duke of Gordon died two years previously.

This latest paper in the cause bears that John Campbell, second of Ardochattan, son of the Commendator, Alexander Campbell, appears to have lived to a very considerable age. Long prior to his death he granted a charter of Kilmonivaig in favour of Archibald Campbell, his eldest son and heir. In the year 1675, he, John, with consent of his son and grandson, conveyed the patronage in favour of Donald Macdonell, brother german of Eneas, Lord Macdonell and Aros, the then Glengarry, for behoof of his Lordship. The reason of the conveyance having been taken to Donald, the brother, was that Lord Macdonell was a Roman Catholic. The conveyance itself, and the other papers in relation to it, are not now extant, in consequence of the whole title deeds of the family having been destroyed by the burning of the castle of Invergarry in 1746, by the troops under the command of His Royal Highness The Duke of Cumberland; but that such deeds did exist as well as the import of them, is proved beyond the possibility of doubt by an original inventory of the titles of Glengarry, made up in the year 1744, by John Gordon of Glenbucket, then factor and manager for Glengarry, and who appears to have been for some time custodian of the title deeds of the family. The inventory is entitled—"Inventory of the rights of lands, belonging to John Gordon of Glenbucket as follows." Attached to the inventory there is this docquet.—"St. Bridget, 28th January, 1744. Received all the papers from John Gordon of Glenbucket contained

within the eleven preceding pages. In witness whereof I have subscribed this my holograph, place and date above mentioned.—(Signed) John M'Donell of Glengarry." The correctness and authenticity of this inventory made at so remote a period, and when no sinister object could possibly have been in view, must therefore be beyond all doubt.

This inventory contains a special enumeration of a great many titles in relation to the conveyance granted by the above John Campbell of Ardochattan to the Macdonells of Glengarry of his patronage of Kilmonivaig. Amongst others are the following entries:—

Item. Principal disposition by John Campbell of Ardochattan, with consent of his sons and grandchild therein mentioned, to Donald Macdonald, brother german to Eneas, Lord Macdonell, of the patronage of the church of Kilmonivaig, teinds, vicarage and parsonage of the same, and teinds of the salmon and other fishings of the said parish, containing an obligation upon Mr. Alexander and Duncan Campbell, sons of the said Ardochattan, because of his said grandchild's minority, whereby they obliged themselves that he shall ratify the said disposition after his minority, etc., dated 29th April, 1675.

Item. Charter thereon by this Ardochattan, *eo die*.

Item. Instrument of resignation upon the disposition in the hands of the Lords of Exchequer, dated 16th July, 1675.

Item. Two principal agreements betwixt Ardochattan and Lord Macdonell, whereby Ardochattan disposes the bye-gone teinds, both parsonage and vicarage of the said parish, preceding the year 1673, in favour of Lord Macdonell.

The pursuers in the action (Ardochattan and Glengarry) have not been able to discover any evidence of a crown charter having actually been



From Photo by

[E. E. Henderson, Goran,

LOCH QUOICH, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

passed upon the above instrument of resignation. But there is a writing which proves to perfect demonstration not merely that the transaction was completed, but that this sale of the patronage was made to Donald Macdonell for behoof of his brother, Lord Macdonell, the representative of the family of Glengarry; that is—A bond by Eneas, Lord Macdonell, to the seller, John Campbell of Ardochattan, for the balance of the purchase money which bears date, the last day of April, 1675, the very day subsequent to the date of the disposition.

The inventory further contains various writs relative to the full and final settlement of the price, showing that the balance was paid at different times, partly in cattle and partly in money, the following entries being the latest:—

Item. Registered obligation by Glengarry to Ardochattan for £921 0s. 8d. Scots, dated 6th December, 1684, with another by Glengarry to Ardochattan for thirty cows, of the same date, both registered at Edinburgh, 22nd January, 1695.

Item. Principal discharge by Ardochattan to Glengarry of the said two obligations, dated 15th November, 1708. And so Glengarry made good his case.

Glengarry, as I have said, died shortly before judgment was pronounced, and the estates being greatly embarrassed, this patronage with Glengarry and Glen Quoich estates was, within less than ten years, lost to the family.

I conclude the references to the titularity of Kilmonivaig by giving the names of the occupants of the parish, payment of whose tiends were enforced by Ardochattan, with the assistance of the Keppoch of the day, in the year 1634, viz:—

Donald Glas McRannald in Fersit, John McInnes Vc Donill Vc Gorrie in Munessie, Duncan Beg McDarchie Vc Eanvane there, Duncan McChombich there, Archibald McInnes Vc Ean Dow in Clynik, Donald Glas McRannald younger there, Rannald McDonill Glais Vc Rannald in Achaneich, Rorie McDonchie Vc Eanvoir in Bothrawie, Dougall McDonill there, Marie nein Innes Vc Allister, widow in Achnacothine, Gilpatrick Dow there, Ewin McEwin Vc Eachin in Achachar, Tawose McEan Roy there, Ewin McInnes Vc Donill there, Dougall McAlister Vc Donill in Inverlair, John McEwin Vc Ean Vc Donill there, Alexander McRannald na Hinch in Inch, Angus McDonill Vc Inis there, Neill, his brother, there, Allester McInnes Vc Allester in Calshomand, Duncan McEwin Dow in Innachan, Ewin McEwin Vc Chynish there, Allester Vc Donill Vc Allester there, Margaret nein Allester Vc Ean Vc Innes in Brekletter, Angus McNeill, her son, there, Ewin McEan Vc Donill Vc Neill in Lenachanbeg, Donald McEan Dow Vc Donill Vc Neill in Lenachanmoir, Gillandreis McEan Vc Gillandris there, Neill Oig McEan Dow there, Duncan, his brother, there, and others there, Donald McEwin Vc Donill in Lindally, Ewin McDonill Vc Allester in Achandaill, Finlay McDonill Roy, Ewin McDonill Vc Ean Vc Eachin and others there, Angus McAllane Voir Vc Ean Twaich in Innerlochay, Paul McDonill Vc Phail there, John McDonill Vc Ean Volliche there, William Cattich

there, Ewin McEan Dow Vc Donill Vc Allane in Tirlundie, Ewin Vc Allane Vc Ewin Vc Ean in Tomcharrich, Ewin McDonill Vc Ean our in Tomleik, Donald McWilliam Vc Donill our in Stronbeg, Ewin McDonill Vc Ean our there, Paul McDonill Vc Allane in Brenachan, Allester McInnes Vc Ean Dow in Daldunderik, Gorrie and Donald his brother, Allester Oig McRannald in Bohuntin-a-choille-a, John McInnes Vc Donill Vc Gorrie there, Rannald Oig McRannald in Keppoch, Angus McEan Dow Vc Donill Vc Innes in Innerroybeg, Ewin McJames Vc Awe there, Finlay McJames there, Allester Oig Vc Ean Vc Allester Dow in Achaderry, Sorle McDonill Vc Innes in Achaderry, Angus McDonill Vc Gow there, John McInnes Vc Gillichallum in Uruchareoin, Archibald, his brother, there, John McInnes Dow in Bohinie, Murreich McAllane Vc Ewin in Innerroymoir, Allester McDonill in Gleneves, John Roy McDonill Vc Allane in Bonchaiskie, Katherine nein Donchie Vc Innes in Achanacann, Allester McDonill Dow there, John McDonill Vc Allester in Bar, Gorrie McAlister in Glenfyndrik, severally accused of spoliation in 1631 and 1632 of the small teinds of the parish of Kilmonivaig.

(To be continued.)

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE HIGHLANDERS:

By JOHN MACKAY, C.E., J.P., HEREFORD.

Affection of foster-brothers.—Sir Ewen Cameron's life saved.—Ewen Macmillan's affection for Colonel Sir John Cameron of Fassiefern.—The Laird of Coll.—Mackays and Sinclairs: another apron for Neil.—The Macleans at Inverkeithing: another for Hector.—Macnaughton is true to his trust.—£1000 offered for Chumy's apprehension.—£30,000 reward fails to tempt the Highlanders to betray Prince Charlie.—Attachment of Highlanders to their chiefs.—Highland Regiments.—80,000 join the army.—Evictions, cruel and ungenerous.

(Continued from page 206.)

THERE was another powerful tie between chiefs, chieftains, and the commonalty—the custom of fosterage. It was an ordinary habit if a chief had a large family of sons to send them to be reared in the family of one of these cadets, or tacksmen, and the same habit was commonly practised in the family of the tacksmen, sending one of its sons to be reared in the family of a respectable clansman. The family so honoured by chief or tacksmen was ever after bound in mutual affection and brotherhood. Foster-brotherhood was a bond that in many cases proved stronger than the natural. Many a foster-brother sacrificed his life to save his superior. The gallant old chief of the Cameron Clan, Sir Ewen, at the battle

of Killiecrankie, owed his life to his foster-brother's quick eye in observing a deadly blow aimed at his chief in the tumult and confusion of the attack. He stepped in front of him and received several mortal wounds. Numerous instances of this undying affection are recorded of officers in the Highland regiments being saved from danger and death by this grand feeling, fidelity in a foster-brother. Who has not heard of Ewen Macmillan's fidelity to his foster-brother, the gallant Colonel of the Gordon Highlanders, at the battle of St. Pierre, and his devotion to him when he died a soldier's death at Quatre Bras:—

“Where Cameron heard the wild hurra!
Of victory as he fell.”

One chief was distinguished from another, not by his wealth, or splendour of equipage, or dress, but by the number of followers and the number of guests he entertained. What his retainers gave him was spent amongst them in the kindest and most liberal manner. At the “Big House,” or Castle, every individual was made welcome, and was treated according to his station, with a courtesy, and regard to his feelings unknown in any other country.

Dr. Johnson, in his tour in the Hebrides, thus describes a meeting of the young laird of Coll with some of his retainers. “Wherever we roved, we were pleased to see the reverence with which his subjects regarded him. He did not endeavour to dazzle them by any magnificence of dress. His only distinction was a feather in his bonnet, but as soon as he appeared they forsook their work and clustered about him; he took them by the hand, and they seemed mutually delighted. He has the proper disposition of a chieftain, and seems desirous to continue the customs of his house. The bag-piper played regularly when dinner was served. His person and dress made a good appearance, and he brought no disgrace upon the family of Rankin, which has long supplied the lairds of Coll with hereditary pipers.”

This condescension, while it raised clansmen in their own estimation and drew closer the ties between them and their superiors, seldom tempted them to use any improper familiarities. They believed themselves well born, and were taught to respect themselves in the respect they showed to the chief and their superiors, and thus, instead of complaining of the difference of station and fortune, or considering a ready obedience to their chieftain's call as a slavish oppression, they felt convinced that they were supporting his honour in showing their gratitude to the generous head of the family. Hence, the Highlanders, whom more savage nations called “savage,” carried in the outward expression of their manners the politeness of courts, without

their vices, and in their bosoms the high point of honour, without its follies.

The reciprocal ties which connected the chief and his clan were almost indissoluble. Numberless instances of the fidelity, thus engendered, of clansmen and others whom they respected, might be adduced. In a conflict between the Mackays and Sinclairs a mother accompanied her five sons, all good swordsmen, to see that they behaved like men, and to tend them if wounded. The expected fight took place. The chief, to show his men a good example, fought in front. The Sinclairs almost surrounded him. The Amazon, seeing the unequal combat, sent one of her sons to the assistance of his chief; he fell, when she called to another to go forward, exclaiming, “aparan ur air beul-thaobh Neil” (a fresh apron in front of Neil).

This is the counterpart of a similar episode in the battle of Inverkeithing, where the chief of the Macleans, Sir Hector Roy of the battles, was hard pressed by Cromwell's soldiers. Seven Macleans, it is said, one after another fell in front of their brave chief defending him from the pikes of the Englishmen. He, and they, fell with their backs to the field, their feet to the foe. Urged on by their affection for their chief and their fidelity to his service, as one fell the other came forward with the cry, “another in front of Hector.” Unhappily their prowess, their devotion, their fidelity in this instance was unavailing, though it was true to the death, and those phrases still remain in the memory of those clans to the present time as watchwords, and reminiscences of heroic devotion, and fidelity to the trust they asked, and no doubt promised and vowed to defend.

Many other instances of incorruptible fidelity might be adduced amounting to heroism of the highest type, and almost incredible fidelity to trust, were they not well authenticated. A Menzies clansman, though a Macnaughton, was sent to Edinburgh with a horse for Prince Charlie. Reaching that city he found that the Prince and his army had left for Carlisle and England. His orders were to deliver the horse to the Prince, and to no other. He followed in the track of the army and reached Carlisle, where on making some inquiry he found it had left, and being suspected he was taken prisoner. He told his captors the horse was for the Prince. They tried to make him disclose who sent the horse. He refused to say, as it might implicate his master. They threatened to hang him, but he still refused, and was led to the gallows. He was again pressed to disclose who sent the horse, and asked if he was serious in his refusal. He asked his captors if they were serious in supposing him to be such a villain, and forget his master and the trust he reposed in him. If

he did, he could never return to his native Glenlyon. Sad it is to record that the brave, faithful fellow was executed, sealing the trust reposed in him with his life.

Hundreds of the Macpherson Clan, after Cluloden's dark day, knew where Cluny hid himself in the mountains of Badenoch for the long space of nine years, yet, for nine long years, hunted like a wild animal of prey, with a reward of £1000 for his apprehension, dead or alive, no Macpherson was base enough to betray the secret, and Cluny lived to escape to France, where he died within a few years from the privations he endured in his lengthened concealment.

All know of the marvellous escape of Prince Charlie himself, and although £30,000 were offered by the government of the day for his apprehension, even for his head, no Highlander, amongst the many who knew him, and into whose hands he was obliged to place himself, no one of high degree or low degree was found to be so base as to betray his Prince, all their thoughts were concentrated upon assisting him to escape. Even the so-called seven robbers of Glenmorriston shielded him, found him such food as was within their reach for several days, and one of them conducted him to another safe retreat. Robbers they were called then; we call them men of honour of the highest loyalty, of the greatest fidelity, shedding a blaze of the most honourable renown on the Highland character. Their own lives were at stake in preserving the life of their Prince, and they saved too, the British Government from committing a deed, however justifiable by law, that would rebound to its everlasting discredit in the story of the country.

The forfeiture of so many Highland Estates in 1716 and 1746, led to singular acts of devoted fidelity on the part of clansmen and impoverished tenantry. Their estates were administered by crown officers, and the rents paid into the exchequer. The devoted and faithful tenants, while they paid the government rent by the left hand, also paid over, by the right hand, to the factors, as much as ever they possible could, to be sent to France to their exiled chiefs who managed to escape to that land of refuge. All honour to those brave men who risked their lives and their homesteads in obedience to what they considered their bounden duty, in asserting their ideas of affection, devotion, loyalty and fidelity to superiors who trusted them, and whom they and their ancestors respected for generations.

Were any further exemplification of the attachment and fidelity of Highlanders to their chiefs and families necessary to be related, it is found in the celerity with which regiments after

regiments were raised in the Highlands and Islands for the service of their country and the credit of their clans and chiefs. The force and strength of that disinterested fidelity that spurred on the Highlanders to follow their chiefs to the field and to the cannon's mouth, and produced displays of national feeling and intrepidity which have procured for them a name and a character never to be forgotten in the story of their country, and throughout the world, so long as bravery in the field is admired, and good conduct in quarters is appreciated. The Highland soldier in the past was second to none and superior to many. The promptitude and zeal with which they formerly adopted the quarrels of their chiefs and obeyed the slightest signal for action were now displayed on behalf of the government, when the seven years' war broke out, and other wars that followed in its wake. Highlanders in their thousands enlisted at the call of some favourite chief, or some favourite captain they knew. The scene was extraordinary; it was such as Sir Walter Scott described in the *Lady of the Lake*, in the "Gathering" canto. Were there not upwards of eighty thousand men raised in the Highlands, north of the Clyde and the Tay, in defence of the country from 1756 to 1816, besides numberless reinforcements for the fighting regiments as fast as they were depleted by the casualties of war? These soldiers, by their loyalty and fidelity to their country's honour, acquired immortal renown for themselves, and shed an effulgent glory on the land of their birth.

Is it not lamentable to reflect that such devoted, disinterested services, such loyalty and fidelity, should afterwards be disregarded by chiefs and chieftains—and above all, by the government of the king and country; that the atrocious Highland Clearances were permitted by the government of King George at the time these gallant soldiers were fighting the battles of their country, and winning victories for it in every clime—in India, Egypt, America, Italy, Portugal, Spain, France, Netherlands, Cape of Good Hope, and the West Indies? Their parents, relations, and friends, were driven away from their ancient abodes to find a refuge in the wilds of America, or go whither they would list, to make room for four-footed animals; driven from lands their brawny arms had defended from many an enemy, and preserved for their chiefs for many centuries, and fought for in many a sanguinary conflict. This astonishing ingratitude is a dark and signal stain on otherwise bright escutcheons. The love of gold dimmed the sense of affection and gratitude for the brightest sense of fidelity that an inferior could show to a superior, or that a subject could evince towards the government of his country. The

Highland Emigrant's prognostication has come to pass :—

"Ach feudaidd caochladh teachd ri am,
'S gu 'n iarrar sinn air feadh nam beann,
Ach beann no gleann cha toir a h-aon
A leanas armunn dh' ionnsuidh 'n raon."

(Concluded).

JOHN SINCLAIR, SHEPHERD.

A TRUE CAITHNESS STORY.

THE call had come to John Sinclair, and he hesitated. To most men it would have seemed the chance of a lifetime, but to John it only appeared as the putting away of his old happy life of freedom, and the entering on a new untried phase, for which he felt himself singularly unfitted. It was a generous enough offer to educate him for the ministry, with a suggestion of all that influence could do for him after his college career if he acquitted himself well.

Had the offer come ten years earlier, when John, head of Standard Six, was just about to leave school, there would have been no hesitation; he would have accepted the offer with the gratitude which, no doubt, it deserved. But since that time he had dreamed dreams and seen visions. The shepherd, perhaps, sees nature in more moods and aspects than most people, and, generally, either regards her with indifference, or merely from a weatherly point of view. With John it had been otherwise. He loved the moorlands over which he had wandered with his collies, and he knew every bird that made its home there; every boulder of the rock-strewn hills of Ross-shire and Skye were familiar to him; every loch in Sutherland; and every inch of the bleak, wind-swept moors of Caithness. Perhaps he ought to have been a poet or an artist, but circumstances had made a shepherd of him, and he had the reputation of being both "skilly" and "canny" in his calling.

No one could have realized more fully than he did himself how singularly unfitted he was to be a "shepherd of souls," and yet he hesitated. There is in the Scotch character a desire to rise in the world, which may be, according to circumstances, either a blessing or a curse. This ambition makes such men as Macdonald of Omdurman, but it also makes not a few of our land-agitators and some of our sticket ministers. The ambitious side of John's nature might have lain dormant forever, overshadowed by his dreams and his love of nature, had it not been awakened by this offer from his uncle, the fish-curer.

He stood now by one of those deep fissures, locally termed "goes," which indent the coast of Caithness. His mind might have been compared to the white-topped breakers which seethed and foamed many feet below him, in such a misery of doubt and uncertainty was he. Philosopher enough to know that "contentment is better than riches," he yet questioned would he be contented to live the old life again knowing what he had rejected. And again up rose the visions of moonlit nights, the tender radiance of Summer sunrises, the gorgeous splendour of late sunsets, the shy awakening of Spring on the hills, and the golden glory of Autumn.

"I cannot leave it all," said John.

"Aye," said John's other self, "but if you had more education you could write about it all and put it in a book."

"Nay," said John, "it seems as if that would be something like leaving the substance for the shadow."

And so he argued back and forth, without coming any nearer to a decision, until the afternoon was far advanced. Then, like a flash of light, an inspiration came to him. A few months before he had been shepherding near Brubster, and he had been used towards sunset to walk over to Isauld to watch the sun disappear in the Atlantic. Often he was late and only saw the after glory; often, too, a grey evening came and he saw nothing but grey clouds and grey sea, and Hoy itself only appearing like a grey line of mist on the horizon. But sometimes John would surmount the last incline to see the sun just kiss the ocean, and the whole western sky and sea light up with such a transcendent radiance as surely is only seen where sun and water meet on the horizon.

John took out his watch; he made a rapid calculation and found that he had just time to walk to Loch Brubster and back before sunset.

"Now," said John, half aloud, "if I get back before the sun touches the sea I'll stay as I am; if otherwise, I'll be a minister."

He had a vague undefined idea that he was leaving the case in the hands of Providence, and that he was no longer responsible for the shaping of his own life.

Now, as every Reay man knows well, Brubster is a good step from Isauld, and John found on his return journey that he had considerably over-estimated his walking powers. The last half-mile he took at a run. He had no time to think, but his fixed idea was to reach the top of the incline 'ere the sun touched the waves. Hot, dusty, panting, he pressed on with eyes half-closed. At the brow of the eminence he stopped, then with a great and

bitter cry he threw his arms above his head. The sun was below the horizon, and the sea was like liquid fire; the western sky was of the same radiant effulgence.

"It is done," said John, and turning his back on the glory of crimson and gold, with head bent and eyes fixed earthwards, he went home.

* * *

John did well at College. He made no friends; he was too much used to his own society to wish to make any. Indeed, he worked so hard that he would have had no time to be sociable had his inclinations lain in that way. Moreover, he worked to allay the hungry yearning for the old life of fresh air and freedom. Every night he dreamt of the hills and moors; the cry of the pee-wit came to him in his dreams, plaintive, pleading, like some spirit urging him to return to all that had made life pleasant to him; he seemed to hear the bleat of the ewes with their young running beside them, and the bark of his collies keeping good watch.

Once, whilst walking through one of the side streets of the "grey city," he saw a linnet imprisoned in a cage and fluttering against its prison bars. He gazed a moment, and then opened the door and let the little captive fly.

What he did in his vacations I do not know, most probably he worked as hard as he did in term time. That he did not return to the North is certain; had he done so there would have been nothing more to tell, for he would never have returned to College. As it was he left when his time was up with flying colours, taking the second prize in the Logic class and the third in Moral Philosophy.

"Weel done, John," said his uncle, "I've no fear but you'll do the family credit."

The fish-curer was wealthy and much respected; by his influence John was, in due course, appointed assistant to the minister of H—, a manufacturing town in Lothian.

And now began a time of trial and humiliation for him. The society in which he found himself was a tea-party and soiree giving one, and the task of handing about cakes and making small talk was one for which neither nature nor up-bringing had fitted him. The matrons tried to be motherly to him, but his curt manner, born of shyness, repelled them; and it is only just to state that their daughters did not laugh at the young minister until his gaucherie compelled them to do so.

And his efforts in his spiritual duties were not marked with any greater success. His sermons were full of quotations from the ancients, and he had a flow of eloquence which pleased a certain class of his hearers, but for

spiritual good they were as barren as a field of dry stubble.

At this time John possessed one friend, an old man, who in his young days had been, in a small way, a taxidermist, and who still earned a slender livelihood by occasionally practicing his craft. A few dusty and moth-eaten specimens of his handiwork adorned one side of the little workshop, but the remaining walls were hung with cages, whose occupants were canaries.

"You seem fond of birds," said John, one day.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the old man, slowly, "fond I am of burds an' that's why I keep nocht but canaries. There's a use for everything, sir, an' a place for everything, an' everything for its ain place; an' I've thoct mony an' mony a time that the Almichty provided canaries for cages that we michtna seek to catch the wild maves an' lavoracks an' pen them up. Do ye see my meaning, sir?"

"Yes," said John, slowly, "I think I do. But suppose you catch a wild linnet, and give it a gilded cage and seed and sugar, is it not only fair that you should expect it to sing for you, and—and—to do you credit?"

"Na, na," said Sandy, looking John through and through with his keen old eyes, "na, na, ma freen', the linnet wud be a fule if it didna mak' its escape on the meenit the cage-door was opened, an' soar awa' back to the free life for whilk the good Lord made it."

Sandy was a member of the Free Church. A Ross-shire man he had, as a devoted adherent of the great Dr. Macdonald, "come out" in the Disruption of '43. He had indeed seen stirring times in Ferintosh, and many an anecdote he related to John of the Apostle of the North and other men who had left their comfortable manses and glebes for conscience sake. And John, listening, wondered if such an option had been given him would he have had the determination and courage to follow the dictates of conscience; he dared not answer his own thoughts.

At last he came out with all that was in his heart, and told Sandy of his call to the ministry; of his hesitation, of his final acceptance, of his college life, of his present difficulties, and of his knowledge, growing clearer daily, of his unfittedness for his position.

"You see," he ended, "it was like a bargain between my uncle and me; he gave me the money for my education and I was to be a credit tō him."

"Man, man," said Sandy, "think o' yer Maker first an' yer uncle aifter! Were ye not ashamed to tak' the solemn vows on ye for sich a motive? Can ye stand up in the pulpit ilka

Sabbath an' preach Christ, not for His sake, but that ye may be a credit to yer uncle? When ye were oot on the lanely muir, when ye were roamin' on the hillside, ye were walking wi' yer God; an' when ye sang in the blitheness o' yer hairt ye were praisin' Him as weel as ony o' the linties aroon' ye. 'Deed, man, I can only compare ye tae a puir bullfinch in a cage that's forgotten its native sang for a tuppenny tune learnt it by its maister. Gang back, lad, gang back tae the wurk yer fitted for, an' remember that ye canna serve God an' Mammon."

When he had finished speaking John left the shop without a word. Nor did he return for some days. During that time he struggled between a sense of grievance against his old friend and a knowledge of how right was Sandy's opinion of him.

After all, in what way could he be said to be fitted for the ministry? He knew, the knowledge had been growing in him for some time and he now confessed it to himself with shame, that he had no special convictions. When he had been out all day with Nature he had felt the care of Nature's God around him; since he had left his simple pastoral life for a more artificial one he knew that he had himself also changed, although, perhaps, he could scarcely have defined in what way, so slow was it and subtle. His prayers were the vain repetitions of the heathen, and his preaching but vacant chaff. As a shepherd of souls he was starving his flock. In some of these hours of self examination, when he laid open the barrenness of his own soul, he classed himself with:—

" . . . such as for their bellies sake
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold!

* * *

Blind mouths! that scarce know how to hold
A sheephook, or have learnt aught else, the least,
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!

The old dreams and visions had left him, and now that he had the education he had lost the inclination to write.

It may perhaps be thought that at this crisis John might have taken counsel with his spiritual master, the Rev. Murdoch Smithson. Truth to tell, he had once made an attempt to confide in that kindly, if somewhat pompous, gentleman, and had much the same experience as George Fox, the Quaker, when he consulted with the clergy of the neighbourhood.

"Yes, yes, my dear lad," the elder man had said smiling and interrupting John's stammering utterances, "we have all been through the same mill in our young days. These thoughts are simply a phase through which we all pass, simply a phase. Or," he added as an after thought, "they are most probably the wiles of

the devil. Resist them. Some innocent recreation is a great help."

Others besides John have experienced the effectual silencing of such an answer.

So when John could bear his own thoughts no longer he returned to Sandy. As he reached the house door he noticed what an unusual quietude reigned within. The latch, however, yielded to his touch, and he stepped into the little shop. Pausing for an instant on the threshold he noticed with surprise that all the cages were muffled in cloths and the little songsters silent. Almost instantly the door of the bedroom opened and a rough, burly figure, whom John recognised as the parish doctor, appeared. On seeing John he uttered an exclamation of relief.

"A minister, thank goodness," he said. "Go in, I can do nothing further."

"What's the matter?" asked John. "Is Sandy ill?"

"Dying," replied the doctor, briefly. "Suffered from an incurable disease ever since I knew him. Great patience. End come sooner than I expected. Wanders a bit now. By the way, does your name happen to be 'John?' By jove, is it really, though? Perhaps its you he's asking for. Go in, man, go in." So saying, he opened the door and pushed John, too bewildered to resist, into the tiny bedroom.

One of the parish nurses was seated beside the bed, but she moved to make way for him.

"There was a man sent from the wilderness," said old Sandy's voice, low and feeble, "an' his name was John. Aye, I telt the laddie to gang awa' back tae the wilderness an' herd his sheep. I'm afeard that I hurted him, but he's no' fit yet tae feed the flock o' the Lord. He disna ken, the laddie—?" He opened his eyes.

"John! Hae ye come! It's me that was thinking lang for ye!"

Then he turned fiercely on the nurse. "Gang awa' oot o' this, wuman! Didna I tell ye that I had done wi' oot ye an' yer kind livin', an' I can die fine wi' oot ye tae! Gang awa' wi' ye,"

And the nurse left the room.

"I wanted to tell you, Sandy," said John, bending low over the bed, "that I know you are right in what you said to me, but how can I disappoint my uncle? However, it's not of myself, God knows, that I wish to speak now. Sandy, man, what will I do without you? Can I do anything for you? Would you—would you—I mean—don't you think that I ought to say a prayer for you?"

Sandy's eyes twinkled in spite of mortal weakness.

"Och, lad, dinna fash yersel', dinna seek to play the meenister wi' me! You an' me's been guid freens in life, an' why should we mak' ony

difference evernoo'? But, laddie, there's one thing that ye can dae for me."

"Aye," said John, with bent head, "anything that I can do I will do gladly."

"Tell thon uncle that ye made a mistake, that yer no' fit tae be onything but a shepherd. Tell that tae him honestly."

"Sandy, having put my hand to the plough how can I look back?"

"Aye, but dae ye mind the feenish o' the text? If ye think that yer fit for the Kingdom o' Heaven yer a prooder man than I tak' ye for. Gae back tae yer wurk, John, an', if God will, light—may—come tae—ye—some—day." His voice had grown so low an' feeble that John could scarcely distinguish the words. "Except yer hairt . . . like a little child . . . no wise . . . enter." He suddenly raised himself in bed and said in a loud, clear, voice, "Open the room door, John, an' tell that meddlin' wuman to let me hear ma burds."

John obeyed, and removed the cloths from the cages. The birds, thinking no doubt that it was a somewhat abrupt dawning, burst into song. So, with the sound of the music he loved best following him to the confines of this world, old Sandy crossed the bourne.

* * *

Over the moor by Brubster walks a man clad in shepherd's plaid; on his face the look of one freed from a heavy yoke. His steps are directed towards the sea and the sunset. He reaches at length the brow of the hill, and sends his gaze seawards—sunwards. Only the grey impalpable mist, grey clouds and a grey line of sea. He wanders on until he reaches the edge of the cliffs, and remains there, walking back and forth, for many hours, a lonely soul, but no longer warring against his own instincts. At last he turns his eyes landwards—skywards, and lo! above Ben Rath, high in the heavens, shines, softly effulgent, the star of evening.

"Emblem of hope," said John Sinclair, "so, if God will, light may come to me some day."

Conon Bridge.

MYRA K. G. WARRAND.

"ARGYLL'S HIGHLANDS, OR THE LAND OF LORNE," by Cuthbert Bede, will be published immediately. It is a handsome volume, illustrated with a large number of fine engravings of Kintyre, Islay, and other places of Macdonald interest. We have just spent a delightful holiday in Kintyre, visiting the ancient strongholds of the Lords of the Isles, and have collected a great deal of valuable information never before published, which will appear in the appendix of this work. An account of the emigrations from Kintyre to America, Canada, and the Australian Colonies is given, with interesting particulars regarding the various settlements. The sites of the Macdonald strongholds at Askomill and Smerbie were also identified.

THE MACGREGORS, GRIERSONS AND GREERS.

The following appeared in *The Dumfries and Galloway Standard* for February 6th, 1889.

TWO charters were exhibited by Mr. William Dickie on behalf of Mr. Kerr, factor for Sir Alexander D. Grierson of Lag and Rockhall, before 'The Natural History and Antiquarian Society,' Dumfries. One was a charter of the lands of Drumjoan in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright to Gilbert Grierson, granted by Princess Margaret, daughter of King Robert III., and widow of the fourth Earl Douglas, Lord of Galloway, and dated at her castle of Threve, 9th April, 1429. The seal bore the arms of the Douglas family; of the Lordship of Galloway and Annandale; and the French Duchy of Touraine. Gilbert Grierson, described in the charter as 'her faithful squire,' was also a relation of the Princess, having married her grand-daughter. The other was a tack of the lands of Allanton and Kilbryde in the barony of Keir, granted by Robert, fifth Lord Maxwell (whose seal and signature were attached) to John Grierson of Lag in 1539. This was the Lord Maxwell who was taken prisoner at Solway Moss, and the father of Lord Herries, so closely associated with the history of Queen Mary. It was pointed out that a close relationship by marriage had subsisted at that time between both the Maxwell and Grierson families and the Douglasses of Drumlanrig; the granter of this charter having been married to Janet Douglas of Drumlanrig, daughter of James, sixth baron; and the grantee's mother being Agnes Douglas of Drumlanrig, daughter of William, fifth baron."

Archibald, fourth Earl of Douglas, Lord of Galloway and Duke of Touraine, was eldest son of Archibald the Grim, third Earl of Douglas and Lord of Galloway, and succeeded his father in 1401. He was killed at Verneuill (1424) in France, after which victory for the arms of England, Scotland through the release of King James I. of Scotland was detached from the French Alliance.

John Macgregor of Glenurchy was taken prisoner at the battle of Dunbar (1296), and in the list of prisoners he is stated to be one of the *Magnates of Scotland*. His lands were restored to him conditionally on his serving King Edward I., and at his death, which took place it is said in France, he left an only daughter who married John, son of Sir Neil Campbell of Lochawe, by Lady Mary Bruce, sister of Robert (Bruce) I.

Some of the Macgregors joined Bruce and

some took part with Alexander Macdougall, whose wife was a sister of Comyn, slain by Robert Bruce and Kirkpatrick in the Chapel at Dumfries. Gilbert Grierson was descended from one of these loyal Macgregor barons, as his position, name, and alliance clearly show that he was neither a waif nor a stray.

In the Macgregor history by Miss A. M. Macgregor, it is stated that the Griersons are not Macgregors, and yet we Greers of our ilk, who claim descent from Sir William Grierson of Lag, Knight, through his son, Sir James Grierson of Capenoch, *have always considered ourselves Macgregors—and will do so still.* Some writers about the Griersons reject the relationship *which we are proud of.*

Captain Joseph Henry Greer, late 74th Highlanders, and senior branch of my family, who is the sixth generation from the first owner of his place (in fee simple) *which is called Grange MacGregor, bears by heraldic right the Macgregor arms, as depicted in Sir Robert Douglas' baronage.*

My ancestor, Henry Greer, emigrated from Northumberland in 1653, and is stated—in an old pedigree which is in my possession, made in Trinity College, Dublin, in 1720, during the life of Robert (died 1730), second son of the above Henry—to be “Henry Greer, gentleman, son of Sir James Greer.”

The following is a letter received by my late father, Thomas Greer of Tullylagan, from Colonel William Grierson, son of Sir Robert Grierson, Bart., of Lag, and Margaret, eldest daughter of Lord Carnwath, his wife:—

Dumfries, 25th Nov., 1861.

My dear Sir,—I am duly favoured with your kind letter to me of the 20th inst., together with the very interesting statement to “The Macgregor” that you presented me with when I had the honour of a call from you here in May last. These two sketches are invaluable in the present day to any who can lay claim to being a link of that ancient and honourable clan.

The clear and concise manner in which the work has been got up must have been the result of much labour, and all your name and lineage ought to consider themselves deeply indebted to you for the pains you have taken in drawing up this most interesting biography.—Believe me, my dear sir, your very sincere friend and affectionate cousin, Wm. Grierson.

My arms—which are attached to the pedigree of 1720—which belonged to my great-great-grandfather, John Greer, who was the second son of James, eldest son of Henry Greer, Ireland, 1653, aforesaid are:—*azure, a lion*

rampant, *or* armed and langued gules, between antique crowns of the second, on a canton *arg.* an oak tree eradicated, surmounted by a sword in bend sinister ensigned on the point with a royal crown, all ppr. Crest, an eagle displayed, charged on the breast with a quadrangular lock. Motto, *memor esto.* Registered in Ulster Office.

I visited Lag Castle, then a ruin, in 1873. Lag Castle was built about the middle of the fifteenth century. Colonel Grierson had long been dead.

Capenoch went to T. Kirkpatrick, Bt., of Closeburn, by marriage with Susanna, the heiress of James Grierson. Lord Torphichen, the heir general of the ancient Douglas family, is descended from this union. Closeburn has gone by sale to the Bairds, and Capenoch by the same means to the Gladstones. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

In the Dumfries and Galloway paper, from which I have already given an extract, it is stated that Agnes, daughter of Sir William Grierson, Knight, was the mother of Annie Laurie, but this is not the case. She was the daughter of John Laurie of Maxwellton by his second marriage with Miss Riddell; his first wife was Agnes Grierson of Lag. William Douglas of Fingland, son of Archibald Douglas, Chamberlain to the Duke of Queensberry, was the author of the song. Annie Laurie married Fergusson of Craigdarroch in 1709, and her descendant is the present owner. Some years ago when living near Bath, I copied the following inscription in Weston Cemetery from the tomb of a descendant of Annie Laurie:—

“To the memory of General Sir James Fergusson, G.C.B., Colonel of the 43rd regiment, of the family of the Fergussons of Craigdarroch in the County of Dumfries, N.B. He served during the Peninsular campaigns from 1808 to 1814 in the Light Division, and was three times a volunteer with the storming parties of the 43rd regiment. He terminated his long and distinguished services as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the fortress of Gibraltar. Born, March 17, 1787. Died, Sept. 4, 1865.

Behold the eyes of the Lord is on them that fear Him, on them that hope on his mercy. Psalm 33.”

Grierson of Lag, Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, and Laurie of Maxwellton, were created Barts. in 1685, and are all related to the Craigdarroch family. The last Sir Robert Laurie, Bart., Captain, R.N., a brave naval officer, was Hereditary Knight Marshal of Scotland.



The late CLUNY MACPHERSON.

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DEDICATED

TO

JAMES MEAD SUTHERLAND, Esq.,

A GIFTED SON OF "BONNIE STRATHNAVER,"

In token of his love for Sutherland and its people, and his interest in every movement intended to elucidate the literature and antiquities of the Highlands, and to improve the social condition of his fellow countrymen,

JOHN MACKAY,

Editor.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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OCTOBER, 1900.

[Price Threepence.

THE LATE CLUNY MACPHERSON.



CLUNY MACPHERSON of Cluny Macpherson, Chief of The Clan Chattan. Born, 1836; died, 1900." Simple words, but oh! how pregnant with meaning to those who assembled in the little church of Laggan on August 23rd, when the great chief was laid to his rest.

As far too often in these degenerate days, the castle had been let to the Sassenach; and, kind and sympathetic as were the hearts of the tenants, it was not possible to arrange the funeral therefrom. That spectacle, therefore—alas! too often witnessed in that house—could not be seen of the body lying in its ancestral hall, between the broadswords of its forebears on the one hand and on the other the much-prized relics of Prince Charlie—for whom the Macphersons did so much; nor of the famous green banner of the mighty Clan Chattan hanging in its tattered folds above the remains of its chief. But, shorn as it was of outward attributes—there was little else than the triple plumed bonnet and sprig of white heather to be seen—there was no doubt that the mourners at Cluny's funeral were very true and sincere; and few were the eyes that did not glisten, as, borne now by his tenantry and friends and now by members of his old regiment, whose nodding plumes were weirdly effective, the well-loved chief was carried to his last resting place.

The whole was a striking scene; and above all rose the wailing of the pipes in the heart-rending

cadence of "The Flowers of the Forest", and the dear old pibroch. "*Cumha na h' aon mhic.*" Ah! would there had been but an "only son" left behind!

Arrived at the little graveyard, they laid Cluny to sleep with his forefathers, with volleys from his volunteers and thunder peals from his native mountains; long to be remembered with affection and esteem by all who knew him, and, like his great father, "Old Cluny", long to linger in the memories of his people as Cluny the Good.

J. MACPHERSON-GRANT.

CLUNY MACPHERSON: CORONACH.

23rd AUGUST, 1900.

BEAR on!—Sad willing shoulders press their aid,
Of clansman, soldier. Lay the chieftain gone
Where others, loved and honoured erst were laid—
With solemn pomp, with falling tears, Bear on!

Thro' mountain storm a tearful sunshine falls,
Sweet breaths of summer scent embalm the gale,
And the loud echoes of unearthly calls
Fly shuddering skyward from the pibroch's wail.

On many a tented field they knew this chief
Who bore with honour a twice-honoured name;
So now, upon the full stream of our grief
There falls the radiance of a threefold fame.

O kindly upgrowth of a gentler age!
O blessed forecast of a warless day!
That one, who stood where battle tempests rage,
Should win thro' homefelt scenes like-honoured way.

For fields of war, fair straths of harvest gold;
For shouted battle-cries, the reaper's song;
The cot takes up the tale the camp had told
And pours the self-same voice of praise along.

But three years since, the welcomed love and worth
To every gale rejoicing plaudits bore.
Alas! too brief the tale; on this sad earth
Joined three short years—joined now for ever—more.

Still have we—since 'tis so that Heaven ordains—
A great good name to deck the chieftain's life,
A name that in our hearts for ever reigns,
The blameless consort of a perfect wife.

Ah! though the fair white heather gently twines
Athwart the yew, we mourn the chieftain gone;
O'er mastering grief beats thro' the sorrowing lines—
With bended brows, and falling tears—Bear on!

Clifton, Bristol.

A. C. MACPHERSON.

NOTES ABOUT KINTYRE.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. N. M. Kelly Robertson, Milkleour, Kintyre, we had the pleasure of consulting the valuable MSS. of the late Rev. Donald Kelly, A.M., minister of the Parish of Southend. These papers contain a great mass of interesting lore, relating to the history, antiquities, topography, traditions and social condition of Kintyre, particularly at the beginning of the present century. We had not time to do more than make a few extracts from the MSS., which will appear in the *Celtic* for the next few months. One of the most interesting documents in Mr. Kelly Robertson's possession is a rent roll of Kintyre about the middle of last century, in which the rental value of every farm is given, and the remarkable increase which has taken place in the interval, sometimes amounting to 700 per cent, indicates the greatly enhanced price of land, due principally to the development of sheep farming, and improved methods of cultivation. This suggestive document we intend reproducing in full in our next issue. It would doubtless add to the interest of this old rent roll if the present rental of each farm was also given by way of comparison, but this can hardly be done as so many of the smaller farms of the pre-emigration period have been consolidated, as many as half-a-dozen in some cases being now formed into one large farm.

Meantime, we give a few notes from the Kelly MSS., which will not fail to be of peculiar interest to our many readers in all parts of the world hailing from the historic land of *Ceann-tìr*. We have taken the liberty of adding a personal note to one or two of the extracts.—Editor.

THE ISLAND OF SANDA.

FOR a long time Sanda seems to have been a great haunt of smugglers; it is affirmed that there are several concealments which will never be found out, wherein the people of old used to conceal the goods and liquors landed here from the luggers which frequented the island and the neighbouring shores.

Sanda possesses a small but good natural harbour, useful for the

launching or landing of boats. In former days this anchorage was of far more importance than it is now, Sanda having been a common station for the Scandinavian fleets during the contests so long carried on for the possession of Kintyre and the neighbouring islands. The name Avona, by which it was known, is a corruption of the Danish *Havn*, a haven—still used by the Highlanders when speaking of it. Its present name, used by those who do not speak Gaelic, Sanda, is also of Scandinavian origin, and signifies the sand island. In subsequent ages when the spirit of monachism spread over the Western Islands, it continued a religious establishment, and the remains of the chapel named after St. Ninian are still visible, together with the crosses of rude design, and several ancient gravestones sculptured, as was usual in early ages, with the different achievements of their long peaceful tenants.



From Photo by]

[John Fleming, Glasgow.

ANCIENT CROSS IN ISLAND OF SANDA.

The island is partly cultivated, but it is chiefly of a pastoral nature. Sir W. C—, the late proprietor, built an excellent house, and stocked the island with sheep, goats, and deer. The shores abound in the most excellent fish. From this and the mainland the sea is sometimes extremely turbulent and dangerous. There are two small islets on the east side which feed a few sheep.

The area of the church was covered with monumental slabs, of which a few remain in a standing position, the memorials of sea kings, chieftains of note, and other persons once distinguished in Norwegian history, but whose names are now otherwise completely unknown.

It must have formed one of the most ancient seats of Christian learning in Scotland. St. Ninian was its founder and patron saint, and much of the learning, and polish and piety of these early times must have been found here. No doubt, in many cases, their great antiquity throws over such places a glory that did not originally belong to them—like distance in landscape it softens asperities, and so disposes the lights and shadows as to hide deformities and brings out beauties that vanish on a narrower examination, yet there is an inspiration in the very soil and atmosphere of ancient celebrity, and the most unpatriotic and irreligious will feel a glow of pious or patriotic enthusiasm on the isle of Patmos, or the field of Bannockburn.

ABBEYS.

THE sons of the church had skill to plan and industry to execute improvements which, at the time they were achieved, appeared little less than miraculous—they converted boggy tracts and barren heaths into rich and fertile soil, and did really cause the sterile wildernesses to blossom as the rose. There are numberless records still remaining which prove this to have been the case; these monasteries and abbeys at the dissolution were found embosomed in all the luxuriance of nature, but on referring a few centuries we find that many of these most magnificent locations were at the time the buildings were instituted, sterile and uninviting, and that they owed all the richness and fertility of later days to the skill and labour of the pious monks of earlier times, and lost these advantages in many instances so soon as the conventual institutions were banished.

MACKAYS OF KINTYRE.

MACKAY, the Laird of Ardnacroish, was married on Jean, daughter of Coll Kettoch, and sister of Sir Alastair, the Major-General. Iver Mor Mackay who was killed at the Battle of Auldearn was her son (his father was also out). His uncle, Mac-

Colla, had made a vow to his mother that he would bring him safe home to Kintyre again when the war was over, and was so much distressed at his fate that it made him pursue the fugitives at Auldearn with an impetuosity equal to the pitch of madness, and to this fact it may perhaps be ascribed as one reason why the weapons of our *Fir Chinntire* fell with such mortal effect on the enemy and swept off such multitudes before the pursuit did abate. There is yet a Gaelic saying extant, *Lamh ruil Erinn bu treubhach do lamh o'n mharbh thu na ceudan; arm airidh mhic Aoidh*—which signifies "Ireland is near thee; thy hand is strong, and thou has slain hundreds, the trusty arm of Mackay."

Mention is also made by the Rev. Mr. Kelly of the fact of the Earl of Antrim having himself come over, and that Iver Mackay was employed going on messages, or what would at the present day be called *aide de-camp*.

[NOTE.—The Mackays in Kintyre were at one time very numerous and influential, and it is stated that no fewer than twelve persons of the name were landowners. They were the faithful followers of the Macdonalds, took part in their warlike enterprises, and finally shared in their ruin. That they were in the confidence of the Lords of the Isles, and were of good social standing, is evidenced by the frequency with which the name occurs in the old charters, bonds, and agreements of the Macdonalds, either as principals, witnesses, or clerks (see "The Last Macdonalds of Islay," by Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh, and "The Clan Donald," Vols. 1 and 2). The story of how Mackay of Arnacle sheltered King Robert the Bruce in his days of adversity, and was afterwards granted the lands of Ugadill and Arnacle for his loyalty, has been often told (see "Celtic Monthly," Vol. I., page 46). On the final overthrow of the Lords of the Isles the Mackays of Kintyre and Islay fled with the Macdonalds to Antrim, many settling in the Isle Magee (or Mackay), where it is recorded by the historian of the "Macdonnells of Antrim," that being of the Catholic religion, they were cruelly put to the sword by the soldiers of Cromwell. It would be interesting to collect all the particulars still available of this ancient and warlike branch of the *Clan Aoidh*, from whom, the Rev. Mr. Kelly asserts, the more powerful branch of the clan in Sutherland took its origin.

Regarding the curious explanation of the great slaughter at the Battle of Auldearn adduced by the Kintyre historian, we can find no corroboration in other sources of information. Robert King, in "The Covenanters in the North," makes special reference to the great losses sustained by the Covenanters, which are estimated at over two thousand, whilst the Royalist slain, it is stated, amounted only to the modest number of "twenty four gentlemen and a few Irish." The ruthless cry of "no quarter" struck terror into the hearts of the flying Covenanters. King says that the plea put forward by the Royalists was "particular circumstances," and adds "there must have been particular circumstances in every victory of this inhuman

leader, for every victory was followed by the cry of 'no quarter.'" Can it be that the "particular circumstances" which are not specified by King, have any connection with the circumstantial explanation advanced by the Rev. Mr. Kelly?—EDITOR.]

THE COVENANTING GENERAL DAVID LESLIE.

GENERAL LESLIE, whose name has long been a household word among the ancient natives of Kintyre, and the Incumbent's wife's ancestor—some of the progenitors of her husband's parishioners he massacred in July, 1647, at Dunaverty—were ten years companions as prisoners in the Tower of London, the explanation of which is that Leslie recanted and joined the Royalists. They were both made prisoners

at the battle of Worcester, and were both rewarded after the Restoration for their sufferings, Leslie being created Lord Newark and, Robert Nairn of Strathord appointed a Lord of Session and one of the Judges of the Court of Justiciary, and on the 27th January, 1681, elevated to the peerage of Scotland as Lord Nairn of Nairn, in the County of Perth. David Leslie was the fifth son of Patrick Leslie of Pitcairly and Jean Stewart, daughter of Robert, first Earl of Orkney. He went early in life into the service of the King of Sweden, where he distinguished himself and attained the rank of Colonel of horse. Returning home when the Civil Wars began, he was appointed Major-General to the army that was sent into



LARGIE CASTLE—SEAT OF THE MACDONALDS OF LARGIE.

England under Leslie, Earl of Leven, and at the Battle of Marston Muir on the 22nd July, 1644, he charged the Royal army, putting it to flight in a bloody, short, and decisive struggle, with the horse under his command. Leslie, afterwards, with the whole of the horse of the Scottish army, came north to look after Montrose. On reaching Gladsmuir he learned that Montrose was lying in Ettrick Forest, and no sooner was he informed of this than he wheeled about to the left and marched by the Vale of Gala. The darkness of the night concealed his movements, and the first notice Montrose had of his approach was by his scouts informing him that Leslie was within half a mile of him. A

sanguinary battle followed, but though Montrose's troops fought with desperation they were broken and driven from the field, leaving about a thousand dead behind, and afterwards of a hundred Irish soldiers taken all were shot. About the beginning of May, 1647, Leslie marched from Dunblane towards Kintyre to look after Alastair MacColla Macdonald, whom he found at Rhunahaorine, the castle at which hamlet was then the residence of the Macdonalds of Lergy. Here Alastair MacColla, after making some resistance, took to his boats with his followers. After this, MacConnachie (Duncanson) of Inverawe was given the estate of Lergy, which he held to the Restoration.

It may be proper to mention that the Campbells of Inverawe, Kilmartin, and Duntroon, were of old called MacConnachie. One of the Duncansons would appear to have been educated for the church, for in the Presbytery Records of Kintyre, after a blank, during Prelacy, of twenty-seven years, on the first sederunt thereafter, 9th November, 1687, we find these members present:—The Rev. John Cunieson and the Rev. Robert Duncanson, ministers, with Dugald Campbell of Glensaddle, and John Campbell of Kildalloig, elders; the Rev. Andrew Maclean and the Rev. John Darroch absent. There is a flag-stone in Kilkerran in memory of Bailie MacConnachie, who died in 1713, and who must have been one of the first Bailies of Campbelltown after it was made a Royal Burgh. General Leslie died in 1682. He married Jean, daughter of Sir John York, by whom he had a son, David, who succeeded him as Lord Newark, and three daughters, the eldest of whom, Elizabeth, was married to Archibald Kennedy of Culzean, and was the mother of Susanna, the celebrated Countess of Eglinton. It perhaps may not be out of place to mention that Mr. Arthur Hill, whose ancestor, Lord Nairn, was companion of General David Leslie in the Tower of London for ten years, has long been in company with Leslie, Earl of Leven and Melville, as owners of Decon and Williams' Bank, London.

HIGHLAND MAID.

HIGHLAND maid! thine eye is dark
As yon turn between the hills
That lies sleeping—I'd ne'er waken
Those soft depths that beauty fills.

Highland maid! the mountain torrents
Dyed thy tresses and thy cheeks;
Rowan berries grew beside you
When red morning flush'd the peaks.

Highland maid! the pine-tree murmers
High above thy dwelling, fair;
All the fragrance of the pinewood
Filled thine heart with sweetness there.

Highland maid! thine heart is silent
As thy dwellings; come to me,
For my very soul is smitten
In the love I bear to thee.

BERNARD GEORGE HOARE.

TWO HISTORICAL FALLACIES: HEATHER BEER AND UISGE BEITHE.

BY R. C. MACLAGAN, M.D., F.R.S.E.

USING Bellenden's translation of Boece, he tells us, "Attoure in all the desertis and muris of this realme growis ane herbe, namit hudder, but any seid, richt nutritive baith to beistis and fowlis; specialie to beis. This herbe, in the moneth of July, has ane floure of purple hue, als sweet as huny. The Pichtis maid this herbe, sum time, ane richt delicus and hailsum drink. Nochtheless, the maner of the making of it is perist, be exterminoun of the said Pichtis out of Scotland; for they schew nevir the craft of the making of this drink bot to thair awin blud."

As the Picts left no written records, and as they were exterminated by Kenneth MacAlpin, it may be permitted to wonder how Boece came by his information (*Description of Albion*, p. 45). When we come down to Martin, about the year 1700, we find (*Western Islands*, p. 196) that the Picts refused to communicate their information to the Scots, "and so 'tis quite lost." In Lightfoot's *Flora Scotica*, 1777, we find—"Formerly the young tops of the heather are said to have been used alone to brew a kind of ale, and even now I was informed that the inhabitants of Islay and Jura still continue to brew a very potable liquor by mixing two-thirds of the tops of heather to one-third of malt."

The tradition of heather ale has stuck closely to Islay, where it says heather was grown for brewing ale. The story in the island is as follows:—There are a number of remarkable little plots of ground by the side of the main road leading from Bridgend to Loch Gorm, and the remains of old dykes by which the plots were enclosed. Local tradition says it was here the Fein had a brewery where they made heather ale, and that the small plots were their heather-growing grounds.

Boece's tradition appears in two forms in the island. One is:—A man lived in Balinaby who made heather ale for sale. His profits were so great that the neighbours wanted to find out the secret, which he would not reveal. At last they seized his son and urged him to tell them, but he would not, and they put him to death. They next took the father, but he continued obstinate, and they killed him also.

The other form of the tradition points out a flat stone in the old churchyard of Kildalton (exactly the opposite side of Islay from Balinaby) which is said to cover the grave of a father and his son who were both hanged together at the end of the church. This man and his sons were

CLAN MACLEAN SOCIETY.—The Ninth Annual Gathering, which this year takes the form of an "At Home", will be held in the Queen's Rooms, Glasgow, on Friday, 26th October—Col. Sir Fitzroy Donald Macleod, Bart., C.B., Chief of the Clan, in the chair. A large attendance is expected.

engaged making heather ale, which no one but themselves knew how to make. Some persons, wishing to find out the secret, bribed one of the sons, and the father, to prevent disclosure, with the help of his other son, put him to death. For this unnatural deed both the murderers were publicly hanged and their bodies buried together in one grave, over which the flat stone was placed.

Another local legend says that the time of the loss of how to make heather ale in Islay was, when the island was invaded by the Danes. This would make it appear that it was to the Danes that the secret was refused, and not to the Scots.

There are persons who still believe in the possibility of making a fermented drink from heather, and even a President of the Royal Society has given the legend a fresh lease of life. In the *Monastery*, Sir Walter Scott says—"During the meal Prince Charlie in vain attempted to engage his youthful companion in carousal, or, at least, in conversation. Halbert Glendinning pleaded fatigue, and expressed himself unwilling to take any liquor stronger than the heather ale, which was at that time frequently used at meals."

In Ireland, on the other hand, on the authority of a gardener from the vicinity of Loch Neagh, the Danes get the credit of making



From Photo by]

BALLYGRANT LOCH, ISLAY.

[Alex. Ferguson, Islay.

the heather beer. It is said there, that in cutting turf for peats, when they have stripped off the peat, they find heather laid out as if to dry, and it is believed it had been laid out with the intention of using it for making beer.

Heather ale is still manufactured in the north of Scotland, and people tell you that they have drank it. I had it on the authority of a lady that she had drank it in Banffshire and found it delicious; that it sparkled like ginger beer. One writer on Highland matters tells that he drank it as lately as 1840, but my lady friend's recollections are much less ancient than that. Seeing, then, that it was still in use so short a time ago, it seemed probable that some person

would have a recollection of how it was made; and a diligent inquirer from a Gaelic source got the following, which seems to have all the accuracy one could expect from a practical brewer of it:—"Take of the tops of heather as much as is required, put in a boiler, cover with water, and boil for three-quarters of an hour. Strain the liquid off, and allow it to cool to 70 degrees, add a teacupful and a quarter of yeast to the gallon of liquid, put in a crock or cask, covered with a cloth, and in two days it may be bunged down."

The quality of the heather, however, seemed to require a greater accuracy of description. The reciter was again interviewed, and said that

the heather required to be gathered when in bloom, that the boiling was continued according to the strength of infusion required, but that there was no other test but that of the individual taste of the operator.

Now, as Martin told us that in his day the heather was mixed with malt, the question was put whether or no sugar was used, and he said "No," there was enough sugar in the heather. This reads, according to subsequent knowledge, like a mere tissue of falsehood, and yet I believe it was merely a repetition of a traditional story, though where the 70 degrees came in is a little hard to diagnose.

Heather honey is known to us all, and it seems quite natural that an infusion of that honey-producing plant should be fermentable. Indeed, the extract from Boece in which he calls attention to the liking for heather by "beis" seems to indicate the origin of the tradition. The locality of inquiry, then, was changed to the inland north of Scotland, where there could be no doubt that an acceptable fluid had been quite recently used under the title of heather beer. And from Miss Paul of the Manse of Tullynessle was got a receipt from "a woman who makes it often, says it is very good and supposed to be very strengthening." Here is the receipt:— $\frac{1}{2}$ peck of malt, 1 oz. hops, 3 gallons of water, Twa guid gowpenfu's of heather blossom, 1lb. sugar or treacle, small teacupful of yeast. Put the malt, hops, and heather blossom in a bag, and boil in the water for two hours. Add the sugar or treacle and strain; let it stand till lukewarm, then add the yeast. Let it stand till the third day, skim it, and then bottle it. The malt may be omitted if preferred. If the ale is wished sweet, more sugar must be added.

As the user of this recipe was quite willing to make some, I got a few bottles as a sample. It was not well brewed, was exceedingly sweet, and certainly had a curious taste, no doubt the result of the heather added to it. In fact, it was a poor sample of sugar beer with heather instead of ginger.

The heather employed was to be gathered in full bloom, was to be by preference not bell heather, and might be kept some time before using.

Another authority, who hails from Glen Urquhart, was equally positive that there they used "deep heather, the under part of the stems, bits that have not got the sun. You simply boil it a long time, sweeten it with syrup or sugar, add barm, and bottle it."

Finally I got a recipe, holograph, of the manufacturer:—2 lbs. of heather bloom, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. hops, 2 oz. ground ginger, 3 lbs. syrup. Boil all together in 2 gallons of water for half an

hour. Strain and add other 2 gallons of water, and when it is cold as new milk, add half a cupful of barm. Cover it up for twelve hours. Skim the top, pour it off gently to keep the barm that has sunk to the bottom, then bottle and cork firmly.

There is a reason for confusion between the heather *top*, that is the flowering stem of the heather, and the heather *bloom*, as both in Gaelic are *barr*.

All my first information pointed to the use of the heather top, and so I collected with considerable care a quantity of the finest flowering stems of the common heather I could get. These were subjected to analysis for sugar in the laboratory under the care of Dr. Hunter Stewart. 100 grammes were digested for six hours in streaming steam 100°C.

The total bulk of the decoction so made was 1500 cubic centimetres. It contained 1666 per cent glucose. Another 100 grammes yielded 249 grammes glucose. This seemed to give colour to the traditional possibility of fermenting a decoction of heather flowers.

Seeing, however, that the bees gather their honey from the flower itself, and not from the stick, a quantity of the bloom, as free as possible from all contamination with woody matter or leaves, was analysed at Granton, under the superintendence of Mr. Irvine, with the astonishing result that it yielded 17 per cent of a substance which reduced Fehling's solution, and which by ordinary tests would appear to be sugar. To put this practically out of doubt, a decoction was made and yeast added to ferment it. The result was a negative one; there was no alcoholic fermentation and no disengagement of carbonic acid, so that there was no evidence of fermentable sugar being present in any proportion.

Having failed in the laboratory, it seemed advisable to have a trial made by a practical brewer, and Mr. Andrew Melvin of the Boroughloch Brewery willingly undertook the experiment. I supplied him with a quantity of pure heather blooms. He extracted 4lbs. of this with six gallons of water. To give an idea of the bulk of the heather flower, 2 oz. very nearly equalled the bulk of one and a half imperial pints. To the extract obtained yeast was added; at the end of ten days a fresh supply of yeast, artificial warmth being maintained and the cask well rolled. There was no appearance of fermentation. I examined it myself two days later, and its condition was unaltered. The fluid was of a fine dark beer colour, perhaps a little more inclined to red. When drawn from the top, it was bright and showed about $1\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of the saccharometer, a slight shade higher than before the yeast was

added, which Mr. Melvin suggested might have arisen from a little wort adhering to the pressed yeast. When the extract was first made, it had a marked woody flavour, but after the treatment above described this had entirely disappeared. This seems quite a satisfactory experiment from a brewer's point of view, and proves that a fairly strong infusion of carefully picked heather flowers will not ferment. This entirely agrees with the Granton laboratory experiment, which we should note was made alongside a solution of grape sugar of the same proportion as the pseudo-glucose, the grape sugar fermenting while the heather infusion remained unaltered.

Mr. Melvin's extract was made in a copper jacket pan. The heather was added in two quantities, the brewer conducting the experiment thinking that the first quantity added was not sufficient. When I examined it, it had a perceptibly worty smell. It had no sweet taste, nor was thick in the mouth, nor indeed had it any special taste which one could be led to connect with the presence in it of heather flowers.

As we could not ferment a decoction of heather flowers, it seemed right to settle whether a decoction of malt could be fermented with heather. Some malt wort had heather flowers added to it and was carefully handled in the Boroughloch Brewery, in hopes that a good result would be got. After six days there was no appearance of an alcoholic fermentation, the heather blooms themselves were covered with a green mould where they floated upon the top of the wort, and the smell was by no means pleasant, a certain quantity of acetous fermentation being evidently present. After examining the sample myself it was corked and kept in a warm place, but no alcoholic fermentation took place.

It is difficult to believe that anyone who has repeated these stories ever made even a simple infusion of the flowers and tasted them. Such an infusion as strong as it can be made smells of the heather tops, but its taste is slightly bitter, with what one might describe as a leathery flavour; it is not in the least degree sweet, as would be the case if it contained any quantity at all of glucose.

(To be concluded).

HIGHLAND BOOKS FOR SALE.—We have just compiled and published probably the most exhaustive catalogue of Highland and Gaelic books ever offered for sale. It gives particulars and price of hundreds of volumes treating of every branch of Celtic literature. Copies can be had by applying to John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

ANCIENT GAELIC LITERATURE.

BY FIONN.

IV.—THE BOOK OF CLANRANALD.

WHAT is known as the Book of Clanranald is made up of two MS.S., generally called the Red and the Black Books. These Manuscripts are in the possession of the family of Clanranald.

The Black Book is a thick little paper MS., strongly bound in black letter boards. The companion volume was correctly described by Ewan Macpherson* in his declaration, dated 11th September, 1800, as "a book of the size of the New Testament and the nature of a common place book, which contained some accounts of the families of the Macdonalds and the exploits of the great Montrose, together with some of the poems of Ossian." The exact dimensions of the page of the Black Book may be seen from the fac-simile page now submitted. It is about one inch thick, containing 232 leaves or 464 pages, of which 36 are blank. The handwriting is in the English and Irish of the seventeenth and eighteenth century. It has evidently been written at different times by different persons. There are four handwritings presented in the Gaelic portions of the Black Book, but the most of its contents is evidently the work of Niall MacVuirich.

Of course the famous Book of Clanranald is the "Red Book," which figures so prominently in the Ossianic controversy. The Red Book is like the Black Book a paper MS., but slightly longer and broader; its exact dimensions are $5\frac{7}{8}$ inches long by $3\frac{7}{8}$ broad, and $\frac{5}{8}$ thick as it stands at present. Its covers have been cut off, and it has lost the first 32 pages. How much it has lost at the end it is now impossible to say. From the description of the MS. written by Rev. Donald Mackintosh, and printed in Vol. III. of the 1807 "Ossian," it is clear that it contained several Ossianic poems. Unfortunately it now contains none. As at present preserved, the Red Book begins at page 33 and ends with page 310. The greater part of the book is taken up with the history of the Macdonalds especially of Clanranald, and with the wars of Montrose and Alister Colkitto. From page 293 to end of MS. we have some good specimens of Gaelic poetry. There are three handwritings in the Red Book, but the greater part is the writing of Cathal MacVuirich and Niall MacVuirich.

*"Report of the Committee of the Highland Society regarding the authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, Edinburgh, 1805," page 96.

The following is a translation of the *fac simile* page, as given in Vol. II. of "Reliquæ Celticæ," page 172.

"Mór mac Raghnaill, do léig se í, do bhí post ag coll mac Giolla asbuig na dhiaigh sin, así fa mathair do chloin choll .i. Giollasbuig 7 Ragnall 7 Alasdair 7 chlan mhaith inghen do pósadh re daóinibh uaisle maithe. Tug Ragnall mac ailín iár cur inghen Raghnaill m^{ie} Semuis úadha. Fionscoth abure a coigeadh conocht o chuntaoi maoigheó, 7 do rug triuir mac do .i. Alasdair 7 ruagruidh 7 Ferchar, do léig se úadha Fionsgoth 7 do phós se mair-gréd inghen Thormoid mhic Leoid na hearadh, an bhen do bhí ag Torcaill og mac Leóid Leóghais, rug sí clan do mac ailín .i. ailín óg mac raghnaill. Fuair an bhen maith sin bás úadha, tug na dhiaigh sin Máire inghen, Giolla easbuig mhéidhe conaill 7 do rug mac dhó .i. Domnall Gorm mac Raghnaill 7 do léig se í, 7 do phós se na ndiaigh sin uile mairghred inghen Aonghus m^{ie} Semuis 7 do roinedh oighrecht do sliocht sin ar bhine bhaghla 7 air airdnis, do rug sí clan mhaith dhó .i. ragnall óg an tóighre 7 eóin óg 7 aonghus óg.

ENGLISH RENDERING.

Angus Mor, son of Ranald. He put her away, and she was afterwards married to Coll Mac Gillespie. She was the mother of the Clann Coll, namely, Gillespie, Ranald and Alaster, and a good family of daughters, who were married to good gentlemen. Ranald, son of Allan, after having put away the daughter of Ranald, took Fionnsgoth Burke, a lady of the Burkes of the Province of Connaught, in the County Mayo, and she bore three sons for him, namely, Alexander, Rory, and Farquhar. He put away Fionnsgoth, and married Margaret, the daughter of Norman Macleod of Harris, the wife whom Norman Og Macleod of Lewis had. She bore a family to the son of Allan, namely, Allan Og, son of Ranald. That good wife died from him. After her he took Mary, the daughter of Gillespie of Medhe Connaill, and she bore a son to him, namely, Donald Gorm, son of Ranald,

mor mac Raghnaill, do léig se í, do bhí post ag coll mac Giolla asbuig na dhiaigh sin, así fa mathair do chloin choll .i. Giollasbuig 7 Ragnall 7 Alasdair 7 chlan mhaith inghen do pósadh re daóinibh uaisle maithe. Tug Ragnall mac ailín iár cur inghen Raghnaill m^{ie} Semuis úadha. Fionscoth abure a coigeadh conocht o chuntaoi maoigheó, 7 do rug triuir mac do .i. Alasdair 7 ruagruidh 7 Ferchar, do léig se úadha Fionsgoth 7 do phós se mair-gréd inghen Thormoid mhic Leoid na hearadh, an bhen do bhí ag Torcaill og mac Leóid Leóghais, rug sí clan do mac ailín .i. ailín óg mac raghnaill. Fuair an bhen maith sin bás úadha, tug na dhiaigh sin Máire inghen, Giolla easbuig mhéidhe conaill 7 do rug mac dhó .i. Domnall Gorm mac Raghnaill 7 do léig se í, 7 do phós se na ndiaigh sin uile mairghred inghen Aonghus m^{ie} Semuis 7 do roinedh oighrecht do sliocht sin ar bhine bhaghla 7 air airdnis, do rug sí clan mhaith dhó .i. ragnall óg an tóighre 7 eóin óg 7 aonghus óg.

FAC-SIMILE PAGE OF BLACK BOOK OF CLANRANALD.

and he put her away. After all these he married Margaret, the daughter of Angus, son of James, and her issue were made heirs of Benbecula and of Ardnish. She bore him a good family, namely, Ranald Og, the heir, and John Og."

Any of our readers who wish to read a full account of the Book of Clanranald, and to know its contents, should study Vol. II. of "Reliquæ Celticæ," to which we are indebted for the substance of this article.

AN APPRECIATION.—Many readers have written congratulating us on the completion of our eighth volume. Mr. Nicol MacNeill, Argentine Republic, writes—"The Celtic Monthly maintains its usual high standard and should be very popular. I always look forward to its arrival with great pleasure."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1900.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Annual Subscriptions are now due, and as we are desirous of completing the list of subscribers for the present year as soon as possible, our readers will greatly favour us by sending their annual contribution (4s. post free) at their earliest convenience to John Mackay, Celtic Monthly Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

BOUND COPIES OF VOLUME VIII.—We will only be able to offer a few copies of the bound volume for sale, as several parts are nearly out of print. A nicely bound copy of the complete volume can be had, in green cloth, gilt title, for 6/6 post free. It will make a very handsome book, suitable for a present, or to send to a Highland friend abroad. As the number of copies available is so small, readers should apply at once.

We have also in stock a few copies of volumes 6 and 7, bound uniform with volume 8, which can be had for 6/6 each, post free. Apply *Celtic Monthly* Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

THE MACGREGORS, GRIERSONS AND GREERS.

SIR,—In the interesting letter of Mr. Frederick Greer under the above heading in the last issue of the *Celtic Monthly*, I notice the following paragraph:—

"In the Macgregor history by Miss A. M. Macgregor, it is stated that the Grierasons are not Macgregors, and yet we Greers of our ilk, who claim descent from Sir William Grierson of Lag, Knight, through his son, Sir James Grierson of Capenach, have always considered ourselves Macgregors—and will do so still."

The italics are your correspondent's, and it is pleasing to note his loyal attachment. He appears, however, to put a wrong construction on the history referred to. When writing about Malcolm, eleventh Chief of Macgregor, who fought at Bannockburn and was afterwards wounded at the battle of Dundalk, Miss Macgregor mentions (Volume I., page 21) that that chief had two sons:—

"1, Gregor, his heir; 2, Gilbert, of whom it is said the Grierasons of Lag are descended. The Grierasons of Lag claim this descent, which is quite probable, though it may not be susceptible of actual proof."

These are the actual words of the said history, which evidently conveys quite a different meaning from that expressed in Mr. Greer's letter. But, however, little doubtful that the Grierasons of Lag and their descendants are Macgregors, there is always the danger of confusion resulting from changing names, more especially at a remote period, so scanty of written records, and when tradition, so to speak, constitutes the greater part of history.

For this same reason, the change of names, to which the Macgregors unfortunately had only too often to resort afterwards, Lord Clyde, one of the bravest and best of Highlanders, goes down in history under the patronymic of Campbell, his mother's name, though he was by descent a pure Macgregor, as I have already contributed to show in your own and other Journals.—Yours etc.,

JOHN MACGREGOR, M.D.,
Lieut.-Colonel.

THE HIGHLANDERS' ENTRY INTO PRETORIA.

We have just received a most interesting letter from a reader in Pretoria—Mr. James Fraser. He witnessed the entry of the British forces into the capital of the Republic, and his joy at hearing the music of his native land and seeing his kilted countrymen march with martial tread into the square of the city, were a delight to him which he expresses in glowing language in his note. As Mr. Fraser states that his letter was intended for the benefit of our readers, we have pleasure in making a few extracts from it. Curiously enough, the two officers in command of the Argylls and Black Watch are subscribers to the *Celtic Monthly*; and, when leaving Malta for the front, Captain Macrae wrote asking us to send after him some Gaelic song-books. We fear he has not found much opportunity of prosecuting his study of the music of the Gael. Since Mr. Fraser wrote, Lieut. MacArthur has been wounded, and is now invalided; while Capt. Macrae has received an important appointment at home.

"Then came a company of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and another of the Black Watch—the former commanded by a stalwart Highlander who stood six feet three inches in height. The crowd cheered till they were hoarse. I broke through the line, and had with Lieut. MacArthur the first Gaelic conversation I ever had in South Africa. Covered with the black ash of the veldt, after marching six hundred miles, the men looked strong, tall, and weather-beaten. I felt proud of my countrymen. The two companies were officered by true Highlanders, who could speak Gaelic fluently—both Captain Colin Macrae, of the Black Watch, and Lieut. MacArthur being Argyll men.

"I have been twenty-five years out here, and still love the Highlands, so you may imagine what a conversation in Gaelic with a countryman meant to me. I can assure you there is no branch of the British army the Boers respect so much as the 'korter ockie' (or 'short frocks' they call them), for they have always found them gallant and fearless soldiers."

—❧— CONCERNING ÷ LOCHIEL ÷ AND ÷ GLENGARRY. —❧—

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

PART X.

The Camerons of Lochiel dispoſe the lands of Knoydart to Macdonell of Glengarry.—Eriptions in Knoydart—North Morar ſold in 1768.—Island of Muck.—Descendants of Celeſtine of the Iſles.—Mac-Mhic-Alasdair or Glengarry.—Patronymics of Clan Macdonald branches in Inverneſs-ſhire.—Aggreſſions of the Mackenzies.—Truce between Glengarry and Kintail, 1580.—Donald Mac Angus takes action againſt Munro of Fowlis and Dingwall of Kildin for lands in Ferrintosh.—He produces his proofs.—Glen-

garry could neither ſpeak Engliſh, nor read or write.—Munro enumerates his liſt of titles.

THE Barony of Knoydart, a ſixty penny land of old extent, originally part of the great poſſeſſions of the Lords of the Iſles—though it was their laſt, was not an early acquisition by the family of Glengarry. Their firſt written title to Knoydart was through the Camerons of Lochiel, whoſe rights were very queſtionable and obtained through favour,



From Photo by]

[A. McG. Foster, Glenelg.

VIEW OF LOCH ARKAIG FROM COANICH, LOOKING WEST. *

in the very diſturbed times of the latter part of the reign of James V. and the early part of Queen Mary's reign. Ewen Allanson Cameron of Lochiel, in 1537, received a charter upon a doubtful appriſing of the eſtate, which charter is dated 8th November, upon which he was infeft on the 8th December of ſame year. The nominal right continued with the Lochiels until 1607, when Allan Cameron, then of Lochiel, diſpoſed the lands to Donald Mac Angus Macdonell of Glengarry, whoſe title was completed by infeftment 15, regiſtered 24th

August, 1607. Notwithſtanding, John Cam-

[* This view includes part of Glenpean, opening to the left, Glendessary to the right, hill at head of Loch is called Meall-an-t-srathan; while the diſtant hill, Mam-na-Callam, is that over which Prince Charlie is ſaid to have croſſed on his way from Glenpean to Glendessary. Glencargarry opens up away to the left, from the top of the three fir trees on the left of the picture. The higheſt top on the left is Gulvin or Gaor-bheinn, where the Earl of Dalkeith was accidentally ſhot while chasing a wounded ſtag. The peak on the right is called Scur-a-Mulligan, home of the celebrated Domhnuill Bhan Callich. Coanich Houſe appears in the foreground.—E. E. H.]

eron, eldest son and heir of Allan, tried to question the sale, which necessitated Glengarry's taking steps to vindicate his right, in which he was successful. Knoydart remained with the family and was the last portion sold. The sale I recollect, also that the new proprietor insisted on the place being cleared, which was carried out under very painful circumstances. The new proprietor's family did not long continue owners, and he himself may have had in view future possibilities, in effecting a very heavy insurance against fire, most advantageous to the Church he loved so well.

The Glengarry family also possessed North

Morar, giving them a splendid sea frontage to the west from Loch Hourn to Loch Morar. This was the first sale of the Glengarry estates, and occurred about 1768, when it was purchased by General Simon Fraser of Lovat for political reasons; and, prior to the restoration of the Lovat estates, was General Fraser's only property within the County of Inverness. Donald Mac Angus was also proprietor of the island of Muck, as I see he is called in anno 1629, by the Bishop of the Isles, in an action against all the vassals of the Isles—in which process Glengarry produced and exhibited in defence a Royal Charter in favour of Mungo MacEachen



From Photo by]

[E. E. Henderson, Goron.

VIEW OF LOCH QUOICH, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

(Maclean), "Incola," of the lands and isle of Muck with the pertinents, dated 23rd February, 1569, also charter by the said Mungo in his (Glengarry's) favour.

Celestine of the Isles, younger son of Alexander, Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, left a son, Sir Alexander Macdonald of Lochalsh, who was succeeded by his son, Sir Donald Galda, and the latter, on failure of male descendants of Celestine, was succeeded by his two sisters, Margaret and Janet. Janet married Dingwall of Kildin, the other, Margaret, married Alexander of Glengarry, and it was in the time of this Alexander of Glengarry's grandson

Donald, that the Glengarry patronymic of "Mac-Mhic-Alasdair" had its origin. The other three branches of the Macdonalds, in Inverness-shire, viz.—Clanranald, Keppoch, and Sleat, were also becoming known and styled by the patronymics respectively of "Mac-Mhic-Allan," "Mac Dhonuill nan Eilean," and "Mac Mhic Raolt." The lands of the sisters were coveted by the Mackenzies, whose ambition and greed were boundless, enabling them to over-run Ross from Eilean Donan on the west coast to Chanonry on the east. The Dingwalls first succumbed after a brief undisturbed possession, followed by futile attempts

at recovery. With Glengarry, the contest for Lochalsh, Loch Carron, Applecross, etc., was long and desperate, involving the death of Donald Mac Angus' eldest son, Angus.

In 1580 a truce betwixt Glengarry and Kintail was entered into, with a reference to arbitration. Several years thereafter, in 1631, Donald Mac Angus, alleging himself to be heir of Celestine of the Isles, heritable proprietor of the lands of Ferrintosh in Ross, or who had a charter of the said lands granted to him and his heirs by John, third and last Earl of Ross, Lord of the Isles, his brother, confirmed by the late King James of Scotland, takes process against Robert Munro, then of Foulis, heritable proprietor of the half of Ferrintosh, for himself and as son and heir of the late Hector Munro of Foulis, or others, his predecessors, which Robert Munro pretended right to the said half lands, by alienation of umquhile Margaret of the Isles, alleged proprietrix of the same, one of the heirs of umquhile Celestine de Ilis of Lochalsh; also against Rorie Dingwall, sometime of Kildin, son and heir of umquhile John Dingwall of Kildin, who was son and heir of the late Thomas Dingwall, who was son and heir, at least apparent heir of umquhile Janet of the Isles, one of the oyes of umquhile Celestine of the Isles, mother of Thomas Dingwall, the said Rorie Dingwall pretending that he and his predecessors had right to the other half of Ferrintosh, by disposition from Celestine or Janet of the Isles. Along with Rorie Dingwall, John Bayne, son and heir of the late Alexander Bayne of Tulloch, as pretending right to the lands by disposition and alienation by the said John Dingwall, together with Robert Murray of Spinningdale, son and heir of the deceased George Murray, pretended heritable proprietor of the lands of Boghouse (now Bighouse), and Angus Mackay, laird of Boghouse, son and heir of the late William Mackay of Boghouse. All these defenders are called upon to exhibit their rights and titles back to the time of James III., King of Scotland. At the calling of the process, Glengarry produced in support of his right to exhibition of the defenders titles.—

1. Charter granted by John de Yla, Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, to Celestine of the Isles, of the lands of Ferrintosh, comprehending Creichmore, Spandagall, Acharie, Ploddie, and Pulrossie, in the Earldom of Sutherland and the Shire of Inverness, dated at Dingwall, 20th January, 1463; together with the King's Majesty for the time, his confirmation following thereupon conform to Instrument of date, 10th September, 1524.

2. The laird of Glengarry's Retour, bearing him to be nearest and lawful heir, served and retoured, to the said umquhile Celestine of the Isles, of date, 22nd April, 1629, under the sign and subscription

of Mr. William Chalmers, depute to Sir John Scott of Scotstarvet, Knight, Director of the Chancery. The Record goes on to state that Glengarry passed from insisting in the case of Murray of Spangiedale and Mackay of Boghouse, restricting the process to Foulis, Rorie Dingwall of Kildin, and John Bayne of Tulloch. I now give exact copy of part of what occurred, from which it will be seen that Glengarry could neither speak English, nor read, nor write. He had been taught, however, to form the letters of his name, and I have seen his signature in laborious half-text. In the parochial schools it was not uncommon to instruct a boy, as an act of mechanism, to form the letters of his name, but with many it went no further than the initials of the christian name and surname.

"Like as the laird of Glengarry, personally present at the bar with his procurators, declared that nothing done in this process should hurt or prejudice the Lord Lovat, anent right or title that he might acclaim to the said lands, which declaration foresaid, the said laird of Glengarry, made by the mouth of Alexander Ronaldson, his 'Trinchie-mane'* (sic), because he could not speak Scotts himself." Moreover, the laird restricted his demand for production of writings to the exhibition of the writs and evidents granted by Celestine of the Isles to Alexander, Donald, Margaret, and Janet of the Isles, or by any of their successors to the defenders alleged authors, or granted by the King's Majesty. Munro of Fowlis enumerated the list of titles after mentioned, but they were not in his possession, and alleged that they were probably in the possession of one or other of the persons following, and he claimed to have satisfied production, viz., 1, Rorie Mackenzie of Kildin, John Bayne of Tulloch, Duncan Bayne of Logie, Robert Munro of Assine (sic), David Munro, Lovetennent (sic), Robert Munro, Sergeant, John Mackay, Lovetennent to Captain Thomas Mackenzie, Donald, Lord Rea, Sir Robert Gordon, Tutor of Sutherland, Symon, Lord Fraser of Lovat, and Colin, Earl of Seaforth. The titles enumerated by Foulis were:—1, Retour and service of Margaret of the Isles, as heir to Sir Donald of the Isles, her brother; 2, Precept following thereon; 3, A charter granted to Janet of the Isles; 4 and 5, Precept and Instrument following thereon; 6, Charter granted by one of His Majesty's predecessors, either to the said Janet or Margaret originally, or by resignation, together with Precept and Instrument of Sasine following thereon, of whatever date, tenor or contents; 7, Charter granted by the said Janet of the Isles to Munro of Fowlis; 8, Charter by His Majesty's late father to umquhile Hector Munro of Fowlis, with Precepts, etc.; 9, Charter by the said Hector Munro to Robert Munro, his son, with Sasine following thereon; 10, Charter by Margaret of the Isles to the said Robert Munro; 11, Charter by the said Robert to his son, Robert Munro; 12, Charter by the last mentioned Robert to his

* This is a rare word and means "Interpreter," though the interpretations of "trainbearer" and "carver" have been assigned by some. An expert in Scottish charters, deeds, and records, mentions that personally he had never before seen the word in any writing.

son, Robert; 13, Charter by the last mentioned Robert to Hector Munro, his son; 14, Charter by Hector Munro to his son, Robert Munro; 15, Charter by said last mentioned Robert Munro to Lord Lovat; 16, Charter by Thomas Dingwall of Kildin to Duncan Bayne of Tulloch.

Nothing followed, and the fine possessions brought to the Kildin family fell entirely away from them. In our next, a brief account of the Glengarry and Seaforth contests for the West Coast Estates of Margaret of the Isles, will be given.

(To be continued.)

THE KELP INDUSTRY.

THE manufacture of kelp from seaweed was at one time one of the most important Highland Industries. As it is now over fifty years since kelp ceased to be manufactured, except in a few places in the Highlands, it may be necessary to inform our readers what kelp is, and how it is manufactured. Here is a dictionary definition of Kelp—"The Alkali Soda in a crude state, procured by burning various seaweeds, which also are called kelp from the purpose to which they are put." A gentleman who recently witnessed the gathering of seaweed for kelp manufacture in North Uist describes the process as follows:—

"On the east side of North Uist there is a number of bays and islands, round which a great quantity of what they call cut or black seaweed grows on the inshore rocks and stones. The weed is cut once in three years, that is to say the part of the shore cut this year will not be cut again for three years, so as to allow the weed to grow to a full ripe crop.

The crofters and cottars remove from their homes to the shores by these bays and islands, and live in sheilings during kelp making, generally from the middle of June to the middle of August. The first thing to be done is to roof the old sheiling and make it as comfortable as possible, for from four to six persons to live in it for two months. When the tide is out, the weed is cut from the rocks and stones with a common corn hook or *coran*; they take a heather rope and warp it all round with seaweed and stretch it outside when they are cutting the seaweed. When the tide comes in the rope and seaweed float, and at high water they drag at both ends of the rope and pull it ashore, with the seaweed enclosed, as salmon fishers do when dragging for salmon. When the tide goes back from the weed that is thus taken ashore, the weed is put into creels and carried some distance, then spread on the grass to dry, and treated as hay is treated, until it is dry enough to burn. When ready for burning, say a quantity to make a ton of kelp, a trench is

formed which is called a kiln (*àth*), 12 to 24 ft., by 2 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. deep, the sides and ends formed with stones, the bottom having a layer of turf. The weed is set aburning by a little straw or heather; the weed has to be kept on constantly to keep down the flames as much as possible, and exclude the air from the burning mass inside. The heat is intense during the four to eight hours' burning. When the kiln is full of burning seaweed, two or three strong men rake, mix, and pound the whole mass together with iron clubs, having long handles. When this is done, the kiln is covered over with seaweed and stones to keep the kiln dry. In twenty-four hours, although still hot, it can be broken into large lumps and shipped, if a vessel is waiting."

It has been calculated than from about the end of the eighteenth and during several decades of the present century, the annual yield of kelp in the Hebrides was about 5000 tons, and as the market value was about £16 per ton, it must have yielded not less than £80,000.

One of the witnesses who gave evidence before the Select Committee on Emigration in 1871, says—"I know one estate where formerly 1100 tons of kelp were manufactured annually, another where 1200 tons were manufactured annually, and assuring that the price got at market was only £14 a ton, taking the expenses of manufacturing and conveying to market at £2, we had then a profit of £12 a ton, so in the one case we should have a profit to the proprietors of £13,200 a year, and in the other case a profit of £14,400, and this independent of the land rental."

The rapid growth, and sudden collapse, of the kelp industry had far reaching effects on the Highlands. We have seen how kelp rose in value till it reached £16, and even as high as £20 per ton about the beginning of the century.* While the great value of this article lasted, rents rose to abnormal figures, and the income of proprietors of kelp shore rose in proportion. As an example, it is stated* that the rent of the estate of Clanranald in South Uist previous to 1790 was £2,200, which, as kelp increased in value, rapidly rose to £15,000. The rapid development of the kelp industry, proved of little value to the workers, and a veritable curse to the Highland proprietors. As Professor Blackie puts it†—"The affair of the sea-wrack, with the riches and the ruin of which it was the cause, is in the highest degree instructive, as showing how for want of a wise administration the blessing that lay in a natural gift was turned into a curse. The gift of the sea, from

* Statistical Account. † The Scottish Highlanders and the Land Laws, p. 77.

which the kelp was made, by natural law belonged to nobody; and when, to avoid a scramble, the law stepped in, as in Jersey, to regulate the distribution, the course was clear; let it fall as a God-sent manure to the tillers of the soil; but, if, for purposes of trade, it could be utilized further with any pecuniary profit, the profit thence resulting should be apportioned amongst a race of sturdy, independent peasants, according to the measure of their lots. But there was no Moses, or Lycurgus, or Solon, in Great Britain at that time to think of the dues of the people in this matter.

* * *

As soon as it was discovered that certain alkaline products were contained in the sea-drift, which, by an easy process of burning, could be turned out in a condition to be used largely in our rising manufacturing towns, forthwith the lord of the soil stepped in, and with a legal maxim at his back, claimed the sea-drift as his private property, to be used for his own personal aggrandisement. This discovery took place about 1750; very opportunely as the west coast landlords thought at the time; for it enabled them to keep a great number of people on their land, who paid their rents out of the wages of their labour in burning the kelp, and



KELP GATHERING IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

from the fruits of that labour presented the landlord with a surplus of some thousands a year in addition to his proper rent from the produce of the soil. . . . But neither the hard-working crofter nor the easy-going lord of the coast was benefitted in the long run. The crofter suffered by the slippery nature of all wages dependant on the migratory character of trade supply; and the landlord from the habits of thriftlessness which he had brought with him as an inheritance from his fathers, and from the habits of extravagance which he had learned.

'Up amid the swells in London,
'Mid the pomp of purple sinners,

Where many a kilted Thane was undone,
With dice, debauchery, and dinners.'

After the great French wars, the duties on Spanish barrilla and on salt were repealed. Kelp-burning would no longer pay, and in a year or two the incomes of the kelp-burning lairds fell from £15,000 to £500 a year! The lairds who had not stored up any reserves against the fickle favours of trade were ruined, and their property was sold to strangers; and the people who had been neglected and allowed to herd in the Irish fashion, to sub-divide their already small crofts, and neglect the culture of the land for the wages of the sea, were

left in a state of destitution truly pitiable."

Such then, briefly told, is the history of the rise and fall of the kelp industry—a history which sheds a lurid light on the rapacity of Highland landlordism, for it is a well-known fact that they got their rack rents paid in kelp at the rate of from 30/- to £2 per ton, while they sold the same article at from £16 to £20 per ton!

The only places in Scotland where kelp is manufactured are Orkney, North and South Uist, Barra, Kintyre, and Tyree, and the selling price does not exceed £4 per ton.

EACHUNN.

THE COURTING OF COLIN QUICKSTEP.

THERE was a little man in Mudale and they called him Colin Quickstep. For when he took the road to Tongue or Lairg he made a great pace with the small legs of him and covered the land like a hind. Like the wee folks, both above ground and below ground, Colin had a great conceit. He would draw himself up when he met a maid, and swell his puny chest like a pouter as he went past, thinking all the maids of Mudale were for looking after him and admiring him, to the losing of their sleep and the aching of their hearts.

There are two things about small men that are always the same—in the conceit of them they for ever think that they are not small, and when they go a courting it is after the big maids they hanker. And with it all they keep cocking their heads in company and birking like terriers, always getting in the way of big folks, and speaking out what comes to them without a thought of other folks frowns.

It is the big men that are the silent ones—the small men have ever tongues that clatter like a housewife's pans when the young collie gets among them.

Colin Quickstep had both the conceit of size and the conceit for big maids. When he passed a little lass on the road he would look the other way and flick the heather with his switch as if there was no one near. But that was because Colin was so small himself, and he counted smallness a disgrace in other folk. For long, too, he had been wishful to marry one or other of the maids of Mudale, and it was a great wife or none that Colin meant to have. The little maids had long ago given over their flirting in the chance of being asked to milk Colin's cows and keep his house. And some women are so set in catching the men that even among

the tall sonsy maids there was some bickering over Colin's favour.

Now it chanced that there was one—Morag—who lived at the hostelry of Altnaharra on whom Colin had set his little heart. He would come up to the inn on an evening with his best brogues on and a feather in his cap and sit down on the seat beneath the tree that is in the garden before the inn door. He would call for a glass and wait patiently, with his one eye on the sky just to let the passers-by see that he was a man of great thought, while his other eye was screwed painfully round in its socket until it rested on the inn door to see if Morag herself would bring out the tray. From this we see that Colin Quickstep had not only a conceit in his soul but also the shifty ways of a deceiver.

"It is a fine evening, Morag," he would say when the refreshment appeared. "I was sitting here thinking that I would take a journey away to the south."

"Oh, Colin! How we would miss you!"

"Ha! It is nothing I am sure for me to leave Mudale side. Is it now, Morag? But will you not be sitting down?" And he waved his little hand with the air of a prince that was laughable to see. Nevertheless Morag sat down and turned her face away, for she did not want to laugh, and yet she did not want to lose the little man.

"I am thinking, Quickstep, that this place would not be the same if you went away."

And how she did it only a woman can tell, but Morag looked down on Colin Quickstep with sheep's eyes and blushed.

"Maybe, maybe," smiled Colin, right well pleased, although he was sorely put about that his head only came up to Morag's shoulder as they sat.

"Morag?"

"Yes?" whispered the big maid shyly, with a turning away of the head.

"Would you miss me if I went away?"

"Oh, now, Quickstep, how can I tell that until you go?"

"Aye, I never thought of that," and Colin was crestfallen and could say nothing.

"You are forgetting your glass altogether, Quickstep," said Morag, with a glance at the full tumbler, and she swung her feet to and fro, just to make Colin believe that she might not be so big after all. Nor did she wish the talk to stop.

"Oh, it is nothing. Just nothing at all. A glass is nothing to me. I could be paying for a hundred glasses and think nothing about it. I have plenty of siller, Morag—just plenty."

"Aye, Quickstep, siller is a fine thing."

"But there are finer things I know of," replied the little man.

"And what are these?"

"A good wife, for one thing." And Colin Quickstep got very red in the face after making such a bold speech. But Morag only sat a little nearer, and said in the gathering dusk as she rubbed her arm against his sleeve,

"Colin, think shame, and me alone!"

"And do you think, Morag, that I would be telling you that if there was anybody else here?"

"Oh, maybe not."

And there was a sound like soft laughter. But Colin did not hear it, he was so deep in the conceit of wondering what to say next.

"Morag?"

"Yes, Quickstep."

"If I went away would you come with me?"

"Come with you! Deed and I would not. Do you think I would leave Mudale for a little man like you?"

"I am not so little, Morag. And I have a farm of my own and a boat on the loch."

"But what good would they be to you if you went away," quietly suggested the big maid. And she looked across the little man's head and wondered how his brains could all get into it.

"Aye, to be sure, you are right. I never thought of that. But, Morag?"

"Yes."

"What if I stayed at home?"

"How can I tell?"

"Would you—Oh, Morag, you know very well what I mean!" And Colin's face was like a beetroot for colour.

"I know nothing, Colin Quickstep, and if you are done with your drink I will go in with the tray this minute."

"Morag, Morag! you are beautiful."

"Yes, I know," was all she answered, and she settled herself down again, and moved a little nearer to Colin.

"And you are very tall, Morag."

"Oh, no! I am not much above yourself, Colin."

"Aye, really. Neither you are. And, Morag, oh, Morag! I—I believe I would give you my heart!"

"Oh, Colin, what a generous man you are!"

"Aye, I am generous, and I will tell you, Morag, I am in love with you! There now, what do you think of that?"

And the little man's face came near to bursting altogether.

"I think you are very nice, Colin."

"Aye, do you! Then will you marry me, Morag?"

"Maybe I might," and Morag prepared herself for advances.

"Say you will, Morag, and I will kiss you."

"No Colin, but if you were to kiss me first I might say I would after that," and the big maid got upon her feet.

"Oh, my treasure!" whispered Colin, and jumped upon his feet upsetting the tray and the tumbler with a crash. But when he found that he could not reach higher than the big maid's shoulder with his red hot face, he stuttered and stumbled in his speech for shame, and whispered again,

"Morag, will you bend down. I—I cannot get up."

"No I will not bend. And it is a very strange man that you are if you do not know how to kiss a maid."

"But, Morag, you are so tall!"

"And you are so little, Colin—say you are now."

"I am not so big at least as I thought I was, Morag."

"Aye, now, that is better."

"But what am I to do if you will not bend, Morag?" pleaded the little man, all over with shame now.

"Get up on the seat there," giggled the big maid.

And Colin Quickstep, with a terrible shame on his face, climbed up on the seat and—took his fill.

* * *

On Mudale side there is a farm and in it live Colin Quickstep and his wife. It is Morag's farm now. And Colin—he goes about carrying the pails and cleaning the byre. When he goes in to the house he walks on his toes and speaks under his breath. Morag is very stout, and the look of her great arm when she is at the churning makes Colin tremble. He never even is allowed to get up on the chair when he is near Morag. For she is a woman of a great voice and a beetling arm, and Colin durst not even blow on his porridge when she is looking. He is very small now and takes quicker steps than ever. And when he goes down to Altnaharra the mischievous maids giggle behind the doors at him and whisper, "Poor Colin! he has no conceit in his soul now."

TORQUIL MACLEOD.

BOSTON CALEDONIAN CLUB.—The annual sports and parade of this popular society were held last month and were a great success. In connection with the competitions for the Best Dressed Highlander, Mr. R. W. Forsyth, Renfield Street, has received a letter from Mr. F. S. Abercromby, Boston, in which he states that he was successful in taking first prize both in the members' competition and that open to the world, and adds "In each case I wore the equipments I recently purchased from you."

DAFT DANNIE.

"Until the Day break and the shadows flee away."

I HAD come a long way. Hot, dusty, travel-stained, I looked from one side of the road to the other to discover a resting-place. The grass by the roadside was dusty as myself; moreover, I am scarcely a hardened enough tramp to feel at ease with my pipe where any eye can be upon me. Presently the road was shaded on the right by a little grove of trees, chiefly composed of beech and oak, but in its cool recesses were aspens, those trees so refreshing to the eye in their grey-green, quivering robes. Here would I have taken refuge had I not heard on my left the unmistakeable

"... surgy murmur of the lonely sea."

I climbed to the brow of a little hill, and saw, stretched below me, an arm of the sea running inlands. And on the left of the road was a pair of rusty iron gates leading into an old churchyard. I opened the gate and entered, for since my childhood a sea-shore and a graveyard have had the most irresistible attractions for me. The atmosphere of intense stillness, of peace, that brooded over the spot, soothed my soul and my senses. I wandered through the graves, or perhaps *on* them would be more correct, for so thickly placed were those old, flat tombstones, that a kind of Roman way had been made over the oldest and most deeply sunken of them. And so I passed on from one quaint old epitaph to another, my sacrilegious knife having often to scrape the moss and lichen off some old legend that I was particularly anxious to render legible. The only one of these that I can now recollect is:—

"Our race is run and yours is runing;
Prepare, the Judgment Day is coming."

And at last I seated myself on the broad stone wall overlooking the sea. There I fell to questioning as I had done a hundred times before, 'Wherein lies the melancholy, peaceful charm of a country graveyard?' Is it that some indefinable instinct tells us that its occupants lie at peace for evermore? Nay, then, for what after all are its occupants but the cast-off garments of this world, a sartorial remnant of what we once knew? The fact, however, remains, that in this place of tombs are found a peace and sanctity not of the outside world.

As I sat thus musing and questioning, evening fell. The sun set behind the mountains; the path of golden light athwart the water faded away; and night, gray-winged, brooded on land and sea.

Turning at last, reluctantly, to leave, I

became aware that someone was moving among the graves not very far from me. I slipped behind a hollow ash whose ivied trunk effectually concealed me. It was a purely unpremeditated movement, and why I did so I could hardly have explained even to myself. From where I stood I could see the figure moving on with a purposeful air straight towards my hiding place. As it approached I saw that it was a man of a strange and weird appearance. He was thin to attenuation and appeared to be above the ordinary height. His white, ascetic face gleamed weirdly in the half-light. A feeling of superstitious awe took possession of me, and I had almost acted on the adage about 'discretion and valour,' when the apparition paused, and, removing his worn silk hat, knelt down. He folded his hands together, and with eyes directed towards the hills began, to sing the Gaelic version of the 23rd Psalm. Never have I beheld so weird, so unexpected a sight. The melody of the old psalm tune floated sadly, solemnly, on the evening breeze, and as the notes of the sweet tenor were borne seawards, they seemed more like the dim memory of some long forgotten, ghostly air, than anything real or human. When the psalm was ended the singer knelt down and apparently prayed, long and earnestly. At length he arose, and taking from his breast pocket several small packets placed them on the flat, table-like surface of the gravestone, talking to some unseen audience the while. Then, with one long, backward look, he left the grave, and returned by the way that he had come. When I heard the gate clang I left my refuge and crossed over to where he had knelt. The tomb was of whinstone, and made after the fashion so long prevalent in Scotland, *i.e.*, a horizontal slab of stone placed on two smaller perpendicular ones. I looked with some curiosity to learn what it might be that he had placed there. Two little heaps of grain and a few very fine potatoes. Certainly the strangest postmortem offering that I had ever seen. The stone was over-grown with lichen, but I managed to decipher the following inscription:—

"In affectionate remembrance of Murdoch Urquhart, for forty years Tacksman of Miclebrae, born, September 3rd, 18—, died, April 14th, 18—. This stone is erected by his sorrowing widow. Psalm xv, 1-2. Also of the aforesaid widow, Margaret Cameron, who entered into her rest in the 70th year of her age.

Until the Day break and the shadows flee away."

The last entry had evidently been cut much more recently than the first. I was no nearer

the solution of the mystery, and left the graveyard still pondering over the strange incident.

The termination of my walking tour was approaching, so I walked on all through that glorious Highland night, and next day the train bore me from the ideal to the real.

* * *

The following year I spent my holiday loch-fishing in Caithness. It was whilst I was living at a small inn, not a dozen miles from Thurso, that I met the Rev. John Mackenzie. He, too, was enjoying the gentle piscatorial craft, and we soon entered into comradeship. He was a worthy man and a fine fisherman, and I make no doubt that he had also the qualities that go to make a good minister.

One fine fishing evening we had stayed late on the loch. After an obstinate day the fish had begun to take, and we found when we put up our rods that it was past midnight. We sent the ghillie to his own home with a good present of trout, and dividing the remainder of the weighty load between us we set off on our five mile tramp. The bare stretch of Caithness moor with its rough tussocks of grass, its peat holes, and wide patches of heather, looked eerie enough in the early dawning, and it was, perhaps, small wonder that we began to exchance confidences of a supernatural order. At last I described to him the curious apparition that I had seen in the old graveyard in Ross-shire. He listened most attentively, and when I concluded said in a low voice, more to himself than to me,

"Poor Dannie, poor daft Dannie, so the shadows are still surrounding you!"

"What!" I exclaimed, "is it possible that you can give me any clue to the mystery?"

"Well," he replied, "I can at least tell you his story. The first years of my ministry were spent in that parish. If you care to hear it I will tell you what I know of Daft Dannie."

I was eager enough to hear the story, and begged him to proceed.

"Old Murdoch Urquhart and his forebears had been tenants of Miclebrae for many generations. When I came to the parish the old man had been dead for some years, and the farm was left in the hands of young Dannie and his mother. The love between mother and son had passed into a bye-word in the place. He was her only living child, and had been born to her when she was no longer young. He had never once been separated from her. To outsiders he was shy, reserved, almost boorish, but to her he was open and frank and as affectionately attentive as any daughter. All through his childhood and boyhood Dannie could not remember a single night on which his

mother had not come to his bedroom, happed the blankets round him, and repeated the Lord's prayer. Now that she had grown older and frailer the offices were reversed, and it was Dannie who never missed a night in visiting her room and kissing her good-night.

Mrs. Urquhart had but one rival, and that was Dannie's love of music. As a wee bairn he would wander miles after the sound of the pipes, and when he grew older he bought a violin and spent many hours practising on it. This propensity led him into many a scrape with his father, who bitterly accused him of neglecting the farm for 'thon trash o' a fiddle.' Mrs. Urquhart would make excuses for him, but in her heart she lamented what she considered a waste of Dannie's time. In truth Dannie was no farmer, and if he had not had his mother's counsel to fall back on after old Murdoch's death the 'toon' would have been in a sorry way. I often heard Dannie play and recognised in him the heaven-born musician. When I first came to the parish I entertained a never-to-be realized hope that he might be trained, and someday become my organist; but the time was not then ripe for the introduction of any such innovation. Well do I remember my first sermon in the old Parish Church! Even now I seem to see the white-washed walls, the unvarnished deal pews, the high wooden gallery, and the white head of the old precentor who sat in a little wooden box just below the pulpit. Well, well, *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis!*" He paused a moment and then resumed.

"Of what I am about to tell you now Dannie only spoke to me once. It was in one of his rare moments of unreserve, and just before the shadows began to gather about his poor brain. It seems he had received an invitation from cousins residing in East Lothian, asking him to come to them for a week or two, and enlarge his views of the world and of life. Mrs. Urquhart urged him to accept the proposal, but Dannie at first was much averse to it. They had the matter out when he came to see her at bedtime. Dannie was worsted, and the argument was concluded thus:—

"What'll you do without me, mother? You've never wanted me before."

"It's clean ridiculous for you to think that I'm never to get on without you! Hoots, man, you're not to be tied to an old wife's apron strings all you're life! Twenty-four past and never further than the length of Inverness all your life!"

"Well, mother, if I go it's only to please you, and I'll not stay longer than three days."

"It wouldn't be worth your ticket going for that long."

"Well, I'll go on the Monday, and I'll come back on the Saturday. Now, mother, more than that I will not do. I must be back to go to the church with you on the Sabbath. Just say that'll content you."

"Well, well, laddie, have it your own way." And thus the compromise was made.

Dannie had to make an early start on Monday, and he said good-bye to his mother on Sabbath evening. He stayed talking for long because he dreaded saying good-bye. And although this may seem foolish to us we must remember it was their first parting, and his love for her was wonderful. It was Mrs. Urquhart who said at last,

"You'll need to be going, laddie, for you have an early start to-morrow."

So they bade each other farewell, and just as Dannie reached the door she called after him,

"What time will I be looking for you on the Saturday, Dannie?"

"About eight or nine, mother," he replied.

"Aye, aye," she said, "the evening shadows will be gathering over the toon. Turn your face to me a minute. God be with you, my son."

Thus Dannie made his first acquaintance with the world, or with a little bit of it. To tell the truth he liked it much better than he had expected to. His cousins, having discovered his passion for music, took him into Edinburgh every day, and Dannie heard melody such as had hitherto only entered into his dreams. And when Friday evening came they said,

"Wait over Sunday, Dan; there's to be a great musician playing at the Abbey in the evening, and you must hear him."

And Dannie, his whole being filled with the rapture of music, stayed.

The grand old Abbey, half in ruins and half restored as an Established Church, filled the susceptible lad with awe. He had never been in any church but our own bare Parish Kirk, and when the first swelling chords of the organ, touched by a master's hand, stole through the building, Dannie hid his face in his hands and wondered if his heart would burst with the ecstasy of it. The Old Hundreth was sung for the concluding hymn, and he thought that the music of Heaven might perhaps excel this in as great a degree as the Abbey music excelled our old precentor and his tuning fork. The organist played the "March of the Priests" from Tannhauser as the out voluntary, and when it was over Dannie had to be led out of the church, and walked back dazed and trembling.

On Monday morning he started for home. His train was late in reaching the station for Miclebrae, and it was ten o'clock 'ere he found himself walking through the farm-square. The

lads had all gone to bed and no one was about. He looked up at his mother's window, the blind was down but there was a light behind it.

"Mother will have gone to her bed," he said to himself, "she will be waiting for me there," and he hastened his steps.

He saw that there was a light in the kitchen, but he passed softly and no one heard him. He wanted to see his mother before he met anyone else. He ascended the stairs three steps at a time, and knocked at the bedroom door, first softly as he had always done, then louder, but he received no answer.

"She must have fallen asleep," he said to himself. Very gently he lifted the latch, pushed the door open, and said,

"Mother, I've come. Are you sleeping, mother?"

Only a strange stillness answered him. With beating heart he entered the room. Four candles burned on the mantleshef, casting an uncertain light on the bed, which was covered with a sheet. Strangely calm now he drew the sheet gently down. Poor laddie, poor laddie, he had heard his mother's voice for the last time, but she slept sweetly in the arms of God."

The Rev. John Mackenzie paused, and for a few minutes we walked on in silence. Then he said,

"It was after the farm roup that the shadows began to gather round him. The first we noticed was the intense dislike he evinced to instrumental music. But God is very merciful. Dannie is contented now. He imagines that he still has the farm in his own hands, that is why he takes samples of grain to his mother's grave. He consults with her on all things concerning his simple life."

We had almost reached home. The sun had risen, and each wave of the Atlantic reflected a ray of light. From the high cliffs of Hoy a fine mist was slowly rising.

The Rev. John Mackenzie removed his hat, and raising his head let the sea-breeze play upon his face.

"Until the Day break, Dannie," he said slowly, "until the Day break and the shadows flee away."

MYRA K. G. WARRAND.

Conon Bridge.

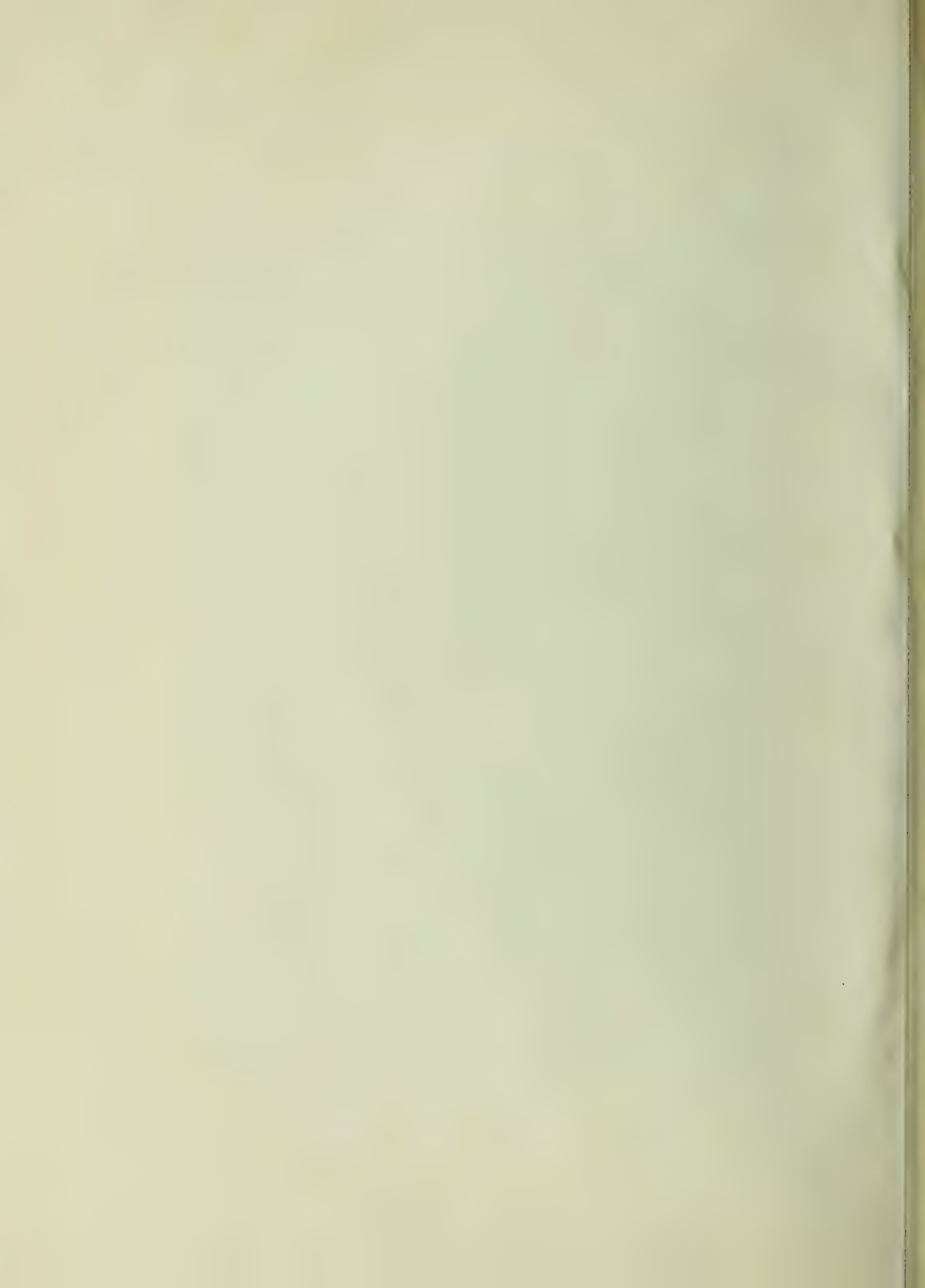
CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The Annual Excursion to the Mackay country to encourage the study of Gaelic, has just taken place, and has been attended with the most satisfactory results. The pupils attending the Gaelic classes from Melvich to Melness were examined in Gaelic reading, singing, dictation, etc., and showed great progress. The Gaelic concerts held each evening were crowded, and the members of the deputation were accorded everywhere a most enthusiastic reception.



DUGALD MACLACHLAN, B.L.



Mrs. D. MACLACHLAN.



THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

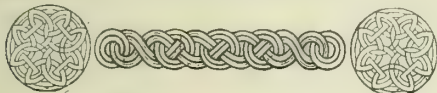
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DUGALD MACLACHLAN, B.L.

A SON of the late Mr. John MacLachlan, Branault, Ardnamurchan, Mr. MacLachlan received his early education in the parish school. He began his business career with Mr. John MacLachlan, writer and bank agent, Tobermory. After three year's residence in the capital of Mull, Mr. MacLachlan came to Glasgow and completed his apprenticeship with Messrs. MacClure, Naismith, Brodie & MacFarlane, in whose office he remained for eight years. He studied Law in Glasgow University, graduating as a B.L. in 1879. He commenced business in partnership with Mr. James Marshall, and the firm of Marshall & MacLachlan is well accredited in commercial circles, having at least one millionaire among its clients. On coming to Glasgow, Mr. MacLachlan identified himself with St. Columba Parish Church. He was ordained an elder at an early age, and has been engaged for a quarter of a century in Sabbath School work connected with that congregation. He has also acted as Secretary and Treasurer to the Church for over twenty years, and at present he has charge of an important arbitration in connection with the sale of the Church to the Caledonian Railway Coy.

Mr. MacLachlan always took an interest in Volunteering. He was for seven years a member of the Queen's Own Glasgow Yeomanry Cavalry.

In 1887, Mr. MacLachlan married Miss Annie Drummond MacColl, and has one daughter.

As a Director of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow, and as Treasurer of the Argyllshire Society for over a dozen years, Mr. MacLachlan seeks to keep himself in close touch with his native Highlands, and his home county. He takes a warm interest in Celtic matters in this city, and while a Conservative in politics, he, as becomes the son of a crofter, is in strong sympathy with any well considered measure of Land Law Reform.

Saoghal fada dha.

FIONN.

THE HILL OF DREAMS.

OFT have I seen thee raise thy summit high,
 Gaunt and cold,
 Full of loneliness—boulder-strewn, with snow
 Enshrouded.
 Thou reignest king among the vassal hills
 Majestic,
 Of thine uplifted peak the heav'ns alone
 Have knowledge;
 'Midst crash of thunder and the roar of storm
 Thou smilest
 Unmoved
 Though the fierce lightning blaze across the night.
 The silver loch in beauty safely sleeps
 'Neath thy strength,
 And thou canst hear the soft-sighed secrets
 Of the breeze;
 Thy gentler, lower slopes are wondrous fair,
 Heather-clad;
 The bracken
 Gleams golden through the purple and the green.
 I stood upon thy brow and looked around
 Marvelling—
 (The loch beneath lay dreaming in the smile
 Of sunshine)
 But all around seemed strange . . . so far away,
 So silent,
 Hill upon hill, ben after ben, sharp-peaked
 And rugged
 Appeared to spread themselves in vast array
 Before me,
 Till my gaze
 Grew faint with wonderment and sadness.
 Around me the clouds did hang, close and white
 The hill-tops
 Peeped strangely through as islets in a great
 Sea of mist,
 I stood in thought before a dread abyss
 Whose grim sides
 Below me
 Stretched ever down unto the distant earth.
 No sound was near, save the weird whistle
 Of the wind.
 There came (new-born, yet old) a fear of God
 Upon me,
 On thy lone summit thoughts swept o'er my soul,
 Great and deep.

COINNEACH DUBH.

NOTES ABOUT KINTYRE.

AS promised last month, we have pleasure in giving the rent-roll of Kintyre of a century and a half ago. This interesting document forms part of the valuable MSS. of the late Rev. Donald Kelly, minister of Southend, now in the possession of his son, Mr. N. M. Kelly-Robertson, through whose courtesy we are privileged to reproduce it. The MS. is very frail, and so much frayed in some parts that it is impossible to make out a few of the figures, which will explain how, in the rentals of one or two parishes, the totals do not exactly correspond with the summation of the individual figures. The former, however, may be accepted as correct. Many strange events have happened in Kintyre since the "Year of Charlie," but probably nothing will appear more strange to the Kintyrian of to-day than the extraordinary increase which has taken place in the rental of every farm in the district. Of course, this increased value of land is general all over the country, due originally, in the Highlands at least, to the introduction of sheep-farming and more productive methods of agriculture; but it is only when one glances over an old rent-roll such as this, and compares the sums there set forth with those paid by the occupiers of the same lands to-day, that one realises the startling fact that some rentals have been increased perhaps a thousand per cent. In addition to this, the shootings and fishings must be taken into account. In looking over the large sums now paid for some of the shootings in Kintyre, it may be noticed that the rentals of four of these actually amount to more than the entire rental of Kintyre in 1772. Thus, Glenbarr lets at £800; Lossit, £600; Simerby, £500; Ronachan, £500—making £2,400 in all, while the rent-roll of the whole district a hundred and thirty years ago only amounted to £2,025. These great advances had their due effect upon the later history of Kintyre. To them are due the Kintyre settlements in Ontario, Canada, Ohio, United States, and in the Australian colonies. We intend treating of the New Kintyres in distant lands shortly, there being much that is interesting to tell in connection with them. The economic changes which have depopulated Kintyre are common to all the Highlands, and they have had their effect upon the landowners as well as upon the tenants. A glance at the names of the proprietors in 1772 will suffice to show how many of these families have had since to part with their lands. We are glad that a few of the old kindly names are still represented in the district. Long may the Macdonalds, Macneals, Macallisters, and Campbells maintain their hold of their ancient family possessions.

RENT ROLL OF KINTYRE, 1744-72.

Parish of Killean, Saddle, and Kilchenzie.
Archibald Campbell, of Stonefield, for his property in this parish, viz. :—

Merklands.

2	Grianan, ...	£ 2 8 4
4	Curr and Sunadie, ...	10 11 3
6	Crossaig, Sperisaig, Cru- briden, ...	15 2 0

Total Stonefield's valued rent in this parish, ... 28 1 7

John Macdonald of Largy—

	Rownaherine, ...	12 0 9
4	South Rownaherine, ...	11 6 11
3	Dunasherrie, ...	7 17 4
4	Gortanfaal, ...	14 1 2
4	Uladi, ...	13 2 6
4	Bellochgarren and pen- dicles, ...	18 9 5
	Corn miln thereof, ...	1 7 2
2	Beachar, ...	5 16 1
1	Beachmenoch and pen- dicles, ...	10 10 4
2	Clachaig, ...	6 0 8
1	Blarie, ...	2 6 3

Total, ... 102 18 7

Killean, Saddle, and Kilchenzie. Archi-
bald, Duke of Argyll—

1	Killacraw, ...	16 3 4
1	Corrielloch, ...	4 0 10
	Drumlergymore, Lergy- breck, and Cluash, ...	19 7 11
2	Ballinaglack, ...	8 17 3
2½	Skerblinraid, ...	12 9 2
4	Corputichan, ...	11 14 0
4	Cleongart, ...	11 13 5
3	Achaleshan, and miln, ...	8 15 3
5	Beachmhor and Acha- choisk, ...	9 2 1
4	Crubastil, ...	10 9 7
1	Blairie, ...	1 12 3
2	Kilmaluag, ...	3 18 4
3	Bellochichichan, ...	11 11 11
5	Muasel, ...	12 13 6
4	Kilmorie, ...	12 3 5
1½	Drum	
4	Putichantry, ...	15 3 4
3	Torrasdail, ...	8 1 4
1½	Lephencorrach, ...	4 0 1
1½	Lephenbeg, ...	4 14 2
3	Achenbreck, ...	4 2 9
1	Craigmore, ...	1 14 2
3	Brackley, ...	3 9 8
2	Barmalloch, ...	3 17 2

The said Duke for his free tiends in the
lordship of South and North Kintyre, 27 4 7
Total rent and tiends, ... 231 0 0

Alexander MacMillan of Drumore—

2½	Upper Barr, ...	4 19 11
3	Laigh Barr, ...	12 11 9
	Corn miln thereof, ...	5 13 4

Alexander Macmillan of Drumore—*contd.*

Merklands.

2	Glenakerdoch, ...	£ 7 10 6	
3	Stockadile and Garvalt, ...	8 4 9	
2	Kelligrewer, ...	6 12 11	
2	Achatadowie, ...	4 1 8	
1½	Laggalgerve, ...	6 15 2	
1½	Lengintavill, ...	7 2 0	
3	Killarow, ...	13 1 6	
2½	Gartgunnel, ...	8 3 7	
2½	Tengie, ...	8 13 6	
	Corn miln thereof, ...	6 12 4	
	Caluska, a pendicle of Tengie, ...	5 0 0	
2½	Drumlea, ...	11 10 2	
1½	Ballyvean, ...	21 11 10	
			138 4 11

John Campbell of Glensadill—

Merklands.

2	Upper Ugadil, ...	£ 9 4 6	
1½	Uladil, or Whilstone, ...	8 17 9	
2	Guesdale, ...	7 17 2	
1½	Braid, ...	4 13 7	
2½	Invernan and Kelmichell, ...	4 16 1	
2	Lephenmore, ...	6 6 9	
4	Saddil and Acre, ...	26 4 0	
	Corn miln thereof, ...	1 16 5	
			69 16 3

Dugald Campbell of Glencaradil—

2	Acharoich, ...	4 15 0	
1	Keranshee, ...	2 16 3	
4	Achinsavie, ...	7 13 4	
3	Kilmichel, ...	6 7 6	



GLENBARR, KINTYRE—SEAT OF MAJOR MACALISTER.

Dugald Campbell of Glencaradil—*contd.*

1	Duchironmore, ...	2 19 3	
4	Aird, ...	11 0 0	
	Ton Dupine, ...	1 6 4	
4	Dupine, ...	12 3 10	
4	Raonadil and Aore, ...	8 8 10	
	Drumdown and pendicle thereof, ...	0 13 4	
	Corn miln of Raonadil, ...	1 6 8	
1	Ducherinbeg, ...	3 2 1	
			62 12 5
2	Erniele, the property of Neal Mac Neal, of Ugadil, ...	12 10 0	
2	Amoa, ...	6 0 3	
			18 10 3

John Campbell of Kildalraig—

1½	Kelmacho, ...	5 0 4	
1½	Langa, ...	6 6 3	
1	Boraadow, ...	2 12 10	
			13 19 5

John Macdonald of Sanda, ... 5 1 2
Total valued rent of the parish of Killean
and Saddil and Kilchenzie, ... 670 16 0

Parish of Kilkerran, Kilmichael, and Kilmichousland. Archibald, Duke of Argyll—

4	Kileonan, ...	12 0 7	
1	Lags, ...	3 14 9	
2	Achnaclach, ...	6 10 1	
2	Achinloan, ...	7 5 0	
2	Ballinabraed, ...	3 16 4	
2	Ballintoan, ...	5 12 11	

Archibald, Duke of Argyll—*contd.*

Merklands.

2 $\frac{1}{4}$	Knockriochmore, ...	£10	5	9	
2 $\frac{1}{4}$	Tonrioch, ...	11	16	10	
1	Arinascavich, ...	2	1	3	
	Altnabodny, ...	0	16	4	
1	Arinaroch, ...	2	9	6	
1	Little Glenramskill, ...	5	19	6	
3	Crosshill and Whithill, ...	17	18	6	
$\frac{1}{2}$	Little Kilkerran, ...	2	4	9	
1	Kilkerran, ...	4	19	6	
	Corn miln of Campbelton, ...	8	5	2	
3	Bar, ...	8	16	9	
1	Aross, ...	4	0	10	
3 $\frac{1}{2}$	Skervoblingorry, ...	13	17	3	
2	Kirkmichael, ...	10	0	0	
2	Upper Ballivielline, ...	8	3	8	
2	Achinleek, ...	10	15	0	
5	Glackhill, ...	12	12	9	
2	Laigh Ronachan, ...	8	5	3	
2	Upper Ronachan, ...	8	15	3	
3	Kelipol, ...	12	5	0	
	Corn miln thereof, ...	1	10	4	
4	Darlochan and Durry, ...	14	16	0	
7	Smerby, ...	24	8	2	
	Corn miln thereof, ...	2	12	7	
1	Clochfin and Stramollach, ...	4	6	6	
2	Laigh Ballimnoch, ...	9	16	2	
3	Crossibeg, ...	16	1	7	
2	Ballimnoch, ...	10	10	8	
4	Peninver, ...	17	4	0	
3	Kilkeddan, ...	9	5	1	
3	Gartgregean, ...	10	2	6	
1	Aultinturvie, ...	1	19	8	
2	Ballochgare, ...	7	10	0	
2	Kildonell, ...	9	14	4	
3	Laggan, ...	9	12	10	
3	Drumgarve, ...	8	14	7	
	Angis Ichurach, ...	5	0	0	
					367 2 6
4	Drumore, property of Dugal Campbell of Glen-				
	caradil, ...	19	9	2	
2	May, ...	13	9	0	
					32 18 2

John Campbell of Glensadill—

3	Ballegreggan and pendicles, ...	14	11	5	
3	Barraskamil, ...	15	11	11	
4	Craigs, ...	15	7	3	
4	Margmonagach, ...	16	17	6	
					62 8 1

Thomas Fraser—

3	Askamilbeg, ...	15	18	6	
2	Elagie and Kennochan, ...	10	5	4	
					26 3 10
3	Askamilmore, property of John Campbell, ...	18	1	2	
4	Ardnacroiss, property of Neal MacNeal, ...	21	3	1	
2	Ugadil, property of Neal MacNeal, ...	11	11	0	

Lachlan MacNeil of Kilchrist—

16	Kilchrist and Acre, ...	7	12	1	
	Corn miln thereof, ...	5	13	4	
8	Culindown, ...	3	19	0	
$\frac{1}{2}$	Knocknahaw, ...	3	0	6	
					20 4 10

Archibald MacNeil of Cariskey, for his property—

Merklands.

1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Glenadildeichtroch, ...	£5	11	8	
$\frac{1}{2}$	Lephcnbeg, ...	3	5	1	
$\frac{2}{2}$	Cariskey and pendicles, ...	1	13	3	

Total Cariskey's valued rent, ... 10 16 0

John Campbell of Kildaloig—

	Kildaloig and point, ...	12	17	3	
	Island Devar, ...	1	18	10	
	Ballimenach, ...	6	15	1	
	Glenramskillmore, ...	4	10	3	
	Laigh Ballivulline, ...	7	7	2	
					33 8 7

Alexander MacMillan of Dunmore—

3	Straw and Shisken, ...	30	10	10	
$\frac{1}{2}$	Tomaig, ...	6	6	5	
2	Knockriochbeg, ...	20	19	6	
2	Penygown, ...	7	6	10	
2	Kilellan, ...	11	0	6	
					76 4 1

Total valued rent of Kilkerran, Kilmichael, and Kilchousland, ... 669 9 0

Parish of Kilcolmkill. Neil MacNeil of Machrihannish—

6	Machrihannish, ...	23	7	3	
2	Tradagil, ...	16	5	0	
	Lochsannash, ...	9	0	0	
					48 12 3

Torquil MacNeil of Tirfergus—

	Laigh Tirfergus, ...	11	17	3	
	High Tirfergus, ...	13	15	10	
	(Name undecipherable, ...)	3	0	0	
					28 13 1

Ugadil's property in parish Kilcolmkill, Lossit, etc., ... 68 8 10

Total Rental of Kintyre, 1772, £2,025 7 11

EXTRACTS FROM THE REV. DONALD KELLY'S MSS.

DUNS.

THE most solid testimonial of the turbulence of the age is found in the great number of castles and forts yet remaining in the parish (Southend). A number of duns, though not all built at one period or by men equal in power, all bear a striking resemblance to each other. In most instances they occupy commanding situations on the overhanging precipices of the sea coast. On the top of these forts there were generally bastions, on which fires were kindled as a warning that invasion of the district had taken place. The smoke gave the signal by day, and the flame by night; and over a tract of country of more than sixty miles from the Mull of Tarbert, intelligence was in this manner conveyed in a very few hours. As these are not only antiquities, but evidences of

the ancient situation of the country, it will not be improper to mention those along the borders of this parish:—Iunan Dunan, Ballimontgomery, Borgadale, Dunaverty, Dunglass, Dunachien, the Dun of Glenbervie, communicating with those on the east side of Kintyre.

Every great promontory has been commanded by a fortalice, the ruined and haggard forms of which generally survive—like the ghosts of sentinels tenanting their own favourite posts; and which, it is easy to see, might have been originally used as the means of robbing and oppressing, as well as protecting, the country.

BURYING-GROUND OF THE LOWLANDERS AT SOUTHEND.

December, 1838.—Old Donald Shaw, late tenant in Keil, aged 86 years, gave the late Donald Kelly, minister of Southend, the following information, namely:—That the burying-ground at Keil was occupied by the Lowlanders of the parish of Kilmaurs (who came from Irvine. Many Covenanters fled to Southend). A Mr. Ralston purchased from the Laird, Mr. O'May, of Keil, the burying-place for the sum of sixty merks.

The ground was then the kail-garden attached to the houses that were situated close to the old road running past the church of Keil, but which were demolished immediately after the plague, the inhabitants who died of it having been buried under the ruins. It was called the Black Plague. Tradition says that a stranger left his bonnet at Tonreoich or Killellan, and that the person who found it was at once seized with that dreadful disease, which soon spread throughout the district and from which the people fled with the utmost trepidation. It is stated that when the plague was at its height there were only three houses out of which smoke issued, viz.:—Craigs, Cantae, and Keil—the country being like a reign of the dead.

KINTYRE A FOREST.

The peninsula of Kintyre was originally almost an entire forest, full of swamps—as, indeed, was nearly all the rest of Scotland. In the course of time, the primeval trees were removed; and traces of the large timber, chiefly oak, which grew in the district are not few in

the moss from Campbeltown to the western ocean. While in the condition of a Caledonian forest, it was the haunt of wild beasts, and especially swine of a monstrous size. *Beinn an tuirc*, mountain of the swine, is in Saddell parish; height above the sea, 2,170 feet. Much of the district was, we may see, once little better than a morass or jungle, suited only to give shelter to swarms of wild beasts or animals of the chase, and through which roamed the Caledonian white bull, the wolf, and the boar, with many other animals now hardly known in Scotland, which we are assured did then form the objects of the chase. Trunks of oak are dug up in the course of peat-cutting at Ross Hill, Killean parish, and some have been found measuring thirty feet in circumference. This is the more remarkable as this farm stands exposed to the Atlantic. The Moil was at one time full of trees. There is a



From Photo by]

[John Fleming, Glasgow

MONUMENT IN KEIL CHURCHYARD.

On the panel above is an inscription—"Erected by Gavin Ralston, of that ilk, in Memory of William Ralston, his great-grandfather, in the year 1790.

glen called *Gleann Doire*, which takes its name from the forest of trees with which the Moil must once have been covered, although at present there is scarcely the vestige of a bush.

A MYSTERIOUS INTIMATION.

A curious story is related of a Mr. Campbell, minister of Kilmichael, Glassery, who lived during the prevalence of the episcopacy. He had cast a wistful eye upon the bishopric of Lismore and Appin—the then bishop being advanced in years—and had received an assurance from the Duke of Argyll of his interest with the crown to obtain him the highest situation as soon as the vacancy occurred. He had been a very attached adherent of the noble family of Argyll; and so elated and enraptured was he with the promise made him that it occupied his day's thoughts and night's dreams. On a particular occasion, when probably musing upon the near prospect of his ecclesiastical advancement and installation in this high office and wearing the episcopal mitre, he dropped into the arms of Morpheus, and dreamed thrice in one night that he was to die Bishop of Lismore and Appin. Being so elated with what he considered a supernatural warning from the other world of his approaching elevation, he asked a voice, which he imagined addressed him from the clouds, when the joyful event was to take place. The mysterious voice responded, "You shall gape long ere you come at it." (This reverend gentleman was grandfather to George Campbell, minor, of Ardochattan, and Mr. George Campbell's father succeeded his father as minister of Kilmichael.) Although the honest minister placed implicit faith in the supernatural intimation, yet, unfortunately, he gaped till the day of his death without the fulfillment of his wishes.

REV. ANGUS MACMILLAN'S ORDINATION.

Mr. Angus MacMillan had been a shoemaker who, by his industry and perseverance, became minister of the parish of Kilmory in Arran, an island which belonged, under church government, to Kintyre. As a preacher he was not acceptable to a large number of the parishioners, who, on the day appointed for his being fixed, assembled intending to give strenuous opposition; but Mr. MacMillan did not appear. A search was made, and he was discovered at the back of a dyke, praying to God to defend him against all adversity—a circumstance which put an end to all opposition, and Mr. Kelly proceeded with his ordination without interruption. EDITOR.

(To be continued.)

THE STONE OF DESTINY.

POPULAR literature of the present day amply meets the prevailing taste for the abnormal and the unique. The supply of "the most wonderful" things, persons, and places in the world keeps pace with the demand. At no previous time were there the same opportunities of gratifying the curiosity of those who thirst for information on all subjects under the sun, and particularly on those subjects which deal with the marvellous. For this, the harmless but necessary camera is largely responsible: snap shooting is being elevated to the dignity of a fine art. Should the output of the world's wonders continue to increase at the present rate of development, there may conceivably arrive a time when, by a paradox, the marvellous may cease to interest, and the commonplace may become a positive distinction.

The subject of the present paper may fairly lay claim to be one of the most interesting things in the world. It is a stone—that, and nothing more; but to Scotsmen, at anyrate, it is the most interesting stone which the universe contains. And for this reason: it is an epitome of the history of Scotland.

It lies underneath the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey, and it is seen by thousands of visitors annually, few of whom have any conception of the legendary and historical events which are associated with the relic. Its appearance and geological composition are described by Professor Ramsay as "consisting of a dull reddish or purplish sandstone with a few small embedded pebbles, one of which is quartz and two others of a dark material which may be Lydian stone. The rock is calcareous, and is of the kind that masons would call freestone." He who looks at the Coronation Stone with the eye of a geologist alone, will find little to attract attention; but he who views it in the light of its history and of the traditions bearing upon it, must be singularly lacking in imagination if this "dull reddish or purplish sandstone" do not prove to him a superlatively interesting "document".

"Every schoolboy" knows that the stone was carried from Scotland to Westminster Abbey, in the year 1296, by Edward I., the "Hammer" of the Scottish nation. It is the object of this article to trace its history previous to that event, and to narrate the traditions and legends, partly Irish and partly Scottish, which have clustered around it.

The Irish legend is different from that related by the Scottish historians. According to an old Irish tract, the *Lia Fail*, or Stone of Destiny—by which name it is known in Celtic records—was brought to Ireland from Lochlan (Scandinavia) by the Tuatha-de-Danaans—a race of magicians



MACLEAN'S CROSS, IONA.

who were reputed to have the power of raising storms, enveloping themselves or their enemies in Druidic fogs, and of otherwise confounding their foes by uncanny exercises. One of the alleged accomplishments of their priests, or Druids, was the power which they possessed of curing the wounded in battle by means of a bath containing the juice of certain herbs. An ancient Irish tract relates that at the Battle of Moytura, the wounded Danaans were plunged into such a bath, incantations were pronounced over them, and in a few minutes the disabled warriors were gaily facing the enemy once more as sound as ever in wind and limb! What a fortune lies in the re-discovery of these wonderful herbs; by their means the Elixir of Life might at length become an accomplished fact! These Danaans, according to Irish tradition, conquered Ireland from the Fírbolgs—a race generally supposed to have been of either Belgic

or Iberic origin—who preceded them in the possession of the country. The Danaans are related to have inhabited four cities in Lochlan, viz.: Falias, Gorias, Finias, and Murias, from each of which they brought a relic possessing peculiar virtues. From Falias they brought the Lia Fáil, the Coronation Stone in Westminster Abbey.

The veracity of this tradition appears to have been generally accepted by Irish writers, who believe that the Stone was kept in a sanctuary at Teamore or Tara, the seat of supreme government which had been established by the Fírbolgs. They suppose that when the Irish kings were crowned at Tara, it was customary for the candidates to sit on the throne over the Stone, and the latter was believed to be endowed with oracular power. When the oracle spoke—or, in other words, when the Druids, who may have been ventriloquists, pronounced the fate of the candidate—the decision appears to have been accepted as final.

Irish writers are not agreed as to the circumstances under which the Stone was transferred from Ireland to Scotland. Ware and Keating believe that it was taken over by the three sons of Erc,

who, at the beginning of the sixth century, led a band of Milesian Scots from Ireland to the west coast of Argyllshire, where they established a colony which eventually overthrew the Pictish power, over-ran the whole of Alban, and imposed upon the country its modern name of Scotland. O'Flaherty, another well-known Irish historian, believed that the Stone was sent to Scotland in the ninth century by Hugh Finliath, son-in-law of Kenneth MacAlpin, to assure the Scottish king of the continued subjection of the Picts, whom Kenneth had conquered some years before. Here we have a suggestion of the tradition invariably associated in Scottish records with the Stone—that, wherever it was found, there should the Scots reign. The truth of the tradition had apparently been verified in the case of the Milesian Scots who had subdued the Danaans, and become the dominant race in Ireland. To the prevalent belief in the "good

luck" which the Lia Fail brought to the Scottish race, so long as it remained in their possession, may be attributed the accounts given of its removal, by the Dalriadic Scots, from the parent country to their settlements in Alban. So much for the Irish accounts.

The earliest Scottish chronicler to relate the current legend in Scotland appears to have been Baldred Bisset, who flourished at the beginning of the fourteenth century. Bisset was one of the Scottish Commissioners sent to Rome to plead the cause of his native country in the controversy with England concerning the independence of Scotland. According to this chronicler, the Stone was brought to Scotland by *Scota*, who gave her name to the Dalriads who conquered the Picts.

John of Fordun, who, if not contemporary with Bisset, flourished soon after his time, states that two accounts existed of the origin of the Stone. The commonly accepted version was that Gathelus, a Greek, went to Egypt at the time of the Exodus, where he married *Scota*, the daughter of Pharaoh. After the destruction of the Egyptian army in the Red Sea, Gathelus fled with *Scota* through Africa to Spain, where he founded a kingdom. The "Stone of Fate" which he brought from Egypt became his throne, and it was believed that wherever the stone might be, there would the descendants of Gathelus reign. Simon Brec, one of his descendants, led the Scots from Spain to Ireland, bringing with him the emblem of sovereignty, on which he was crowned king of Ireland. The account given by Hector Boece, who lived in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, substantially agrees with that of Fordun. Both are obviously inspired by the Irish version of the legendary Queen *Scota*, and the descent of the Milesian Scots from her. The other account mentioned by Fordun states that the redoubtable Simon Brec cast anchor on the coast of Ireland, but a storm coming on, he was compelled to make for the open. When the anchor was raised, it brought up with it a remarkable stone—no other than the Lia Fail. Both accounts agree in stating that the stone was of marble, and was shaped like a chair. This hardly tallies with the block of sandstone in Westminster Abbey, and adds point to the conclusions of Dr. Skene, who inferred that there were two "Fatal Stones": one which remained at Tara, while the other had its origin at Scone, where it remained until taken away by Edward I. This view seems to be strengthened by the opinion of Sir Archibald Geikie, who believed the Coronation Stone to be almost certainly of Scottish origin, and that it had been quarried out of the sandstone districts between the coast of Argyll and the mouths of the Tay and Forth. Skene

suggests that the legend which connects the Coronation Stone with the Lia Fail of Ireland owes its origin to the patriotic ingenuity of Baldred Bisset, who endeavoured to throw the origin of the Scottish people as far back as possible. We know that Fordun was actuated by a similar motive in the compilation of his early chronicles of Scotland; and it is believed that he travelled in Ireland with the object of replacing, with annals which are now regarded as entirely legendary, the Scottish records which Edward I. had carried off to England.

It was apparently at a later date that the legend received additions which placed the origin of the Coronation Stone at an earlier date even than the time of the mythical *Scota*. The revised legend is described by Pennant in the following words:—

"In the Church of the Abbey (Scone) was preserved the famous chair whose bottom was the famous stone—the Palladium of the Scottish monarchy—the stone which had first served Jacob for his pillow, and was afterwards transported into Spain, where it was used as a seat of justice by Gethalus, contemporary with Moses. It afterwards found its way to Dunstaffnage in Argyllshire, and continued there as the Coronation Chair till the reign of Kenneth II., who, to secure his empire, removed it to Scone. There it remained, and in it every Scottish monarch was inaugurated till the year 1296, when Edward I., to the mortification of North Britain, translated it to Westminster Abbey, and with it, according to prophecy, the empire of Scotland."

Here we again meet with the current belief in the fate of the Scottish monarchy being bound up with the possession or otherwise of the Stone; and there is no doubt that the transference of the relic to the Abbey was meant by the English king to symbolise the vassalage of the Scottish monarch and the subjection of the Scottish people to his sovereignty.

The first genuinely historical reference to the Stone appears in Fordun's description of the coronation of Alexander III. From this description we learn that the assumption of sovereignty was not considered valid until the king had sat upon the royal Stone. Two chroniclers of a later date, Wyntoun and Blind Harry, state that the Stone was carried from Ireland by Fergus, son of Erc; but whereas the latter chronicler brings it direct to Scone, the former relates that it was taken first to Icolmkill (Iona), and thence to Scone. Wyntoun's version may perhaps have originated the suggestion, which was made by Dr. Joseph Robertson and adopted by Dean Stanley in his memorials of the Abbey, that the stone which Adamnan states was used by St. Columba as a pillow may have been the Lia Fail itself. According to another

tradition, St. Columba consecrated, upon the Stone of Destiny, Aidan, king of the Dalriadic Scots, who, although his accession to the throne took place eleven years before the saint's arrival in Iona, desired to have the abbatical blessing on his coronation. It has been suggested that the Stone of Destiny may have been the altar on which St. Boniface first celebrated the Eucharist after he had induced the Picts to forsake the ways of the Columban church and adopt those of Rome: and this suggestion is not without plausibility.

Fully three centuries after the transference of the famous Stone to English soil, it played

once more a prominent part in the coronation of a Scottish king. In the person of James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, the ancient prophecy—"If Fate's decrees be not pronounced in vain, where'er this Stone is found the Scots shall reign"—was again fulfilled. And, in a wider sense, the accession to the English throne of the "wisest fool in Christendom" marked an epoch from which the ascendancy of Scotsmen in English affairs may be held to have dated. For the encouragement which King Jamie gave to his countrymen to partake of his good fortune in the country of the Southron was not disregarded. The Scottish emigration southwards, which



From Original Sketch

[by Stephen Adam, F.S.A.]

IONA CATHEDRAL.

commenced in his reign, has since, temporary checks notwithstanding, proceeded in a steady flow up to the present day. And thus, six centuries after the symbol of Scottish nationality was removed from the seat of Scottish royalty, we find that nationality asserting itself in a variety of forms throughout the life of the English metropolis. In the immediate vicinity of the present resting place of the Stone of Destiny are represented the three nations with which its history is linked. It thus forms, not as of yore, the symbol of Scoto-Irish sovereignty, nor, as subsequently, the token of English supremacy; but, as the Stone of Fate which was decreed to

typify the welding of the three nationalities concerned in its history into one homogeneous whole; it stands now, not for Scottish history alone, but for the larger and greater history of the British nation. And by her descent from the Scottish kings whose rights of sovereignty were confirmed by the ceremony of coronation upon this remarkable Stone, Her Majesty the Queen has fulfilled the destiny which its possession entailed, and has extended its symbolical significance to embrace an empire, in the maintenance and development of which the Scottish element is playing no unimportant part.

W. C. MACKENZIE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The *CELTIC MONTHLY* will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1900.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Annual Subscriptions are now due, and as we are desirous of completing the list of subscribers for the present year as soon as possible, our readers will greatly favour us by sending their annual contribution (4s. post free) at their earliest convenience to John Mackay, Celtic Monthly Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

BOUND COPIES OF VOLUME VIII.—We are only able to offer a few copies of the bound volume for sale, as several parts are nearly out of print. A nicely bound copy of the complete volume can be had, in green cloth, gilt title, for 6/6 post free. It makes a very handsome book, suitable for a present, or to send to a Highland friend abroad. As the number of copies available is so small, readers should apply at once.

We have also in stock a few copies of volumes 6 and 7, bound uniform with volume 8, which can be had for 6/6 each, post free. Apply Celtic Monthly Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

"ANCIENT GAELIC LITERATURE."—We regret that Part V. of "Fionn's" interesting series of papers on this subject has reached us too late for this month, but will appear in our next issue.

MACDONALD SOCIETY.—Colonel John MacInnes, V.D., Glendaruel, lectured to this Society on "The Clan MacInnes: a Sept of Clan Donald," for which he received the hearty thanks of the Society. The learned colonel has kindly favoured us with his paper, which will appear next month.

MAJOR A. Y. MACKAY, V.D., GRANGEMOUTH, has been gazetted Hon. Lieut.-Colonel 1st Fife V.A.; and CAPTAIN JAMES MACKAY OF TROWBRIDGE has been promoted to the rank of major in the 1st Wiltshire Rifle Volunteers. Both gentlemen are past presidents of the Clan Mackay Society, and they have the hearty congratulations of every member of the clan. They have each done yeoman service for the Society, and were among the first to assist at its inception.

HIGHLAND BOOKS FOR SALE.—See first inside page of advertisements. Send for 12-page Catalogue of Books for Sale, to John Mackay, Celtic Monthly Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

HIGHLAND NOTES.

WHAT OUR READERS THINK.

THE Rev. Dr. Hugh MacMillan, ex-Moderator of the Free Church Assembly, writes: "The last volume was equal to its predecessors, which is saying a good deal."

Mr. Joseph D. Fraser, Nova Scotia: "I heartily congratulate you on the excellent get-up of the *Monthly*. I think it should be in the home of every Highlander at home and abroad."

Mr. Colin R. Boyd, San Francisco, U.S.A.; "The fact that your magazine, nicely bound, occupies a prominent place in my library, is the best evidence I can offer of the esteem in which it is held."

Mr. F. D. Stuart, Madeira: "I like the *Celtic*! Who could fail to like such a thoroughly Scottish periodical and call himself a Scotsman? I should, however, like *still more* the *Celtic* if it would go in for Scottish Home Rule, as I fear that our nationality and distinctive national life run a serious risk of being submerged and eventually destroyed by our predominant partner at no very distant date, unless something is done to arrest the fatal current of centralisation. As it is, Scotland is looked upon throughout the whole of Europe as a mere part and province of England—and no wonder! when 'England' and 'English' are written across the entire British empire!"

Mr. Nicol MacNeill, Argentine Republic, takes a deep interest in every movement intended to preserve the Gaelic language. He writes us as follows: "The annual trip of the Mackays to Duthaich Mhic Aoidh I consider a happy idea, and the one most likely to attain the end in view—the promotion of the study of the Gaelic language, its music and poetry. I am sorry to see that none of the other societies appear much inclined to follow the initiative. Give us as much information regarding the Mòd as you conveniently can in the *Celtic*."

"THE MUSIC OF THE CLAN MACLEAN", compiled and arranged under the auspices of the Clan Maclean Association, and dedicated to Colonel Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, Bart., C.B., chief of the clan, has just been published, and reflects great credit upon the Society and those responsible for its inception and completion. To Mr. John Maclean of 68 Mitchell Street, particularly, clansmen ought to be grateful for this valuable addition to the literature and music of the Macleans. The collection consists of twenty-seven tunes, including songs, piobaireachd, marches, laments, salutes, reels, and strathspeys. Several of the most interesting of the airs were taken down from the playing of Mr. John Johnstone of Coll, who journeyed specially to Glasgow to enable Mr. David Glen to note down the music. The volume is got up in very handsome style, and is published at 5/- Copies can be had at the Celtic Monthly office, 5/4 post free. In this work we find an interesting example of how some tunes are known in the Highlands under different names. For instance, the tune called "Maclean of Coll's War Galley" is known in other collections as "The Battle of the Pass of Grief"; "The Macleans' Blue Ribbon", as "The Tune of Strife"; and "Lament for Lachlan Maclean", as "The Black March, or Lord Breadalbane's Lament".

—❧— CONCERNING + LOCHIEL + AND + GLENGARRY. —❧—

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

PART XI.

Aggression of the Mackenzies.—Skirmish at Applecross.—Kintail's dependents killed.—Process against Glengarry, who is put to the Horn.—Mackenzie's attempt to deprive Glengarry of his lands.—Full terms of Decree.—Taking of Strone Castle.—Legend of the Burning of Kilchrist a myth.—Contemporary evidence disproves the Massacre.—Feud with the Mackintoshes.—Glengarry nearly 100 years old.—Death of Donald Mac Angus, 1645.—Macdonells lose Lochalsh and acquire Aberchalder, Cullachy, etc.

ALTHOUGH the posterity of Alexander Macdonald of Glengarry by his marriage with Margaret Macdonald of the Isles, were the true and undoubted owners of the west coast estates of Celestine of the Isles, grandfather of Margaret, nothing could withstand the grasp of the Mackenzies, who, beginning at Eilean Donan in Kintail, stretched across the county of Ross to Fortrose. In the early years of Donald Mac Angus, grandson of Alexander Macdonald of Glengarry, the feud as to Lochalsh and other estates became acute. As might be expected, the calling in by the Glengarrys of the support of the Grants entailed further disaster. In or about 1580, the feud became so serious that the whole questions with Kintail were referred to arbitration; and most people who have studied Highland history know what arbitration with Kintail, Argyll, and Grant meant. A decision was given whereby each party pledged certain lands, to be forfeited if either disobeyed the decree. Skirmishes and conflicts, however, broke out; one of the most serious to Glengarry occurring in 1589, when Dugald Mackenzie, in Applecross, a near kinsman of Kintail, and Allan Mac-in-Taggart there, were slaughtered. Kintail took up the matter warmly, and assisted the widow in getting a decree against Glengarry, who was put to the horn. Failing to recover anything, the claim and decree were sold for a trifle to James Rayth, described as servitor to Alexander, Lord Fyvie; who, on 15th January, 1602, takes legal proceedings against Glengarry

on the narrative that by the escheat of Glengarry at the instance of Fionlary Macleod, the relict, Rory Mackenzie, the son, with the remanent kin and friends of the late Dugald Mackenzie, in Applecross, with the kin and friends of the late Allan Mac-in-Taggart, servant to the said Dugald, for not finding caution that he would underly the law for the slaughter of the said Dugald; also at the horn at the instance of Angus Mac Eachin vic Iain, as father to umquhile John Og Mac Angus vic Iain, Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail as master, with the bairns of the late John Mac Coinich Keir, Donald Mac O'Neill Dhu, and Donald Roy Mac Iain, for the slaughter by Glengarry and his men of certain persons specified; the Lords decern the liferent escheat of Donald Mac Angus of Glengarry to pertain to the said Mr. James Rayth, the pursuer.

In the end of the year 1602, Kintail had the assurance to raise a process before the Sheriff of Inverness against Glengarry, whom he designates as "principal tenant of the lands", to ordain him to flit and remove from the lands of Kilmayne (sic), Laggan, Achadrome, and Glengarrie. Further, Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail takes action as son, heir, and executor confirmed to his late father, Colin Mackenzie of Kintail,



From Photo by]

[E. E. Henderson, Govan.

MACKINTOSH'S ISLAND, GLENGARRY.

against Glengarry, for the violent occupation, labouring, etc., of the above-mentioned lands, lying in the lordship of Lochaber and shire of Inverness. From certain other legal procedure led by Kintail against Glengarry on 23rd July, 1603, a full detail of the purport of the decree arbitral before referred to is given in these terms:—

“That on 3rd February, 1582, there was a Decree Arbitral pronounced between the deceased Colin Mackenzie of Kintail, and taking burden upon him for his whole kin and friends, on the one part; and Donald Mac Angus Mac Allister of Glengarry, for himself, and taking burden on him for his whole kin and friends, on the other part; anent the decision of all slaughters, mutilations, oppressions, etc., of the said parties, the one upon the other, preceding the date of the said decree: ordaining either of the said parties, for themselves, and taking burden on them as aforesaid, mutually to remit and discharge certain slaughters, etc., committed, and to stand and remain in “hertlie” love, favour, and kindness towards each other in all time coming. And, for security thereof, and tranquillity, peace, and kindness, the said arbiters ordained the said Colin to have infet and seized the said Donald Mac Angus Mac Allister in his part of Lochalsh; and, in like manner the said Laird of Glengarry to have infet heritably the said Laird of Mackenzie in the said Donald Mac Angus his part of the town and lands of Lochalsh, in the shire of Inverness. Which Decree Arbitral the said Donald Mac Angus Mac Allister has, preceding the death of the said Colin Mackenzie of Kintail, which was on 19th May, 1590, contravened.

“In so far as it is of verity, that on the — day of February, 1588, — MacRorie vic Alistair in Glengarry, Gillespie MacGorrie vic Allister there, father's brother's bairns of the said Donald Mac Angus; John MacIain Og in Lernokmoir, Donald MacIain, his son; Allister MacIain Og in the Kirktown of Lochalsh, Ewen MacAllister Mor in Auchnamatrive, John MacIain in Blairald, Ewen MacIain vic Ewen in Roisoll, John MacDomhnuill in Braecruish, Donald our MacIainvurich, officer to the Laird of Glengarry; Allister MacDomhnuill Mor in Achnavoir, Rorie MacDomhnuill Mor in Arluscan, Allan our vic Iain in Brodost, Allister MacIain vic Allister there, John our MacAllain vic Allister there,—all mentenants, servants, kinsmen, etc., with the said Donald Mac Angus, and of his special causing, set upon the late Dugald Mackenzie in Applecroce, father's brother to the said late Colin



From Photo by]

[E. E. Henderson, Govan.

VIEW ON RIVER QUOICH.

Mackenzie, and goodson brother to the said Kenneth Mackenzie, the pursuer; and the late Allan Mac-in-Taggart there, kinsman and servant for the time to the said Dugall, within the lands of Kishorn in the shire of Inverness, and there slew the said Dougall and Allan; for which the said Donald Mac Angus was, on 24th April, 1589, summoned by the widow, etc., of the said Dougall, and, on 3rd May thereafter, put to the horn. The Lords find that the said Donald Mac Angus has admitted his right to the foresaid lands, and decern the same to pertain to the pursuer.”

After the death of Donald Mac Angus' son at the Cailleach Rock, betwixt Kylerehea and Kyleakin, and the taking of the castle of Strome by stratagem, the contest betwixt Glengarry and Kintail practically ceased, although for years thereafter the Macdonalds continued to make inroads on the Mackenzie lands in Easter Ross. The oft-repeated story of the burning of the church of Kilchrist in the Black Isle, on a Sunday, when filled with Mackenzie worshippers, has been dealt with very closely and proved unfounded by Mr. Kenneth Macdonald, Town Clerk of Inverness, who has vindicated the good name of the Macdonalds. No trace of this alleged burning, or of proceedings for satisfaction for the crime, is to be found in the Records, although prosecution for much smaller acts are not uncommon; and, in particular, as late as 1618, Mr. John Mackenzie, Archdean of Ross and incumbent of Kilchrist, is found pursuing Allan Mac Ranald Mac Allan of Lundie, Donald Buie Mac Ian vic Donochie, and Donald Mac Angus of Glengarry, for spoilation of corns

merely. Further, an indirect but weighty contradiction may be inferred from the fact that the Glengarry clan tune is called "Kilchrist", and it is by no means likely that the clan would have fixed on this name if connected with so shocking an event. On the other hand, that it commemorated a good, fair, and successful fight is quite natural. For the raid above mentioned, Lundie was put to the horn.

Alister Dearg, second son of Angus who was killed at the Cailleach Rock, also predeceased his father, leaving his eldest son, Eneas, who afterwards succeeded and was created Lord Macdonell of Aros by Charles II. During the management by Eneas, acting for behoof of his grandfather, Donald Mac Angus, a serious difference occurred with the Mackintoshes, and the legal proceedings following are thus narrated in the Records, 1641, November 30th:—

"Supplication to the Lords of Privy Council by William Mackintosh of Torcastle, as master, the widows of the deceased Lachlan Mackintosh and William Miller, and their remanent kin and friends, narrating that, on 20th September last, John Macdonald in Invergarry, John Macdonald, his brother, Alexander Macdonald in Cullachie, also his brother and a number of others, all kinsmen, tenantry, or servants to the Laird of Glengarry, having murdered the said Lachlan Mackintosh and William Miller in the Burgh of Inverness on a Sabbath day, were put to the horn for not compearing for their tryal. Whereupon they have associated together, after disposing of their means, and intend to disturb the peace of the country. The chief of Glengarry is their head, and ought by the laws to be responsible for them. Angus Macdonald, oy to the Laird of Glengarry, being thereupon called upon to answer upon the said supplication, and he compearing along with Lachlan Mackintosh of Kinrara, brother of the petitioner, and parties being heard, the Lords of Privy Council, in respect of the known old age and infirmity of the old Laird of Glengarry, being near a 100 years of age, and that his oy has the management of the estate, find that the said Angus og is the person responsible for these men, and commit him to ward in the castle of Edinburgh until he find caution for remedying the complaint."

In 1614, the name of Allister Mac Angus is mentioned, son of Glengarry; and, in 1637, of John Macdonald, son of Donald Mac Angus of Glengarry; and of the deceased Katherine Macdonald, his spouse. This is the last I have observed concerning Donald Mac Angus, who is reported to have died in 1645, on the day of the battle of Inverlochy. The Glengarries still had the fine frontage to the Atlantic of Knoydart and North Morar; and, being driven out of Lochalsh, turned to the east side of Loch Oich, and in time got a hold of the, to them, desirable and convenient properties of the Aberchalders, Cullachy, and others, originally Lovat property, and which remained with them until the final downfall.
(*To be continued.*)

TORMOD RIACH: A TALE OF THE HEBRIDES.

ON a grey cliff overlooking the Atlantic stood a frail old man, stooped with age, leaning on his staff, with his face to the west. His thin grey hair floated on the wind, and tear-stains marked his thin hollow cheeks. The setting sun made a bright and shining way over the waves from the foot of the cliff on which he stood, into the glorious west—as if it were a broad bright road to some land of promise radiant with the glow of gold. Behind him rose the bleak brown mountains of his native isle, on which the shades of evening were fast falling, and from the hidden glens and corries of which came faintly the bleating of sheep and the barking of shepherd's dogs; but where

"No foot stirred the patch where the corn would be growing,
Nor song filled the field where the lads would be mowing."

Cold and cheerless seemed to him the thatched cot, once so warm, at the head of the little bay close by. All whom he loved were now away—away over the waves, on the shining westward road. Although he expressed a wish to be left behind to mingle his dust with that of his fathers in Kilnandeor, he felt his wish was acquiesced in all too eagerly. Donald, his favourite son, on whom he had lavished all his love, might have been more pressing. He would have expected nothing better from John, his only other son, the runaway prodigal whom he had not heard from for years.

Tormod Riach, however, was reaping as he had sown. He had been married twice—his two wives were now dead—and had two sons. John was the son of his first wife: plain, industrious, warm-hearted Mary, whom he had not treated as she deserved. Donald was the son of his second one: handsome, selfish, exacting Jean. He had been proud of the latter, acquiesced in all her wishes and desires, and her son was his favourite. Many were the faults that Jean found in the son that was not hers, and many were her complaints of him. The foolish father listened to and believed her stories. The inevitable result followed: John's behaviour was in keeping with the treatment he received; and, when old enough to shift for himself, he ran away and went to sea. Donald grew up into manhood with the cold selfish nature of his mother; and, after her death, married. He and his wife soon became master and mistress of the cottage and croft; and had the old man not

been the legal tenant, the kindness shown him would have been scanty.

About that time, the kelp industry, like a burst of sunshine between Hebridean showers, enabled the islanders to live in comparative comfort; but, some time after, it was discovered that soda could be made from common salt, and the industry ceased. The consequence was that many who were deprived years before of their best land, had to choose between starvation and emigration. Tormod was prevailed upon by his son to sell the few cattle he possessed, and secure a passage for the family to America. But when the day of departure came, and the notes of "MacCrimmon's Lament" mingled with the sound of the waves, the old man's heart failed him, and he was left behind with a relative who had turned shepherd for the Lowland farmer who had taken a lease of the land of which the natives were deprived. Dark, sad days succeeded each other for Tormod, and thoughts of his first wife and her son often haunted him. Kilnandeor, however, would not give him back its dead—and his son, where was he?

His son was, after long years of hard work on sea and land, at that very time on his way home, with his wife and child, from Australia. Like many other seamen, he had years before left the ship on which he worked at Melbourne, went to the gold diggings, and prospered. Three years before leaving Australia, he married a Highland girl whose acquaintance he made there, and who was as desirous of returning home as he was himself. When he landed at Glasgow, he met an Islander whom he knew, and who told him that his brother had emigrated, leaving his aged father behind. The treatment he received in his early days was forgotten, and he resolved to go without delay to the aid of his forsaken father. Hastily depositing his money in a bank, he secured berths for his wife, child, and himself on board a sailing vessel—no steamer being available for some days—bound for the Hebrides.

* * * *

A gloomy day broke on the brown mountains and grey cliffs of the Western Isles. The waves, of a leaden hue, rolled slowly and sullenly into the bays and lochs. About noon, puffs of wind, erratic in their course, stirred the heather on the mountain slopes, followed by intervals of stillness. At length a light breeze sprang up in the west, which freshened into a gale, and as the shades of evening were falling, swelled into a hurricane. The waves dashed against the rocks and cliffs whose frontlets faced the Atlantic, with a roar like thunder that might be heard amongst the far inland hills. The shepherd in whose care we left Tormod Riach, was

late in reaching his cot that evening. On his way thither, he saw a light out at sea, flickering amid the tumult of the waves. Watching it for some time, he saw that it was drawing nearer the rocky coast. It was the light of a ship which had become unmanageable, driven by the hurricane to certain destruction. He hastened to his cot, sent his wife for what help was available at the sheep-farmer's house, got a lantern and a coil of rope, and made his way to the shore. But the ship had already struck on sunken rocks a little way out, and was fast going to pieces. All that could be done, even with the help of three men who had now come from the farm-house, was to go into the surf roped together, to the rescue of any of the perishing who might be carried within their reach by the waves. But they were able to save none except a child, which, from her very lightness, seemed to have escaped the fate of all the others whose lifeless bodies were washed ashore with broken skulls and limbs. The child was tenderly carried home by the shepherd and nursed by his wife with motherly care. The little creature in a day or two recovered from the effects of the buffeting of the waves. Tormod, too old to have joined with the others in the work of rescue, took great interest in her, and she took a strange liking for the frail old man. She would at times scramble up on his knee, prattle away in childish English, stroke his grey beard, and put her plump little arms about his thin scraggy neck. There was something in the expression of her eyes that reminded Tormod of eyes long closed in death—those of his first wife.

But the sad news at length reached the island that the only passengers on board the wrecked ship were the son, daughter-in-law, and granddaughter of Tormod Riach; and that their object in being there was to bring help and cheer to the old man in his declining days. When Tormod heard this, he felt that his son's life had been given for him, and a sense of his own worthlessness lay heavy upon him night and day. To his grand-daughter he clung with an affection touching to behold, and he felt uneasy when she was out of his sight. At length he took to his bed, and before many days had passed it was evident that the hand of death was upon him. One morning, about dawn of day, he asked the shepherd's wife to raise him into a sitting position, and support his back with pillows. This being done, he asked for his grand-child. When she was brought in and raised into his bed, he clasped the fragile child to his breast, and, as if the love with which he loved her was his only shield from coming wrath, expired.

TWO HISTORICAL FALLACIES: HEATHER BEER AND UISGE BEITHE.

BY R. C. MACLAGAN, M.D., F.R.S.E.

Continued from page 8.

HAVING now proved that beer could not be made from heather alone, and that the heather was not of itself a ferment, and regarding the recipes for heather ale which were the results of practical experience, Mr. Melvin and I came to the conclusion that it could do nothing else, if it had any value at all,

but act as a flavouring matter and preservative like hops. Mr. Melvin then made the following experiment :—

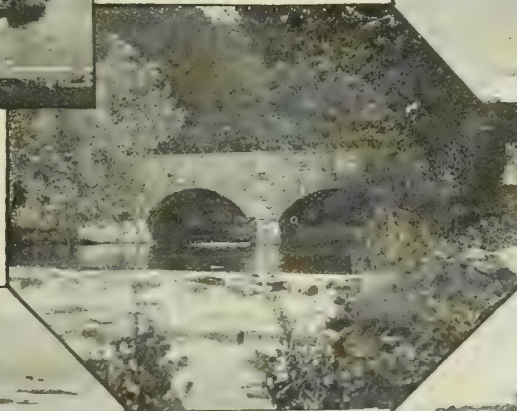
Four gallons malt wort, sp. gr. 100, with four gallons of water, were boiled with heather flowers, total quantity being $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. The mixture was strained and the filtrate boiled for another half hour. The fluid smelt strongly of heather, and had an agreeable taste. It was now rapidly cooled to expose it as little as possible to air germs, and at a temperature of 69° Fahr. was poured into a 6-gallon cask, the quantity being made up to fill the cask of cooled boiled malt wort, and a pint of yeast well mixed



PORT - ASKAIG



LIGHT HOUSE. FORTNAHAYEN



BRIDGEND.



LOCH GRUINEART.



PORT-CHARLOTTE, RHINNS.

VIEWS IN ISLAY.

into it. As it worked, the cask was kept carefully filled, so as to allow the yeast to work thoroughly out of the beer. For the first twenty-four hours the fermentation was active and had an agreeable smell. When the fermentation was complete, the heather beer produced was bottled, and the result, though not perhaps adapted for exhibition, was a fairly potable liquor, with a roughish woody flavour peculiar to itself, and no doubt the effect of the heather which had been put into it. Before bottling however, a sample was taken of the yeast from the latter workings and microscopically examined. The yeast cells were well

defined, healthy, and vigorous looking; but the field was decidedly impure, bacteria being present in such alarming quantity, from a brewer's point of view, that the beer's keeping quality was very doubtful. It was accepted that these bacteria came chiefly from the heather, as the yeast used was a very pure sample. Mr. Melvin was of opinion that we had used too little heather for even such a small quantity as six gallons; and it was determined to make another brewing with fresh heather, guided by the experience already gained. In the following year, then, this intention was carried out, and a cask of heather ale of a highly satisfactory

appearance was prepared and ready for bottling. Then the brewery unfortunately took fire, and afterwards all that was found of the heather beer that could be recognised were two hoops of the barrel and some charred staves. It had been fined and stacked with some special samples, of which as little remained. As the question was not one of flavouring malt, but of fermenting heather itself, and it being clearly proved that this was impossible, it was unnecessary to make further experiments. Nor has the results of our trials led Mr. Melvin to introduce to his consumers heather ale.

The truth is that the heather harvest is troublesome and not productive. To gather a pint of the flower, carefully stripped from the stalk, takes about one hour of diligent work. One of my gatherers was of opinion that the man who suffered martyrdom rather than tell the secret of how the heather ale was made deserved a monument by a grateful posterity. If the few bottles of beer we had got caused so much labour and expense, to what would it have been possible to compare the slavery of those unfortunate wives from whom their lords demanded it in bucketsful?

The whole story of heather beer has, I should fancy, arisen from a preconception as to the presence of honey in the heather flowers as we know it in the comb. The experiments so far go to prove that honey as such does not exist in the flower, and that bees are something more than mere gatherers so far as honey is concerned; but if the heather flower is extracted with ether, the residuum on evaporation is ordinary beeswax, showing that this product exists already before gathering.

How misconceptions arise was proved by one who, seeing the heather being gathered and asking what it was for, said, "I will tell you who made heather ale not long ago: Mrs. J. of E." "Who told you?" "Dr. J., her son was bad with asthma, and it is used as a cure for that." As Dr. J. was a professional brother, I took the liberty of writing to try to get at the bottom of the matter; and, in a few words, it turned out that, from a paragraph in a paper which stated that heather tea was a cure for asthma, A. had been dosed with it—even by his own account, with but little perceptible benefit. A. says that whether it would make beer or not he does not know, but that it was bitter enough to act, if it acted at all, as a tonic.

It was suggested that, by oxidation or other changes induced after plucking, the fermentable honey in the heather flowers might have altered. To see if this could possibly be the case, an attempt was made to ferment a decoction made of heather flowers gathered within thirty-six hours. There was no more evidence of fermenta-

tion under these circumstances than when the flowers had been kept for some time.

Further, to exclude any source of error in a statement that heather will not make ale in any way, experiments were made with a solution of honey, gravity by saccharometer 1056, to try if old blooms, or perfectly fresh, would act as a ferment in what might be considered their natural sugar. Neither gave any evidence of fermentation; while a parallel experiment with the same honey solution and ordinary yeast fermented successfully.

A supposititious and fabulous stimulant is also said to be procurable from the sap of the birch tree. So convinced are many persons of the possibility of the formation of such a liquor that they maintain that the Gaelic for whisky, *uisge beatha*, aqua vitæ, is a corruption of *uisge beithe*, birch water. Hooker, in his *British Flora*, informs us that a wine is made from *Betula Alba* in Scotland; and other authorities speak of its rich, sugary, plentiful spring sap, which makes a beer, a wine, and a vinegar.

As in the case of heather beer, the use of this sap is referred to old times. "At a very remote period, Highlanders made incisions in birch trees in spring and collected the juice, which fermented and became a gentle stimulant" (Paper by a Supervisor of Excise, *Celtic Magazine*, vol. xi, p. 381). "Most of us when boys have had our favourite birch tree, and enjoyed the *fiön*, wine." A small matter delights boys. A native of Killin, in Perthshire, says that they made fissures in birch trees and sucked the juice with their mouths. One fissure would yield enough for a whole day. He used to go back and back to it. A deeper and wider hole was scooped at the bottom of the cut in which the sap accumulated. Others again peel the bark and scrape off and chew the white inner bark, which is very sappy. This goes by the name of *Snothack*, which simply means the sap. Lightfoot gives the following recipe, which, however, falls back on sugar for the source of the alcohol. He settles the question of self-fermentation by hard boiling. He says: "In the beginning of March, when the sap is rising, and before the leaves shoot out, bore holes in the bodies of the larger trees and put fossets therein, made of elder stick with the pith taken out, and then put any vessels under to receive the liquor. If the tree be large you may tap it in four or five places at a time without hurting it, and thus from several trees you gain several gallons of juice in a day. If you have not enough in one day, bottle up close what you have till you get a sufficient quantity for your purpose, but the sooner it is used the better. Boil the sap as long as any scum rises, skimming it all the time. To every gallon of liquor put

four pounds of sugar, and boil it afterwards half an hour, skimming it well; then put it into an open tub to cool, and when cold run it into your cask. When it has done working, bung it up close and keep it three months. Then either bottle it off or draw it out of the cask after it is a year old. This is a generous and agreeable liquor, and would be a happy substitute in the room of the poisonous whisky." (*Trans. Gael. Soc. Inv.*, vol. vii., p. 136.)

This is one of the most imaginative prescriptions with the circumstance that has been written. The generous liquor can only have been simple syrup. The method of gathering the sap, and the knowledge shown of the time for doing so, limits exactly the practical knowledge of Lightfoot's informant. The birch sap does not run when the leaf begins to bud: that is evidence of the cessation of the flow.

Samples were got from the central district of Perthshire and from the island of Islay for purposes of analysis. The Islay sending was first to arrive. On drawing one of the bottles and tasting it, it was so entirely free from taste of any sort, and so limpid, that the conclusion was at once formed that rain water had been supplied, and gave the credit to the friend acting as a collector, of playing a trick; but, on inquiry, the forester who had gathered it, a thoroughly reliable man, described precautions to prevent any dilution by rain, and was prepared to guarantee that the sap was free from mixture of any kind. An analysis was then made in the Public Health Laboratory in the University, reported as follows:—"It was slightly opalescent, with a faint acid re-action. Its specific gravity was 1002; water, 1000. It contained no sugar, its total solids being 0.302 per cent. The solid matter was almost entirely vegetable albumen, and contained neither starch nor dextrine."

The Perthshire sample arrived in Edinburgh in the beginning of April, which accurately corresponds with the time of the year mentioned by Lightfoot as the best in which to gather it. It was very carefully analysed at Granton. It was also slightly opalescent, and it was impossible to filter it clear. At 59° Fahr. it had a specific gravity of 1003.09. It yielded on evaporation over the water bath, 0.6910 solid matter per cent. On examination, this was found to consist of extractive matter 5.420 per 1000 grammes (or grammes per litre); fermentable sugar, 0.440 per 1000; tartaric acid, 0.455; ash, lime, magnesia, and alkalies, 0.290. In addition to the solid matter, there was a small quantity of alcohol present: 0.244 per 1000; carbonic acid, 0.293 per 1000. This alcohol must have been the result of a natural fermentation of the sugar in the sap; and, allowing for this, the amount

per cent. of sugar in the sap, including what had been fermented naturally and what was fermentable, was 0.680 grammes per litre, or 0.0680 per cent. The determination of the sugar was made by fermentation with dry German yeast; the tartaric acid by the silver mirror. The extractive matter was found to reduce copper; but, only being fermentable to the small extent mentioned, we may conclude that the most of it was dextrine. This, however, does not agree with the first analysis, which gave no sugar, nor starch, nor dextrine, and consequently the whole was supposed to be vegetable albumen.

From a practical point of view, and granting what is possible, that samples of birch sap may vary in the richness of their contents, it never could of itself yield anything active either as a drink or as a medicine. Lightfoot's recipe would come out probably quite the same if so much water were used in place of the sap.

In fact, the conclusions reached are: that though heather flowers, if infused in malt, or added to a fermentable syrup, may give a flavour to the product, it is in itself of no value as a source of ale or beer.

Birch sap is equally useless; and can only give satisfaction as a drink or a medicine from an imaginative point of view.

[CONCLUDED.]

AUTUMN IN THE HIGHLANDS.

"The swallows are making them ready to fly,
Wheeling out in a windy sky;
Good-bye, Summer, good-bye, good-bye."

O sang Whyte-Melville, in one of the most hopelessly-sad dirges ever penned. Surely he had only seen the "falling leaf and fading tree". Sportsman as he undoubtedly was, it might almost be imagined that he had never gone out at some September dawning to feel the exhilaration of the first touch of frost in the air, and to behold Autumn, the bold artist, laying "here and there a fiery finger on the leaves".

The poets who have lived amidst the hills have ever been the most prone to announce in melancholy measure the approaching footsteps of autumn. Ossian, that old-time bard, whose music echoes round our northern hills like the "memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul", ever addresses autumn as "dark", "dusky", "shadowy": he sings of the mists and winds of autumn. Morven, Inistore, and Torgorma in our day, as in Ossian's, feel the "return of autumn with its winds". When Ullin takes "the softly trembling harp" and laments for Connal, he gives us first a perfect

word-picture of autumn amid the hills and moorlands: we are told that "the song was lovely but sad, and silence was in Caric-thura"—

"Autumn is dark on the mountains; grey mists rest on the hills; the whirlwind is heard on the heath. Dark rolls the river through the narrow plain. A tree stands alone on the hill, and marks the slumbering Connal. The leaves whirl round with the wind, and strew the graves of the dead. At times are seen the ghosts of the departed, when the musing hunter alone walks slowly over the heath."

Let us now turn to that ode addressed to autumn by the sweetest singer among English

poets. It is true that he also speaks of autumn as "season of mists"; but he adds, "and mellow fruitfulness". And if we go on we find:

"Close bosom friend of the maturing sun,
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves
run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees;
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core."

Then what an exquisite picture of the spirit of harvest he gives in the following verse!

"Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store!
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find



FISHER FOLK.

Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow, sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers."

And how perfectly do the next lines bring before the mind's eye the twilight of an autumn day!

"Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where
are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too;
While barréd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue,—
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn

Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking, as the light wind lives or dies.

Hedge-cricket sing; and now, with treble soft,
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft."

Greatly as their descriptions differ, we can see the truth and beauty in both Keats' and Ossian's autumnal poetry. The Celtic bard chants of grey mists, dusky vales, dark storms—for in this aspect autumn came to him. The lake poet saw the "universal tinge of sober gold", and thus he sings.

Every country, almost every county, notes autumnal signs differing from each other in a

greater or less degree. Here, in the north, we mark the plover gathering in flocks on fields and by loch sides. Their demeanour has sobered since the spring, they are pre-occupied and silent. Now and then one hears a small, low, "pee-weet!" probably uttered by a young bird "wha kens nae better".

Let us sit awhile on the heather by yonder loch, and watch autumnal bird life. On the further shore are gulls, mostly young birds in dirty-brown, immature plumage; through the rushes a little coot swims nervously away; and, across the golden path made by the setting sun on the water, two or three wild duck glide slowly, the drake having once more donned his own gorgeous attire in lieu of the more sombre dress he assumes for the nesting season.

But to see autumn wild-life at its best, creep over the moorland in the earliest dawning of an October day. What one sees then has been described, far better than any words of mine can, in the following lines:

"Lo! first three dainty roes appear to view,
And yonder, all alone, their restless lord
With rugged horn shakes off the morning dew
From some young larch, and bends it to the
sward.

Hark to yon rustle in the trees o'erhead!
The blackcock proudly sweep into the glen;
The moorhens call from out their reedy bed.

A rush of wings, a piping mournful note,
And golden plover cross the reddening sky;
And gorgeous teal and mallards splashing float
Along the waters of the loch hard by."

In the garden there is still a glorious tangle of colour. The scarlets and crimson of geraniums, nasturtiums, and gladioli, blend in the marvellous manner known only to nature; daisies, mauve and white, are still in profusion; some late Gloires proclaim their hardihood; sweet old-fashioned cloves, a stately lily or two, and mignonette, all add their quota to the glowing, scented mass; and, in a sheltered corner, still bloom those delightful cactus dahlias, so strangely reminiscent, in shape and colour, of the sea anemones found at low tide in some rocky pool on the Caithness coast.

Alas, alas! with all its gorgeous colouring and ripe fruitfulness, there is a deep melancholy in autumn days not to be easily shaken off. The promise of spring has been fulfilled, and the summer days have passed as "a tale that is told". Indeed, summer this year was like the miller's daughter—she "would and would not"; and just as we deemed her won, lo! we found that, after all, it was autumn we held in our arms.

If we are not birds of passage, we begin to dread the long northern winter, always so very dreary in retrospect. But we remember that

beyond the snowy plains lie the green pastures of spring; for

"Beyond us lies the Springtime—
Thank God! the time of mirth—
When birds are singing in the trees,
And flowers gem all the earth.

In all the years that have been
The spring hath greened the bow—
The gladsome, hopeful springtime.
Keep heart! it will come now."—*Mary Howitt.*

MYRA K. G. WARRAND.

LOCH ALSH AND THE MATHESONS.

OF the many who have read Alexander Mackenzie's "History of the Mathesons", comparatively few have visited Loch Alsh—the ancient, and, it may be said, the present home of the Clan Mac Mathon, or the Mathesons. It was lately our privilege to visit this promontory of Wester Ross, bounded on the north by Loch Carron, on the south by Loch Alsh, and on the east by Loch Long, with the view of identifying the places mentioned in the clan History; and it is hoped that the following notes may be serviceable to those bound on a similar errand.

As a central point, we may take our way to "Torr-nan-chlachair", a natural mound situated within the mouth of a small valley at the southern foot of Sguir Mor, west of Kirkton, and north of Ard Hill. This "mound of the stone fort" may be regarded as the most primitive residence of the earliest chiefs, as it fulfils all the conditions necessary at that time. The building has been almost entirely removed from the summit, yet some fragments may be seen lingering on the southern slope.

"Glaic Chailein", or "the hollow of Colin", will be found in the upper part of the small glen where Torr-nan-chlachair is situated. Here it was that the nurse in charge of the infant Colin was decoyed, and that mis-named heir of the chiefship cruelly murdered. The wish of the clan at that time was that the Christian name Kenneth should be continued; but the father of the heir-apparent having disregarded this democratic sentiment and aspiration, one of the clan at least was rash enough to assume the office of public executioner.

"Glaic-nam-fear", or "the hollow of the spy", is not far off, being pointed out as somewhere between the church and manse. On the occasion of the Macleods landing at Reraig and marching along the west side of Ard Hill to attack "Torr-nan-chlachair", they sent a spy round the east side of that hill, and there he was killed with an arrow. The battle itself, in which the Macleods

were repulsed and driven back to their boats, was fought on the west side of Ard Hill.

The scene of an older and pre-historic battle may be found by the curious in "Cultrein", the name given to that part of Coille Mor situated on the left bank of "Alt Mor", or Balmacara Burn, which lies north of the thorn hedge, the north boundary of the grass park bounded on the south by the public road to Kyle. The "Lochlanich", or Norse, having invaded Mac Mathon's territory, penetrated to this point, where about a score of them are believed to have been killed, and their graves are marked by a circle of about as many boulders apparently rolled out of the adjacent burn, the circle measuring some twenty feet across. In the middle are four stones arranged in a row; these mark the grave of the slain chief. The stones have a thick covering of moss; and a dwarf oak of great age has sprung up within the circle, while many similar trees surround it. Apart from the definite traditions of the battle, a visitor would probably call the circle Druidical, more especially as the central stones appear to have been set up in the form of a "cromlech", i.e., one long stone raised above the ground, its ends resting on two others.

To the east of this is "Drumdu", the Black Ridge; and of this it has been predicted by Coinneach Or, the Brahan Seer, that a Mac Mathon will come from far and build a stone castle. As a converse of this immigration, it is a fact that two villages on the southern slope of the ridge have been razed to the ground, and yet the places keep the names of Upper and Lower Canada in memory of the separate destinations of the emigrants. It is a singular and fanciful coincidence that a third village once stood near, "Cuilbeg", a word meaning "the little corner", and sounding like Quebec. Drumdu terminates in a high cliff to seaward, and near the top is a cave, accessible by a rope from above, in which Prince Charles hid.

Balmacara, or Bal-math-carath, may be translated "well-built town", and this term is said at first to have referred to a place at the foot of Sguir Beag, to the south, where the foundations of a street of houses may be traced yet—the walls having been removed in the bye-gone days of improvement.

"Dail achaidh dha thearnaidh", or "the dale between two slopes", was the war-cry; and this place of meeting may be found near "Loch nah-innich". "Clachar Geallach" is a rock near the road at Erbusaig, and here the progenitor of the Sutherland Mathesons was born. "Loch Iain Oig" takes its name from the man who lived on the island in the middle of it.

It only remains to draw attention to the graveyard of Kirkton, the south-east corner of

which is crowded with the clan and their monuments. One long, thick, narrow stone shows a time-worn carving of the effigy of a warrior lying on his back, his hands laid on the pommel of a two-handed sword which extends from his chin to his feet. Ciar Mac Mathon is said to have prepared this stone on the side of Sguir Mor, and carried it down on his back. Another stone with a two-handed long sword, only, carved on it, covers the grave of "The Crusader."

Glenn Devon.

KENNETH MATHESON.

MUSIC OF THE ROBERTSONS.

SIR,—Can you or any reader of the *Celtic Monthly* inform me where I could get the music of the Clan Donnachie (Robertson) arranged for the piano?—such tunes, for instance, as "Lift the cattle, Donnachaidh", "Struan's Salute", "Struan's Rant", "The Coming of the Clan Donnachie", etc. I can find the bagpipe music, but have failed to find the same music arranged for the piano. RANNOCH.

"HOURS OF IDYLLNESS, MERRY Musing, AND FACETIE," is the quaint title of an interesting volume of poems by Mr. J. Ethelbert Gildard, whose charming Loch Lomond musical compositions are well-known and popular. This volume of verses covers a wide field. At one time the poet is singing the praises of Campbeltown, and next he is describing the beauties of Loch Lomond and extolling the deeds of that noble chief, Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, whose name is revered by Highlanders of all clans and counties. Mr. Gildard has a subtle wit and gives expression to it in very amusing verse, which creates a laugh but gives no offence. There are several clever skits on political events, and he is somewhat hard on the Campbells and Argyll. The wrangling of the churches affords a theme for some hard hits at the sects; and our old friend, Mr. John Murdoch, has a whole eulogistic poem all to himself. Altogether, the book is very entertaining. Copies can be had from Mr. J. E. Gildard, 107 Kirkland Street, Glasgow, for 3/- post free.

GAELIC EVENTS.—Readers will please remember that the Mòd takes place in Perth on 29th Nov.; the London Gaelic Society's Scotch Concert on 16th Nov. (see advertisement pages); and the Glasgow Gaelic Society's Concert, in Waterloo Rooms, on 8th November—tickets, 2/- and 1/- can be had from John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive.

CLAN MACKAY.—That a clan society may be useful to its members in a very practical way, was well illustrated at the recent meeting of the Clan Mackay. The secretary reported that a young member of the Society, belonging to Sutherland, had met with a serious accident at his employment, but, owing to lack of means, was unable to claim any redress. He mentioned the circumstances of the case to a leading official of the Society, Mr. John Mackay (of Mackay & Young, W.S., 37 York Pl., Edinburgh), who was so much interested in the young clansman's unfortunate position that he at once espoused his cause, took the case to the Court of Session, and secured £175 damages for his client. This able legal clansman well deserved the hearty vote of thanks which the Society awarded him.



THOMAS MACKENZIE.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

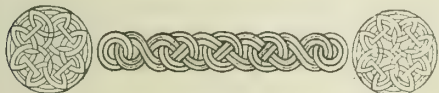
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[Price Threepence.



THOMAS MACKENZIE,
NOKOMIE, NEW ZEALAND.

IT is difficult to realise the extent to which Highlanders have settled in the Australian Colonies, unless one had the curiosity to consult a Directory of a large commercial town like Melbourne in Victoria, or a district like Hawkes Bay, or Otago, in New Zealand. A glance at the long rows of Highland names which may be found there gives one an idea that the Gael has taken entire possession of these great colonies. The Highlanders in the Land of the Southern Cross have their Gaelic Societies pretty much on the same lines as those at home, and we are pleased to be able to state that there is no Scottish paper which is so largely read among the members of these societies than the *Celtic Monthly*. Our friends in New Zealand often ask us to give portraits and sketches of some of the notable Highlanders connected with their societies, and we hope soon to be able to gratify their desire in this respect.

We have pleasure in giving this month a portrait of one of the best known Celts in the Southland district of New Zealand—Mr. Thomas Mackenzie. He is a native of Ross-shire, and is now seventy years of age. For thirteen years he was a carrier between Lochcarron and Inverness, and was known to his countrymen by the familiar name of Thomas Buie Carrier Mòr Lochcarron—doubtless some of our north country readers will recollect him. He joined the Scots Greys at Inverness, remaining a year in the service, and was very popular in the regiment. He came to Glasgow where he again took to the carrying trade, but after four years stay in this city he left for New Zealand, where he entered the employment and served nine years with the New Zealand and Australian Land Company. He then purchased a farm at Waipahi, Otago, which he carried on for thirteen years, when his wife died. He then sold his farm, and has been in the service of Mr.

Cameron of Nokomai for the last two years. Cherishing a desire to see the land of his youth and to visit old friends, he has returned to the Highlands to spend the evening of his life.

Among the Gaels of New Zealand Mr. Mackenzie enjoyed a high reputation for sterling integrity. Kind hearted to a degree, he never spared himself in cases of emergency. As a judge of live stock he had few superiors; and among his own countrymen he was very popular. We hope he may be spared to spend many happy years in *Tir nam beann*.

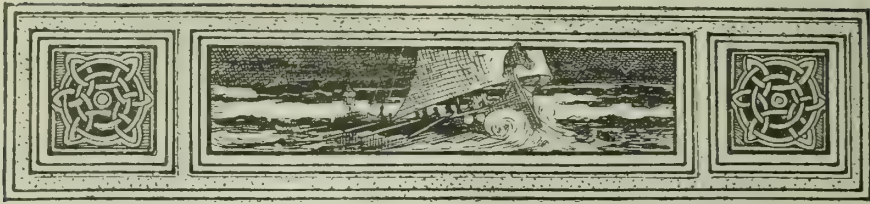
THE GLEN OF A THOUSAND MEMORIES.

The blue mists gather, deathly still,
And hide the glen from mortal sight;
In shadow of the dark-clad hill
So silent in the sleep of night.
The sun beyond the Ben has passed,
With him has died the evening light;
The black sea-loch is calm at last,
Where gleams the moon so steely bright.
The hills are black, the sky is grey;
From grass and trees and heather, too,
The colour soon has fled away.
Lo! nought is left unchanged to you
Or me, save mem'ry's sad, sweet powers,
That tell us "once the world was glad,"
And speak again of happy hours,
Which we in joyful converse had.

A CRY.

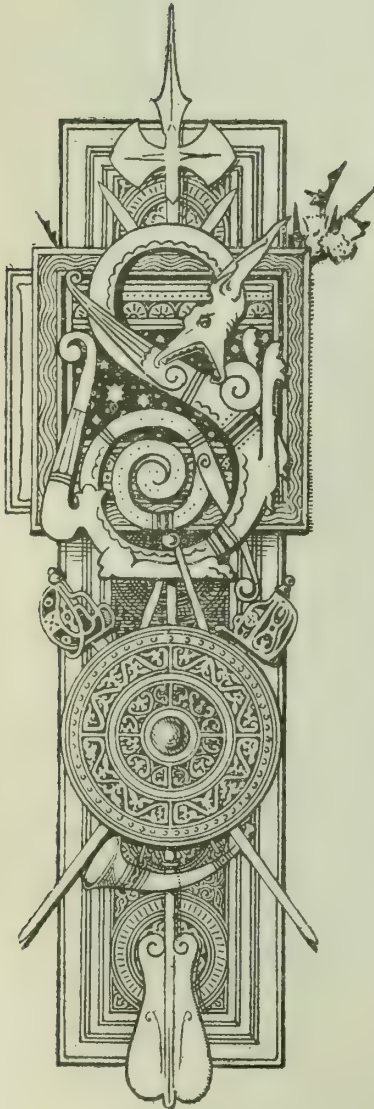
Two passions in me burn,
Like knight of old, in tourney,
By well-loved steel unhorsed,
Sore stricken with his deep wound,
Yet filled with sweetness strange,
A wound!—yet to be untouched
Were far worse—'tis better
Thus in the mists to struggle,
Guideless and wandering,
Now to the clouds uplifted
Through some fair fancy dreamt,
Now to the depths despairing,
In trembling littleness
(Yet knowing in the darkness
The sun must shine anon)
Than 'midst soft grass to slumber,
Ox-like, heedless; content
To watch the days swift flying
In base and selfish deeds.

COINNEACH DUBH.



Some Notes on the Celtic Monuments in Ross-shire.

By W. Macdonald Mackay.



THESE silent memorials of a highly artistic Christian community in early Celtic Scotland have attracted the notice of travellers and antiquarians for long years, and although they are the earliest remains we possess of the introduction of Christianity into the north-east portion of Scotland, they stand isolated or in groups throughout the country, on sufferance, in tilled fields, on lonely hillsides or in churchyards, exposed to all the ravages of weather and time, which are fast obliterating the beautiful Celtic ornamentation.

The monuments of Easter Ross are a group of a series which are purely Celtic in their art and characteristics, and the area in which they are found is restricted to the east coast of Scotland, extending from the northern shores of the Firth of Forth to Farr in Sutherlandshire, as the northernmost limit. They are of a class of monuments nowhere else to be found in the world; their ornamental work is evidence of a National Art, and of a highly cultured and artistic community. That they are the work of the disciples who first brought Christianity into Scotland there appears to be no doubt, for the art they exhibit was brought into this country with the Copies of the Gospels, and developed in a peculiar form to the restricted area in which they are found, and analogous in style to the early Irish Manuscripts. The workers who carved these stones must have been skilled in the illuminating of the Gospel Manuscripts.

The features of these remarkable monuments are primarily a Cross, distinctly Celtic in form, usually with semi-circular curves or circles at the arms, with interlaced ornamentation on the *obverse*; on the *reverse* figure subjects, symbols, and ornamented with interlaced word and divergent spirals, and the Z or T pattern. The cross invariably occupies the entire length of the monument, although there are exceptions as in the case of the Shandwick and Rosemarkie stones, and of a form peculiar to the Celtic monuments; recessed at the intersections of the arms with the shaft and top, the cross being ornamented with elaborate interlaced work, divergent spirals and scroll work in relief, of a most intricate and minute finish.

Associated with these cross-bearing monuments are irregular stones without any attempt to hew them into shape. The characteristics of these are the symbols simply *incised* on one side of the slab, instead of being cut in relief as on the larger monuments, and the absence of the cross on the reverse. Examples of these are at Edderton, Strathpeffer, Golspie, and

Clyne, Sutherland, and at Thurso. We have thus two types of monuments, the unshaped or partly shaped, bearing symbols incised of unknown significance, and the "dressed" or hewn stones. The former are of an earlier period than the cross-bearing stones as at Shandwick, Hilton, etc. In the latter we have these symbols in conjunction with the cross, which evidences a higher development of artistic feeling and progress. In the case of the Golspie monument we have a shaped slab with a cross occupying the whole length of the stone, with elaborate interlaced work in relief, while the *reverse* has the symbols and symbols merely *incised*, which marks it as an example of a transition between the two styles.

THE HILTON MONUMENT.

In Ross-shire there were originally five cross-bearing monuments proper, at Hilton of Cadboll; Shandwick; Nigg; Tarbat and Rosemarkie. The Hilton Stone was removed, about 1863, from its original site to Invergordon Castle policies, for preservation, by the late R. B. Æ. Macleod of Cadboll, as well as some fragments of the Tarbat Stone, which has fared worse than any of the others. The Hilton Stone originally stood, according to Cordiner (writing in 1780) near the ruins of a chapel, which was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The obverse of this most elaborately carved stone was erased some centuries ago by vandals, and converted into a tombstone, bearing the following inscription:—

VEIL
HE . THAT . LEIVES VEIL DOOES
SAYETH SOLOMON THE VYSE
HEIR LYES ALEXANDER DVF
AND HIS THREE WYVES 1676

A		DVF
K		S
C	SHIELD	V
H		V

Between the initials of the Christian and surnames there is a coat-of-arms, divided quarterly, commemorating we presume the parties mentioned. In the first quarter of the coat of-arms there is a stag's head cabossed, surmounted by a mullet between the horns; the second quarter is charged with a sinister hand in fess, coupéd at the wrist, holding

a standard displayed in pale. The third and fourth quarters are charged, similarly, with three boar's heads coupéd—*renversé*. The last initials of the second and third wives of Alexander Duff being the same, and likewise the coat-of-arms, the inference is that they belonged to the Urquharts of Cromarty.

The Hilton Stone stands at present 7 feet 8½ inches high, 4 feet 6½ inches in width, and 7 inches in thickness. The erasure of the cross from off the obverse would decrease its original thickness by about two inches. The stone like the majority of the others got broken, with the result that the lower portion is missing. The *reverse* is occupied at each side with a floriated scroll border with birds introduced; at the top forming part of the border there is a double disc connected with parallel bars filled with interlaced work, and crossed in centre with Z symbol with floriated ends. The upper panel



SCULPTURED CELTIC MONUMENT FORMERLY AT HILTON
OF CADBOLL, NOW AT INVERGORDON.

bears the crescent shaped symbol with zig-zag pattern, and V shaped rod with floriated ends; two double discs of interlaced knot-work. The centre panel is occupied with a group of three figures on horseback, a hind, hounds, and in the background two figures blowing trumpets, illustrative of the chase. The uppermost figure in the panel is apparently a lady sitting on a peaked saddle-cloth, and attired in a flowing pleated dress, with a plaid across her shoulders. The two figures in the foreground are attired in a kilt-like dress; plaid across their shoulders, and are armed with a round shield, a spear, and a sword. They wear the peaked beard and long hair, and are without a covering to their head. They ride without stirrup or spurs, and appear to have the manes and tails of their horses cropped. In the top left-hand corner of the panel is the symbol of the mirror and comb.

In this panel we have a valuable archaeological aspect of ancient Celtic life, and although the human figures are treated in a conventional style, we have here portrayed a representation of the actual dress of the huntsmen, the trappings of the horses, and the musical instruments of the period.

The lower portion of the stone is occupied with divergent spirals, which consist of two lines starting from a common centre and diverging spirally and winding back again diverge and converge as before. This is one of the forms of ornament peculiarly characteristic of Celtic art, and in the illumination of the Irish MSS. of the Book of Kells, it shows most beautiful results. There appears to have been no design on the edges of the stone, judging from its present condition, although there may have been a design previous to the erasure of the cross and its accompanying ornamentation from the obverse, by the vandals who caused it to be used as a tombstone for Alexander Duff and his three wives.

The monument stands at present in the wooded policies of Invergordon Castle, where it is partially sheltered from the ravages of time. On a recent inspection of the monument we found it had been carefully cleaned and oiled by an expert, preparatory to a cast being taken for the purpose of exhibition, as one of the examples of Celtic monuments at the forthcoming Glasgow Exhibition.

THE SHANDWICK MONUMENT.

The monument at Shandwick stands in a tilled field, on an eminence overlooking the Moray Firth and the villages of Shandwick and Balintore. The upper central portion of the obverse is occupied with a cross formed by the symmetrical arrangement of ornamented bosses in a double line; on the upper arms of the cross

there are ten bosses on the right hand side, and eight on the left side. On the shaft there are thirty four; at the intersections of the shaft and arms the bosses are smaller than those on the shaft and arms. The spaces above the arms of the cross are entirely obliterated. On the right hand space underneath the arms there is a large lion-shaped animal with a group of serpents. The opposite space is occupied by a lion breathing on the face of its young, and interlaced work. A similar subject appears on the sculptured monument at Dunfallandy in Perthshire, and also on one of the panels of an Irish Cross at Kells, County Meath. In this lion and cub representation we have a light shed upon its meaning in a passage in the Ancient Irish Speckled Book "*Leabhar Breac*"—

"Jacob, son of Isaac, was the first who prophesied when he was foretelling of his son, to wit of Judah, and said: 'This is what I deem Judah like,' said Jacob, 'to wit a lion's whelp, what, who shall rouse him up?' For this is the peculiarity of that whelp, that it is three days in death immediately after its birth. And the male lion comes to it, and puts his breath round it and roars over it with a great voice, and then raises up the whelp to life. Thus then arose Christ from the dead, through the might of the Heavenly Father."

This passage in the Irish MSS. of the Speckled Book is evidently an extract from the *Physiologus* in the *Divine Beastiary* of the middle ages, and in the writings of Isidore we get the following explanation of this representation:—

"When the lioness has brought forth the cub she is said to sleep during three days, until by the sound of the father's roar, which causes her sleeping place as it were to tremble, she rouses the sleeping cub; so Christ, when he has given us birth upon the Cross, slept during three days until the great movement of the earth was made, and he was roused in the blessed Resurrection, so when the three days were ended—from Adam to Noah, from Noah to Moses, from Moses to the Maccabees—at that time came the father of all, Christ, who breathes by his sacred teaching into their faces and brings them to life."

We also find the interesting fact that Giotto took the symbol from the *Physiologus* and used it to signify the raising of man the dead.

The lower portion has four large discs of interlaced work similar in execution to those on the upper panel of the Hilton monument.

The reverse is divided into four panels, and a double disc of divergent spirals; the lower panel may be said to be quartered and formed of interlaced work with four knobs; T pattern, and at foot interlaced work. The panel immediately above is composed of one of the

most elaborate and intricate ornamentation of divergent spirals that is to be found on any of the Celtic monuments. The centre panel is occupied by a representation of a hunting scene, and the upper panel with a large mammoth-like animal.

The slab is composed of freestone, and is in a poorer state of preservation than the Hilton or Nigg monuments. This is due to its exposed position, for the ravaging hand of time is obliterating its beautiful ornamental carving.

It is one of the most interesting of the Celtic monuments in Scotland, and may we urge that some of our learned Scottish Societies take the matter in hand, and have the stone treated by an expert, and partially, at least, arrest the decay. Further, the planting of a small number of trees, with a wall, accessible to the public, so as to enclose the monument, would afford some protection.

(To be concluded.)

PEATS AND PEAT-MAKING.

THERE are yet many places in the Highlands where peat is the only fuel, while there are also places where peat and coal are burned. In the former localities the winter's fuel is a matter of some concern, and necessitates considerable labour in the early

summer. There are doubtless many of my readers who are not only familiar with the whole process of peat-making, but who have taken an active part in the operation. These have doubtless gone regularly to the village school carrying their books under one arm and a couple of peats under the other. To such it will be interesting to review the whole process, and renew their acquaintance with the technical



From "Highlanders at Home"

BOYS GOING TO SCHOOL.

by R. R. M'Inn.

terms associated with the interesting operation.

Peat-cutting often begets a spirit of friendly co-operation and neighbourliness of which we cannot have too much, for instead of each person cutting his own peats on a given day or days, it is usual for the hamlet to fix a day when all the little community go together to the peat-moss, and cut the fuel for the various families in the township. Taking with them a plentiful

supply of milk and bread and cheese, the procession makes its way to the distant peat-moss. On arriving there the first duty is to peel the peat-bank—*rùsgadh a' bhac-mòine*, which is done by means of a flat spade, called in Gaelic *làir-chaibe*, and in Scotch "flauchter-spade." This having been done, peat-cutting or casting—*buain na mòine* or *gearradh na mòine* begins, the implement used being called *toirsgian*, a

hybrid from the Norse *torf*, turf, peat, and Gaelic *sgian*, a knife. The peats are thrown on the bank or deftly caught by some one standing there, and put on peat-barrows to be carried away some distance, and spread out to dry. This operation is called in some places *sgorradh na mòine*, and in others *sgaoileadh na mòine*.

After the peats have been exposed to the sun for some days they get sufficiently dry to permit of being piled on end, called footing, Scotch "fittin." This operation is performed by the women-folk and the younger members of the families. If it is found that the peats are not hard enough to permit of being placed on end (*teinntean*), they are placed in a position called

cas-bheag or little foot—one peat being placed thwartwise, holding up the ends of two peats, while the other ends rest on the ground. In these positions the peats are allowed to dry for another period, after which they are made into stacks or *cruachs*, in the peat-moss, ready to be carried home as opportunity offers. It frequently happens that the moss is inaccessible to a horse and cart, and in these circumstances the peats have to be carried home in creels—*cliabh mòine*, on the back, which labour is usually performed by the women of the homestead.

Peats make splendid fires on the hearth but are not well adapted to modern grates. Of old the fire used to be placed on the middle of the



From "Highlanders at Home"

CARRYING HOME THE PEATS.

[by R. R. M'Ian.]

floor, and one can easily understand how well adapted such an arrangement was for a *céilidh*, on a cold winter evening, when young and old formed a circle round the glowing fire of peat, as Neil Macleod sings in his beautiful poem "*An gleann 'san robh mi òg*"—My bonnie native glen—

Ann an dùbhlachd gharbh a' gheamhraidh
Cha b'e àm 'bu ghainn' ar spòrs;
Greis air sùgradh greis air dannsa,
Greis air canntaireachd is ceòl;
Bhiodh gach seanair aosmhor, liath,
'G innse sgialachdan gun ghò,
Air gach gaisgeach fearail, greannmhor,
Bha 's a' ghleann 'nuair bha iad òg.

In the gloomy winter e'enin's
Roun' the ingle gather'd a',
An' wi' music, mirth and dancin'
There we wiled the hours awa';
Or the auld folks aiblins tauld
O' the brave and mighty men,
That were ance the pride an' glory
O' my bonnie native glen.

In remote parts of the Highlands where coals were scarce, it was the custom—and may be so still—for each tenant to provide the local smith with the necessary fuel to do whatever smith work might be required, such as the shoeing of horses, or the making of plough irons. Instead of smithy coals charred peats were used, and in

the floor of each dwelling was a hole, called *sloc a' ghuail*, with a tightly fitting lid, formed of a slate slab, for the charring of peats. When the farmer or his wife noticed a glowing *caoran* in the centre of the fire they instantly had it removed to this hole in the floor, there to remain till required for use in the smithy.

Various attempts have been made to utilise the great quantity of peat in various parts of the Highlands, but hitherto with little success. In view of the present high price of coals it is quite possible that compressed peats might be profitably manufactured in the Highlands, and so form a desirable home industry.

The place occupied by peats in the economy of the Gael is abundantly evinced by the frequent reference to this fuel in our Gaelic songs and proverbs. When Dugald Buchanan, the Gaelic hymnologist, wishes to impress the sad fact that no one is free from care and trouble he remarks:—“*Tha 'smùdan féin á ceann gach fòid*”—Every peat end has its own smoke. When any one is over-praising some one he is sometimes challenged by the remark “*Cha do loisg thu seach cruachan-mòine leis*”—You haven't burnt seven peat-stacks with him.

There is another proverb bearing on peat-cutting which has an historic origin. After the misfortunes of 1715 the Earl of Seaforth was obliged to fly the country, and seek refuge in Spain, but his faithful adherents in Kintail sent a trustworthy courier to him with the annual rent. Tradition says that the courier found his noble chief working hard in the peat bog, and accosted him with “*Bha là eile aig fear buain na mòine*”—The man at the peats has seen other days. The earl was up to the occasion and promptly replied “*Cha'n eil fear gun dà là ach fear gun là idir*”—There is none without change of days, except he who has no days.

EACHUNN.

THE PIPER'S WEIRD.

KEY E flat.

Words by W. M'Combie Smith.
Music by J. Scott Skinner.

{ :d | d:-.d:d | d:-:d | r:-.d:r | m:- }
The slogan of war is heard in the glen;

{ :d | l:-.l:l | s:-:m | m:-.r:d | r:- }
It thrills thro' the hearts of women and men;

{ :d | d:-.d:d | d:-:d | r:-.d:r | m:- }
The bravest go forth with broadsword and shield,

{ :d | l:-.l:l | s:-:m | s:-.r:s | d:- ||
The dauntless in heart who never will yield,

{ :d | d':-:d | s:-:d | l:-.d:i | s:- }
I go, I go, no more to return,

{ :d | d':-:d | s:-:m | m:-.r:d | r:- }
My pipes last blast the foe long shall mourn.

{ :d | d':-:d | s:-:d | l:-.d:l | s:- }
A long farewell, O loved land of Skye,

{ :d | l:-.d:l | s:-:m | s:-.r:s | d:- ||
Macrimmon goes forth to conquer and die.

Outnumber'd our men, with many a red stain,
Unflinching, for long, their ground they maintain;
Blood glued to their hands the death-dealing steel,
All weary and faint with fighting they reel.
When hark! the warpipes' sound clear and shrill,
Resounds once more from valley to hill;
Each arm feels nerv'd, each heart is aglow,
Resistless again they burst on the foe.

And high o'er the clash of buckler and blade,
The pibroch of war so fiercely is played;
Our clansmen rush on, a torrent of wrath,
Until the last foe is swept from their path.
But where is he, the battle who won?
Asleep, in death, his work being done;
Till vict'ry came he death had defied,
Macrimmon, true seer, had conquered and died.

THE NAME ANDERSON.

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps some of the readers of the *Celtic Monthly* could kindly give me information regarding the family name “Anderson.” Is the family of Highland origin? If so, is there any literature having any bearing on the subject?—I am, etc., FEAR-RANNSACHAIDH.

MACHARG OR M'CARG.

DEAR SIR,—Can any of your *Celtic* readers enlighten me as to the etymology of the surname MacHarg? One branch of this family was the McHargs of Shalloch, whilst another resided at Cardorkan, in Minnigaff, a wild district, which is described in Mr. Crockett's “Raiders.” In 1581, Finlay McHarg, two Alexander McHargs, and John, son of Alexander McQuharg, were engaged in a raid on the lands of Stewart of Fintilloch; and eleven years after the same party took an active part in a feud between the McKies and other Galloway families, and the powerful Carrick clan of Kennedy. The name M'Carg and M'Charray appears among the Celtic retainers of the Earls of Cassilis about the same period. Probably it is a variation of the Carrick surname McHarry. If so, it may possibly have the same etymology as the Highland surname McQuharric. Is there any possibility of these families being of identical origin?—I am, etc., WM. MCKENZIE MCHARG,

LORD REAY'S DAUGHTER.

PART I.

A LADY lay upon her dying bed,
The lamp light on her pallid
face was gleaming;
And now and then she op'd her dark
bright eye,
And murmured something as if she
were dreaming.
And near her stood the husband of her
heart,
He knew her fate, and felt his heart
was breaking,
He knew too well that she ere long
would sleep
That dreamless sleep that never would
be waking.

"Oh, husband, come, and let me feel
you're here!
Come, near my couch, and hold my
burning hand;
O, strange it is, that in my latest hour,
I'm dreaming, thinking, of my father-
land!
Yes! all my life, I loved to muse and
think
On heather braes, on mountains stern and blue;
I loved to think upon my broken clan,
And now they rise before my fading view.

Oh, cruel fate! I ne'er could see
The soil I loved—another owns it now;
I never saw my father's Highland hills;
I never saw Ben Loyal's lordly brow.
And more than all, I never saw our clan;
They too are banished from their native land!
O, God, forgive their chieftain's reckless deed
That gave the power into a stranger's hand.

And, God forgive the stranger who could use
His power to break the bonds that bound them
there,
Burn their lov'd homes, expel them from their
lands,
And break their hearts with sorrow and despair.
I fear the love they bore their chief is gone!
How could it bear oppression's galling chain;
How often I have wished to expiate the past
And bring them back! Alas! my wish is vain!

Not mine the pow'r! I too have sadly pined
To see the beauty of my native vale;
To see the rivers, mountains, lakes, and streams,
The heather braes, and people of Kintail!
Through all my life, I long'd and sighed for this;
And now, it haunts me on my dying bed.
I know, dear Alymer, that my hour is come;
But—Oh! you'll take me there when I am dead.

And bury me among my kindred dear,
Where torrents leap beneath the mountain's gloom,
Where some kind hearts will sing my lonely dirge;
And see me laid within my father's tomb.



From Photo by]

[Fred. Box, Tongue House.

TONGUE HOUSE, ANCIENT SEAT OF THE MACKAY CHIEFS.

Yes! call the remnant of our broken clan—
Oh! is their love for us for ever gone—
And say, it is my last and dying wish,
That they will bear me to my last long home.

And some of them, perhaps, will drop a tear,
And some stern hearts, perchance, will heave a sigh,
And o'er the bier of her they loved so well
Forgive the errors of the chief Mackay.
And let no pageant pomp attend my bier,
Spread o'er our plaid, and toll the village bell;
I can't say more, my hour has come—has come!
God bless thee, Aylmer!—my last long wish!—firewell!"

PART II.

Toll, toll, the village bell,
And the mournful story tell
O'er the lonely heath;
Speed the tidings far and wide
O'er the moors and lone sea-side,
This lady's love and death!

There are changes far and wide,
O'er Lettermore and Naver's side,
The followers of Lord Reay
Are ejected from their place,
Few remain of that brave race,
They're driven far away.

In the vales no men appear,
They are trodden by the deer;
The sheep and grouse are there.
The Saxon shepherd's whistle shrill
Is heard upon the lonely hill,
To break the evening air.

Seek not men where sheep abound,
Where deer they hunt with horn and hound,
The Southron loves that best.

These vales too fertile are for mer,
The owner cannot spare a glen
For human frames to rest.

Go, seek them where the ocean roars
On rocky bed and sterile shores
Where wild winds cold and drear
Blight patches of the unfriendly soil,
Though hardly won by sweat and toil
To give us scanty cheer.

Rouse, yes, rouse! down-trodden clan,
Hasten hither every man!
Pay the homage due.
Let every feud be now forgot,
Gather, gather, to the spot,
The lady's bier's in view.

See, the mournful party come
Round Cnoc-Craggy's misty cone,
Ben Loyal comes to view;
And not a hill on earth, I ween,
In beauty more complete is seen
Than this fair mountain blue.

Be there a clansman on the earth,
Forgets his home, land of his birth,
The country of Lord Reay!
Ben Loyal's name will bring to mind
His home, and all he left behind,
Though years and years away.

Ben Loyal! is it true that thou,
With angry scowl wilt wreath thy brow,
And let thy stony tears
To fall in anger or in grief,
When dies a kinsman of our chief,
Thou monument of years.

Ben Hope is seen in misty shroud,
Its daily cap the watery cloud;
And O, our fair Watch-Hill,
Where beacon lights gleam'd long ago
To tell of the approaching foe
And warned our chiefs of ill.



From Photo by

[Donald Mackay, Thurso.

THE SMITHY, TONGUE.

And Castle Varrich, ruin'd, grim,
Stands out upon a rocky brin
Above the Neavag Kyle.
Beneath the shadow Ryan glide,
And joining with the running tide,
Reflects the sunset's smile.

Tongue woods, now stretching far and wide
Along the fair and sunny tide,
Tongue Island, fair and green,
All starts before the stranger's view;
The moss, the rivers, mountains blue,
The lovely, peaceful scene.

The husband saw the fairy land,
Smote on his brow his chilly hand,
Alas, alas! he cried,
In life, Sophia, could'st thou see,
Land of thy love; and stand with me
Upon this mountain side!

Ah, no! thy clansmen gather here—
Thy last command—to see thy bier!
And, Oh, how all is chang'd!
I see no kilted warriors proud,
Come here to bear thy honour'd shroud,
Why! are their hearts estrang'd?

I hear no coronach's sad wail
Come slowly on the evening gale,
The pibroch's mournful strain
Is hushed. Ah, no!—not wild or shrill,
Its echoes ring from ev'ry hill—
I listen, but in vain.

Where are the clansmen, brave and good,
Who fought his battles, shed their blood,
At their proud chief's command!
They're gone! He left them to their fate!
We mourn; but ah, it is too late;
They're in a foreign land.

A few remain; I see them there,
But not, alas, as once they were
So gallant, brave, and free!
Oppression's sway did o'er them roll,
And poverty hath wrung their soul,
Yet, they are dear to me.

They bore her to her father's tomb,
The place of sad decay and gloom;
They laid her softly there.
And ev'ry one who saw the bier
Bent low his head and shed a tear,
And sighed a silent prayer.

That prayer as fervently I breathe,
Oh, shall I see it ere my death?
Or shall it ever be!
That those on earth I'll leave behind,
Who long'd and wish'd for good shall
find,

*Ceann Cinnidh Chloinn Mhic-
Aoidh.*

ANNIE MACKAY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

DECEMBER, 1900

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers are reminded that their annual contribution (4s. post free) is now overdue and should be remitted at once to the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

BOUND COPIES OF VOLUME VIII.—We are only able to offer a few copies of the bound volume for sale, as several parts are nearly out of print. A nicely bound copy of the complete volume can be had, in green cloth, gilt title, for 6/6 post free. It makes a very handsome book, suitable for a present, or to send to a Highland friend abroad. As the number of copies available is so small, readers should apply at once.

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"Are the MacArees or MacIntees a Sept of the Macgregors?"

JAVA, 22nd September, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—I see that the above question, in your issue of May last, and signed by "A Queensland Scot," has remained unanswered. I regret that I can give no information about the *MacIntees* (a name, which I conclude, your correspondent considers to be synonymous with *MacAree*). I fancy that *MacAree* must be the same as *MacAra*.

Of *MacAra*, Buchanan of Auchmar ("Ancient Scottish Surnames") writes as follows, viz.—"Another branch (of the Macgregors) is that of MacCarras, a pretty numerous sept in the north parts of Perthshire." MacLeay ("Highlanders of Scotland"), also, when writing about the Clan Gregor, remarks—"From the same stock descend the MacAras."

It is interesting to learn, from "A Queensland Scot," that some of the MacArees, when they went

to the Lowlands, changed their name to "King." Presumably they did so because, bearing in mind the traditionary royal descent of the Macgregors, these MacArees, who adopted the name of "King," considered the latter the equivalent of Mac-an-Ree, or "son of the King?"—I am, etc., FRANK ADAM.

THE ROSSES OF MORANCIE, ROSS-SHIRE.

The Rev. Henry Ross, D.D., writes us as follows: "My granduncle, William Ross of Morancie (Moranchie), Ross-shire, went to North Carolina, and had all the family papers, which I was informed were destroyed during the war. I have a copy of the pedigree of the Earls of Ross, given me by the late George Ross; and I have also a ring of my father's, with the armorial bearings. I wonder could any of your readers give information regarding the history of this branch of the clan? I should be glad to have some particulars."

MUSIC OF THE ROBERTSONS.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Rannoch" will find the tune "*Till an cròdh 'Dhonnachaidh*"—Turn the cows Donnachie, with piano accompaniment, in the "Gesto Collection of Highland Music" by Dr. Keith N. Macdonald, Edinburgh, and also in Lieut. Campbell's "Language, Poetry and Music of the Highland Clans." With regard to the other tunes referred to, I would say that if any of them are published by David Glen, in any of his collections of pipe music, they will be found keyed to suit the piano.—I am, etc., FIONN.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The Annual Business Meeting of this Society was held in Glasgow on 15th November, Dr. George Mackay, president, in the chair. Mr. John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly*, hon. secretary, read the Annual Report, which showed that the Society had done a great deal of useful work during the year. The treasurer's statement showed that the total funds of the Society had reached over £1200. Office-bearers were elected, as follows:—President, Mr. George G. Mackay, Liverpool; Vice-presidents, Alexander Mackay and John Mackay, Glasgow; L. M. Mackay and Donald Mackay, Edinburgh; Principal J. Yule Mackay, Dundee University College; and Mr. Campbell T. Mackay, Liverpool; Secretary, Mr. John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive; Treasurer, Mr. James R. Mackay, C.A., 45 W. Nile Street; Assistant Secretary, Mr. A. R. Mackay, Edinburgh; and a Council of twenty-four members. The War Relief Fund, which amounted to £95, was then allocated, £20 being granted to the Island of Lewis, and the balance to be handed over to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Association.

The Inscription on the William Black Light Tower, Isle of Mull.

BY ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL OF SONACHAN.

"Th' inscription shall be writ by wind and wave
And tideways, rushing strongly, by the tower—
Each rising tide shall write it—for he gave
His love to thee, fair island, for a dower;

Our memories kiss the memory of his name,
In sunshine, gloom, or passing shower,
And Scottish hearts enshrine his name,
And light the light in this strong tower."

—❧— CONCERNING + LOCHIEL + AND + GLENGARRY. —❧—

By CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

PART XII.

Macdonalds of Shian.—Unusual parish boundary march.—Description of Shian, 1769.—Purchase by General Fraser.—Address by Highland chiefs to George I. on his accession.—Litigation with Macpherson of Killyhuntly.—Estate judicially sold.—The last of the race.—Shian now a desolation.—Macdonell of Lundie in high favour with his chief.—Raid of Kilchrist.—Allan MacRanald of Lundie put to the horn for participation.—Rent raising and eviction in Glengarry.—Misfortunes of the last Lundie, a penniless wanderer.—Macdonell of Ardnabie.—Mrs. Fraser, composer and collector of Gaelic Music.—Persecution of Catholics after the '45.—Conclusion.

LANDS OF SHIAN, LUNDIE, AND ARDNABIE.

THE oldest cadet of Glengarry was Macdonald of Shian, springing about 1500 from Eneas, younger son of Alexander Macdonald, fourth of Glengarry, by Miss Maclean of Duart. Shian, or more properly Sithean, the abode of the fairies, lies to the south or east of the Caledonian Canal, and formed the southern part of the considerable district of Aberchalder. Not a vestige of the houses, nor of the owners and inhabitants, remains. All that exists to denote the locality is the picturesque burn of Alt-na-sithean, which flowed into Loch Lochy, probably forming the north boundary with the important place of Laggan-Achadrome. Aberchalder as a whole lies in two parishes—Boleskine and Kilmonivaig—being of old part of the great possessions of Randolph, Earl of Moray, subsequently granted by the Dunbars to the Frasers of Lovat, and by them to Glengarry. The march between the two parishes, from the water shed of the Spey and Roy to the great glen of Scotland, is, contrary to so many parish and Highland bounds, straight as an arrow, crossing mountains, glens, and waters, without deviation. It is obvious that this march is not natural, but though I have often endeavoured to trace out any document fixing this strait line, have hitherto been unable to do so, and should be glad if any one who can throw light on the point will favour me by mentioning the date when this adjustment of marches was made, and where and when the deed is registered. Aberchalder was a most desirable acquisition to the Glengarry family, as it fronted

their residence, standing up frowningly at no great distance on the other side of Loch Oich. The loss would appear to have been regretted by the Lovat family, for as will be seen in the sequel, Shian was bought back by General Simon Fraser of Lovat early in the year 1769, but soon after again became part of Glengarry Estate.

The description of the lands of Shian, as in a deed of 1731 by John Macdonell of Glengarry, ran thus:—"All and whole, the lands of Shian with the croft thereof, and the grazings, mosses, muirs, woods, fishings and pertinents thereof, all lying within the Parish of Kilmonivaig and Shire of Inverness, as principal, with the lands of Kilfinnan in the said Shire as warrandice lands." In the year 1767, part of Shian had been wadsetted to James Macpherson of Killyhuntly, part to Allan Macdonell in Cullachy, and the remainder was possessed by 1, John Doun Macdonell; 2, John Ban Macdonell; 3, Duncan Macpherson; 4, John Kennedy;



From Photo by]

[E. E. Henderson, Goran.

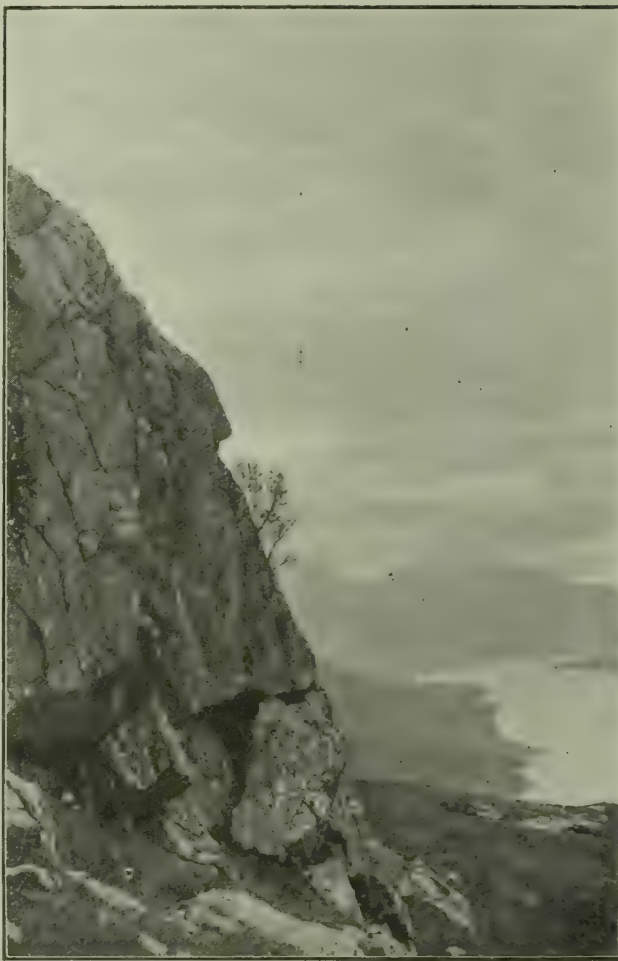
FALLS OF BORACK.

5, Angus Kennedy; 6, Donald Macdonell; 7, Donald Scott; 8, Duncan MacAlpine; 9, John Campbell; 10, John Kennedy, probably numbering in all sixty souls. When Aberchalder as a whole was cleared, it would have contained four to five hundred people. What is its population now or been these last hundred years?

When General Fraser made the purchase at a judicial ranking and sale, he had, according to rule, to find caution for the price, which he did on 11th January, 1769, by tendering as his cautioners, Norman Macleod of Macleod, and William Fraser of Balnain.

The upset price, on the testimony of James Fraser of Gortuleg, W.S., and Roderick Macleod, W.S., as experts, was fixed at thirty years' purchase of the then free rent, and amounted to £646 7s. 11d. Lands at the time were, however, selling very high, and after a keen competition, General Fraser had to pay £1710 or over eighty years' purchase of the rental.

I am unable to trace the Shian line from the time of Eneas the first, who may have lived about 1500-1550 until 1684, when the name of his great-grandson, Eneas, designed heir of Angus Macdonald *alias* Mac Angus Dhu Mor of Shian, is found. In the early part of the eighteenth century, the name of John Macdonell of Shian is found in 1715, as one of the signatories, by Highland gentlemen in their address to George I. on his accession, and which, kept back by ill-wishers, brought about the rising of 1715. The address has the signatures of ten of the cadets of Glengarry, headed by Donald Macdonell of Lundie, the name of John of Shian being fifth on the list. While the original rights to Shian were probably redeemable in the form of wadset, a regular title was given in 1731, by John Macdonell of Glengarry to John Macdonell, and Mary Macdonell, his wife, eldest lawful daughter of the deceased Eneas Macdonell, sometime of Shian, probably cousins. Their eldest son was Ranald, who in 1746 is, according to a fabricated document against Glengarry, of which a copy only is in the State Papers at Windsor, one of several gentlemen of the clan who made severe charges against their chief. Ranald married Anne Macdonald, who after his death appears to have married as her second husband Angus Mac-



From Photo by]

[E. E. Henderson, Gocan.

MEALL AN SPARDIAN, KNOYDART, SHOWING PRINCE CHARLIE'S CAVE.

donald, described as Vintner at Fort-Augustus. Ranald Macdonell had at least two sons, the elder, Angus, dying without issue. The second son, Donald, Captain in the 42nd Regiment, succeeded. Ranald, a weak-minded man falling into pecuniary difficulties, sold his estate to James Macpherson of Killyhuntly. After his death, Ranald's eldest son, Angus, instituted proceedings to set aside the sale. Upon his death, his brother, Captain Donald, followed up legal proceedings against Killyhuntly for reduction of the sale, as being fraudulently transacted. Years of costly litigation followed, until in the year 1766, decree of reduction was obtained. The bona-fide original debts as well as the great legal expenses incurred in the reduction, compelled Donald Macdonell to have the estate judicially sold.

His eldest son, James, Captain in the East India Company's Service, married early in this century the eldest daughter of Alexander Mac-

donell of Milnfield, Inverness. He was, I understand, the last of his race, and he and his wife were great favourites in Bombay Society. I notice in a letter from Coll Macdonell, fourth of Barisdale, when referring to James Macdonald's marriage, that he refers to Shian as his valued friend and cousin, and says of the lady that he had known her from childhood, and the young couple had his best wishes.

After General Fraser's death, it was found that the restored Lovat estates, and those purchased by himself, were much involved, and Shian being sold by the Trustees in 1787, it has since formed part of the Glengarry estates. Since that date, Shian has become desolate, and not even in the picturesque glades of the burn are fairies now seen, for the place knows them no more. Perhaps they emigrated, and helped to contribute to the prosperity and fame which distinguishes the race of Aberchalder in the great dominion of Canada.

MACDONELL OF LUNDIE.

The second oldest cadet of Glengarry was Macdonell of Lundie, descended I understand from a younger son of Alexander Macdonell of Glengarry, and cousin in the second degree of Donald Mac Angus of Glengarry. The best known of the family and in high favour with his chief, was Allan Macranald, trusted leader of the clan in many a conflict. Lundie lies in the district of Ardoch, being the original duchus, but Allan acquired in 1631 the town and lands of Ochteraw, lying within the barony of Abertarff, as principal, and Ardnabie in Glengarry, and Frichorie in Glen Quoich, as warrantable lands. Donald MacAngus signed the disposition at Kylis-Knoydart, on 14th June, 1631, in presence of Angus Macranald, apparent of Glengarry (afterwards Lord Macdonell); John Reid, servitor to Donald Mac Angus; and Robert Abraham, notary. Sasine to Lundie was given by Angus Macranald of Cullachie as bailie. Further, Glengarry granted a charter to Lundie of the half of Davoch of Faichaam, extending to five merks of land, and also the forest of Glen Quoich, in the Barony of Glengarry and Shire of Inverness.

As formerly mentioned, I give no credit to the alleged Kilchrist tragedy, nor have I faith in the story of the Aultrigh leap and murder, both first promulgated by that untrustworthy Whig chronicler—Dick Lauder. As a raid on the Kilchrist ecclesiastic, there can, however, be no doubt, for the extent of the heirship is minutely given in the legal proceedings which followed.

Lundie proper, lies betwixt Ault-Lundie on the one side, and Ault-Dal-a-chuirn and the parish march on the other. Captain Ellice in

his interesting work, "Place Names in Glengarry and Glen Quoich," says "the Macdonells of Lundie were a famous sept of the Macdonells of Glengarry," adding what is of present interest, "some of their descendants are still living (1898) in the glen."

In 1622, there is a notice of gift to Sir John Grant of Freuchie, of the escheat of Allan Macranald of Lundie, at the horn for participation in the raid of Gillicriost. In 1623, a gift is passed to Donald Macranald, apparent of Lundie, of the escheat of Donald Mac Angus of Glengarry, as Bailie of Knoydart, at the instance of John Abraham, Burgess of Inverness, for the Bailie's failing to arrest certain of John's debtors. The christian names of the heads of the Lundie family were so frequently Donald, that it is impossible to trace the descent with accuracy. From the time of the first Donald to 1716, the genealogy is obscure. In that year Donald Macdonell is found, succeeded by another Donald, a prominent actor in the '45, and he in 1768 by a third Donald, whom I find in 1768-1788, in his younger days, a man of note and property, of good education, and I take to have been the last with right to bear the designation of Macdonell of Lundie. When Duncan Macdonell of Glengarry, and his too clever wife, Miss Grant of Dalvey, were actively engaged in raising the Glengarry rents and clearing off wadsets, this Lundie fell with other gentlemen who had long maintained their position and the importance of the clan. The sums in the wadsets became a mere trifle, as the value of lands was rising by leaps and bounds. Lundie was not paid off, but received a bond for his wadsets, the interest of which formed no equivalent for a new and greatly increased rent. Lundie sank into the position of a tenant, and foolishly, for his own sake and that of his posterity, did not emigrate with a substantial sum in his pocket, like the Greenfields, Aberchalders, Cullachies, and others, but frittered away his money in the payment of extravagant rents, while his relatives were in the way of attaining positions in America they could not possibly attain in the Highlands had they elected to remain. Things grew worse and worse with Donald Macdonell, last of Lundie, until at last he was deprived of house and home, with no property save a few score of goats. With these he for some time wandered about from place to place sorning on old friends who gave him aid out of pity for his misfortunes. At length the starving animals getting into some plantations and young natural woods, he and his goats were hunted out neck and crop from the bounds of the estate. I possess a dignified but most pathetic letter from Lundie, complaining of his persecutions—the production of a well educated and high minded man.

MACDONELL OF ARDNABIE.

This was also one of the earliest cadets of Glengarry, holding a good position and making excellent marriages. The last I have note of was Lieutenant-Colonel Donald Macdonell of Glengarry's Regiment, who had served in the regular army.

The name of the first Macdonell of Ardnabie I do not know. He married Miss Grant of Glenmoristop. In 1643, the name of Angus of Ardnabie is found as owner, followed in 1696 by that of his son, Alexander. In 1715, the name of John appears, and in 1733 that of his wife, Mary Macdonell. They had a numerous family, of whom I mention three—1, John Macdonell of Ardnabie, out in 1745; 2, the above Colonel Donald Macdonell; and 3, Mary, who married William Fraser of Culbokie. The name of this excellent lady is still known in Strathglass as endowed with many gifts, and in especial a great musician, composer, and collector of Gaelic music, and the subject of a fine old song of which I only recollect the lines:—

"She's my ain bonnie Mary,
The Pride of Glengarry."

Being, like all her race, a strict Roman Catholic, she was able—her husband being a Protestant—to give frequent protection and succour to the hunted clergy of that persuasion, who, after Culloden, ministered to the down-trodden Catholics of the Western Highlands under circumstances of great privation and danger.

I must bring these papers regarding two great families and estates in the Highlands to a conclusion, fascinating though the subject be, yet alas, in one case, so sad.

[CONCLUDED]

THE LAMENT OF OSSIAN.

THE lightning shot in fearful flash
Across the Highland moor,
The thunder's loud and awful crash
No creature might endure.

The shaggy, rugged scene was lone,
No mortal man was there;
Bleak, scattered trees and broom lay prone,
And brackens everywhere.

One spot seemed wilder than the rest
Upon the lonesome heath—
No Gaelic seer could e'er have guessed
What lay not far beneath.

An ancient cairn marked the spot,
That braved both blast and hail,
Unknown to any Lowland Scot,
Unknown to any Gael.

There lay entombed beneath that place
While years and ages rolled,

The greatest of the Gaelic race—
The chief of bards of old.

Just then the storm a climax reached,
The thunder pealed afar,
The lightning flashed, the fierce wind screeched,
All nature seemed at war.

A spectre—mystic, white, and pale—
Rose slowly from the grave,
And raised its arms with whining wail,
As would have quelled the brave.

"Awake!" it cried, "Ye chiefs of song,
Ye Gaelic bards of yore;
Why are ye dumb for ages long?
Why must ye sing no more?"

"Why are ye silent, poets grey,
Ye bards and minstrels hoary?
Can ye not sing from day to day
Your Highland chieftain's glory?"

The lightning flashed, the thunder loud
Poured forth eternal doom—
"The voice at which proud chieftains bowed
Lies silent in the tomb."

The form has vanished whence it came,
To its eternal goal;
Can no one sing of Celtic fame,
And rest great Ossian's soul?

A. Y. YOUNG.

THE CLAN MACKAY HISTORIAN.—The following extract from the *Scotsman* will doubtless interest many of our Caitness and Sutherland readers. The Rev. John Mackay is a son of Mr. Robert Mackay, the clan historian, whose work on "The House and Clan of Mackay" is treasured by many a clansman. Of a family of thirteen, he and his sister are all that survive. His brother, Rev. Robert D. Mackay, died on 1st June last year in Canada, aged ninety-two. He was a man of commanding appearance, and carried his height of six feet four inches with all the erectness of a soldier. Another brother was a captain in the British army, and saw much service. These particulars regarding the descendants of the Mackay historian will probably interest members of the Society, as few of the clan are aware that any of his family are still living. "Golden Wedding. Mackay—Patton.—At the Manse, old Pitsligo, on the 17th September, 1850, by the Rev. C. W. Barclay, Free Church, Enzie, the Rev. John Mackay, Free Church, Cullen, youngest son of the late Robt. Mackay, writer, Thurso, to Caroline Charlotte, third daughter of the late Captain Patton, 12th Royal Lancers, Devonshaw.

THE CALLANDERS—A CLAN OR SEPT?

DEAR SIR,—Could you give me any information as to whether a Clan Callander ever existed? I have hunted through many histories of the clans, but have not been able to secure much satisfactory information on the subject. My boys will certainly wear the tartan, and if there is a distinctive tartan they are entitled to wear it would be preferable. Any information on the subject will be greatly appreciated.—Yours truly, JOHN LANG CALLANDER.



THE CLAN SURNAME MACINNES,

By Lieut.-Colonel JOHN MACINNES, V.D.,

5th Vol. Bat. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders;

Author of "THE BRAVE SONS OF SKYE."

LAST year the Clan Macdonald Society did me the honour of asking me to read a paper on some subject of my own choosing, at one of their literary meetings. It has always been, and always will be, a genuine pleasure to me to do anything that lies in my power to advance, in however small a degree, any of the objects for the promotion of which the Society has been formed—for, in my estimation, all these objects (which I need not enumerate to you) are praiseworthy in themselves, and deserve the earnest support of every one who wishes to uphold the prestige of the premier clan.

There is a trite saying that "charity should begin at home." Acting on this belief, therefore, I began to cast about me (to use an expression with which all anglers are familiar), near at hand, for a subject; and, after due consideration, it occurred to me that I might try what I could make of my own clan surname—MacInnes. That, at any rate, is a topic on which no other person has yet, as far as I am aware, attempted to write in a connected form.

The name Angus, whether we regard it as a personal or as a place name, is very ancient in Scotland—the first on record who bore it being the brother of Loarn and Fergus, the earliest kings of the Dalriadic Scots. Pinkerton says:—"The Irish accounts bear that Loarn, Angus, and Fergus, three sons of Erc, led the Scots back to Britain in 503 (after having been compelled to retreat to Ireland about fifty years before—that is about the middle of the fifth century, or about two hundred years after their first arrival in Argyllshire), and that Loarn was the first king and was succeeded by Fergus. The name of Loarn, however, does not appear in the regal lists in the Scottish accounts.

The learned Skene, in the third volume of his valuable work, "Celtic Scotland," says:—"The Scottish Kingdom of Dalriada was, at this time, confined within very narrow limits, and could hardly claim a higher position than a *Mórtuath*, as we find that it consisted of the three

tribes . . . termed the three powerful in Dalriada. These were the Cinel (*i.e.*, Cinneadh or Clann) Gabran, the Cinel Angus, and the Cinel Loarn, who traced their descent from the three sons of Eochaidh—Fergus, Angus, and Loarn, who led the colony from the Irish Dalriada. The Cinel Gabran occupied Kintyre in its old extent, including Knapdale, the district of Cowal, and the Islands of Arran and Bute, and consisted of 560 houses. The Cinel Angus possessed Islay and Jura, and consisted of 430 houses. The Cinel Loarn possessed the extensive district of that name, extending from Loch Leven to the point of Ashnish and part of the opposite coast of Morven, and consisted of 420 houses." In addition to their sea-muster (for these clansmen of the olden time were trained to fight at sea as well as on land, "*air muir agus air tìr*," as your motto has it) we are told that the Cinel Gabran had an armed muster of 300 men, the Cinel Angus 500 men, and the Cinel Loarn 700 men.

The Register of the Priory of Saint Andrews, written about the year 1250, says of Kenneth, son of Alpin:—"Sepultus in Yona insula, ubi tres filii Erc, scilicet Fergus, Loarn, et Enegus sepulti fuerant"—that he was buried in Iona where the three sons of Erc, viz., Fergus, Loarn, and Enegus were buried, that is to say in the Sepulchre of Kings.

Angus was succeeded by his son, Muredach, and this is all we know of his descendants for hundreds of years. We are informed, however, that a king of the name of Angus ruled over the Dalriads from 804 till 811; but it seems to be impossible now to say to which of the three kindred tribes he belonged. Angus, styled by the annalists Angus MacFergus, was the most powerful king the Picts ever had. He reigned between 731 and 761. I am not prepared to discuss who he was, as by so doing I should be entering upon the somewhat large and (shall I say) knotty question of "Who were the Picts and who were the Scots?" My concern at present is only with Angus of Dalriada, whose descendants colonized Islay and Jura, and from

whom the surname MacInnes is derived, as well as in all likelihood the many christian names of Angus and Æneas which we find among the families that claim descent from "Colla the Noble," and "Conn of the Hundred Battles."

The Scottish territorial name of Angus is also very old. This district is said to have been called after Angus, a brother of Kenneth the Second, to whom it had been given by that king.

Allow me now to dwell for a short time upon the signal services which the MacInneses of Morven rendered to, probably, the greatest of all our chiefs, I mean, of course, "Somhairle Mòr" or Somerled the Great, who stood in the same relationship to the Celtic sovereignty as Alfred the Great did to that of England.

The following quotation is taken from "Fragment of a Manuscript History of the Macdonalds," written in the reign of Charles the Second, by Hugh Macdonald, the Historian of Sleat in Skye:—It reads as follows, "Sommerled, the son of Gilbert, began to muse on the low condition and misfortune to which he and his father were reduced, and kept at first very retired. In the meantime Allan MacVic Allin, coming with some forces to the land of Morverin for pillage and herships, intending to retire to Lochaber, from whence he came. . . . Sommerled thought now it was high time to make himself known for the defence of his country, if he could, or at least see the same, having no company for the



DUNTULM CASTLE, ISLE OF SKYE.

time. . . . Godfrey Dù had possession of the Isles of the north side of Ardnamurchan from the King of Denmark. Olay compelled the inhabitants of some of these isles to infest Morverin by landing some forces there. The principal names in the country were MacInneses and MacGillivrays, who are the same as the MacInneses. They, being in sight of the enemy, could act nothing without one to command them. At length they agreed to make the first person that should appear to them their general. Who came in the meantime but Sommerled with his bow, quiver, and sword. Upon his appearance they raised a great shout of laughter. Sommerled, enquiring the reason,

they answered they were rejoiced at his appearance. They told him that they had agreed to make the first that would appear their general. Sommerled said he would undertake to lead them, or serve as a man otherwise. But if they pitched upon him as their commander, they should swear to be obedient to his commands; so without any delay they gave him an oath of obedience." We know the result. By his courage and skill, combined with the bravery of the men under his command, he completely defeated the Norse pirates, and following up his success he soon afterwards recovered his paternal inheritance and made himself master of a great portion of Argyll, and thenceforth assumed

the title of Lord, Thane, or Regulus of Argyll, and became one of the most powerful chiefs in Scotland.

The following interesting account of this incident is from the able pen of the late Rev. Dr. John Macleod of Morven (written in August, 1843) who had peculiar facilities for collecting and recording the traditions on the spot. He says:—"Morvern undoubtedly formed part of the dominions of Somerled, well-known in Highland tradition as Somhairle-Mac-Ghille-Bhrìde, and in history as Thane of Argyll, and was, it is believed, the first portion of the confessedly extensive but somewhat undefined possessions of his ancestors, which he regained from the rapacious Norsemen. The circumstances connected with this event are, by tradition, handed down with great minuteness, and, with a degree of accuracy in their general and more important details, amply confirmed by all the information as to the early life of Somerled, which history affords. At the period referred to, early in the twelfth century, the Clan MacInnes occupied Morvern, and had suffered severely in withstanding the repeated attempts of the marauding Norsemen to reduce them to entire subjection. They were now menaced with another attack. The Lochlin galleys were moored on their shores, and the more experienced of the clan assembled to deliberate on the unhappy position in which they were placed, and to determine what course they should pursue in so critical an emergency. Various opinions were given, and various plans suggested, but unanimity, when so much required, did not pervade the council, whereupon an aged individual addressed them, setting forth at detailed length the dangers to which such dissensions exposed them, and how vain it was, while each contended for superiority, to encounter a foe united as one man, and obedient to the commands of an acknowledged leader, concluding by suggesting, that, as Somerled was then taking refuge in their country, they should devolve upon him the command, and commit themselves to his guidance. This suggestion was at once agreed to, and an embassy was despatched to communicate their determination to Somerled, which, on proceeding in the direction of the not very capacious cave, occupied by him and his father on the shores of the Linnhe Loch, still known as the cave of Gille-Bhrìde, found Somerled engaged in angling in the Gearr-Abhainn. On their first advance he seemed reluctant to permit a near approach, and even when assured of their friendly intentions, received them with great though courteous reserve. He appeared thoughtful, if not pensive, much as he is described in an incomplete manuscript (supposed to be of great

antiquity) which, referring perhaps to this very period of his life, states 'that Somerled kept musing on the low condition to which he and his father had been brought, and kept at first very retired.' To the proposal of the MacInneses, he made for a time no reply. At length he observed that he was enticed by a sportive salmon, and, if successful in landing him, he would consider it a good omen. The eager messengers stood by, the salmon was hooked, and, after some bold plunges and struggles, was at length safely landed on the bank. But Somerled angled not for amusement solely. Before agreeing to accompany the MacInneses, he proceeded under the constraint of a higher duty to his father's cave, there to present the food which he had thus provided for his sustenance." By the by, I think there can be no doubt that this incident accounts for the figure of the salmon which is depicted in the coat-of-arms of the Clan Macdonald—"Long, 'us leomhan, 'us bradan, 'us lamh dhearg." "On parting, however, he gave directions as to a suitable place of muster, and commanded that a great, and, as the clansmen supposed, a very unnecessary number of fires should be lighted, during the following night, around their encampment, adding that he would speedily be at his post. He kept his word, and at once assumed the command for which his skill and valour rendered him so well qualified. On surveying, as accurately as he could, the host of the invaders, Somerled at once perceived the inadequacy of his own force in numerical strength, and with prompt decision had recourse to the following stratagem. A herd of cattle lay quietly pasturing in the adjoining valley, collected there no doubt to insure their safety. The cattle he ordered to be slain, and, having made this strange preparation, he awaited the advance of the enemy. The commanding position occupied by him enabled him to observe their movements, and, as soon as he saw a portion of them in motion, he caused his small force to march several successive times round the eminence, descending at each circuit into a small glen underneath, which appeared to the foe to lead towards the shore, but from which, unseen, the advanced portion regained the summit as the others were descending from it, thus exhibiting the appearance of a continuous force. After a short interval, he caused every man to equip himself with a cow's hide, again practising the former movement, and then giving his force a yet more formidable appearance, caused them to reverse their savage looking 'uniform.' The stratagem succeeded. The Norsemen, supposing that a large and formidable force was descending upon them, fell into great confusion, while Somerled and his

gallant associates, availing themselves of this sudden panic, fell on the more advanced body with great slaughter. Two of the leaders, Borradill and Lundy, were slain in adjoining corries which still bear their names, and another, Stangadill, was so closely pursued that to escape the sword he leaped into a boiling linn, which in commemoration of the event, is still known as Easa Stangadill. This achievement, sufficient of itself to inspire the MacInneses with confidence in their leader, was soon followed up by others of a similar description. Somerled in a short time succeeded in expelling the marauding Norsemen from Morvern, and thus at length the humble occupant of the cave became the powerful Thane of Argyll. Morvern thus recovered by Somerled, continued to form part of his wide dominions down to the period of his death in 1164, and remained afterwards, with occasional interruptions, attendant on the troubles of the times, in possession of his descendants, the Lords of the Isles. In Bruce's varied struggles, Angus Og of the Isles took a prominent part and accordingly we find Morvern, among other lands, confirmed to him in return for his important services. His son, John of the Isles, at a time when circumstances rendered the integrity of his motives questionable, joined the Standard of Edward Baliol, and thus was he in his turn confirmed in possessions which more devoted loyalty had secured to his father. Towards the end of the fourteenth century, the family of the Isles became connected with the Clan Maclean, and by a charter, granted at Ardtornish in 1390, Donald of the Isles conferred on the chief of that clan, Maclean of Duart, among other lands, those of Morvern. By this and other deeds afterwards duly ratified by crown charters, the Macleans, though not without some interruptions, retained possession of Morvern down to the year 1680, when, from circumstances well-known, it came into the hands of the dominant family of Argyll."

I am aware that some Seanachaidhs maintain that Angus Og of the Isles, mentioned above, was progenitor of the MacInneses, and it was after him they took their name; but as we have seen the surname or tribal name "Cinel Aonghais" or "Clann Aonghais" was in existence hundreds of years before Angus Og was born.

(To be continued).

HIGHLAND BOOKS FOR SALE.—See first inside page of advertisements for list of interesting Highland books. Send for 12-page Catalogue of Books for Sale, to John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly* Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

TO GENERAL GORDON.

A.D. 1885.

IN MEMORIAM:

[The following lines were composed by the Hon. Allan Maclean, the present premier and chief secretary for Victoria, Australia, and great grandson of the famous Dotair Ruaidh of Gillin, Skye.]

FAREWELL, brave Gordon! On yon distant shore,
Far from the tragic scenes where closed thy life,
Thy perils, wrongs, and gallant struggles o'er,
At length thy wearied spirit rests from strife.
In dark Khartoum how often would'st thou stand,
Shading thy vision with uplifted hand,
And strain thy wistful gaze to catch, afar,
The first approach of mighty Britain's war;
But all in vain! Two rulers heard thy crave
For help for those whom thou would'st die to save;
But heard—O God! how could Thy justice brook?—
With callous ear and cold, averted look.
Though countless horrors round thee darkly closed—
By friends abandoned and, by hosts opposed;
Beset by failure on a desert shore
Which tropic sunbeams scorched and simmered o'er;
Denied all human aid;—yet dauntless still,
A hundred victories attest thy skill.
Enduring, conquering, and undismayed,
Till hellish treachery at length betrayed—
Then closed thy chequered life in gore and gloom,
Amid the seething slaughter of Khartoum.

Alas! that History's enduring page
Must bear thy cruel wrongs from age to age
In crimson characters, which should proclaim
A hero's slaughter and a nation's shame.
And countless generations yet unborn
Shall wish that leaf from Britain's pages torn.

"SLEEP ON TILL DAY."

IN ST. PETER'S, ROME.

Turn not to meet my tear,
Dream not a heart is here,
Sleep crown and care away,
Sleep on till day.

Think not my heather's bloom
Touches thine alien tomb,
Sleep bloom and blight away,
Sleep on till day.

Wake not to weep thine own,
Wake not to win thy throne,
Sleep the throned world away,
Sleep on till day.

Leave crown and care behind
Where thou in youth art shrined,
Rest till long rest repay,
Sleep on till day.

Trust to the Highland heart
All that thou wert and art,
Fair on yon hills for aye,
Sleep on till day.

SARAH ROBERTSON MATHESON.

ANCIENT GAELIC LITERATURE.

BY FIONN.

V.—CARSWELL'S PRAYER BOOK, 1587.

WE now come to the period of printed Gaelic, this Prayer Book being the first Gaelic book printed in Scotland or Ireland. It is a translation of John Knox's Prayer Book published in Edinburgh, 1565. The translator was John Carswell who was born about the year 1520. He was enrolled as a student at St. Andrew's University in 1541, and graduated as an M.A. in 1544. We find him some years afterwards rector of his native parish of Kilmartin, and chaplain to the family of Argyll. He was also Chancellor of the Chapel Royal in Stirling. In 1560 he was appointed one of six superintendents over certain districts, while four years later we find him installed as Titular Bishop of the Isles. Bishop Carswell's memory is unpopular in Argyllshire for two reasons. He was an ardent reformer and laboured hard for the religious improvement of the Highlands, and in his zeal he set himself in opposition to the bards and seanachies, or family historians whose influence he considered unfavourable to the progress of religion. The following extract from the Epistle Dedicatory to "Archibald O Duine, Earl of Argyll, and Lord of Lorne," will doubtless interest our readers as showing the gradual change which Gaelic has undergone until we find it about 1600 beginning to take the Scottish form out of which our present standard of Gaelic has been developed:—

Agas is mor an doille agus an dorchadas
peacaidh agus aineolais agus indtleachta do lucht
deachtaidh agus fgriobhtha agus chumhdaigh na
gaidheilge, gurab mó is mián léo agus gurab mo
ghnathuidheas fiad eachtradha dimhaoinreacha
buairdheartha bregacha faoghalta do cumadh ar
thuathaibh dédhanond agus ar mhacaibh mi-
leadh agus arna curadhaibh agus fhind mhac
cumhaill gona fhianaibh agus ar mhóran eile
nach airbhim agus nach indifim andfo do
chumhdach agus do choimhleafughadh, do
chiond luadhuidheachta dimhaoinigh an tfaogh-
ail dfaghail doibhféin, ina briathra dife Dé agus
flichte foirfe na firinde do fgriobhadh, agus do
chumhdach.

TRANSLATION.

And great is the blindness and darkness of
sin and ignorance and of understanding among
composers and writers and supporters of the
Gaelic, in that they prefer and practise the
framing of vain, hurtful, lying, earthly stories
about the Tuath de Dhanond, and about the

sons of Milesius, and about the heroes and
Fionn Mac Cumhail with his giants, and about
many others whom I shall not number or tell of
here in detail, in order to maintain and advance
these, with a view to obtaining for themselves
passing worldly gain, rather than to write and to
compose and to support the faithful words of
God and the perfect way of truth.

This extract is referred to in the Highland
Society's Report upon Ossian, 1805, to show
that the names of Fionn Mac Cumhail and his
band of warriors were well-known in the High-
lands at the period of the Reformation.

In addition to this Prayer Book Bishop
Carswell translated into Gaelic Calvin's Cate-
chism, which, however, was not published for
nearly sixty years after his death. Carswell
had considerable poetical gifts. The Prayer
Book contains some original verses wishing the
book all success. There is also a Gaelic hymn
published in Kennedy's Collection, 1786, called
"Carswell's advice to his son."

Throughout the West Highlands there are
numerous traditions regarding Carswell. In
appearance he seems to have been tall and gaunt.

An Carsalach mór tha 'n Carnàsaraidh
Tha na cóig càirt na chasan,
Tha dhroll mar dhruimein na corra,
'S a scròban lom, gionach, farsaing.

The great Carswell of Carnassery,
There are three quarters (45 in.) in his legs ;
His rump is like the back of a crane,
His stomach empty, greedy, capacious.

Bishop Carswell died in the autumn of 1572.
Tradition states that he ordered his remains to
be deposited in the Priory of Ardochattan,
Argyllshire, about forty miles distant from
Carnassery. The day of his interment was
marked by a violent storm, which occasioned
much distress to the great concourse of people
who attended his funeral, carrying the bear on
their shoulders according to the custom of the
times ; so that to this day, when there is a
tempest of more than ordinary severity there is
a common saying among the people, "*Cha robh
a leithid so ann o latha tòrraidh a' Charsalaidh
Mhòir*"—There has not been the like since
Carswell's funeral day.

Of Bishop Carswell's Prayer Book only one
perfect copy of the original issue is known to
exist. That copy is in the possession of the
Duke of Argyll. The size of the original work
is 5 inches long and 3½ broad, it has no pages
printed upon it but marked with a pen. It
contains 247 pages. The following is a *fac-
simile* of the title-page—with an English
rendering of the same.



FOIRM NA

N V R R N V I D H E A D H A G A S
 freafdal na Sacramuinteadh, agus foirceadul
 an chreidimh chriftuidhe andfo fios. Mar
 ghnathuighear an eagluifibh alban doghrad-
 huigh agus doghlac foifgel dileas dé tareis
 an fhuar chreidimh dochur ar geul ar na
 dtarraing as laidan, & as gaillbherla in gao-
 idheilg le M. Seon Carsuel Minitir
 Eagluife Dé agerichoibh earra-
 gaoidheal darrb comhainm
 eafbug inífeadh gall:

Ni héidir le henduine, fundamuint oile do
 tfuidhiughadh acht afnhundamuint ata ar
 na fuighiughadh .i. Iofa Criofd.

1 COR. 3.

¶ Dobuaileadh fo ageló indún Edin darab
 comhainm dún monaidh an .24. la don
 mhis Aipril. 1567.

LE ROIBEARD LEKPREVIK.

The Prayer Book contains a Gaelic form of
 prayer for the blessing of a ship on going to sea.
 Martin in his "Description of the Western
 Islands of Scotland" (1703) refers to this form
 of prayer, while the famous Gaelic bard, *Alas-
 dair mac Mhaighstir Alasdair* (Alexander Mac-
 donald), in his wonderful poem in praise of
 Clanranald's Birlinn has a section devoted to
 the blessing of that barque. It begins:—

*"Gu'm beannaicheadh Dia long Chlann-Raonvill
 An ciad là a chaidh air saile," etc.*

It has been rendered into English by
 Professor Blackie.

God bless the good ship of Clan Ranald,
 The first day it leaps on the wave,
 The ship and the sailors who man it
 The first on the roll of the brave!
 May the Three and the One be their guidance,
 Who tempers the blasts when they bray,
 Or tossed 'mid the war of the billow
 Or lulled in the sleep of the bay!

FORMS OF

PRAYER AND

administration of the sacraments and Cate-
 chism of the Christian faith, here below.
 According as they are practised in the
 churches of Scotland which have loved and
 accepted the faithful gospel of God, on
 having put away the false faith, turned
 from the Latin and English into Gaelic
 by Mr. John Carswell Minister
 of the Church of God in the bounds
 of Argyll, whose other name is
 Bishop of the Isles.

*No other foundation can any man
 lay save that which is laid
 even Jesus Christ.*

1 COR. 3.

Printed in *Edinburgh* whose
 other name is *Dunmony* the 24th day
 of April 1567.

BY ROBERT LEKPREVIK.

Great Father, that gathered the waters,
 Whose breath is the strength of the storm,
 Bless Thou our frail bark and its men
 When the rage of the tempest is warm.

O, Son of the Father, give blessing
 To anchor and rudder and mast,
 To sail and to sheet and to tackle,
 When they stand the rude strain of the blast.
 Bless yard and halyard and stay,
 All gear both above and below,
 Give soundness to rigging and rope,
 That no flaw and no fault they may know.
 May the Spirit the Holy protect us,
 Whose grace we devoutly implore,
 Who hath fathomed all depths of the ocean,
 And numbered all bays of the shore!

Carswell's work was reproduced page for page
 and line for line, by Rev. Thomas M'Lauchlan,
 LL.D., in 1873, who also supplied the original
 English. It is an interesting and valuable
 acquisition to our native literature.



JAMES DUNNACHIE, J.P.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

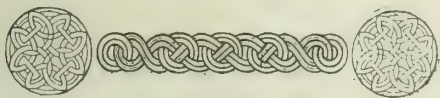
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JANUARY, 1901.

[Price Threepence.



JAMES DUNNACHIE, J.P., GLENBOIG.

CLAN DONNACHAIDH SOCIETY.

THE formation of Clan Societies, which received such an impetus ten years ago by the inauguration of the Clan Mackay, was a happy movement, as its success abundantly proves. It sent a pleasant thrill through many a Scottish heart at home and abroad to know that the old clan feeling of kinship and brotherhood was still cherished, and that under the genial rule of our beloved Queen Victoria the idea that has for a hundred and fifty years been a somewhat melancholy memory and shadowing sentiment, may now become a cheering concrete reality.

The subject of our sketch was born in 1835 at Pollokshaws, Renfrewshire, where his father had a local celebrity as a humorous poet and social reformer. He was one of the first temperance advocates in Scotland, which led to his eldest son, Thomas, being for many years the scientific lecturer of the Scottish Temperance League.

Mr. Dunnachie's great grandfather was a native of Rannoch, fought for Prince Charlie at Culloden in 1746; and thereafter, for political reasons, found it necessary to leave Scotland, as many of the bravest and best were forced to do, and had to discard the clan name; he went to the north of Ireland and was allowed to settle on the land belonging to the trade corporations of London. An uncle of Mr. Dunnachie who lived to about a hundred years of age, and remembered the refugee (his own grandfather), described him from memory as a grand type of man of high character and fascinating manners. Two generations were born in Ulster, and early in the following century the family, consisting of four brothers and a sister, returned to Scotland and settled in Renfrewshire.

"What is your tartan?" is a familiar question

in these days; in this respect the subject of our sketch can claim a good Highland and Lowland blend; going back to grandparents he has Donnachie, Lauchlan, Scott and Ramsay. His grandfather, John Ramsay, was one of Nelson's heroes and saw much service, particularly at Copenhagen, the Nile, Teneriffe, and the landing of Sir Ralph Abercromby in Egypt.

In 1860 Mr. Dunnachie went into the fire-clay industry at Glenboig. At that time the business was small, the population of the village was little over a hundred; now it is about two thousand, and nearly all are directly or indirectly dependent on the fire-clay business, which is the largest of its kind in this country. Its products are known and highly prized in every part of the world.

In 1887 Mr. Dunnachie married Miss Elizabeth Levack, of a well-known Caithness family, whose grandmother was a sister of Robert Mackay, the clan historian, a direct descendant of James II. of Scotland.

Mr. Dunnachie has two daughters; one is the wife of Dr. J. O. Symes, Clifton, Bristol, and the other of Dr. S. G. Campbell, Durban, Natal. In these days when all eyes are turned to South Africa, it may interest some of our readers to learn that Dr. Campbell is Chief of the Caledonian Society of Durban, and in that capacity gave a formal welcome to Colonel Dick Cunningham and his brave Gordons as they passed through Durban on their way to the front. They soon met the foe at Elands-laagte, and splendidly effaced the memory of Majuba. There the brave Cunningham was wounded, and when he was brought to the hospital at Ladysmith it was to him a great comfort to find himself in the hands of his skilful countryman and friend, Dr. Campbell, who had volunteered to serve his country, and was in Ladysmith during the whole period of the siege. He attended to Colonel Cunningham on that occasion and afterwards when he received the fatal wound. Clanship has been a blessing to Scotsmen at home, but more especially to Scotsmen abroad.

It may be mentioned that Mr. Dunnachie is a life-member of the Clan Donnachaidh (or Robertson) Society, and takes a great interest in its work.

GAELIC MOD AT PERTH.

THE ninth annual Mòd or Gathering of The Highland Association was held in the City Hall, Perth, on 29th November. Councillor Wm. Mackay, Inverness, presided, and there was a large attendance of prominent Highlanders from all parts of the country, among whom may be mentioned Sir Robert Puller, Mr. John A. Dewar, M.P., Hon. Stuart R. Erskine, Rev. Dr. Blair, Messrs. Arch. Menzies, Edinburgh, J. A. Stewart, Perth, Provost A. Y. Mackay, Grangemouth, Malcolm Macfarlane, Henry Whyte, John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, D. Macgregor of Arngask, Chief Constable Macpherson, Messrs. J. Mackay, S.S.C., Donald Mackay, John Mackay, A. R. Mackay, and A. Mackay, all of Edinburgh; Alex. Sutherland, Prestonkirk, Rev. C. M. Robertson, J. A. Mackay and Macleod Thorburn, Dundee, Jas. Grant, Peter Grant, A. Stewart, Glenlyon, Alexander Mackintosh, Forfar, Alexander Fraser, etc.

The chairman's address was one of the most interesting and suggestive of any which we have heard delivered at the Mòd. He expressed the great regret which everyone present felt that a severe illness prevented Mr. John Mackay of Hereford from presiding at the Mòd. He referred to the loss which the Association had sustained by the death of several prominent members, particularly Mr. D. A. S. Mackintosh, who took a very practical interest in the *Comann*. Never before had so much attention been given to the collecting and preserving of Gaelic music. Its value had been recognised, for no music in the world so interpreted nature in all its moods than that of the Highlands. There was yet much to be done in the way of collecting the thousands of Gaelic melodies which are still to be heard in the land, and these ought to be noted down for preservation. It was said that Gaelic was dying? He doubted the assertion, and believed that there were more Gaelic speaking people now living than in the past. Music was a valuable means of preserving a language, and so long as Highlanders sang their native melodies the Gaelic could not die. Mr. Mackay then referred to the ancient hymns, incantations, and prayers which are still used by the Catholics of the western islands. A most valuable collection of these was recently published in two handsome volumes, several interesting extracts, which he read, being couched in beautiful and poetic language. There were many charming airs associated with these old chants and charms which he hoped would be noted down and published. This year the prize list had been augmented with a handsome donation from a Highlander in the Argentine Republic, Mr. Nicol MacNeill, and they had expectations next year of being able to



COUNCILLOR WILLIAM MACKAY, INVERNESS.

offer several South American prizes. In concluding, Mr. Mackay intimated that the next Mòd would be held in Glasgow, the Exhibition which was to be held there would doubtless attract Highlanders from all parts of the globe.

Thereafter the business of the Mòd commenced with the intimation of the names of the prize winners in the various competitions.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS.

Best Original and Unpublished Gaelic Poem or Song—1, Mrs. K. W. Grant, South Africa; 2, Donald MacKechnie, Edinburgh; 3, A. Stewart, Glenlyon.

Best Metrical Translation from English into Gaelic of the Poem, "The Soldier's Dream," by Thomas Campbell—1, John Whyte, Inverness; 2, Donald MacKechnie.

Best Gaelic Song on "Gaisge nan Gaidheal an Cogadh na h-Airir"—1, Donald MacKechnie, 2, Neil Ross, Glendale.

Best Gaelic Song on "The Greatness of the Empire"—1, Donald MacKechnie; 2, John MacFadyen, Glasgow.

Best Gaelic Letter—1, Annie MacLean, Oban; 2, Christina MacArthur, Oban.

Best Gaelic Comhradh, suitable for being acted at social meetings—1, Donald MacKechnie ; 2, John MacFadyen.

Best Collection of Technical Terms in Gaelic for Calanas, all-wool work from the sheep to the cloth, including native dyes, housewifery, and dairy terms—1, Mrs. K. W. Grant ; 2, Rev. Charles M. Robertson, Inverness ; 3, Neil Ross.

Best Gaelic Essay on "The Changes which have taken place in the Highlands since the Accession of Her Majesty Queen Victoria"—1, Katie Stewart, Glenlyon.

Best Gaelic Essay on any topic of local interest (Sutherland)—Donald G. MacLeod, Melness.

MUSICAL COMPETITIONS.

Solo Singing, open only to those capable of conversing in Gaelic—1, Miss Catherine Munro, Dornoch ; 2, Miss Mary M. MacLeod, Glasgow ; 3, Alexander Fraser, Glasgow ; 4, Malcolm Campbell, Dalmally.

Solo Singing with Clarsach Accompaniment—Miss Mary Ann MacKechnie.

Solo Singing for Seniors : (1) Female Voices—1, Miss Munro, Dornoch ; Miss Mary M. Macleod, Glasgow ; 3, Miss K. S. MacGregor, Dundee.

Solo Singing for Seniors : (2) Male Voices—1, James Ross, Glasgow ; 2, P. MacCracken MacDonald, Cathcart ; 3, Alexander Fraser, Glasgow.

Solo Singing, open to professionals, former gold medallists, and prize-winners—Miss Mary M. Macleod.

Choral Competition for Seniors—1, Perth Gaelic Society's Choir ; 1, Dundee Gaelic Choir.

Duet Competition—Misses Lennox and Cuthbert, Dundee.

Quartette Competition—1, Perth Quartette Party ; 2, Oban Quartette Party.

Choral Competition—Perth Gaelic Society's Choir and Logierait Public School Junior Choir—equal.

Solo Competition (natives of Perthshire only)—Miss MacLaren, Perth. J. Ferguson, Ballinluig.

Solo Competition for Juniors under 16—1, Miss Mary Davie, Perth ; 2, Chas. MacQueen, Logierait.

Solo Competition, humorous—1, Miss K. S. MacGregor ; 2, J. S. Grant, Ballinluig.

Choral Competition for Juniors—Logierait Public School Junior Choir.

Solo Competition for Juniors : (1) Female Voices—Miss Duncan, Glasgow.

Solo Competition for Juniors : (2) Male Voices—1, Charles MacQueen, Logierait ; 2, John Kennedy, Ballinluig.

THE LUNCHEON.

At one o'clock an interval took place, when Mr. John A. Dewar, M.P., entertained 200 guests to luncheon in the Salutation Hotel. Mr. Dewar presided, the croupiers being Provost Mackay, Grangemouth, and Messrs. Archd. Menzies, S.S.C., and Peter Macleod. After a sumptuous repast the usual toasts were drank and speeches made.

BUSINESS MEETING.

At the close of the competitions the annual meeting of the Association was held, Councillor Wm. Mackay in the chair. It was decided to hold the next Mòd at Glasgow, the date and other arrangements being left in the hands of the local

committee. A deputation from the Dundee Highland Association made a statement in favour of the Mòd of 1902 being held in that city, and the matter was favourably considered. Mr. J. A. Stewart, Perth, and Provost A. Y. Mackay, Grangemouth, were appointed vice-presidents ; Messrs. J. Stewart and Hugh Campbell, Perth, auditors ; and Messrs. Drummond Norie, Ruadri Erskine, Donald Mackay, and John Mackay, Edinburgh, were added to the executive council. Prizes of £5 5s. were intimated for next Mòd by Councillor Wm. Mackay and the Hon. Ruadri Erskine.

EVENING CONCERT.

There was a magnificent gathering at the concert in the evening. Lord Provost MacGregor presided, and delivered an address. Mr. Archibald Menzies, Edinburgh, was presented with an illuminated address, recording the thanks of the Association for his valuable services as local secretary at last year's Mòd at Edinburgh. A lengthy programme was then gone through, the proceedings creating the greatest interest and enthusiasm. The appearances of Miss Tena Carmichael, last year's gold medallist, and Miss Munro are worthy of special mention. The prizes were presented to the successful competitors, which closed the day's work.

SOME NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The absence of that grand Highlander, Mr. Mackay, Hereford, through illness, was a great disappointment to all present. His many friends among our readers will be pleased to hear that he



MISS TENA CARMICHAEL, GOLD MEDALLIST 1899

is much better. The attendance at both Mòd and Concert was excellent, but the musical standard was not so good as that of previous years. This was undoubtedly due to the absence of the five leading choirs—St. Columba, Glasgow Musical, Oban, Inverness and Blind Asylum. These choirs always provide a large number of excellent soloists. The most noteworthy feature of the competitions was the appearance of Miss Munro, Dornoch, who won the gold medal. This lady fairly surprised the audience by the charming rendering which she gave of her songs. Her presence was due entirely to the encouragement which she received from Mr. R. Macleod, Inverness, who heard her sing at a local concert. The Clan Mackay, as usual, were well represented, over a dozen prominent members being present to support their learned clansman who occupied the chair. Mr. Donald MacKechnie, Edinburgh, a native of Jura, made a successful raid on the prizes, securing £13 for his compositions.

The prize papers on "Technical Terms for Calanas" are valuable contributions to Gaelic literature. Only one prize being offered, we considered it very unfair to the unsuccessful competitors, as the preparation of such a paper meant a great deal of research and labour, so in writing one of our subscribers, Mr. N. MacNeill of Argentine, South America (a native of Colonsay and an enthusiast in all Gaelic matters), we suggested that he should offer a second prize for this subject. Our friend cheerfully consented and forwarded £2, which arrived just in time to be presented at the Mòd, much to the surprise of the recipient. Mr. MacNeill hopes next year to be able to induce other Highlanders in South America to offer special prizes also.

A provisional list of subjects for competition at next Mòd, with the value of proposed prizes, has been printed. Any of our readers who desire to offer a prize can now select the particular competition to which they would like their donation applied, or if they prefer they can add any other subject they choose. The Mòd is a national institution which deserves the heartiest support of all Highlanders, and we hope that many of our readers at home and abroad will present special prizes, which will be duly acknowledged in the official programme of competitions and in our pages. We shall be very pleased to forward copies of the provisional list to any readers who may desire to contribute. The average prizes range from £3 3s. to 10s. 6d.

PRIZE POEM.

THE following poem by Mrs. K. W. Grant, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, received the first prize for Original Gaelic Poetry at the Comunn Gaidhealach Mòd held recently at Perth.

BLAITH FHLEASG O MHOD NAM MACA-MEAMNA.

Aig beul na h-oidhche air latha céitein,
Sheas mi air Buachail' Eite,
A' beachdachadh air na sléibhte
'Bha 'g éirigh gu h-éibhinn mu'n cuairt;
Sith-chailinn, Beinn Dòbhrain,
Agus Cruachan 'n a mhòrachd,
Bidein uaibhreach Ghlinn' Cothann,

Beinn Nibheis, rìgh uasal nan cruach;
Gach mullach dhiubh breacta
Le badain sneachda
'S a' ghrain 'gan òradh le gathan glòire
A beannachd 's a sòraidh
Mu 'n do luidh i 'na còs aig a' chuan.

O gu 'm b' àluinn na gleanntan
Shios aig ìochdar nam beanntan,
Le 'n sruthan 'nan deann-ruith,
A' glaochaich ri chéil' o gach sliabh!
Gu 'm bu mhillis leam éisdeachd
Ris an spréidh 's iad a' geumraich,
Na laoidh leò a' leumraich;
An ruadh-bhoc 's am fiadh
'Nan luidhe gu foisneach 's an riasg.

Air raon 's air stùc
Throm shil an driùchd:
Mar chanail dh' fhàs anail nam beann:
A nìs á ìochdar nan gleann
Bhrùchd boltrach cùbraidh,
Le spìosraidh o mhilltean tùiseir:
O lus, o phreas, o chraoibh,
O thonnann dorch' an fhraoich,
Gach luibh d' am b' fheàrr faile
Dhòirt a bhrìgh air an àile
Is measgta leis uile gu léir
Sìor chrònan nan caochan, is onnach nan geug.

Chiar am feasgar air Gualainn Liath-ghiuthas
A nìs á broilleach Ghlinn Urachaidh
Dh' éirich an ceò;
A nall bho Rudh' Ardnamurchan
Thionail na neòil:
Mar gheola 'seòladh 'measg chùirn na h-iar-dheas
Air muir na h-iarmailt
Bha a' ghealach òg.

Foidh a caoin dheàrrs'
Thar cuan nan linntean a dh' aom
Thainig samhlaidh soilseach nan Laoch;
O thalla nan neul
Theirinn cuideachd chliùiteach nam Bàrd;
Mu 'n cuairt doibh, 'nan ceò-éide,
Mar cheathach nan sléibhte
Dh' iadh tàibhse, is cruth mu gach bàrn.

Chuir Binn-bheul a chlàrsach an gleus,
Thog Ullinn is Caireall an dàn:—

IADH-SHLAT, IS EIDHEANN.

(Honeysuckle and Ivy.)

ULLINN—

Seinneam fàilte gu cridheil gu dùthaich mo ghràidh,
Seann chreathall mo shinnseara, Albainn an àigh,
An rioghachd bheag bhòidheach fo reul an taobh
tuath,
An neamhnaid a's òirdheire air broilleach a' chuan.

CAIREALL—

Le 'h-eileana 'ga cuartachadh,
Mar òigh i feadh a h-uanagan,
Mar bhanrigh 'measg a gruagaichean,
'S a' mànnan rith' na stuadh-thonna.

ULLINN—

Cuiream fàilt' air na h-inns' eadar bheag agus mhòr
O Bhòd agus Ile, gu Rona is Leòdhas,
O Arran is Diùra gu Eilean-a-cheò,
Air am binneinan dùbh-ghorm gu'n caidil na
neòil :

CAIREALL—

Le Muile àrd nam mòr-bheanna,
Tiriodh le 'bhreacan eòrna air,
Gu Iort ri fairg' 'na ònrachdan,
'S gach sgeir le muir a' crònan ris.

ULLINN—

O, 's àluinn na cùirn le an steallairean liath,
Na coirreacan giùthsach 's am faicear am fiadh,
Na doireachan ùrar mu bhealach is bràigh,
Na h-aibhnichean lùbach a' taomadh air tràigh :

CAIREALL—

Na bruthaichean gur miannach leinn,
Na leathadan gur grianach iad,
Le raineach 's fraoch' 'g an còmh-dachadh,
'S an canach geal 's na mòintichean.

ULLINN—

O Mhaoile Chinntire gu bràighe Shrath Nàthir,
Chithear làraichean prèisil 'tha falaamh an tràths',
Ach tha 'm fineachan lìomhor 's na tìrean thar sàil',
Agus cridhe gach siol dhiubh tha dileas d'am
inàthair :

CAIREALL—

Do chlann tha seasamh dileas riut,
Eas-caraid cha dean dìmeas ort,
Gualann do mhic ri d' ghualainn-sa
Is neò-air-thaing mur buadhaich thu !

ULLINN—

Mo shòraidh 's mo ghaol-sa air Garbh-chrìoch nan
Gaidheal,
Air còir-breith na saorsa a ghreim nach do chaill,
Beò-thobar na Gàidhlig, cainnt aosmhor nan laoch,
A tha 'sruthadh gu sìundach 'an dùthaich an
fhraoich ;

CAIREALL—

A suas dhuinn cainnt an òraiche,
Gur gasda, blasda, bòidheadh i,
'S i 's grinne 's binne 's buadhmaoire
Na cànan riamh a chuala sinn !

ULLINN—

A suas leis a' Ghàidhlig, 's le coisir a' chùil,
Anns gach àm, auns gach àite, 'am mulad 's 'am
mòirn ;
Ged a sheinn iad dhuinn cumha craobh mhilis nan
teud,
Rinn i dùsgadh a rithis 's tha 'chlàrsach 'an gleus !

CAIREALL—

A suas gu bràth a Bhàrdachd dhuinn !
A suas a' Phìob, 's a' chlàrsach dhuinn !
Beatha is slàint' do 'n Ghàidhlig ghrinn,
'An tigh gach Gàidheal 's gach àite 's linn !

Sguir luchd a' chùil, 's mar ghaoith feadh dhuilleag
Bha 'ghaoir mu 'n cuairt doibh a dhùisg :—
Thainig Spiorad nam Beann a nall o'n dubhar,
Bha eud is mulad na ghnùis :
Air dhath mar an fhraoch 'bu deing' bha 'chulaidh,
M'a ghualainn ceathach a' chùirn,
A' sruthadh o ghruaig a chiabhan dùbh-dhonn,
Le òr na maidne mar chrùn :
A ghuth bha mar èigh na h-Eite 'siubhal,
Bha dealan na h-oidhch' 'na shùil,
Mar dhéine beum-sléibh a' leum le bruthach
Bha 'n t-séid o 'bhilean a bhrùchd.

(To be Concluded).

PRIZE TRANSLATION.

THE following translation of Campbell's poem, "The Soldier's Dream," received the first prize at the Mòd held recently at Perth. The translator is Mr. John Whyte, Inverness, author of "How to read Gaelic."

AISLING AN T-SAIGHDEIR.

Aig sanas na trompaid chaidh fosadh san àr,
'S thug na reultan frith-shoills' mar bha 'n
duibhre a' fàs ;
Gun chomas, gun chlà, laigh na mìltean air làr,
An claidhte gu cadal, 's an leòinte gu bàs.

A sgànradh nam faol o chuirp phrèiseil nan sonn,
Las sinn braidseal, 's na 'chòir is mi'm laighe gu
tlàth,
Thainig aising san oidhch' a chuir m' aigne fo fhonn,
'S rinn mi'm brudair tìl uairean roimh bhris-
teadh an là :

Air céin-astar fàs rinn mi siubhal am shuain
Bho fhaiche na còmh-stri 's nam brataichean sròil ;
Bha grian gheal an fhoghair 'cur soills' air a' chluain,
Is dachaidh mo sbinnsear chuir fàilt orm gu fòil.

As ùr bha mi 'g imeachd, le aoibh is le luaths,
Nan achadh bu chaomh leam am madainn mo
shaogh'l ;
Thug òrain nam buanaichean sòlas do m' chluais,
'S mo ghobhair san fhìreach rinn meigeadaich
ghaoil.

Mo dhachaidh 's mo chàirdean nach fàgann ri m'
bheò,
Rinn mi gealladh a dhaingneach' le slige de'n fhìon ;
Mo mhàldag chuir osna a cridhe gun ghò
Ri mìltean de phògan o m' chròileagan crìon.

"Fan leinn is gabh fois—tha thu claidhte 's fo
phéin"—
'S bu deònach a dh' fhanadh leo Saighdeir an
gaoil—
Ach dh' ùraich mo dhoilgheas aig éirigh na gréin,
'S mar shneachdag 'san abhainn chaidh m' aising
fa-sgaoil.

COIRE-BHREACAIN.

OUR HIGHLAND BOOK LIST this month takes the form of a four page catalogue, which we enclose in this issue. In it will be found particulars of several very interesting works, and also a list of a series of charming coloured plates of Highland views, dated 1820, suitable for framing.



THE CLAN SURNAME MACINNES,

By Lieut.-Colonel JOHN MACINNES, V.D.,

5th Vol. Bat. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders;

Author of "THE BRAVE SONS OF SKYE."

(Continued from page 58).

IT is said that the MacInneses possessed Ardgour as well as Morven in the olden times. A Mr. Duncan F. Cameron, writing from New South Wales to *The Oban Times*, in the early part of 1884, says:—"I offer you the following, copied from an old manuscript. MacInis (Master of Argour) was disliked by Algive [or Amy] and her children because he (MacInis) was the forwardest councillor to detain John of the Isles from marrying her. Forthwith Donald Maclean, son of Lachlan of Duart, by Margaret, daughter of Algive, had a commission to kill MacInis which he accordingly did, and having also killed his five sons he got himself possessed of Ardgour which his posterity enjoy to this day." Further on Mr. Cameron states that this tragedy occurred at a time when MacInnes and his sons were the guests of the Lord of the Isles at Ardtornish Castle.

This summary mode of conveyancing was characteristic of those far-off times. However, we may be sure that the Macleans got possession of these lands in a manner (whatever it was) that must have been considered honourable enough at the time. If violence was used, as is alleged here, the MacInneses do not appear to have long borne a grudge against the Macleans, for, if tradition is to be relied on, the body of Red Hector of the Battles was carried home by the MacInneses from the battle-field of Harlaw, where he was killed (in 1411) fighting at the head of the Macleans of Duart, who were on the side of the Lord of the Isles.

The Morven Macleans are now "Outlanders" like my own tribe; and, if the MacInneses are never more to get possession of the lands of their sires, I am quite sure they would rejoice to see them again in the hands of the Macleans. In that event, all that I myself personally should like to get in respect of the concession would be the privilege of angling occasionally in the Gearr-Abhainn, and I would undertake on my part to share the spoil with the Macleans!

Again, we are told, that "in the ancient churchyard of Keill in Morven, adjoining Mac Mhic-Ian's tomb, there are several stone coffins (beautifully sculptured in intricate foliage, in characteristic Celtic designs) to which the MacInneses, as the descendants of the aborigines of the country, still maintain their claim. One of these is said to contain the ashes of a Spanish lady of rank, of whom the following account is given:—She is supposed to have perished on board of the 'Florida,' one of the ships of the ill-fated Armada, blown up in the bay of Tobermory in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. But the historical and authentic account of this event proved unsatisfactory to an imaginative people, and it has accordingly been blended with tales of fiction and romance. According to these, the lady in question, a princess, as she is designated, had seen in her midnight dreams a person of great elegance for whom she had formed a strong and devoted attachment. Having long sought for the reality of this visionary personage, but in vain, she at length resolved to fit out an expedition and to extend her search beyond the boundaries of Spain. In the course of her interesting excursion she arrived at Tobermory on board the unlucky 'Florida.' Here she saw for the first time Lachlan Maclean of Duart, recognised him as the object of her search, and avowed for him her cherished attachment. This avowal, however complimentary to Maclean, was not, as may be supposed, agreeable to his lady, who in order to secure the affections and fidelity of her husband, caused the 'Florida' to be blown up. The princess was among the sufferers, and her remains were conveyed to Kill-Colum-Kill and deposited in the stone coffin in question, which is still pointed out in connection with other legends of too detailed a character to be here inserted." And further, we are informed that "The most conspicuous objects of antiquity are the old castles. . . . The probability is that they were originally built, at a very remote period, by the aborigines of the country, and afterwards enlarged and extended by northern

invaders and more latterly by feudal chiefs. The castle of Kinlochaline, consisting of a square tower, and built on a very picturesque situation overhanging the estuary of Gearr-Abhainn, is supposed to have been erected by "Dubh Chal" (which of course meant "The Dark Beauty," otherwise, I am afraid, the expression would not be complimentary to the lady!) a lady of the MacInnes tribe, who, according to tradition, paid her architect with the very extraordinary remuneration of a quantity of butter equal to the full of the castle. This castle was occupied by Sir Alexander Macdonald, the Marquis of Montrose's trusty

Lieutenant-General—Alasdair MacCholla Chiot-aich—Alasdair MacCholla, fear tholladh nan tigbean—Alexander, the son of Coll, the breaker of houses—and his detachment of Irish troops, in 1644, and afterwards set fire to by him, a proceeding which he himself is said to have regretted."

MacIan, in his book called "The Scottish Clans," says that a family of MacInneses were hereditary bowmen to the chiefs of the Clan Mackinnon—evidently a body-guard. Besides carrying a bow and arrows, for their own or MacKinnon's use, these officials were required to instruct the clansmen in the management of the



BEN MORE FROM ULVA.

favourite weapon; and for their services they enjoyed a hereditary farm called Dail nan Saighdearan, or the field of the archers.

By the way, this reminds me that a family of Mackinnons held for many generations the honourable and onerous post of hereditary standard-bearers to the Macdonalds of Sleat, and had the township of Duisdalebeg, near Isleornsay, Sleat, as the reward of their services. A daughter of this family was the wife of the late Dugald Matheson, Camuscross, Sleat, Skye, but I rather think the direct male line is extinct.

For several centuries we find the history of the MacInneses merged almost entirely into

that of their kinsmen the Macdonalds, and with the latter the christian name "Angus" or "Æneas" appears to have been as great a favourite as even Donald itself. Again, wherever, even to this day, the surname Macdonald prevails, there we are almost certain to meet with the surname MacInnes too—in Glencoe, Skye, and other places. When, in 1889, the Crofters' Commission issued their report regarding the Parish of Sleat, I took the trouble to make a summary of the family names. At the head of the list stood the descendants of Angus with forty names, and next came the descendants of Donald with thirty-nine names. I may mention here that

the present Lyon King of Arms is of opinion that the Inneses of the north east of Scotland are of common origin with the MacInneses of the west and south-west of the kingdom.

"When the clan was in power," says the Rev. Dr. Stewart (Nether Lochaber) in *The Inverness Courier*, "their country included the whole of the district of Morven for which they rendered military services to the Lords of the Isles, their chief seat being the Castle of Kinlochaline, long since silent and deserted, but with its massive, ivy-clothed turreted keep overhanging the rocky estuary of the Gearr-Abhainn, it is still one of the most picturesque ruins on the western mainland."

Tradition has it that, on one occasion, after returning from an expedition in which the MacInneses behaved with great gallantry, the Lord of the Isles, addressing the chief of the clan, exclaimed:—"Mo bheannachd ort, Fhìr Chinn-Lochalaine! fhad 'sa bhios MacDhomhnuill a stigh, cha bhi MacAonghais a muigh"—that is to say "My blessing on you, Chief of Kinlochaline! While Macdonald is in power, MacInnes shall be in favour."

A family of Neishes (which might mean MacInneses) possessed in the olden times the upper part of Strathearn and an island called Neish Island in the lower part of Loch Earn. In the time of James the Sixth a deadly feud arose between them and the MacNabs. Many battles were fought between the two clans, with various success. The last took place at Glenboultachan, about two miles north of Loch Earn foot, in which the Neishes were cut off almost to a man. A small remnant of them, however, lived on the island referred to. Suitable compliments were from time to time exchanged between them and their enemies. MacNab had twelve sons, all of them men of great strength especially the eldest who was known under the bye-name of "Iain Min Macanabba"—"John Smooth MacNab." One night his father said "Na'm bu ghillean mo ghillean b'i nochd an oidhche"—"If my lads were lads this would be the night." The hint was taken, with the result that the Neishes were taken by surprise and slain, except one man and a boy who hid under a bed. It is but right to add that these Neishes were also known as MacIlduys, and the probability is that they were a sept of some local clan.

(To be continued.)

CALEDONIAN MEDICAL SOCIETY.—This flourishing Society gives tangible evidence of its strong Celtic sympathies by offering handsome prizes of £20 and £10 for the best papers on certain topics of Highland interest, for which any reader may compete. See our advertising pages.

ANGUS OF THE SHIVERING BREATH.

A TALE OF THE MACKAY COUNTRY.

THE cold spell lay heavy and silent on the loch and hill. Under a dull sky the earth stretched stricken to death with its white winding sheet, so that not a sound could be heard anywhere. Ben Clebrig gloomed down on the loch with a sullen frown, and Loch Naver lay bound in the grip of the ice across which the wild ducks waddled awkwardly and silently in search of food. God had silenced even the rivers, for the hard fingers of the cold spirit had choked them with a vice of iron that froze the gurgle and song in the very throats of them. Men and beasts made no sort of sound as they shuffled up glen and down dale with muffled feet. It was the great winter of winters when the hinds were coming into the very byres for shelter and food with the tameness of sheep, and the old women and children were cowering over the peats trying in vain to set the blood aglow in their veins. Silence and death rolled over the hills, and strong men moved about among the drifts with the gloom on their faces. The post-horses stood frozen in the snow at the Crask and the letter-carrier had struggled on with the bags for half-a-mile and more. But the bags hung on the top of one of the snow-poles, and the man who put them there! It was the last thing he had done before he fell into a sweet sound sleep—a sleep with the music of a thousand streamlets singing in his ears, and lulling him into forgetfulness with a smile on his face as he lay down for a moment, just a moment, to rest on the soft white pillow of death.

Down by Altnaharra a man might make his way along the highroad between banks of snow, and at the Inn door the snow was piled half-way up to the lintels. The hoodie crows flew about the fir trees without a quack coming from their skinny bodies, and the shepherds and herds were out all day digging the sheep from the drifts, some of them dead, some of them stupid with the smoor and cold.

But Angus Og was the sullen man among them as he went after the sheep on the hills these days of doom and death. He neither spoke nor smiled, and whiles when he lifted a dead sheep he turned as white as the drift he was standing in. So Pdraig Mor kept an eye on the young Angus all through these days of dead lifts, for he knew in his old heart what woesome thoughts Angus carried in his soul.

"Give me that yow, my son," said the old man as he took the dead sheep from the herd's hands.

"Padraig, the sight o' a dead sheep will be like the seeing of a wraith to me just now."

And the young man took out a bottle and drank a mouthful of spirits that sent a dirl of fire through his chilled heart.

"My son, there is no need for gloom now. Is not the mother and the wee one doing well? And why will you for ever be looking down at the cottage yonder as if there was none to mind Morag and the babe when you are away?"

"Aye, but it is the cold, Padraig—the cursed cold that will be chilling them to the bone, and I have seen strange things dancing before my eyes in the dark these last two nights. Oh, cursed be this winter cold that kills the nursing mother and her babe! Black curses be on the breath of the hills. Curses on curses lie on the snow!"

And the herd kicked the snow wreaths with a passion of despair kindling in his wearied eyes that had known no sleep for nights on end.

The old man, Padraig, knew the care that lay on the young man's soul and said nothing. But instinctively he let his eyes—keen blue eyes—follow the direction of the young man's hungry gaze, until they lay on a cottage at the foot of the hill where he knew that a young mother lay with her babe perished with the cold.

The cottage seemed like a speck of grey boulder on the white hillside, and it had a spell to hold the eyes of the two men who stood and gazed stupidly down upon it, for they knew that one woman there was trying to keep life in another—old Padraig's wife nursing young Angus' wife and throwing the peats on a fire that would give no heat for the iron frost outside.

"God! what is that, Padraig?" cried the young herd with a pain in his voice.

"Och—keep us! It is fire! Run lad, run my son, and Padraig will follow. My God, the thatch is blazing!"

And already Angus Og was bounding down the snow-clad hillside like a stag that has been maddened by a deadly wound. The old shepherd followed as fast as he could with prayers in his soul that Angus might be in time. The flames had caught the roof in its firm grip and was burning the cottage to tinder. So the old man, shaking the heaviness of age and weakness from his feet, doubled his pace and reached the cottage just in time to see Angus Og carrying his young wife out in a smother of blankets. Without looking at Padraig or old Cairstine who stood rocking the babe in her arms, Angus strode away with his wife to the hamlet which was a mile off. But long before he reached it his own house was a smouldering heap and his burden had grown suddenly heavier, and far behind him a wee one was cooing in the arms

of old Cairstine who bore it in its blanket to her own house across the hill.

* * *

That was long ago. Angus the herd has not been seen on the hill for many a long year. For when he laid Morag to rest he never looked upon his own babe again, but gathered up all the spirit that was in him and set himself to die. And when the snow rolled back its white coverlet from the hills and the green shoots of heather began to spring on the banks Angus Og took the turn of the road that many a one has taken before him, and Strathnaver saw him no more. The folk said he was away to look for Morag.

But now, there is another Angus on the hill—Angus of the Shivering Breath they call him. He is one of the Wandering Man's children. He lives neither in hut nor hall, for he cannot get breath on the summer nights in the rooms where the peat-fire glows. His roof is the stars, his bed is the heather, and his company is the children of the Wandering Man. There is no one knows sooner where the first hazel nuts ripen in the Autumn or where the first salmon leaps in the pools or where the fine red deer make their lairs in the corries of Clebrig or Loyal. He lives for the sun this wandering son of the hills, but when the cold comes with its first sharp nip, he shivers like one in an ague. Nothing cold will he eat or drink without first breathing on it. Nothing cold will he lie down on without first smoothing it over with his warm hands. All through the winter does he blow upon things with the Shivering Breath of him and shakes at the bite of the icy wind. But when the summer comes again the smile returns to his face and once more he takes the road with the Wandering Man, winking at night to the stars and looking at himself in the moonlit pools and passing like a shadow across the hills when the light of Dawn drives the dark into the mouth of Day. The children of the Strath hold their breath when they see him on the roads or down by the loch. The women love him and give him bowls of warm meal and milk, but the young ones do not like to look into his deep eyes. And the old folks remember, when they see him, the winter of winters long ago, when the herd's cottage took fire. So they never cross him for they fear the wrath of the Man who looks on him as a son, and when strangers come from the south to kill the salmon and the deer and ask who is the man that watches them from afar on the hill or in the corries, the gillies bend their heads and whisper in their ears, "That is Angus of the Shivering Breath, son of the Wandering Man."

TORQUIL MACLEOD.

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All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythwood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1901.

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BOUND COPIES OF VOLUME VIII.—We are only able to offer a few copies of the bound volume for sale, as several parts are nearly out of print. A nicely bound copy of the complete volume can be had, in green cloth, gilt title, for 6/6 post free. It makes a very handsome book, suitable for a present, or to send to a Highland friend abroad. As the number of copies available is so small, readers should apply at once.

We have also in stock a few copies of volumes 6 and 7, bound uniform with volume 8, which can be had for 6/6 each, post free. A set of the earlier volumes are also for sale. Apply *Celtic Monthly* Office, 1 Blythwood Drive, Glasgow.

MISS JESSIE N. MACLACHLAN'S TOUR IN CANADA AND AMERICA.—Miss MacLachlan, the Prima Donna of Gaelic Song, leaves for the New World on 5th January, and carries with her the best wishes of all true Highlanders for a successful tour. Her arrangements are not yet completed, but she appears in Toronto on 25th January, and prior to that date she expects to sing at concerts in Detroit, Cleveland, New York, Albany, Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo. She intends appearing in the leading towns in America and Canada, particulars of which will doubtless be duly advertised locally. We ask of our many readers in these centres to give Miss MacLachlan a hearty welcome. She will be delighted to have a shake of the hand from any reader of the *Celtic* in her wanderings. Regarding her position professionally, we may say that Miss MacLachlan is without compeer in the old land as an exponent of Gaelic and Scottish Song. We heartily wish her a most successful and enjoyable tour.

JUNIOR KINTYRE CLUB.—At a largely attended meeting of this Club on 21st December, Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, delivered a lecture on "Kintyre and the Clan Macdonald." The history of the district was traced, from the introduction of christianity to the present time, the clan period during which the Macdonalds of the Isles held sway, receiving special attention. In this connection Mr. Mackay exhibited a number of ancient charters, bonds, etc., of the Lords of the

Isles, and now the property of Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh, which were examined with great interest. The numerous emigrations from Kintyre were also described, and a letter from Professor D. McEachran, Montreal, was read giving a list of the Kintyre settlements in Ontario, with the leading surnames and the places in Kintyre from which the people emigrated. Votes of thanks were awarded to Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh and the lecturer.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—This society met in Edinburgh on 20th December, Mr. George G. Mackay, Liverpool, president, in the chair, and among those present were Provost A. Y. Mackay, Messrs. W. D. Mackay, R.S.A., John Mackay, West Preston Street, George Mackay, Bellavista, James Mackay, George IV. Bridge, Alex. Mackay, St. Andrew Square, etc. Provost Mackay, Grangemouth, opened a discussion on the home industries of Sutherland, and strongly advocated that the society should assist in introducing some new industries which are less open to commercial competition than those which are at present cultivated. He explained a very interesting scheme which was favourably discussed by the members, and a committee of three members—Provost Mackay, Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, and Mr. Angus Mackay, Glasgow—were appointed to make inquiries if the industry could be established successfully on strictly business principles. If this can be done, as seems probable, it will result in great material benefit to the people of the Mackay country. A letter was read from Mr. Donald Mackay, Hereford, on the subject of the Sutherland harbours and railways, in which Mr. Mackay strongly protested against the action of the Secretary for Scotland in declining to receive a deputation from the various societies connected with the county, and advocating that all the Highland societies throughout the country should be appealed to to force the needs of the Highlands in this direction upon the attention of the Government. It was decided to take action if the representations of the societies' delegates are not more favourably received. It was intimated that the annual social gathering would be held in Edinburgh on 22nd February, and would take the form of an "At Home."

CAPE HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION.—In spite of the war, absence of members at the front, and other deterrant circumstances, this recently formed Association is progressing most favourably. It has done patriotic service in giving a formal welcome to the convalescents of the Highland Brigade, and the Lovat Scouts on their arrival at Cape Town. This month they had a most enjoyable smoking concert, with pipe music, Gaelic and patriotic songs, and Highland dancing, at which representatives from other kindred societies were present. The office-bearers for the present session are, Chief—Lachlan Maclean (whose portrait we gave recently); Chieftains—A. Gordon Macleod, D. Macdonald and Major John Scott; Council—A. Macleod, D. C. Urquhart, A. Russell Fraser, James Murray, Neil Mackay, Neil MacInnes; Hon. Secy.—A. Russell Fraser; Hon. Treas.—Donald Macdonald.

THE UIST AND BARRA GATHERING, which was held on 20th December, under the chairmanship of Dr. D. J. Macaulay, Halifax, was well attended and proved a great success.



Some Notes on the Celtic Monuments in Ross-shire.

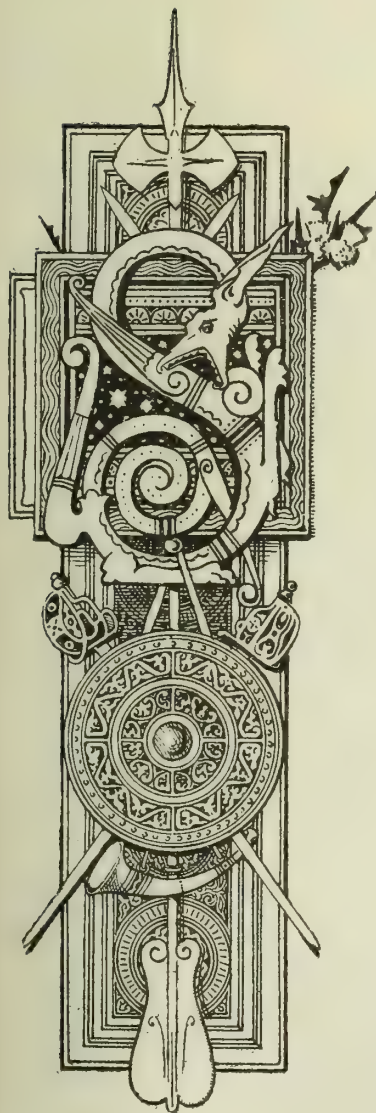
By W. Macdonald Mackay.

PART II.—THE NIGG MONUMENT.

THIS monument stands at the eastern side of the Parish Church, and has unfortunately been broken near the top (as shown in the illustration). This breakage has, however, been repaired, and the monument railed round, and kept upright in its present position with iron supports. Instead of being erected with one edge facing the gable of the church so that a better and uninterrupted view could be had of its characteristics, the obverse has been placed facing and within a few feet of the gable, which renders the sketching or closer examination of the monument rather a difficult process.

Unlike the Hilton and Shandwick Monuments it is pointed at the top, and is more deeply carved in relief on the obverse than any of the other Ross-shire Celtic Monuments. In another interesting respect it differs in that there is an entire absence of such symbols as the Crescent ornament; the Comb and Mirror; the inverted Z with floriated ends, or the double discs or spectacle-like symbol, and is therefore regarded as of a later period than the Shandwick, Hilton, or Rosemarkie monuments.

The Cross on the *obverse* extends from the base almost to the point where the monument recedes at the top. The lower shaft of the cross is formed of a continuous reversed Z pattern in a panel; the part immediately below the intersections of the arms and shaft has a minute and elaborate interlaced zoomorphic pattern, a similar design being repeated in each of the arms and upper portion of the shaft of the cross. The centre of the shaft at the intersections is formed of elaborate interlaced work, and the entire cross is enclosed with a raised border without design. Each space beneath the arms is



CELTIC INTERLACED ZOOMORPHIC DESIGN.

divided into two panels; the lower on the right hand side has a number of small raised knobs of interlaced work, the upper panel is composed of eight knobs of interlaced design in very high relief, enclosed and intertwined with serpents. The corresponding panels on the left side have a large knob and four smaller ones forming a cross, the groundwork being formed of interlaced work; the upper panel has four circular knobs and two oval-shaped bosses in relief, all with the interlaced pattern and encircled with serpents. The upper portion above the arms has two panels with interlaced circular bosses in relief and divergent spirals on the ground surface, and the triangle-shaped top panel has two figures in a kneeling attitude, each figure with an open copy of the gospels. Between, and immediately above the figures, there is a dove holding in its bill what we take to be a circular wafer or cake.

By the side of the figures there are two dogs facing each other with what appears to be the stem of a cup between them, but unfortunately the object is effaced by the effects of time which prevent the correct deciphering of it.

The reverse has in the centre a representation of David rending the jaws of the lion, a harp, and in the background an animal which we take to be a lamb. At the top of this pictorial panel is an eagle or raven, but the panel is so much obliterated that we are unable to decipher all the objects. The eminent Hugh Miller, in his *Scenes and Legends*, says:—"In the space beneath" (the figure of David and the lion) "there is a figure of a man furnished with cymbals which he seems clashing with much glee, and that of a horse and its rider surrounded by animals of the chase; while in the upper part of the stone there are dogs, deer, an armed huntsman, and, surmounting the whole, an eagle or raven." This representation of David and the Lion is also depicted on Celtic monuments at St. Andrews, Aberlemno, and elsewhere, and it is not unfrequent to find Biblical scenes or stories associated with hunting subjects.

This centre piece is enclosed in a border divided into three panels on each side, the upper panels having the interlaced work symmetrically arranged, the pattern forming eight knots or circles; the upper or angle shaped top has the border formed of continuous zig-zag work and T design, and the whole is enclosed in a plain border frame in relief.

The monument in its general features of a central subject, surrounded with a border formed into panels, follows closely the style and treatment of the illuminated pages of the best of the Celtic MSS., such as the Book of Kells, the Book of Deer, etc. No design appears on the edges of the monument.

Local tradition ascribes the three monuments, at Hilton, Shandwick, and Nigg, to be of Danish origin, and that they were erected over the remains of three sons of a king of Denmark. Hugh Miller, in his *Scenes and Legends*, gives the following tradition, but prefaces the account with the remark that the data regarding the tradition is not from written records but to "an interesting class of ancient remains, and to a doubtful and imperfect tradition."

"The Maormor of Ross was married to a daughter of the King of Denmark, and proved so barbarous a husband, that her father, to whom she at length found the means of escape, fitted out a fleet and army to avenge on him the cruelties inflicted on her. Three of her brothers accompanied the expedition; but, on nearing the Scottish coast, a terrible storm arose, in which all the vessels of the fleet either foundered or were driven ashore, and the three princes were drowned. The ledge of rock at which this latter disaster is said to have taken place still bears the name of the King's Sons; a magnificent cave which opens among the cliffs of the neighbouring shore is still known as the King's Cave; and a path that winds to the



OBVERSE OF CELTIC SCULPTURED MONUMENT
AT NIGG, ROSS-SHIRE.

summits of the precipices beside it as the King's Path. The bodies of the princes, says the tradition, were interred, one at Shandwick, one at Hilton, and one at Nigg; and the sculptured obelisks of these places, three very curious pieces of antiquity, are said to be monuments erected to their memory by their father."

On visiting the various monuments in Easter Ross last autumn, we found from various conversations we had with some of the inhabitants of the villages of Balintore and Shandwick, that the monuments were commonly known as Danish gravestones, and although information was vouchsafed as to their Celtic origin and characteristics, we were answered by a shake of the head and "that the stones were always known from time immemorial 'as Danish'." Local tradition when handed down from imperfect information invariably dies hard!

In a future paper we hope to deal with the symbols and artistic features of the monuments, and sum up the probable age and the conclusions arrived at, from recent research and study regarding their erection.

(To be concluded.)

GAELIC AT THE CLOSE OF THE 19TH CENTURY. WHAT OF THE NEXT?*

BY CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

WHEN your energetic Secretary wrote me some time since asking me to read a paper before your Society, I hesitated because for some years I have almost ceased to appear in public. But upon consideration, I felt that the Gaelic Society of London, the parent of all Celtic Associations, had some claim upon me, and that the close of the century was a fit opportunity for offering a few observations on the subject of Gaelic during the nineteenth century, and its probabilities in the next.

Those like myself who have passed the three-score years and ten naturally look back more than forward, yet to do both is only right and incumbent upon intelligent men. Let me glance for a moment, even farther back than the century now closing, to 1777 when your Society was established.

For some years before, the old order in Scotland had changed, Highlanders began to cross the border and take part in commercial pursuits, indeed there was little to tempt them to stay. Severe repression of everything Celtic, whether in language, dress, or music, was the rule. Men were of little local value, sheep were

driving the people slowly but surely away.

In the great district of Lochaber, I showed the other day from sworn testimony that one Butter, as objectionable a forfeited estates' factor as ever cursed the Highlands, in addition to his other oppressive acts, was the first to introduce sheep-farming as a distinct pursuit into Lochaber, where he had large farms on the Lochiel Estate, and out of which sprung the sad depopulation of Glendessary, Glen Pean, Glenkingie, Glencamagerry, and other Glens, whose waters run into that magnificent sheet of water—Loch Arkaig.

Sheep were growing, the people had to leave and find homes in the New World, or to leave their bones on many a hard fought battle field.

Two names stand prominently out as foremost in procuring the abolition of the Act prohibiting the use of the Highland dress, effected I think about 1782. The Gaelic Society of London took an active part in assisting the Duke of Montrose and Fraser of Lovat.

Men were wanted badly for the army, commissions and beating orders were issued, and in India and America in especial at the foundation of your Society martial spirit greatly prevailed. Societies like the Gaelic Society welcomed those who were fortunate enough to return. Highland Regiments, Highland feeling were everywhere appreciated, until, at length, there congregated in London many active, true Highlanders, who kept up the ancient Highland spirit and customs, while, alas, in their own country depopulation was increasing.

For the first fifteen years of this century and up to the battle of Waterloo the Highlanders out of their own country maintained a high place. Changes, however, were occurring in Highland families, many gradually falling out, to be swallowed up by aliens, or incorporated with the greater families. In that time, from Inverness-shire, the Marquis of Huntly, Alexander Macdonell of Glengarry, Lord Saltoun, and such, maintained Celtic feeling. Pipe music was cultivated, Gaelic encouraged by Glengarry, for instance in the case of Ewen MacIachlan of Fort-William against a growing depreciation which sprang up almost unchecked after the conclusion of the Peninsular War. The southern invasion of sheepmen grew and grew, Gaelic was perforce looked down upon by Highlanders themselves, and it is within my own recollection that fifty years ago Highland girls coming into service at Inverness carefully concealed their knowledge of Gaelic. Probably about the middle of this century Gaelic, now at its best, was then at its lowest. Everything Highland seemed to be undergoing a process of stamping out, and the ecclesiastical troubles of 1843 had a prejudicial effect on the lively

*Read at last meeting of the Gaelic Society of London.

character of the Celt, who scrimp enough previously in his worldly affairs had to contribute almost every cent in his sporran to what was known as the Sustentation Fund. Poor Donald, much indeed did you then suffer, and what has been the end!

A revival, however, occurred, and singularly had its rise in a foreign source. When shootings first came into vogue, and wealthy as well as many noble English people returned year after year to their Highland homes, they began to take a personal interest in the people among whom they lived, and in their history, language, and ways. Take for instance the case, in that part so dear to your worthy president (Badenoch), of Georgina Gordon, Duchess of Bedford, who was for many years at the head of everything peculiarly Highland. At the Doune of Rothiemurchus, or the huts of Glenfeshie, the Duchess loved and nourished everything Celtic, and I have often heard an ancient retainer who had served her for many years, repeat with tears in her eyes that the Duchess used to say she loved Glenfeshie over every other place in the world. Equally enthusiastic in Lochaber was the Earl of Malmesbury, who used to fill Achnacarry with the noblest and worthiest of the land.

How much do we owe to Sir Walter Scott! Thanks to Stuart of Invernahayle he became in early youth an impassioned Jacobite, and ardent Highlander. His writings brought thousands to visit the Highlands, and as travelling early in the century was difficult and expensive, visitors to the Highlands were composed of the very cream of society who returned to their homes permeated with the romance of our country.

A new class began to frequent the Highlands fond of sport in its best aspects; but, who insisting on suitable accommodation either made or stipulated for the erection of shooting lodges and the formation of roads. Railways still further contributed to the opening up of the country, and though much has been done their full development has not yet arrived. The money spent by sportsmen fructuated, and appeared in the better housing and clothing of the people. The holding of games for competitors in music and athletics, at first confined to a few central localities, gradually spread until there is hardly a district in many of the Highland counties where annual games of a Celtic character are not held. At the same time, within the last quarter of a century, a new feature strongly accentuating Highland feeling arose in the form of County Associations and especially a characteristic of the Highland counties. These Associations with other good objects cultivate Highland aspirations; and it is much to the credit of the Inverness-shire

Association in London, in common with your own Society, that it has struck out an admirable path in the form of its annual distribution of prizes for proficiency in Gaelic in Highland schools. Many of the schools in the Highlands and Islands, from local circumstances and surrounding difficulties, are generally in a state of pecuniary depression from the severity of the rates. Poor and lonely though many of the schools are, yet the inherent masterly elements of the children of our race, albeit they may have long slumbered, only wait sympathy and material support to assert themselves and to triumph. Let me give an illustration which made at the time such an impression that it is as vivid as if occurring yesterday. A few years ago, presiding at the meeting of that useful Association "The Mòd," at Oban, successful competitors in music and verse appeared from the remote Island of Rona and from the extremity of Kintyre, young and pinched, but full of life and alertness. Their efforts were much appreciated by the examiners, and it is hoped that further success, which, but for the Mòd, might not have been possible, will attend these children.

Independent, able and trustworthy workers in the Celtic field have been well to the front during the last fifty years. In a brief address like the present it would be not only impossible but out of place to enumerate the galaxy of names which have illustrated the closing half of this century, and I will content myself with one, the name of Mr. Carmichael and his latest invaluable work on the "Hymns, Incantations, Chants, and Songs of the Outer Hebrides," not less distinguished by the purity of its Gaelic than the interest of its subject.

There were times when Highlanders used to be indignant at the abuse and rancour of depreciators of the Gaelic language; but fortunately we have outlived these feelings of resentment and indeed such abuse is now seldom heard. I must, however, notice, as some of you have probably done, a recent ebullition in Edinburgh where, at a Celtic meeting, a person bearing of all names the name of Maclean indulged in a war-dance upon the inutility and mischievous effects of the Gaelic language. Looking back to the last fifty years we have much to be thankful for, but at the same time must not slacken our exertions.

In the second place, and in conclusion, let us with all diffidence glance at the possibilities of the future. Centuries, epochs, have their distinguishing features arising out of emerging events. The Highland race has now better opportunities and prospects than they have had at least since the '45. The men of the future should grasp every advantage the age may

present. What should we Highlanders do? Carefully preserve all that is interesting and valuable in the past, and study with watchfulness what may be before us. At the end of last century there appeared after the long struggles with America and France prospects of lasting peace and prosperity. But it was not to be. We also at the close of another century have had our struggles in India, Egypt, and South Africa, and in all Highlanders have been foremost, nor need we fear when we have such men as General Hector Macdonald, that the ancient glories of the early part of the century, connected with the names of such as Sir James Macdonell, Sir John Macdonald, and Colonel John Cameron, will be fully maintained. Highland music is likely to increase in its hold and influence. Let Highland children wherever situated be taught to speak and sing in Gaelic. Let them learn to tread with firm step the earth in their own garb. We ought ever to feel from earliest youth that we are Highlanders, offering no defiance to others, while preserving all the best characteristics of the race. Let us at the same time feel in so doing that we are members of a greater and predominant people, and mean to take and hold a prominent part in every movement of the progress and advance of the British race, hailing our brethren as brethren, cultivating unity and good feeling, such as is now happily prevalent among the independent men of our colonies and dependencies. Let us send the best of our people into the army, navy, literary and commercial worlds, and while respecting our competitors, strive to be ever foremost.

I wish most heartily another century of success to the Gaelic Society of London in its career. Let it keep on in its quiet, unobtrusive but useful course. May there never be a scarcity of men to carry on the good work of those of my own time, such as Colin Chisholm, John Cameron Macphee, Sir William A. MacKinnon, and Dr. Roderick Macdonald, now at rest from their labours, in the cause they and we love so well.

"FIFTY YEARS AFTER."

"We've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' the days o' Auld Lang Syne."

ALL the gossips of Fitchester were quite sure that she had a 'past' and a 'history,' but whatever it might have been Miss Janet Sutherland kept it to herself. She had come to Fitchester so many years before the date when Jack Grant first met her that only a very few of the oldest residents

could remember the town without her. Those whose memories carried them back forty years, remembered Miss Janet's mother, an austere Scotch lady of the old school. She had died only a few years after their arrival, and her daughter had continued to live, alone, in the little thatched house at the end of the lane that branches off High Street.

The little figure in the Sutherland tartan shawl, and the sweet old face in its setting of ringlets, were both well-known in Fitchester; but otherwise Miss Janet kept 'herself to herself,' as the Scotch say. She neither entertained the good folk of Fitchester nor was she entertained by them. She was perhaps a little supercilious in her old fashioned way about 'trade' and 'business,' and they in their turn were inclined to be rather patronising and pitying; and, if she was a little 'queer,' as some said, she was sharp enough to detect even a shade of patronage. I think, too, that her Highland pride forbade her to accept hospitality which she could not hope to return. For she was poor, perhaps no one had any idea how poor, least of all Jack, who would have been horrified had he known how she scrimped herself through the week to buy the materials for the shortbread she gave him on Sunday evenings. He believed her implicitly when she told him that she "preferred to be without a servant," that "they were more bother than they were worth." He could not guess how often Miss Janet wondered which would have to go first, the dainty, old Scotch, white and gold china, which he so enjoyed helping her to wash up, or the Queen Anne tea-service with the Sutherland arms and crest. But the small and tardy allowance, which came so irregularly, had, as yet, arrived in time to stave off the evil day.

After tea Miss Janet would sit down at the old piano, and play reels and laments and pibrochs, until Jack, who loathed Fitchester, dreamed himself back amidst the hills and glens of Ross-shire. One day he asked her if she could sing; a dreamy, far away look came into the faded old eyes, as she replied slowly,

"Once I could sing—like a mavis, he would say—but its fifty years, or nearly that, since I lifted up my voice, save to make a joyful noise in the church. I think, Mr. John, if you will excuse me—"

And Jack, instinctively feeling that it was a painful subject, said no more, but he noticed how her hands trembled as she played his favourite air, "Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff."

Jack was a boarder at the Grammar School. The bond of sympathy between the prim old lady and the harum-scarum schoolboy was the love each bore for bonnie Scotland, the land of

their birth. He had to endure a good deal of chaff from his schoolfellows on the subject of his "sweetheart," but they soon learnt it was better policy to leave the sturdy lad alone.

"It's not that I mind being called your sweetheart," he explained to the old lady, "but some of those chaps are beastly cads, and I don't choose to have them talking about you at all."

Miss Janet was much distressed.

"Now, Mr. John," she said, with her soft, Highland intonation, "I just would not for worlds that you would fash yourself on my account. You must not be paying me so many little attentions. I was thinking of saying to you, whatever, that you must not be crossing the street every time you see me on it, for people will talk, and it might be against your getting into the army, and one thing and another."

Her delicate old face was flushed now as prettily as a girl's, but Jack only laughed.

"I can live it down anyway before I'm likely to get into the army," he said.

At last there came a joyful day for Jack, and a sad one for Miss Janet. He came running into her garden, crying,

"Hurrah, hurroosh! He's done it at last! Oh, dear, I thought he'd clean forgotten my existence!"

"What is it? What is the matter? my dear Mr. John, tell me—not bad news—no, no, I see by your face that it is good."

"I'm so sorry if I frightened you, Miss Janet," said Jack, divided between contrition and excitement. "It's my uncle, you know, I've often told you about him, well, he's written and offered to put me into the army."

"Dear, dear, well, I am glad, Mr. John. But I'm afraid you will have to work harder than ever at your lessons."

For Miss Janet believed that Jack over-worked himself.

"Yes," said Jack, smiling, "but I'm afraid it won't be here, Miss Janet. I shall have to go to an army coach for a bit, and after that to Sandhurst."

"Then you are to leave here," asked Miss Janet, with a pathetic little break in her voice.

"Yes," said Jack, "at the end of the Summer term. If it wasn't for you, Miss Janet, I should leave the place without a single regret; but I shall be awfully sorry to leave you, you've been so good to me. Think of it though! Just think of it! My greatest ambition realized, not only to be a soldier, but he's to let me have a try for a Highland regiment."

So the last Sunday tea at Miss Janet's came. It was quite true what Jack had said about being sorry to leave his old friend, but he was

young and he saw life with all its possibilities stretching out before him, a glad and gracious vista or a glorious battle field, as the youthful fancy took him. How could he guess what his departure meant to the little old lady? He could not realize what brightness his fresh young life had brought into her sad old one. And Miss Janet sat there—brave old lady that she was—and pressed Jack to eat shortbread and oatcakes and scones, and played him all his favourite airs, beginning with "Miss Drummond of Perth," and ending with "Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff." Only once she said,

"I will be missing you, and though I would not be expecting you to write often, you will know that I am thinking long to hear how you are getting on."

And when he arose to go she put her hand into the reticule at her side, and drew out a small leather case.

"Mr. John, my dear," she said, and her voice only trembled a little, "I wish to give you this as a parting gift, just a wee remembrance of an old woman."

She pressed the case as she spoke, and the lid flew open, disclosing a pair of solid gold sleeve-links.

"Miss Janet," cried Jack, "how lovely! Are they really for me?"

Miss Janet's face flushed.

"I must tell you, Mr. John, that they are not new. They were once given to me as a remembrance at—at—a parting. I have had your crest cut on one side of the links; there was already a monogram on the other side; you will not mind for that?"

"Mind," cried Jack, "Of course not. It's really awfully good of you, and I shall value them tremendously. But, Miss Janet, are you sure that you do not mind parting with them?"

"No, my dear, no," said the old lady, "I have other remembrances, and," she added in a lower tone, more to herself than to him, "I am thinking that I will not be requiring remembrances for long now."

So Jack left with many promises to write to her, and to run down to Fitchester whenever he could spare the time. The old lady smiled and waved her hand to him until he disappeared into High Street. Then she came very slowly back to the garden and sank down on a bench. The tears were streaming down her withered cheeks, and she murmured brokenly,

"Dear, dear Mr. John! I have not felt anything so much as this for fifty years, not for fifty years."

More than two years went by; years full of expectation and happiness to Jack. He worked as boys can work when they have their heart's desire as the goal. He found time, or made

time, to write to Miss Janet pretty regularly, but, somehow, he never managed to get down to Fitchester.

And Miss Janet? The gossips said that she was queerer than ever; certainly she was frailer and poorer and more lonely.

One day, it was about Christmas time, she received a letter from Jack.

"My dear Miss Janet," it ran, "Great news! Congratulate me! I have been gazetted to the —th Regiment, the finest, of course, in the British Army! And, at last, I see a chance of coming to Fitchester, but it can't be until next month. I shall greet the New Year in Scotland, dance it in most probably. A friend of mine, Mackenzie by name, comes of age on December 31st, and I am going to help at the festivities, which include a dance to the tenants and county at Kildin Castle. In great haste, and with the best wishes of the season, yours ever, John."

And when Miss Janet read the letter her face lighted up and she blushed like a girl.

"I knew it must come soon," she murmured, "but, oh, I have waited long, long."

All that day she was busy turning out lavender scented cupboards, making a selection amid masses of beautiful clothing—ball-dresses, dinner-gowns and riding-habits, all of the fashion of fifty years ago. She made her choice slowly, murmuring as she packed each gown,

"He said he loved to see me best in blue," or, "I wore this when we sat by the burn that Hallow'e'en," and, as she folded a high-waisted, white satan ball-gown, "'Twas this I wore at the Inverness Gathering when he said that I was the belle of the evening."

And when she had finished her packing she went out to the Fitchester pawnbroker's, and sold the silver tea-service and the old Scotch china.

By the 30th of December the little thatched cottage at the end of the lane was locked and shuttered, and Fitchester knew Miss Janet Sutherland no more. Only the porter at the North Station said that the old lady had departed by a very early train, with a pile of luggage, all labelled to London.

* * *

The great ball-room at Kildin Castle was decorated and lighted for the first time after fifty years. Two heirs in rotation had succeeded after a long minority, and the estate, left in a condition of penury by a spend-thrift laird, had been nursed back to comparative prosperity by the trustees. The walls of the great room were hung with the arms and plaids and portraits of by-gone lairds. The present man, Alistair Mackenzie, stood beneath the portrait of his grandfather.

The resemblance between the two generations was striking; the same slight figure and graceful carriage, the same dark, straight hair, aquiline nose and somewhat melancholy dark eyes were repeated in the grandson; only the mouth of the man in the picture was weak and slightly open, and the firm mouth, under Alistair's small moustache, was closed and determined. The likeness was, however, accentuated by grandfather and grandson being both in Highland dress; Alistair's velvet coat, plaid, ornaments, and even the frilled shirt and lace cravat, were identical with those in the portrait, for he had taken a curious pleasure in donning the costume worn by his grandfather when he had attained his majority more than fifty years before.

Presently he saw Jack Grant coming up the room, quite evidently on the hunt for a missing partner. Alistair put out a long arm and caught Jack as he passed.

"Lucky dog!" he said, laughing, "You've got no duty dances to do. I want your advice. You know that we are to dance out the old year?"

"Yes," said Jack, "with a country dance. Catch me attempt anything so complicated!"

"You see," said the other anxiously, "it's the great show of the evening—no trousers allowed, nothing but kilts, all the best dancers, and that sort of thing. Now, ought I to lead it off with Mrs. Ross, she is the wife of my biggest tenant, or with Lady Marjory, the Lord-Lieutenant's wife?"

"My dear man," said Jack, "don't ask me to decide such a knotty point. If I were you I should ask the first pretty girl that passes."

"Oh, don't be a silly ass," rejoined the other, but Jack was already half-way down the room, having caught a glimpse of the lost one.

"Oh, bother," thought Alistair, "I've a jolly good mind to take his advice. I ought to have engaged one or t'other of these good ladies long ago. I shall ask the first girl that comes along. Everyone ought to know me, even though I don't remember everyone."

The ball-room was nearly empty. Up in the gallery the band was playing one of the supper vales, "Love's Old Sweet Song."

"Must take someone else into supper, I suppose—Hullo! who is that?"

For a figure was advancing quickly towards him from the shade of one of the pillars supporting the gallery. As it drew near Alistair saw that it was a little old lady, dressed in the fashion of some fifty years ago. Her white satan dress was fastened high under the arms with a sash of Sutherland tartan, but the bodice and skirt were festooned with deer's grass, the Mackenzie badge.

"Shade of my grandmother!" thought Alistair, "Where has she sprung from?"

She stretched out her hands to Alistair as she came nearer, and he advanced to meet her. He was puzzled, but began to think that it must be some old lady whom he had not seen since his childhood, and had forgotten. Yet the thought flashed across him that he ought to have changed more in the interval than she had. But even as he thought the old lady was close to him, both her trembling old hands on his arm.

"Alistair, Alistair," she said, brokenly, "at last, at last!"

Without waiting to think of any possible consequences Alistair rose to the occasion. A grave, almost caressing courtesy towards his elders of the gentler sex was natural to him.

He bent over the little trembling form, and said in his deep, gentle voice,

"My dear lady, it gives me more pleasure than I can express to meet you again."

And to himself he said, "Is it someone whom I ought to know, or is she quite, quite mad?"

"I knew I should find you unchanged, dear heart," the old lady went on confidently, "I knew they lied to me. Why," with a little laugh, "they even said that you had married someone else!"

"Who told you that?" quoth Alistair, "I certainly am not married."

She passed her hand across her brow and her face assumed a puzzled expression.

"Who told me?" she said in a troubled voice, "Why, *they* told me. *They* said so many things to trouble and hurt me. Once they told me you had died. Ah, but it was cruel! I think it made me sick with sorrow. But I knew all would be right once I found you again. You will not allow them to say such things, will you?"

"Certainly not," he assured her, "Come and sit down in this corner, you look tired."

"Dear boy," she whispered, softly, "yes, I have come a long way, and I am tired, but after this I shall never be weary again."

But when he had led her to a comfortable armchair behind a screen, she looked up at him with such troubled love in her eyes that Alistair bent forward and said,

"You are safe here, I shall not let anyone vex you."

"Yes," she said, "I am happy, quite happy; only I have wearied so, it has been so long, so long! How many years is it, Alistair? So many that I have lost count of them. Once I thought that fifty years had passed. Think of it, sweetheart! Fifty years!"

And again Alistair took his cue from her.

"Fifty years!" he cried, "Ridiculous! Why

I should have changed a bit in that time, shouldn't I?"

She looked up in his handsome face with pride and love in her own.

"Ay," she said, "but you're a pretty man yet!"

And then again her face grew troubled.

"But I'm thinking sometimes that there is a change in myself. I have felt so old and feeble lately. And yet, Alistair, if you are but one and twenty I must be less than twenty years. It's ridiculous to feel old at twenty, isn't it?"

Oh, the anxious pleading in her voice!

"Most ridiculous," Alistair assured her again.

"But my hair, Alistair? You mind that you used to call me 'lassie wi' the lint-white locks?' Well, I've thought lately that it's grey it's getting. My dear, my dear, look at it and tell me that it is as you always remember it!"

"Just the same," Alistair replied with perfect truth. And then—what impulse prompted him he could never tell—he dropped on one knee and taking her hand said,

"You know, dear lady, that you will always appear fair to me."

He seemed to be taking a part in some old fashioned play; and it appeared only natural that the pipers, who for the last five minutes had been tuning up, should at that moment begin to play, "The Flowers of Edinburgh." It was the country dance with which the old year was to be danced out.

"We have always danced this together," said the old lady.

"Yes," replied Alistair, dreamily, "I have been waiting for you."

And so he led his strangely found partner to the place of honour at the top of the room.

Jack Grant, seated in the gallery with a very pretty girl, watched the country dance being arranged without Alistair's presence.

"Where can the chap be?" he said, anxiously, "He of all people ought to be there. Mrs. Ross has paired off with Glenbuie, and he's lost Lady Marjory too; I see her standing with General Macdonald. They are looking for him—no, the pipers have begun." Then, "Here he comes! Bless my soul! Who in the world has he got hold of?"

"I did not know that it was meant to be a fancy-dress ball," said the pretty girl. "Whoever it is it's a splendid make-up."

But Jack was paying no heed to her.

"It is, no, it can't be—I must be dreaming," he muttered.

Alistair and his partner were leading off the dance, up the middle and down again between the two rows of dancers. They looked as though they had stepped out of the first decade of Victoria's reign. The little old lady was

young once more; the white sash no longer looked incongruous; the hair, arranged in little ringlets on each side of her face and surmounted by a high pearl comb, looked what it must have been fifty years before—fair to whiteness; and the pleading, anxious expression of the face had turned to one of youthful happiness. But she danced with the grace and vigour of a day gone-by.

Jack turned to his partner—

"She is so exactly like an old friend of mine," he said, "or rather so exactly what she must have been fifty years ago."

"Some relation?" suggested the girl.

"She has no relations," he said in a puzzled tone, "and yet I am quite sure it can't be herself."

Suddenly the music ceased; the big clock on the castle tower struck midnight; and, as the last slow chime died away, the pipers began to play "Auld Lang Syne." Two voices, a man's and a woman's, rose in unison—

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
An' never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
An' the days o' Auld Lang Syne."

Alistair heard a quavering voice singing in a soft tremolo beside him, and felt a mitted hand press his arm. Then the company joined hands and the chorus rang out—

"For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
For Auld Lang Syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For Auld Lang Syne."

Then the two voices started the next verse—

"We twa hae rin' about the braes
An' pu'd the gowans fine,
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' the days o' Auld Lang Syne."

The hand pressed Alistair's and then slipped from it. He joined lustily in the chorus, striving to shake off the eerie feeling that was creeping over him. When he looked down again his partner was gone, nor could he find her anywhere. No one had seen her leave the room; but, standing as they were close to the door, she might easily have slipped out unnoticed. And so, with the eerie feeling still on him, Alistair gave up the search, and returned to the supper-room to drink the health of the New Year, and "the Year that's awa'."

* * *

A few weeks later Alistair and Jack found themselves in the smoking-room at Kildin.

"Well," said Alistair, as the last late smoker closed the door and went to bed, "have you any news?"

"Not much," replied Jack, "As I told you

when I wrote, I just reached Fitchester in time to attend the dear, old lady's funeral. All that I could find out was that she left Fitchester on the 30th, and no one knew that she had returned until some Grammar-school boys broke into her cottage on the 2nd, and found her there—dead."

"Do you mean to say that no clergyman or lawyer or doctor knows anything about her?"

"No. As I told you, she kept everyone at arm's length. I found out from the postman that she received a registered envelope about three times a year, and from the banker that she never cashed a cheque. The tradespeople said that she occasionally changed a fiver. I traced her as far as Charing Cross, and there I lost all clue. I did think of detectives, but, Alistair, does it do any good to follow it up further?"

"No," replied the other, "no. There is no one to benefit by it."

"There's a holograph will dated December, 1849, leaving everything to 'my beloved Alistair Mackenzie of Kildin.' Of course you can claim what there is, old chap; it doesn't amount to much; I fear she was very, very poor."

"I think that you ought to have it," said Alistair.

"Let it be as she wished. I have the gold links with your monogram as a remembrance."

"My grandfather's monogram," observed Alistair. "I wish I could be certain that he did not treat her badly. You know that my grandmother was an heiress? The property was in great straits at the time of his marriage."

Jack nodded, and neither spoke for some minutes. Then Jack said,

"I'm an awfully bad hand at expressing myself, but I feel somehow that it's all right for her now. There's a verse somewhere that goes something like this—

'There's a place where the joy of the future shall
be linked in the love of the past,
Where there's fruit in the garden of Heaven for
hopes that on earth were betrayed,
Where the heart's desire shall be granted that has
trusted and hoped to the end.'

Rye field.

MYRA K. G. WARRAND.

CLAN MACMILLAN.—The Annual "At Home" in connection with this society was held in the Queen's Rooms on 12th December, Mr. George Macmillan, London, the new chief of the society presiding. There was a large gathering. The chief delivered an interesting and scholarly address, and speeches were also delivered by Rev. Dr. Hugh Macmillan, Mr. James P. Macmillan, president, Mr. Donald Macmillan, J.P., and Mr. A. A. Stewart. Mr. D. Macmillan, treasurer, gave a favourable financial statement.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THEID MI G'AD AMHARC.

THE following "canty sang" which was so nicely sung by the Oban Choir at Perth Mòd Concert, is the composition of the late well-known John Campbell, Postmaster, Ledaig. The air is old and went by the name of "An t-apran goirid—The short apron." A

tune of the same name is given in Knockie's Collection of Highland Airs, but it is not sufficiently like the underwritten to be regarded as a variant of it. This song is growing in favour and we anticipate for it an early rise into popularity.

The translation is by the gifted Gaelic scholar, Mr. Malcolm Macfarlane, Elderslie, whose pen-name "C. M. P." is so familiar to Highlanders.

KEY A. { : s₁ | d : - . r : d | d : m : s₁ | l₁ : — : s₁ | s₁ : — }

SEISD.—O, théid mi g'ad amh-arc, O, théid, O, théid;

CHORUS.—I'll come back and see ye again, again,

{ : s₁ | d : - . r : d | r : m : d | r : — : m | s : — }

O'n fhuair mi uait geall-adh An dé, an dé;

Since ye g'ied yer promise to be mine ain;

{ : s | l : - . s : s | s : m : d | d : — : l₁ | d : — }

Cha bhi mi na's fhaid-e Leam féin, leam féin,

Nae lang-er I'll tarry a-lane, a-lane,

{ : t₁, l₁ | s₁ : l₁ : s₁ | s₁ : s : m | r : - . m : r | d : — ||

'S gu'n dean sinn e daing-eann Le cléir, le cléir,

But haste to be happiest man amang men.

Tha 'n latha dol seachad
Gun fheum, gun fheum,
Is mise, 's mi fathast
Gun té, gun té;
'Se dh'fhàg mi cho falamh
Gu léir, gu léir,
Bhi fada 'san tarruing,
'S mi ceum air cheum.

Is iomadh sean-fhleasgach,
Mo chreach, mo chreach,
Na 'n innseadh e'n fhirinn
Le dreach, le dreach,
Gu 'm b' fhèarr leis bhi sinte
Gu h-ìosal a chaoidh
Na 'n saoghal a shiubhal
A rithis gun mhnaoi.

A' dìreadh a' bhruthaich
Le sgairt, le sgairt;
Cha saoil e gu bràth
Gu 'm feum e cul-taic;
Nuair ruigeas e'm mullach,
A' call a chas,
A nuas leis an leathad e
Car air a' char.

Na bitheam 'san àireamh
A ghaoil, a ghaoil;
Thoir thusa do làmh dhomh
Gu saor, gu saor,
No gabhaidh tu 'n t-aithreachas
Latha nach saoil,
'S bidh mise gu mhath dheth,
'S té eile ri m' thaobh.

I spent all so foolish
My day, my day,
Before my acquaintance
Wi' May, wi' May;
I thocht na as time passed
Away, away,
O' the pleasure I'd lose
By delay, delay.

How many auld fellows,
Ochone, Ochone,
If truly they'd tell us
Their moan, their moan,
Wad rather be buried
And gone, and gone,
Than live their life over
Alone, alone.

Fu briskly we climb up
The brae, the brae,
And think it will ever
Be sae, be sae;
On reaching the summit,
Away, away,
A-rumpling and tumpling
We gae, we gae.

Then gi'e me yer han'd, lass,
Fu free, fu free;
Nae langer a batchie
I'll be, I'll be;
Or, aiblias, repentance
Ye'll dree, ye'll dree,
When some other lassie
Wi' me ye see.



THE LATE REV. ALEXANDER STEWART, LL.D.

"Nether Lochaber."

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

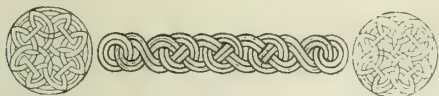
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Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

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FEBRUARY, 1901.

[Price Threepence.



THE LATE REV. ALEXANDER STEWART, LL.D.
"NETHER LOCHABER."

"NETHER LOCHABER is no more." These tidings must have caused a pang of regret among Highlanders at home and abroad, for there was no better known worker in the Celtic field than the gifted and genial "Nether Lochaber."

Dr. Stewart was born some seventy-three years ago at Benbecula, where his father was an officer of Inland Revenue. The family removed to Oban when Dr. Stewart was young and it was there that he received his education, and none could lecture so pleasantly on Old Oban and its "characters" as the versatile "Nether Lochaber." He entered St. Andrews University in 1843. There he distinguished himself by his love of literature and his earnest study of the classics. This devotion was duly acknowledged by his *alma mater* some sixteen years ago by conferring upon him the degree of LL.D.

In 1851 he was presented by the crown to the parish of Ballachulish and Ardgour, and there for nigh fifty years he laboured as pastor. He had offers of richer livings but he preferred to remain loyal to his first charge—amid the charming scenery of a rural parish. From this parish for over forty years he contributed his fortnightly racy letters to the *Inverness Courier* under the title "Nether Lochaber"—contributions which have been a source of pleasure to Highlanders in every clime. Two volumes of selections from these letters have been published—"Nether Lochaber" and "Twixt Ben Nevis and Glencoe." These communications were marvels of versatility—distinguished by the writer's genuinely literary gifts, as well as by his wide and accurate knowledge, especially in the fields of natural history and Celtic folklore. Dr. Stewart was frequently called upon to preside at Highland gatherings in the cities of the south, and at these he was generally at his best, entering with enthusiasm into every Celtic item on the programme, frequently pre-

facing the announcement of a Gaelic or Scotch song with some interesting historic note, or biographic reminiscence. Descended from the Stewarts of Invernahyle his sympathies were decidedly Jacobite, yet the Queen had no more loyal or devoted subject. This was clearly demonstrated when he made his last public appearance in Glasgow a little over a year ago, as president of the first gathering of the Clan Stewart since "Culloden's dark day." Those who were present will remember with what graceful courtliness he discharged the duties pertaining to his position on that occasion.

As a pastor Dr. Stewart discharged his duties with earnestness, and a kindly attention to the needs of his congregation. While equally fluent in English and Gaelic his hearers who knew both languages preferred to hear him preach in his mother tongue, and he himself admitted that he enjoyed greater freedom in that language. It was indeed a treat to listen to his idiomatic Gaelic, and those who were privileged to hear his graphic sermon on the building of the Ark will never forget his extensive knowledge of Gaelic technical terms connected with shipbuilding, as well as maritime expressions generally.

Personally Dr. Stewart was active, eager and buoyant—happy himself he liked to see others happy—and ever friendly alike with peer and peasant. He was ever anxious to acquire information, and equally willing to impart it.

Dr. Stewart met with an accident over a year ago from which he never thoroughly recovered, although he rallied sufficiently to be able to resume some of his literary work, and in this respect it is curious to find that his last contribution to the *Courier* appears in the same issue of that paper as contains the announcement of his death.

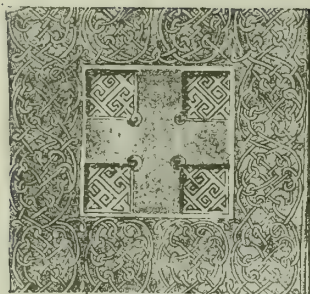
Dr. Stewart leaves a widow, one son and two daughters.

In closing this brief notice of one whom we knew familiarly for over twenty years, we may be allowed to quote a remarkable comment of the deceased made at the grave of a brother bard—"A great heart has been lost to the Highlands; a great spirit has gone to God."

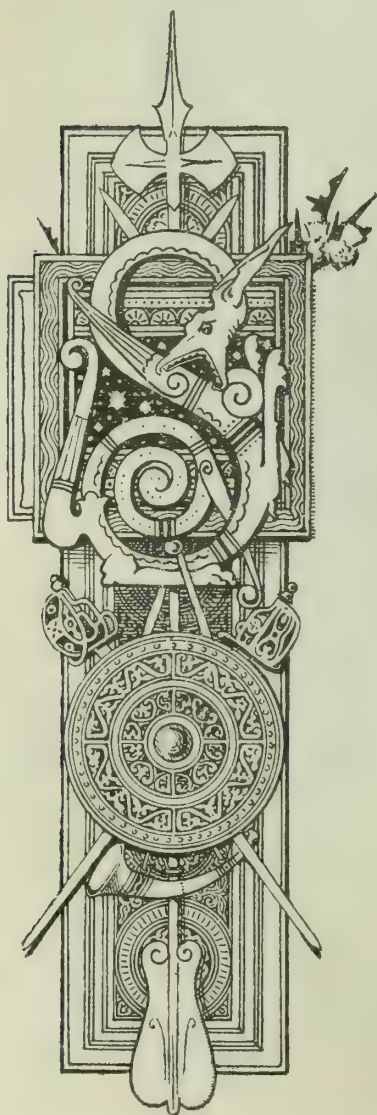
FIONN.

Some Notes on the Celtic Monuments in Ross-shire.

By W. Macdonald Mackay.



PORTION OF PANEL WITH GREEK
CROSS OF CELTIC MONUMENT AT
ROSEMARKIE.



THE monument at Rosemarkie stands at the north-west corner of the Parish Church, to which position it has been restored by interested antiquarians. Mr. A. J. Beaton in his *Guide to the Black Isle*, states that the monument was found under the flooring of the church and "that there is a story current that a Crozier, or 'bachull mor,' a ring and crystal ball were found under the stone; which gave rise to the supposition that Moluag was buried here, as St. Columba gave such symbols of authority to this disciple only." In the *Origines Parochiales Scotticæ* we find it recorded that when the old church was being repaired in 1735 there were some stone coffins of rude workmanship found in a vault, under the steeple of the church.

The present Parish Church occupies the site of the old church of Rosemarkie, which is said to have been founded in the seventh century by St. Boniface, although we find no mention of the church in any known record from its foundation until 1510, when it is mentioned in the *Aberdeen Breviary*—as the burying place of St. Malog, who is said to have founded a Columban monastery in Rosemarkie, in the seventh century.

The Celtic Sculptured Monument is ample evidence of an early Christian settlement in the district, and the art of the monument is executed in a style analogous to the best examples of Celtic art of the Gospel Manuscript's. The monument is of old red sandstone found in the locality, and being softer in texture than the Easter Ross monuments, the weather is erasing its beautiful art. It differs in various respects from the other monuments in Ross-shire; the Latin cross, which invariably occupies the entire length of the obverse of the others, is shown on the Rosemarkie example on both sides, and is of the common Eastern or Greek pattern, and is not an outstanding feature. The cross on the *obverse* has circular hollows at the intersections, the groundwork being formed of inverted Z interlaced work, and the panel is executed in interlaced work. The lower panel bears the same style of decoration, but is zoomorphic in character, with the border in the same style.

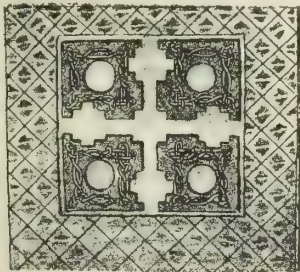
On the *reverse* is a decorated form of Greek cross with "step" design on each of the arms, and with a circular ornament between each arm, the circles being enclosed with interlaced work of intricate design. The remainder of the panel is executed in an elaborate decoration in symmetrical form of inverted Z pattern and interlaced design. At the foot of this panel there are two circular bosses of interlaced work, and two oval shaped ornaments. In the upper panel there are two crescent shaped symbols, with the spectacle ornament with floriated inverted Z symbol which forms part of the design, in the centre. The lower crescent ornament is formed entirely of interlaced work, and the floriated V shaped sceptre ornament passing through the crescent and forming part of the symbol, is the most artistic and elaborate form of this symbol found on any of the Celtic Monuments in Scotland. The design is freer in style, lighter in tone and execution,

giving evidence that it must have been the work of a master hand. Immediately underneath, and between the apex of the V sceptre symbol, and the points or horns of the crescent, there is a mirror on on each side. The spectacle-like symbol with inverted Z with floriated ends, is formed of seven circular bosses symmetrically arranged at each end, with three bosses in the centre, and enclosed within a border in relief. The peculiar form of design of the spectacle is different to that of any of the other monuments in Scotland, the nearest approach, though very inferior, in form and execution, is found on a monument at Glenferness. The second crescent is formed of the continuous Z pattern with V sceptre symbol, with terminations in the shape of a shield design and interlaced ornamental work immediately above. The edges of the monument have also the interlaced and Z pattern work.

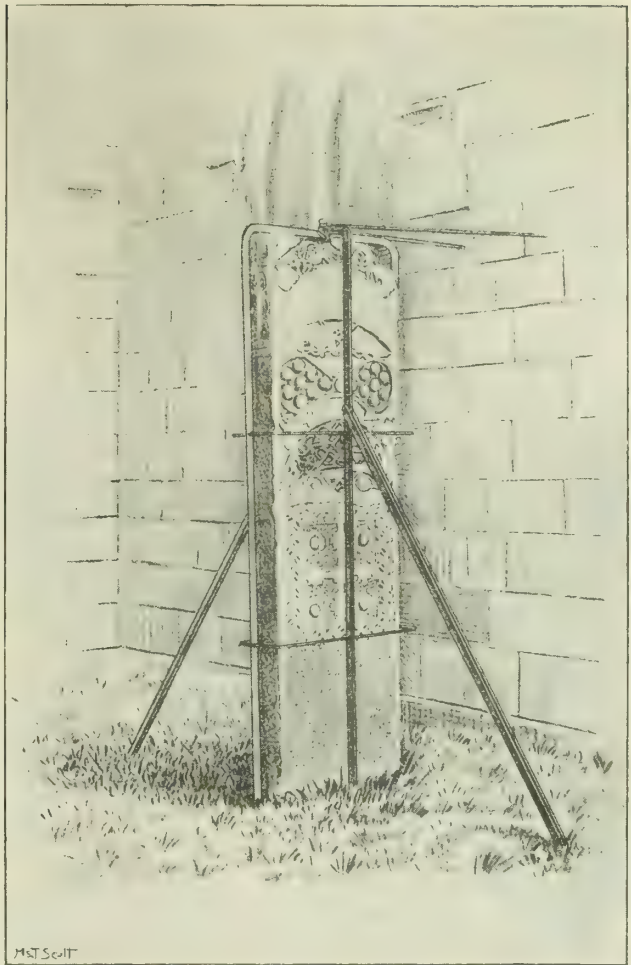
The absence of figure designs, and the exclusive use of the interlaced work, the exquisite and intricate formation of the crescent and spectacle-like symbols, and the treatment and characteristics of the monument, lead us to infer that it is of an earlier period than the Easter Ross groups; although, on the whole, the work and art of the monument is inferior to the example at Nigg.

THE TARBAT MONUMENTS.

From the various fragments preserved at Invergordon Castle, and in the Antiquarian Society's Museum, Edinburgh, we are of the opinion that there originally existed more than a single monument in the Parish of



PORTION OF PANEL ON REVERSE OF CELTIC MONUMENT AT ROSEMARKIE.



CELTIC MONUMENT AT ROSEMARKIE.

Tarbat. The largest fragment is at Invergordon standing alongside of the Hilton Stone, and has an interlaced zoomorphic border with animal figures in the central panel, one of which we take to be the casting out of Jonah by the whale—a scene which occurs on one of the Celtic monuments at Dunfallandy. One of the fragments at Invergordon Castle has the Z pattern, and other fragments found in the churchyard at Tarbat, and handed over to the Antiquarian Society, Edinburgh, by the late H. Miller, F.S.A., Scot., of the Geological Survey, appear to be of a different stone from the fragment now at Invergordon.

(To be continued.)

[We are indebted to Mr. A. M. Ross, Editor, *The North Star*, for the use of the blocks which illustrate the above article.—EDITOR.]



THE CLAN SURNAME MACINNES,

By Lieut.-Colonel JOHN MACINNES, V.D.,

5th Vol. Bat. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders;

Author of "THE BRAVE SONS OF SKYE."

(Continued from page 68).

I SHALL here name a MacInnes who suffered grievously in his person for "Bonnie Prince Charlie"—I mean John MacInnes, Strath, Skye. The late Rev. John Mackinnon, minister of Strath, Skye, writing in "The New Statistical Account of Scotland" in April, 1840, said:—

"About thirty years ago, an old man of the name of John MacInnes died in this parish, who was one of the crew which ferried Prince Charles Stuart from Strathaird to the mainland. On their way back to Skye, after landing the Prince on the mainland, they were seized by the notorious Captain Fergusson. MacInnes being the principal man in the boat and refusing to give any intelligence on the subject, and spurning at the reward offered for betraying the person whom he considered to be the king of his chief, was ordered to the yard-arm to receive 500 lashes—all of which were rigorously given, and the marks of which he bore to the day of his death."

Let me now mention a few notable clansmen belonging to modern times:—Captain John MacInnes, 72nd or Seaforth Highlanders. With regard to this officer and his regiment, General Stewart of Garth says:—

"In the preceding service and marches, the casualties of the regiment were few. The subsequent operations of the 72nd were, along with the 71st, in the second attack of Bangalore, the first attack of Seringapatam, and the attack of Sundidroog and Ootradroog, the fall of the last of which places was accelerated by the promptitude of Captain John MacInnes of the 72nd who, being ordered out with a small party to reconnoitre, and observing a favourable opportunity, turned this duty into an assault, scaled the walls, and carried the place without loss."

Here we have one of the gallant "deeds that won the Empire." It took place in India more than a hundred years ago, and shows that my namesake was a soldier of no ordinary merit. Quick to observe, prompt to act, not afraid to incur responsibility and even risk when a great object was to be gained—with true military instinct, he ventured and he won.

Lieutenant Hector MacInnes, 92nd Regiment,

or Gordon Highlanders.—At this moment, probably there is not a more popular regiment in the British army than "The Gay Gordons," from the ranks of which our own hero, Hector Macdonald, has risen, step by step, until he has attained the position which is the ambition of every Highland soldier to reach—I mean, of course, the command of the Highland Brigade. And, among all the glorious deeds to which the gallant 92nd regiment can point with just pride, perhaps, there is none that excels in stern valour their brilliant charge at Quatre Bras. After a fatiguing march of twenty miles in broiling heat, the Gordons reached the battlefield at two in the afternoon, only to find themselves unsupported by either cavalry or artillery, while the French were well supplied with both these requisites. "It will be the same now as it has always been—the 42nd will have all the praise," murmured the 92nd. Their opportunity soon came, however. Turning to Colonel Cameron, the Duke of Wellington said, "Colonel, you must charge." General Barnes, Adjutant-General of the Army, instantly cheered, calling out "92nd, whom I have often led, a column of the enemy is now advancing upon us, and the honour of repulsing it is entirely left to you." The 92nd instantly rushed forward, and here fell one of the finest soldiers that ever left the Highlands—the valiant Fassiefern, along with four of his brother officers, two sergeants, and thirty-three rank and file, while twenty officers, thirteen sergeants, one drummer, and two hundred and twelve rank and file were wounded, so desperate was the combat before the French were finally repulsed. Among the wounded was Lieutenant Hector MacInnes of the Gordon Highlanders.

Captain Duncan MacInnes of the 42nd Highlanders or Black Watch, was born in Nether Lorn, Argyllshire, and was a descendant of the MacInneses of Morvern of the olden times. Duncan MacInnes, not Thomas as General Stewart of Garth calls him, was appointed Ensign (by purchase) in the 36th Foot, on the 24th September, 1802, there being no vacancy

in the 42nd regiment which he wished to join; put on half-pay on the 25th June, 1803; transferred in the same rank to the 42nd Highlanders on the 9th July of the same year; was made a Lieutenant on the 26th July, 1804; Captain on the 22nd October, 1812; placed on half-pay (or reduction) on the 22nd October, 1814; and he retired from the service on the 8th of April, 1826.

He took part in the masterly retreat of the British Army under Sir John Moore to Corunna, and was present in the ever-memorable battle of that name which took place on the 16th January, 1809, and in which he was wounded. His medal for that engagement is in possession of his family. Either in the battle, before he himself was wounded, or in one of the skirmishes which took place during the retreat, he carried on his back, out of fire, a wounded brother officer who was a member of the family of the Campbells of Ardnacross in the Island of Mull. After receiving his wound MacInnes sat on a hillock, faint with the loss of blood, when immediately a shower of bullets fell at his feet. He then got up and with difficulty made his way to the doctor's tent where his wound was dressed.

On one occasion he was sent from one station to another with 1500 French prisoners. The escort provided was so small that he remonstrated with his Colonel, who replied that there was no risk of any of the prisoners attempting to escape, because they knew that if the Spaniards caught them they would put them to a cruel death. He had a painfully anxious time of it till he reached his destination and delivered his prisoners to the authorities there.

On another occasion during the retreat to Corunna he had a narrow escape. He was on out-post duty one night in command of a picquet. The night was intensely cold, the snow being knee-deep. In the course of his watch he felt a strange numbness stealing over him. The struggle not to succumb was terrible, but he was successful by a strong effort of the will.

Later on, in 1809, MacInnes served in the disastrous Walcheren Expedition, which cost the country twenty millions sterling, "the purchase money of tens of thousands of deaths, and of ineffaceable national disgrace." Captain MacInnes was back in the Peninsula again in 1812, but no further particulars can be obtained of his services.

Lieutenant Donald MacInnes, a brother of Captain Duncan MacInnes, along with one of the Macdonalds of Skye, joined the Breadalbane Fencibles as Ensigns. Both volunteered into one of the line regiments, and took part in the Walcheren Expedition already referred to. In one of the actions which took place there Mac-

Innes was killed, and to Macdonald fell the melancholy task of communicating by letter to the bereaved parents the sad news of the death of their son. Macdonald afterwards rose step by step till he became a general officer, and he was an intimate friend of the Duke of Wellington.

General John MacInnes, eldest son of Miles MacInnes, and his wife, Grace Grant, daughter of the Rev. William Grant, for many years minister of the parish of Kilmonivaig, was born at Camuscross, in the parish of Sleat, Isle of Skye, on the 1st August, 1779, and was admitted to the service of the Honourable East India Company on the 23rd November, 1799. He soon applied himself diligently to the study of oriental languages, and owing to the proficiency to which he had attained was enabled to hold good staff-appointments where a competent knowledge of these languages was essential. After passing through various grades of rank and filling several important posts, we find that:—"The Governor-General, confiding in his judgment, zeal, intelligence, and discretion, nominated him to the temporary command of the South-Eastern Division of the Army," and he was appointed to the full command of the same division in January, 1826. He was a full General at the time of his death on the 12th March, 1859.

The eldest of his three children by his second wife is Mr. Miles MacInnes of Rickerby, who was for several years Member of Parliament for Hexham Division of Northumberland. Mr. MacInnes was educated at Rugby, and Balliol College, Oxford, is a magistrate, and a director of the London and North Western Railway Company which, I believe, is one of the most extensive concerns of the kind in the United Kingdom.

Private Neil MacInnes of the parish of Strath in Skye is said to have seen much active service, but in what regiment I have not been able to ascertain. Another private soldier of the name of MacInnes from Strathaird fought in the ranks of the 42nd Highlanders in the Crimean campaign.

Colonel Edward Bowater MacInnes, C.M.G.—This is a distinguished soldier of whom we have all reason to be proud. He served, at one time, in the 9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers, a corps which acquired much fame in olden times in the Peninsular and Indian Wars; and, in more recent times, in the Afghan War as well as in the campaign which is now happily drawing to a close in South Africa. Colonel MacInnes served as Adjutant of the 9th Lancers throughout the Afghan War of 1878-80, during which they fought as hard as any regiment that was there, and lost more officers in hand to hand

fighting than any other corps which was engaged in that brilliant campaign, which will always be associated with the name of the most distinguished military hero of the present day, I mean, of course, Lord Roberts of Kandahar. The 9th Lancers displayed conspicuous valour on all occasions then (as might have been expected from their previous record) more especially at Chardeh, where their Colonel was mortally wounded along with many others.

After the close of the Afghan campaign Colonel MacInnes got employment in the Colonial Service. He occupied the post of Inspector-General of Constabulary on the Gold Coast from 1887 to 1890; was Commandant of the Volunteer Forces and a Member of the Executive Council at Trinidad in 1890-91; and, since then, has been Inspector-General of Police, and Commandant of Militia in British Guiana.

I do not know Colonel MacInnes personally, but I am told he is a good and true Highlander, and that he wore the kilt at Georgetown for some years, in spite of the mosquitoes and other inconveniences. You gentlemen who have worn the garb of the Gael in country parts when clouds of midges were "about" will have, at least, a faint idea of what that meant.

For his devotion to duty and the valuable services he has rendered to the Empire, Colonel MacInnes has received the Companionship of the Order of Saint Michael and Saint George.

(To be continued).

EUN GLAS NA CEAPAICH.

"THE GREY BIRD OF KEPPACH."

By DR. KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, *Editor*
"The Gesto Collection of Highland Music."

THE mysteries of life and death are altogether beyond our ken, and will always remain so. We see the great facts occurring around us, but we have no proper conception of their inward workings. The essence, chemico-vital force, electric fluid, or whatever it is that prevents the corruptible body from tumbling to pieces cannot be annihilated by the death of the body. It is only when the machinery of the latter becomes clogged and unworkable that it separates from its organic receptacle, and flies we know not whither. It seldom does so without some warning or other, sometimes from within and sometimes from without, which is rarely appreciated. For all that we know these mysterious warnings may have some wise purpose to fulfil. What is generally termed superstition (all people are more or less superstitious) in regard

to ghosts and second sights may after all only be an innate consciousness of these warnings to remind us of our coming dissolution. The man who affirms that second sight only exists in the imagination, can only be a hallucination produced by ignorance and superstition, is evidently not a man of thought. If there is a future life why should there not be warnings to remind us of it? The ways of the Almighty are inscrutable, and may this not be one of them? Scientists are about the last people to help us in deciding whether there is any truth in the existence of ghosts and second sights. They are too pedantic, and too mathematical. They want everything to be as clear as that two and two make four. They would like to cross-question the Almighty as to his reasons and objects in producing mysterious phenomena which they cannot understand. For instance, they would like to know why the Saviour of the world was born in a stable at Bethlehem. Wouldn't Mary's and the carpenter's cottage have done well enough; and why did the shepherds play on their bagpipes with gladness at the event, seeing they were not mentioned in the prophecy; and as a matter of fact he has not yet saved the world. It is now worse than ever, all so-called christians live in a perpetual state of hypocrisy and deceit, surrounded by robbers, vultures, and cut-throats!

Thus does the man of science reason. He wants bare understandable facts, and if we cannot supply them he pronounces us superstitious, and steeped in gross ignorance! No doubt many of the current ghost stories can be explained on physical grounds, but there are others, and numbers of them, that cannot be explained away in any manner. When a man sees a thing and relates it to several other people *before* the event happens, and that he is of sound mind at the time, thinks and acts as other people do, and is wide awake, we are surely bound to believe him though we cannot see the same thing ourselves. Personally, I have never seen a ghost or second sight, but if I did I know what I should most likely do. My hair would stand on end, my voice would tremble, and I should either "go" at the ghost, or bolt like mad!

If there is truth in revealed religion there are many things in it just as mysterious as Second Sight. People who believe in the luck of a horse-shoe, throw salt over the left shoulder, and would not marry in May, need not laugh at Highlanders for believing in what they see, though many Highlanders do not believe in them.

It is a great mistake to suppose that second sights are only seen in the Highlands. They are seen everywhere, all over the world, in one form or another. Witchcraft comes under

another category. I do not discuss it here, further than to say that many lunatics have no doubt been burned as witches!

Regarding the appearance of a certain animal or bird before the death of an individual in some families was not confined to the Keppoch family. The Macleods of Gesto, in Skye, dreaded the appearance of a black cat when a death was going to occur in the family, and such is the force of inheritance that it is dreaded by some of the descendants of that family down to the present day; and some of the Mackinnons of Strath, in Skye, had such a horror of cats that they could tell when a cat was in a room, or house, without seeing it.

"*Eun Glas na Ceapaich*"—the grey bird of Keppoch—had been seen for many generations before a death took place in the family. It was a small grey bird, so the tradition goes, that came and sat on the window-sill and tapped at the window. After the death it disappeared, and was not seen again until another death was going to happen. Tradition does not record the exact date when it first appeared, but its existence has long been known in the Braes of Lochaber. Alastair Carrach, and some of the other Keppoch chiefs, and Braes people had a good deal to account for and may have sent this harbinger of death as a warning to the living; for if there is any connection between the spirit world and this one, who knows but there may be some meaning in the appearance of the grey bird.

One of the most curious circumstances in connection with it is that it was seen in Prince Edward Island at the death of Major Alexander Macdonell, the youngest son of "the gallant Keppoch of the '45" killed at Culloden. The bird appeared before his death, and when the coffin was taken out of the house it stood on it all the way to the churchyard which was more than a mile away, until the body was being lowered into the grave, and then flew upwards into the sky till it disappeared from sight. This was in presence of hundreds of people, the funeral being the largest ever seen in Canada. The circumstance was written home at the time by several eye-witnesses. This is corroborated by Mr. Alexander Macdonald of Upper South River, who writes me that "at the funeral of Alexander Macdonald (Macdonell), *Am Maid-sair Mòr*, who died in Prince Edward Island in 1815, the bird stood on the coffin in presence of the whole crowd, and a letter from Bishop MacEachern, then of Prince Edward Island, to the Rev. Alexander Macdonald of Judique, Cape Breton, bears witness to this statement. Finlay Macdonald, son of *Catriona nighean Dughail*, remembers of having heard Father Alexander

relating this story to his mother. Finlay still lives in Cape Breton."

It also appeared when Captain Ranald Macdonell, uncle of the late Angus Macdonell, Keppoch, died. He was ailing from a slight cold or chill, and in bed an old servant came to see him, and was chatting with him in his bedroom when the grey bird made its appearance at the window. After coming downstairs the servant said "you must send for the priest at once for the captain has not long to live." Keppoch thought it was an exaggerated alarm, but the old man replied "I have seen the '*Eun Glas*' sitting on the window-sill all the time I was with the captain, and you may be sure that death is not far off." Though there seemed nothing serious the matter the priest was sent for that night, and very soon after Father Forbes' departure the old gentleman got suddenly very much worse and died during the following day.

The last time it was seen was at the death of Mr. Ranald Macdonell, uncle of the present family. It was seen every day when he was dying. His sister Barbara came to see him at the time, and the "grey bird" took to tapping at her window also, and disappeared the day she left Keppoch. She died very shortly after, and the "*Eun Glas*" has not been seen since. I have often thought that the clergy have a very powerful weapon in this subject for keeping Hell-fire well before the people, if they would exercise it with discretion, explaining away the apparently spurious visions, and driving home the genuine ones, and clinching them with apt quotations, to flee from "the wrath to come."

I have often been assured by shepherds that dogs see second sights, and when they do every hair on their backs stands on end, and after barking furiously for some time seem completely cowed; and occasionally both man and dog see the second sight simultaneously.

MACLAGAN.

THE CLANS CUIL AND CLACHANE, AND THE COMBAT ON THE INCH OF PERTH.

BY R. C. MACLAGAN, M.D.

Meaning of the name MacLagan formerly suggested 'son of the little bell.'—Locality of clan in the Tay Valley.—Early ecclesiastical history of locality.—Name McLagan applied to parish of Dull.—Doilweme, the Weem (machlag, cave) of Dull.



ABOUT a score of years ago, having found that the meaning of the name MacLagan was the subject of the merest guess-work, the writer put together his own suggestions

and speculations in a little pamphlet which he submitted to those whom he thought likely to be interested, hoping that any mistake made, or further information of which they were in possession, would be brought under his notice. The purpose of the pamphlet was in no way successful, the only result being that, like the writer himself, not a few accepted the theory propounded, namely, that the word meant "the son of the little bell." In the pamphlet, it was pointed out that the name of one of the clans that fought on the Inch of Perth, designated the little clan, of which the name was discussed. Since then much information, if one can use the expression where the total amount would make but a few pages of printed matter, has been found; and further, the meaning of the name has been discussed by a skilled Scottish Gaelic philologist, whose view, however, is not here accepted, and will be argued against. The Tay valley is the historical habitat of the clan.

First, then, to give a short account of the religious teachers mentioned with the district.

In the "Eulogy of Saint Columba" the writer Dallan says:—"He subdued to benediction the the mouths of the fierce ones ⁽¹⁾ who dwelt with Tay's; ⁽²⁾ high king," *i.e.*—"he overcame, or he shut the mouths of the fierce ones who dwelt with the overking of Tay; for though it be malediction they intended, it is benediction which used to result from it, *ut fuit Balaam*."

Columba died in A.D. 597. There is, however, a considerable interval between the date of his death and the composition of the "Eulogy" which Stokes says is probably of the ninth century. The above is quoted to point out the belief in the ninth century, in there having been a considerable religious establishment among the tribes of the Tay valley, and the credit they got for ferocity.

Where Columba is commemorated, he is in very many cases followed by his biographer, Adamnan. The church at Dull in Weem, Upper Tay valley, is said to have been dedicated to him, and in the immediate neighbourhood of Dull is Tobar Eonain, Adamnan's well, while Feill Eonain, the festival of Adamnan, was a market day at Dull on the 23rd September,

⁽¹⁾ Thrice nine druids: whomsoever they blessed, he was blessed; whomsoever they cursed, he was cursed, YBL. col. 697.

⁽²⁾ *Toi nomen fluminis for lar Duine Cuillind i Cruithintuaith Alban. Tuatha Toi desede na tuatha atat imon sruth sin, Eg. 9a 2.* "Tay is the name of a river in the middle of Dunkeld in the Pictish district of Scotland. Hence the tribes that are about the river (are called) the 'tribes of Tay'."

(The Bodleian Amra Choluimb chille, by Whitely Stokes, in the "Revue Celtique," vol. xx., p. 401.)

the Saint's day. ("A few Notes on the Parish of Weem," by the Rev. Robert Grant Dunbar, minister of Weem, 1897).

Reeves in his edition of the "Life of St. Columba" does not give Dull in his list of churches dedicated to Adamnan in Scotland; but in his introduction he mentions the Saint being commemorated at Dull. (Reeves "Life of St. Columba," Intro. clxx).

In reference to the form of the name Eonain, Reeves points out that there was a Eunan celebrated in Ireland on the 7th September.

The next religious teacher to be noticed is Saint Cuthbert, to whom Weem is specially dedicated. Saint Cuthbert's connection with Weem is supposed to have been between 651 and 661, while he was a monk at Melrose. (Dunbar's "Notes on Parish of Weem," p. 9.) This is recorded in a chapter "annexed" (Skene's "Celtic Scotland," ii, 206) to the "Irish Life of St. Cuthbert"—a Latin MS. of the fourteenth century.

"Cuthbert came to a town called Dull and dwelt as a solitary, or hermit, in a steep and richly wooded hill, at Doilweme, about a mile distant. Here he brought from the hard rock a well of water, erected a tall stone cross, built an oratory of rough wood, and constructed for himself, out of a single stone, a bath, in which he used to immerse himself and spend the night in prayer to God. He remained here for some time, until, being accused by the daughter of the king of that province of having seduced her, he prayed to God, and the earth opened and swallowed up the young woman, at a place called Corruen. He would not continue to dwell longer there, but removed to other parts of the country." For the present, we need not consider the power ascribed to this fountain of overflowing the country, nor how the devil having constructed for himself a bath of enormous size, and imitating St. Cuthbert, so irritated him, that one day seizing a huge cudgel, like a fuller's pole, and rushing upon his antagonist he drove him away.

Doilweme, can only mean the Weem of Dull. There can be scarcely any doubt that that is the meaning of the word, the curious thing about it being, however, the use of the Lowland word Weem, or as it would be spelled now, *wame*, meaning, of course, *womb*, *belly*, though applied to a cave, as in Fifeshire, where there are several, Wemyss; also in Shropshire, about ten miles north of Shrewsbury, Wem, Weme of Domesday Book, which is a hollow but no cave, disposing of the derivation of Weem as a mispronounced Gaelic *uaimh*—cave. *Weem* is also applied to the earth-houses common in some parts, and is the translation in the sense of womb of the word *brugh*—applied to the Irish

tumuli on the Boyne and elsewhere, and to *faery dwellings* in the Hebrides.

We happen to have a Gaelic name for this parish used in the year 1592, say about two centuries later than the composition of "The Irish Life of St. Cuthbert." In that year authority was given to the Justice-General, Archibald, Earl of Argyll, to convocate the lieges within the bounds of the shires of Bute, Tarbett, and as much of the shires of Dumbartane and Perth as lies within the parishes of Fothergill, *Mclagan*, Inchechaddin, Ardewiuch, Killin, Straphillane, etc. (Register of Privy Council of Scotland, vol. v., p. 41).

The name here suggests a connection with the word *machlag*, Ir. *machlóg*, matrix, womb. Now in Irish Gaelic, at any rate, districts were called from the tribes that inhabited them, and there are instances of this in Scotland as in the Gaelic names for Sutherland and Caithness, *Cutaobh* and *Gallaobh*, and in the expression "Mackay's Country." It would then be quite a fair deduction in accordance with Gaelic habit, to believe this parish of "Mclagan" was called after those who inhabited it. The question, of course, arises, how does it happen to appear in an English dress, "Weem," in so Highland a district? That name was undoubtedly in use in the year 1296, when Alexander de Meyners got from John, Earl of Atholl, the lands of *Weme and Aberfeldy*—the first mention of Weyme. As marking the special religiousness of the locality, it was not till 1463 that another Earl of Atholl gave to Menzies the right of presentation to the "Rectory and glebe of Weyme." The solution of the enigma might be simply, that the Lowlanders with Meyners interpreted the Gaelic word as if it had been *Machlag*.

For this they had sufficient reason, seeing that a cave, Gaelic *uaimh*—weem, was a very special feature in that part of the country. That such a name may possibly be applied to a suitable locality without any question of a tribal appellation in its neighbourhood, is proved from an Irish map in the British Museum, dated 1609, on which at the mouth of the bay of Sligo there is marked "Enish a *mocloigh*, or the Conie." (Captain Cuellar's Adventures in Connaught and Ulster in 1588. Elliott Stock)—a very suggestive name indeed.

Every cave may not be a weem. Weymss in Fife and Weyms in Ayrshire are both in the immediate neighbourhood of water (the sea), as is the case evidently in the Bay of Sligo. In the Weem in Perthshire, a fountain gives it a characteristic. The cave itself is very shallow, but has an excellent exposure, and with a little

artificial assistance would make quite a comfortable shelter for a religious. If St. Cuthbert ever was there, few people now-a-days at any rate, will believe that he was the cause of the spring. It is unnecessary here to further discuss the physiology of holy wells, but it seems a very fair speculation, especially considering the traditional matriarchy of the Picts that this *machlag* was held in reverence before Columba, Cuthbert, or any other saint of the Christian church had had anything to do with it. The well is called St. David's Well.

There was a David's Fair and the Episcopal church at Weem is now dedicated to St. David. This saint is supposed to be David de Menzies of the fifteenth century, who divested himself of his lordship, and took to a religious life. (Dunbar's "Few Notes," p. 25).

We have thus evidence of a successive change of proprietorship of the locality by Christian saints, Columba, Adamnan, Cuthbert, David, which certainly adds to the probability of their in turn having succeeded to the fierce Druids of the Tay Valley.

In reference to Dull, the writer of Cameron's "Guide to Aberfeldy and its Neighbourhood" points out that Dull in Gaelic signifies a noose, a loop, and that local tradition explains this by saying that Adamnan on his deathbed ordered his body to be carried in a withe loop suspended from a pole to be buried where the loop broke, which occurred at Dull.

In addition to these, Dul seems to mean, on the authority of the dictionaries, the "terracous globe"; it is the genitive plural of *duil*; *duil* also (Windisch) an element, *Dia nan dul*, God of the elements of nature. Dula is also a pin or peg, which Mr. MacBain connects with *dolo*, the Latin for an iron pointed staff; and in Cormac's Glossary, we find *duillen*, O'Clery's *duilleann*, glossed a javelin (ga). There can be no doubt that this meaning of the word plays its part in the cudgel with which St. Cuthbert drove the Devil out of his tub, and Adamnan's pole with its loop—the constituents of an ordinary snare trap, *dula*, Gaelic.

Those speculations as to the meaning of the name Dul have very little to recommend them, and have a strong flavour of the fanciful derivation. A much less recondite meaning has a good deal of support. I have to thank Mr. Henderson for calling my attention to the fact that the *d* may be a remnant of the old article, or might be an English spelling of the Gaelic *t* after *n* of the article. The name Dull had evidently of old a diphthongal sound, oi, oi—"Doilweme."

(To be continued.)

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FEBRUARY, 1901.

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VICTORIA.

MAY 24th, 1819; JANUARY, 22nd, 1901.

How is it with the Queen ?

Lo ! at the palace gate,

Upon that word, which mean'st so much to them,

Her people came to wait

And pray for her, had been

Loved not for crown, nor sceptre, but the gem
Of woman's purity.The lady, who with cord of love alone
More strong than ever centuries may know—

As Una led her lion—to her throne

Gathered those million hearts, now come to moan

Their plaint, "For life or death" ?

And slow at last, to learn with bated breath,

Her lesson of submission—"I shall go

To him, but he shall not return to me."

How is it with the Queen ?

And now for answer, lo !

The sun had set far in the crimson west ;

The tide ebbed to its flow

Out from the isles demesne

Where she we loved lay drifting to her rest.

And through the gloom of night,

Across the dark'ning Solent did we hear

The awesome, muffled pealing of St. Paul's.

And with a grief too reverent for a tear,

We knew that dying bed was now a bier.

That her pure sun had set

Upon the Empire that must love her yet

Into the ages where the tomb's dark walls

Can never dim her memory's lustrous light.

And, lo ! we seem to see

Her take the hallowed crown

Of Diamond Jubilee from her silvered hair,

And wistful, lay it down

Because its sovereignty

Had weightier grown than fourscore years could bear.

And in that hour serene,

From her dear heart, engraven with the name

Of *Albert*, lode-star of her life and reign,

Surely for his loved resting place there came

The prayer her lips had lost the power to frame

As the brave spirit passed

Out to its Paradise with him at last—

"Here will I rest with thee and rise again

With thee, in Christ." So be it blessed Queen.

MAJOR ALLAN.

DEATH OF CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

OUR readers in every part of the world, we are sure, will sincerely regret to learn of the death of Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh, which took place at Bournemouth on Friday, 25th ult. By his death we have lost an old and esteemed friend, and the *Celtic* one of its most valued contributors. Indeed, it was owing to the support and encouragement which we received from these two patriotic Highlanders, Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, and Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh, that the inception of *The Celtic Monthly* was mainly due, and during the nine years which have since elapsed their contributions to its pages have been welcomed by our readers as of particular interest and historic value.

The news of the doctor's death came to us as a distressing surprise, for we had no idea that he was seriously ill. We had quite a long letter from him on 12th January, in which he alluded to his ill-health, "I hope you are all right again. I have recovered but slowly." Then he had just completed a paper on the "Macleds of Assynt" for the Gaelic Society of Inverness, which was to appear in next month's *Celtic*.

Since his retiral from public life he has devoted his whole leisure to literary pursuits, in which he took a keen delight. We had the honour of publishing his last two works, "The Last Macdonalds of Islay" and "The Minor Septs of Clan Chattan," and he was busy preparing the material for a new illustrated book on "Glengarry and Lochiel" which we had arranged to publish immediately. His earlier volume, "Antiquarian Notes," was one of the most valuable contributions which has been made of recent years to Highland literature.

As the sad news has reached us while the magazine is in the press, it is impossible this month to give a detailed account of Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh's career, but this is hardly necessary, as in our issue for March, 1893, we gave a portrait and lengthy

HIGHLAND DANCING.

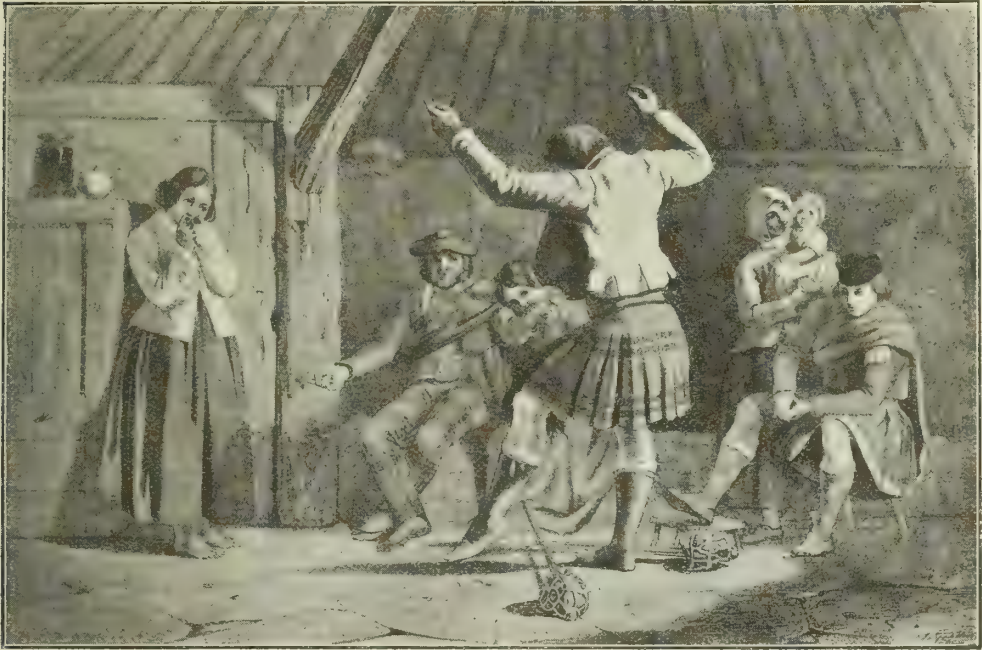
DANCING has ever been regarded as a delightful entertainment among the Gaels of Ireland and of Scotland. The former showing a strong preference to Jigs while the Highlanders excel in those steps and figures called Reels and Strathspeys, which they perform with vivacity, grace, and agility.

Highland dancing is much enhanced by the picturesqueness of the Highland dress, the variegated colours of the tartan adding considerably to the effect of a genuine Highland Reel.

While Highlanders usually dance to the

music of the bagpipe or fiddle, still the presence of either instrument is not necessary, as they often indulge in the exercise to the music of the Jew's Harp, and in addition to these they had their own inimitable *Puirt-à-beul* or Mouth Tunes to which they danced at their *Céilidhs*.

It would appear that the Highlanders had many dances containing much dramatic action, these unfortunately have disappeared, while all that remain of others is but a semblance of what they once were. It may interest my readers to enumerate some of the dances which were once common to the Gael, but of which the name alone survives.



From "Highlanders at Home."

By R. K. M'Law.

DANCING GILLE CALUM THE SWORD DANCE.

CAILLEACH AN DURDAIN.—This was a solo dance performed by a female, dressed in a grotesque fashion, having a bunch of keys hanging by her apron strings and a staff to support her, she effects to be very stiff and lame of a leg. When the tune strikes up she appears hardly able to hobble on the floor; by degrees she got on a bit, and as she begins to warm she feels new animation, and capers away, then affecting great importance as the keeper of all good things of the store room. Doubtless this dance has given rise to the Gaelic proverb, quoted when one is inclined to display over importance—"Cha'n'eil inche-raichean an domhain uile air crìos aona

chaillich—The keys of the whole world do not hang from one old wife's girdle." Mr. Alex. Carmichael in his interesting and valuable work "*Carmina Gadelica*," states that he saw this dance performed in Uist. His description is somewhat different from the above. He also mentions the following dances as performed in Uist—*Cath nan Coilleach*, *Turaban nan tunnag*, and *Ruidhleadh nan Coileach-dubha*.

AN DUBH LUIDNEACH.—This was the name of a grotesque dance performed by one person. It is interesting to note that the *Dubh-luidneach* or black clumsy one, is the name by which the natives of Lochaber still designate the yacht in which Argyll sailed away on the day of the

battle of Inverlochy—leaving his men to the fury of Montrose and the Macdonalds.

GILLE CALUM.—This dance is generally performed by one person, over two naked swords laid across each other on the floor, hence it is frequently called the Sword Dance. "The person who dances moves nimbly around the swords, dexterously placing his feet by a peculiar step at intervals between the blades, at first by a single step but as he proceeds the movement becomes rapid and complicated." The object is to avoid the blades, as the dance is broken should either be touched ever so slightly.

It is difficult to determine who the *Gille Calum* was, whose name is associated with this ancient dance. Tradition associates the tune with *Calum a' chinn mhòir*—Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, about the middle of the

eleventh century. This monarch provoked the displeasure of the Highlanders by removing the Court of the Scots from Dunstaffnage Castle, its ancient seat in Argyllshire, and establishing it at Dunfermline, further by marrying the Saxon princess, Margaret, which led to the change of the court language from Gaelic to English; further, to his having added to the coinage a very small coin, the bodle, or two pennies Scots, equal in value to a third part of our halfpenny. It was called in Gaelic *bonn a' sia*, or coin of six, being the sixth part of a shilling Scots, which was so small as to be contemptible in the eyes of his Highland subjects. The terms penny and halfpenny or bawbee are used in the translation only for want of better; they give no idea of the actual value of the Scottish money.

GILLE-CALUM—THE SWORD DANCE.

KEY A. *Lively with marked time.*

Fine. ∩

| S₁S₁:-t₁S₁ | d : l₁f₁ | S₁S₁:-t₁S₁ | r : t₁S₁ | l₁f₁:-f₁r | d : l₁f₁ | S₁S₁:-t₁r | d.l₁ : r ||
D.C.
 | S₁S₁:-t₁r | f : l₁f₁ | S₁S₁:-t₁r | S₁l : s.r. | f,s : f.r | d,t₁:-l₁f₁ | S₁S₁:-t₁r | d.l₁ : r ||

Gille-Calum dà pheighinn,
 Gille-Calum dà pheighinn,
 Dà pheighinn, dà pheighinn,
 Gille-Calum bonn-a-sia.

Gheibhinn leannan gun dad idir,
 Gheibhinn leannan gun dad idir,
 Gun dad idir, gun dad idir,
 'S rogha 's tagha air bonn-a-sia.

Gheibhinn bean air dà pheighinn,
 Gheibhinn bean air dà pheighinn,
 Dà pheighinn, dà pheighinn,
 'S té nach fhiach air bonn-a-sia.

Among other solo dances of which we have mention but which are not now performed—we have *Fear Dhrum a' Chairi*, *Dannsadh nam boc* (performed by three men who reeled fantastically like goats), *Fìgh an gùn*—weave the gown, or cloak dance, and *Croit an Droigh-eann*—Thorny Croft. Several of these are described by Alexander Campbell in his "Gram-

Gillie-Callum, twa pennies (a bodle)
 Gillie-Callum, twa pennies,
 Twa pennies, twa pennies,
 Gillie-Callum, ae bawbee.

I can get a lass for naething, (sweetheart)
 I can get a lass for naething,
 Lass for naething, lass for naething,
 My pick and wale for ae bawbee.

I can get a wife for tuppence,
 I can get a wife for tuppence,
 Wife for tuppence, wife for tuppence,
 A useless ane for ae bawbee.

pians Desolate." Another solo dance which is still common is *Seann-triubhas*—carrying us back to the time when trews were common.

Reels and Strathspeys are so well known as to need no particular description. They are a class of dance which exhibit that vivacity, firmness, grace and agility for which Highlanders have ever been noted. *EACHUNN.*

PRIZE POEM.

(Continued from page 64).

FOTHANNAN NAN CARN

(A Thistle from the Cairn).

SPIORAD NAN BEANN—

Tha tìr nan sonn,
 Tha tìr nam fonn,
 Tha tìr nan tonn brònach ;

An dùthaich chéin,
 Fo shùil na gréin,
 Fuil chlann nan sléibht' 'ga dòrtadh !
 Gu cinneach crìonud'
 A chur fo chis
 Ruidh beath' ar tìr mar ruadh-thuil,
 'S e miann an òir
 'S i 'n uail 's an spòrs
 A chuir ar slògh 's a' bhruailein !
 An fhiù a' ghlòir
 Do 'n Leòmhann mhòr

Air luch a spòg a chàramh ?
An fhiù a' ghàidh
Gu 'n trusadh slòigh
Gu croiteir còir o smàladh !

Tha clann na saorsa
'Cur fo dhaorsa
Pobull faoilidh sgeanmail,
Tha 'n làmh an sàs
An sgòrnan bràthar,
'S an saoghal ri tàir mu 'n ainm-san !

Tha slìochd nan laoch
Tha clann an fhraoich
A' gabhail taobh na h-eucòir,
Théid iad a dhith
Ma théid iad cli
Le ceartas fìor a thréigsinn !

Tha caoidh 's an tìr :—
Gu claoidhte, sgìth.
Tha crìdh' na rìoghachd le buaireas ;
Le fuath, le strì,
Théid gràdh, is sìth
Gu grad a sìos 's a' chuartaig !

A suas a bhàigh,
'S gach buaidh is feàrr
'Rinn cliù nan sàr fiachail :
A sìos gu làr
Le creach, is àr,
'S gach nì 'nì bràthair 'phianadh !

Tha tìr nan sonn,
Tha tìr nam fonn,
Tha tìr nan tonn fo dhòruinn ;
'An dùthaich chéin,
Fo shùil na gréin',
Fuil chlann nan sléibht' 'ga dòrtadh !

Dh' aom gach ceann a sìos mar chuisseag
Fo bhriathra Spiorad nan càrn ;
Dh' fhuirich gach aon gu tosdach dubhach,
Gun fhocal tuilleadh ri ràdh.

'N sin dh' éirich a suas, gu h-aobhach subhach,
Cruth gaolach Spiorad na h-Aois ;
Mar liath-shruth nan cruach a chiabhan 's 'ula,
Gu h-uallach choisich e 'm fraoch :
Rinn Binn-bheul a ris a chlarsach ullamb,
Le chéile thog iad an t-séid ;
Bha féith-ghàire tlà, bha fáilt' is furan
'N an gnais-san uile a dh' éisd—

BADAN FRAOICH

(A Sprig of Heather).

SPIORAD NA H-AOIS*

Mosglaibh, a chàirde !
Tha 'n fhàire dhuinn dlùth ;
Buailibh, a Bhàrda,
An clarsach as ùr !
Theich uainn an Geamhradh,
An teanntachd, 's an sneachd,
Thainig an samhradh
'An àilleachd a dhreach !

Chlisg fo bheum-sgèithe
A' chéitein gach flùr ;
Am feachdan tha 'g éirigh
'Nan treudan o'n ùir ;
Copanach, cléiteagach,
Cireanach, breac—
Air cluaintean, is geugan,
Feuch iad air teachd !

Latha buidhe Bealltainn
Thill leis a' ghréin',
Seirm ghrinn na h-ealtainn
Binn cheòl nan eun ;
Faicibh na sléibhte
'Nan trusgana nuadh !—
Cridhe gach creutair
Cho mear ris an uan !

Fuadach nan Gàidheal
Bha dòruinneach fuar ;
Bha 'n cànan 's am bàrdachd
Ri 'n càradh 's an uaigh ;
Ach dhiùlt iad a' bhàirlinn
Is mairidh iad beò
Fhad 's 'tha fraoch air Ceann-gheàrr-loch,
'S air Cruachan an ceò !

Dh' éirich an treubhan
A Breatunn 's o'n Fhraing,
Le treun-fhir na h-Eirinn
Gu buaidh 'thoirt gun taing ;
Gàidheil nan cén-thìr
A deas agus tuath
Mar bhàith-flheasg a' Chéitein
Air blàr caomh na buadh.

An déigh oidhche na cairis
Thig briseadh an lò,
'Nuair tha 'n fhaoilteach chruaidh thairis,
An t-Earrach geal òg ;
Ged a chrìonas gach gineal
Mar dhuilleach 's na glinn,
Mar ghiuthas tha 'n cinneach
A' mairsinn 's gach linn.

Buaidh biodh le càirdealas,
Cneasdachd is gràdh ;
Dùisgidh iad gàirdeachas
Mùchaidh iad àr :
Buaidh leis an aonachd,
Le bàigh agus sìth,
Buaidh leis an daonnachd
Gu iomall gach tìr !

Mosglaibh, a chàirde,
Tha 'n fhàire dhuinn dlùth !
Dùisgibh, a Bhàrda,
An clarsach as-ùr !
Theich uainn an Geamhradh,
An teanntachd, an sneachd !
Thainig, an Samhradh
An àilleachd a dbreach !

Sguir e de 'n duan, is chual mac-talla
An luaidh a fhreagair an dàn :—
Shìolaidh an fhuaim 's an sunnd ré tamuil,
Is sheall na sunn ris na Bàird :
Ghluais Màthair Eite 'nall gun chabhaig,
Bha maise na h-eala 'n a ceum ;
Mar sholus nan reul an t-sùil f'a mala
Bha seun nan gaoithean 'n a séid—

BADAN ROID, BHO THAOBH AN TOBAIR

(A Sprig of Bog Myrtle from the Well).

Thigibh, a chlann, thun an Fhuarain Aird,
 'Tha sruthadh an uaigneas fo chrom nan càrn !
 'S e Tobar na mùirn
 Tobar a' chùirn
 Olaibh de bhùrn an Fhuarain Aird !

Thigibh, a chlann, thun an Fhuarain Aird !
 Fo chraoibh na beatha tha 'm Fuaran Ard :
 Tha tapachd nan laoch ;
 Cumhachd a' ghaoil ;
 Tha anail na saors' anns an Fhuaran Ard.

Thigibh, a chlann, thun an Fhuarain Aird !
 'S e tobar nam bliadhn' am Fuaran Ard :
 Tha òige nam beann,
 Maise nan gleann,
 Tha éigheach nan tonn 's an Fhuaran Ard.

Thigibh, a chlann, thun an Fhuarain Aird !
 Tha gathan na gréin' 's an Fhuaran Ard :
 Tha solus nan reul,
 Guirme nan speur,
 Tha beithir nan neul 's an Fhuaran Ard.

Thigibh, a chlann, thun an Fhuarain Aird !
 'S e Tobar nam Filidh am Fuaran Ard :
 Tha ealain nan rann,
 Gliocas nan sonn,
 Tha seun nam fonn anns an Fhuaran Ard.

Thigibh, a chlann, thun an Fhuarain Aird !
 Olaibh de bhùrn an Fhuarain Aird
 'S e Tobar a' chùirn,
 Tobar na mùirn,
 'S e Tobar a' chiùil am Fuaran Ard.

Luidh gealach ùr a' Mhàigh
 Cùl a' bhràigh ;
 Las iad, ri teine-sionnachain, na coinnle-bianain ;
 Ri 'n leusan fiadhannta
 Dhanns, leis na maca meamna air an t-slios,
 Na fir-chlis,
 Ri plobaireachd
 Nan daoine sìthe
 Bh' air feadh nan geuga,
 'S nam fìdhleirean a bha air sgéithe,
 Nan dealan-dé :—
 O Bhuachaill' Eite
 Thàr cuideachd nan Laoch 's nam Bàrd
 Gu talla an tàimh.

K. W. GRANT.

AN OLD GAELIC SONG.

DEAR SIR,—I heard an old Gaelic Song long ago, and I would like to get the words. Could you give me any information as to how I could manage? Here are a few words, all I remember, "S tu ciobair donn nan caorach dha 'n tug mi 'n gaol 's nach aireach leam, etc." I would be much obliged if you could assist me.—Yours, etc., D. MACLEOD.

OUR STRATH,

Anns na laithean a dh'fhalbh.

OUR Strath was under a cloud. We were not repenting in sackcloth and ashes because there were illicit stills on the banks of nearly all our burns, nor because our minister on going home one moonlight night found Black Angus all alone dancing a Highland Fling to his own lilting of "*Banarach dhonn a' chruidh, cuachag an fhàsaich*." No. It was something more serious than that that had cast its dark shadow over the faces of our men, and had driven the frank look of innocence that accompanies a clear conscience from the faces of our women. Ian Cam, the pedlar, had passed up the Strath a few days before, and as the mist sometimes comes up from the sea into the valleys, gloom followed in his footsteps. We discovered after that he had tea in his pack. Some of our women like Eve of old were tempted and fell. Unlike her, however, they did not seek to tempt their husbands. They knew what stuff the husbands were made of. The air of our Strath was, I daresay, more bracing than that of Eden. Allie Ban was the first who suspected that there was something wrong. He noticed that *Mairi Bheag*, who lived in a cottage by herself, and who carded wool for the neighbours at times, had suddenly become very popular, and had female visitors nearly every afternoon. He also observed that our women had become unusually enthusiastic over new blankets and new tweeds. One afternoon he entered Mairi's cot with the usual greeting, "*Fàille so*," and caught a glimpse of something being hastily shoved under a heap of carded wool that lay on the floor, by one of the women. He stood for a few minutes talking to them, and, lo! steam began to rise from the heap. "*A mhnathan gun chùram, tha 'cloimh na teine*—Careless woman, the wool is on fire," he exclaimed, at the same time jumping on the heap and smashing the teapot that was hid under it. The welfare and stamina of future generations were at stake, and a few of our men determined that Ian Cam, with his demoralizing pack, should no more come up the pass that led to our Strath. He was met on his return journey and warned. Our Strath was not included in his round after that.

There was one character, "*Uilleam Donn*," in our Strath, I regret to say, whose sense of the fitness of things was not all that could be desired. It was he, who, when we were carrying the mortal remains of a neighbour to the clachan eight miles away, got a tinker who passed us on the road with a set of pipes in his oxters to join the funeral. He whispered into the tinker's ear that we had a long way to go, and that the

music of the pipes would lighten the journey. The tinker asked what tune he would play. "Give us something lively," said William. "*Sìod mar chaidh an càl a dholaidh air na bodaich Ghallda*" will do nicely. The relatives of the deceased in the front of the mournful procession did not know what was going on behind, and were surprised when the tinker lightly stepped to the front and blew up. Before he went far with his sprightly music he was laid in the ditch with the stroke of a stick, and the tune he was playing expired in a sad enough wail. Luckily for Uilleam it was not known until long after that it was he who prompted the tinker.

When we thirsted for news we went to the smithy. The smith secured for us all the scraps that floated his way, and he had the knack of telling them in a taking form. He was also full of old stories, and a bit of a bard. We were all sorry when he accidentally lost the sight of one of his eyes. He himself bore the pain and loss with fortitude and resignation; but his calmness gave way when he overheard some of us speak of him as "*An gobhainn cam*"—The one-eyed smith." One evening about dusk there were a few of us in the smithy; and while the smith was resting for a few minutes and giving us the latest news he had got, a hen that had been straying about the door flew up and made



From "*Highlanders at Home*"

By R. R. M'Lean.

MAIRI BHEAG CARDED WOOL FOR THE NEIGHBOURS.

a roosting place of one of the rafters. A few minutes after Seumas-nan-rann, one of our bards, came to the door with a cart in which there was a plough that needed repairs. He put his head in at the door, noticed the hen on the rafter, but in the gloom did not see the smith further in, and this was how he greeted us—

Teallach fhuair, 'us cearc air spardan
Ann an ceàrdach an fhir chaim :
C' àite nochd a bheil an gàirdean
Chuireas soc le snas air crann ?

Fireless hearth, and chicken roosting
In the one-eyed blacksmith's shop :

Is there no one here this evening '
On a plough can fit a sock ?

Out of the gloom the smith answered—

Ann an so tha 'm fear 's an gàirdean,
B' àbhaist snas chuir air do stuic,
'S ged a chaill aon suil a léirsinn,
Chì e teas chuir na do phluic.

He is here, whose arm this evening
To repair a plough you seek,
And has one eye still to light him
With his fist to warm your cheek.

Our neighbours of the adjacent Strath—where
there were a number of "*unco guid*" folks—said

we were an irreligious people "*sluagh ain-diadhaidh*," and I admit some of us were not as religious as we should be. When Mr. Mahon, an evangelist they sent us, called one Sunday, on his way to the meeting, on *Tearlach-na-fridh* who was on his deathbed, this was how the famous old hunter was greeting the morning—

Tha ghrian air an fhìreach
'S fear donn nan cròc biorach,
Ag éiridh 'o ghlaicean a' ced
Ach dh' fhalbh mo thròir buileach,
'S cha dhirich mi tullach
A dh' iarraidh a ghaigich nis mò.

O'er mountain tops rising,
The sun is bright shining,
The stag is astir in his lair,
But gone is my vigour
And over the heather
I'll hunt the dun hero "nae mair."

But the "Charity that seeketh not her own" dwelt in some of our cots. When *Fear-an-Tuim* (a man who, like a few more grasping, greedy Highlanders in this century, had played the ignoble part of evictor in one of our glens) lost all the money he made, and was in his old age smitten by a loathsome disease from which his relations shrunk; it was a daughter of parents who suffered more hardships through his cruelty than any of the others that he evicted who ministered to his wants. Bright, cheerful, tidy, Màiri Donn—like an angel of mercy seeking no recompense—visited twice a day the cot where he lay, dressed his sores, and kept he and his abode clean. She would be much surprised if anyone was to tell her that she was doing noble work. The last time I visited "Our Strath" Màiri was not in the cottage that her smiles had for long years filled as with sunshine—she had been carried to the clachan, to rest in the shadow of the everlasting hills. Her name is written on no earthly scroll of fame, but is doubtless written in another place, where the names of false heroes or heroines do not appear.

A. G. M.

JANETTA'S REPENTANCE.

By I. K. RITCHIE, Author of "*Love and Honour*," "*When Faith Failed*," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

"JANETTA, why will you trifle thus?"

The words came from a young Highlander who, half-an-hour ago, had galloped over on horseback from his father's castle in Perthshire to seek the hand of the only daughter of their nearest neighbour, some four or five miles distant. Midway, in the

broad moor which lay between their homes, he had overtaken her walking alone, and thought the meeting, so ideally located, good fortune indeed. Nowhere does hope speed readiest to the mind of the true-born Northerner than with the pliant soil of the peat and heather beneath his feet, the everchanging ether of a mountainous country overhead. The boldness born of the chivalry of his forefathers, wedded to the soldiers' impetuosity within his own breast, made him plead his cause well; yet, the girl had listened to his tale of love apparently unmoved.

She was very beautiful; but, alas! she knew it only too well, for the knowledge marred the truest impulses of her heart, and made of her that least enviable of mortals—a flirt and a coquette.

But Sir Malcolm Kenmuir was blind to this—blind to all but her charms, the beauty of her raven tresses, the flashing brightness of her eloquent eyes, the damask blush upon her cheek, the bewitching smile upon her lips, from whence in childhood days he had been wont to steal sweetest pay of forfeit; once, later, seized hasty opportunity under the mistle-bough. That, too, was years ago, and the young subaltern had made his mark in a brief but brilliant campaign. Home now on furlough, he desired above all things to win his little playmate of other days to be his wife. To him, in the buoyant waywardness of her eighteen years, she seemed but a mere child still, in whose exuberance of mirth and gaiety of heart would be drowned all the trials of his soldier life. His steed, unheeded, although fettered by the bridle that he had swung over his arm on dismounting, impatiently endured the interruption to a scamper over the moor, being fresh from the stable and eager for exercise.

"I am in great sympathy with Red Rowan," the maiden observed, in place of giving heed to the query her lover had spoken. "Why, Sir Malcolm, did you not come earlier, and I could have joined you in your ride instead of solacing myself on this dreary bog?"

Dreary it might have been even to the ardent lover of nature, her listener, had he been otherwise than in the company of one who was so dear to him, and he was not slow to make occasion now to tell her this, while she jested or pouted in mock unbelief with the perfect instinct of the coquette to excite worship and flattery.

But she turned petulantly aside when he again spoke of his affections, and he went on with a break in his voice that showed the strong emotion with which he was struggling. "Then, can you give me no hope—what must I really believe—what would you say in earnest, Janetta?"

"To say—to believe—Oh, but Sir Malcolm you are in a very solemn mood to-day," she laughed. "As for me, I am too perfectly content in this sweet sunshine—in your—your heroic presence—to be capable of thinking at all."

A shade of impatience crossed his brow.

"Is that from your heart?" he interrupted the laughing railery. "Tell me, Janetta, what you really feel in your inmost heart?"

"Oh, so many things, a volume would not contain them all," she said, "another time I may tell you some of them; but now it is late, I must return home. Adieu, Sir Serious!"

She waved her hand gaily and would have left him with no better farewell, but he detained her with reproachful words.

"Janetta, this is folly, it will drive me mad! Let me know my fate. Life without you has no charms; without you death will be welcome, when God sends it, but for your sake I can bear what you will, I pray you tell me what you would have me believe. Remember, God hears us both—may he give us both courage!"

In his agitation, and with the prayer on his lips, he had sank on his knees at her feet; he took the hand with which she would have waved him, a moment before, a gay good-bye. While he spoke the maiden's heart was touched; for a moment, love and truth triumphed over falsehood and coquetry; then her craving for flattery gained the ascendancy. Kenmuir was far too exacting in the matter, she argued within herself. Of course she meant to marry him, but she could not bear to bind herself yet awhile,

When he arose from his lowly attitude he was very white; his lips set in pained surprise and embarrassment. It never occurred to him that Janetta could be joking, that her demure, "I fear it must be no, Sir Malcolm!" meant anything rather than the true desire to alienate herself from him forever.

They had come close upon her father's house, an ideal country home whose charms were very familiar in the mind of the young man, to whose eyes came a mist of tears as he gazed upon it. His thoughts were of those happy days when he had rowed Janetta on the miniature loch in the park; or, wandering further away, he had been her faithful guide to the wild treasures of the woods. When wintry weather made his little friend a prisoner in the house, the picture gallery had been their favourite playground, till each fair or stern-faced ancestor of her's was as real to him as the living men and women of his own day, and bearing subtler charm for him than his own chivalrous and and storied line, because her childish lips had prettied of their exploits to him. Had she no thought of that time now, he wondered, and

looked in her eyes in search of some reflection of his own blinding wistfulness. Instead, he saw careless mirth, the look nonchalant that views lightly the effect of wayward caprice.

"You will come in? You will stay to dinner?" she was saying when he awoke from his painful reverie.

He was scarcely conscious what answer he made, something a little incoherent in the form of a desire to be excused, that made Janetta pout as she turned in at the lodge gates; but as he rode homeward, the iron hand of fate seemed more crushing than he could bear. He knew he might return to-morrow—the day after—any day—in all the old unrestrained character of friend, but what mattered that if Janetta did not love him? In spite of the long comradeship between them, his straight-forward nature could not fathom the ways of a true coquette, and neither did Janetta anticipate the effect of chicanery.

CHAPTER II.

The pale light of a new moon mingled with the soft glow of lamp and fire in a room of a lordly Scottish home where a number of guests were gathered awaiting the summons to dinner, amongst them Janetta St. Clair.

Two years had only served to add to her beauty; in that time she had grown more lovely than ever, more delicately bewitching. In this stately castle she was enjoying a large share of the attention of the Benedicts who zealously did their best to make pleasure for the fair one, but as yet none have succeeded in winning more than fleeting favour in Janetta's eyes. She keeps them all in abject fear and suspense, much as she was wont to do with Sir Malcolm Kenmuir. He has no part in her life now; but if this is any cause of regret to her she carefully conceals it. That meeting on the moor, already recorded, had proved to be their farewell. In a few days it spread abroad that he was leaving Scotland for foreign service, on the sudden outbreak of one of those border warfare constantly menacing the British troops, and since then he had not visited his native land. Janetta, if more than chagrined by his acceptance of dismissal, could not easily undo the mischief her coquetry had wrought, and the absent one comes not to reconnoitre or to plead.

There were many guests at the castle, and the night went merrily with the sound of song and the weird music of the bagpipes to ensure the success of the Highland dances. Of all the gay and beauteous there, Janetta was the gayest, the most bewitchingly beautiful; her smile the sweetest, her voice the clearest. Sir Norman Colquhoun had been awaiting opportunity to place his heart and fortune at her disposal, and

at last was successful in gaining the quiet and seclusion needful in the alluring precincts of the conservatory. He suddenly became aware, however, that two elderly ladies, apparently old friends who were renewing acquaintance at this social gathering at the castle, were ensconced comfortably in a roomy lounge in a shady corner, chatting blithely to each other; and, consequently, to avoid attracting attention, or having his declaration indefinitely postponed, he paused just within the doorway, saying hurriedly, "I see we are not quite alone; but the words I want to speak clamour for utterance, and I am sure you will forgive my impetuosity."

The rest of the sentence was lost upon Janetta; her keen ear had caught the name of Sir Malcolm Kenmuir on the lips of one of the elderly ladies, and the hand which in her abstraction she allowed the lover to gain possession of was very tremulous; then suddenly, with a half-articulate cry she would have fallen, but Colquhoun's strong arms saved her, and she was enabled by his help to reach one of the many seats scattered about. Those few overheard words had betrayed to her that the gallant soldier, her first and only love, was dead. The pleasure of the great gathering must not be spoiled, however, she maintained; at the same time making plausible excuses for her languor when the restoratives Sir Norman had rushed off to procure had taken effect, and even the alarmed hostess was persuaded to return to her guests at last.

Left alone, in the quiet morning-room, reached by a passage leading from the conservatory, Janetta's sorrow and remorse found vent in bitter tears. Needless, Colquhoun, in the ball-room, was silently rehearsing the better wording of the interrupted avowal, while with mechanical faultlessness he guided his partner, a pretty young American, through all the difficulties of an intricate Scotch Reel; for to Janetta desire of admiration and conquest of heart had gone forever. She pictured Kenmuir's life in the foreign land to which her caprice had banished him; his death by the pestilent fever, so fateful to Europeans, far from his kith and kin; and then, in her deep misery, she vowed to go mourning to her grave for him—not indeed in outward weeds seen of men, but in the garments of humiliation known only to God, the penitent and contrite heart. And the life once so gay and careless, she solemnly dedicated to the service of the soldiery, to be lived in union with those zealous ones who already had done noble work in the cause, for so she would do honour to the memory of one she had deeply wronged and knew only too late how greatly she had loved.

* * *

It was in her own home in the Highlands that Janetta, a few days later, first heard that the report of her old lover's death was false, that the name had been misapplied and that he still lived to add glory to the annals of his ancient house. But she did not then alter her determination; the vow remained, and to all intents and purposes the necessity of it.

An only child, she had lost her parents when very young, and been brought up by her grandfather. Recently, on his death, she had become heiress and mistress of the estate which joined lands with the home of Kenmuir. Her lot might have been a very pleasant one but for that wayward trifling with truth in the past; and no wonder memory was so busy with her that she longed to get away from her old surroundings, and banish thought in work. But there was one act of generosity in her power to perform that gave her happiness in all the contending gloom. Her next-of-kin was a distant cousin, a Writer to the Signet, who had married young, and had now a large family. On her way south to become a probationer at St. Thomas', having decided to study nursing as a preliminary step in her future vocation, Janetta paid him a visit and told him to make use of her house in Perthshire whenever he liked; the old servants were left in charge, and they would willingly do their best to make him comfortable. "And sometimes, perhaps, you will let me come as your guest," she added.

"What nonsense, my dear young lady, remonstrated the little lawyer, who found it hard to believe anything more serious than a passing freak actuated the speaker. "When you honour Rowandene by your presence it must certainly be as its mistress, whether we are there or not; but I am not at all sure I ought to be tempted by your kind offer. Won't you let me persuade you that your duty lies amongst your own people? There are many many more to do the work in the wider field you would enter, but no one who can attempt to fill your place at home."

Ah! he did not know that to live there now was misery to Janetta, that, daily, each familiar landmark probed her self-inflicted wound afresh.

"Perhaps you are right," she acknowledged, and someday I may be more equal to that duty, but I feel I have much to learn first."

*

*

The relief of Chitral had been the all important topic for many an anxious day. Breathlessly relations tried to follow the fortunes of dear ones, whether numbered amongst the imprisoned in the beleaguered fort or of the gallant rescuers pushing their way by river, mountain, and pass; now impeded by rain, now knee-deep in snow.

And the fate of none was watched more eagerly at this time than that of Sir Malcolm Kenmuir. Not, indeed, because the passing years had done anything to bring Janetta and him visibly nearer each other in a way that their names in connection would have had meaning to the outer world; but as periodical neighbours in Perthshire, the parents of Kenmuir and the lawyer and his family, recipients of Janetta's thoughtful bounty, had contracted close friendship, and interest in the brave soldier was not more keen than anxiety for the welfare of one who, having put her hand to the plough, had never swerved from the path of toil she had chosen, and now in following it, was taking her part in tending the sick and wounded at Peshawur. For her sake it was the lawyer and his family had this year gone north earlier than was their wont. When her present arduous work was over, surely she would welcome the rest and quiet of Rowandene, they said, and they would go there in time to arrange everything in readiness to make rejoicing worthily for her safe return.

There were other hopes kindled by thought of that return in Kenmuir's home. The chance of war had brought the old lovers into close quarters to each other again, and there was reason to believe that while the one had remained unchanged in his affections, to the other had come the knowledge which renders impossible any trifling with things sacred. Might they not yet behold their son's heir? the parents dreamed.

Alas! the fiat of fate was otherwise.

While loving thoughts and prayers followed him, Kenmuir's doom was sealed. Leading a section of the indomitable Corps of Guides, he was hemmed in by the enemy, and received his death wound in the encounter that followed. He managed to keep command until, at the head of his men, he fought his way through and completely routed the sortie. Amongst the many self-sacrificing deeds in the campaign no more pathetically courageous was witnessed than that of the fatally wounded officer encouraging his followers, with fast failing strength, to die hard. So eye-witnesses recorded.

But there was another scene never chronicled on earth, yet which to the dying soldier was worth more than his awards for heroism, more than all the paragraphs resounding his praise, when his pillow was smoothed by Janetta St. Clair's gentle hand, when her tears of repentance mingled with his in giving her his blessing and forgiveness.

Janetta saw the end of the siege, but she returned not with the sharers of the toil to her native land. The merciful hand of death had beckoned her to re-union with her loved one.

A WORD TO OUR BARDS.

OUR esteemed correspondent in New York, ("MacDhai") sends us the following interesting letter. We always enjoy the Yankee freshness of Ben's letters, and he must excuse us if we print the following for the benefit of our bardic contributors.

"Coinneach Dubh" comes to the front in this month's number. He soars, but on the pinions and with the voice of the true Gael. May he continue to soar and speak. While the *Celtic* continues to flourish listening ears shall be found. Angus Mackintosh pipes well, too. His verses in a late number on the Stewarts' White Rose and Athol were particularly tuneful. The Keppoch lady has been silent for some time, but when she strikes the old Highland harp every string seems to vibrate. I presume she is one of the old and gifted race. The article "Two Historical Fallacies" is both timely and interesting. Many of us, I fear, laboured under the delusion that the making of heather beer was one of the lost arts. I fancy our forefathers preferred a drink with more grip to it, something they could feel when tucked under their belt, perhaps a mead made from heather and honey, but not allied to "Athol Brose"—that dynamic tippie. Birch beer is largely used in the United States as a summer drink, but my opinion is that it is an artificial product resembling Birch sap. With every glass drawn comes a quart of foam. It is a prime tippie with the teetotller. The heaps of foam intoxicate his—eye—but, ah my soul, it never fools the old Adam within!

When you have a moment's leisure shall be glad to know how the scheme for the re-settlement of Strathnaver is progressing. Although I spent happy years by the banks of the Findhorn, a most picturesque district, yet my earlier impressions of Strathnaver and Berriedale, with the rolling heathery moors lying between, ever hold the first place in my heart.

LECTURES ON CELTIC LITERATURE.—The first of a series of lectures on Gaelic literature in connection with the Kelly-MacCallum series, was delivered by Professor Magnus Maclean at the University of Glasgow on Thursday, 24th ult. The lecturer indicated the various groups into which he had decided to divide the subject matter, and the series of lectures would treat fully of every form of Gaelic literature. We hope Professor Maclean will be encouraged in his labours by the presence of a large audience at the lectures.

POSTPONEMENT OF HIGHLAND GATHERINGS.—The committees of the Clans Mackinnon and Stewart, Sutherlandshire Association, and Junior Kintyre Club, have decided to postpone their Annual Re-Unions to a later date, owing to the lamented death of Her Majesty the Queen.

OUR HIGHLAND BOOK LIST this month contains particulars of a large number of interesting works, including several which are very rare. We also give a list of charming coloured plates of Highland views, dated 1820, suitable for framing. Our advertising pages are well worth consulting.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

MO ROGHAINN A' GHÀIDHLIG.

THE following fine air is taken from "Albyn's Anthology" where it goes by the name, "Mòr

is mis' tha fo mhulad," and is said to be a St. Kilda melody. The words have not been preserved, and the following by "C. M. P." have been substituted.

GLEUS A.

SEISD.

{ : d, r	m : s ₁ : l ₁	s ₁ : — : m ₁	s ₁ : l ₁ : d	s ₁ : —			
Faill	ith - ill	ho	rò,	Faill	ith - ill	ho	rò;
Fal	ee-heel	ho	rò,	Fal	ee-heel	ho	rò;

{ : s ₁	l ₁ : —s ₁ : l ₁ , t ₁	d : d : d, ta ₁	l ₁ : s ₁ : ta ₁	l ₁ : s ₁		
Mo	rogh - ain	a'	Ghàidhlig, Mo	roghainn	a'	Ghàidhlig;
The	Gaelic's	my	treasure, And to	speak it	is	pleasure;

{ : m ₁	s ₁ : l ₁ : d	s ₁ : — : m ₁	s ₁ : l ₁ : d	s ₁ : —			
Faill	ith - ill	ho	rò,	Faill	ith - ill	ho	rò.
Fal	ee-heel	Lo	rò,	Fal	ee-heel	ho	rò.

RANN.

{ : r, m	f : r : m, f	s : s : s, f	m : d : r	d : l ₁		
'S i	chànain	is	binn - e	Air uachdar	a'	chruinne
No	language	is	sweeter,	In	prose or	in meter,
{ : s ₁ , s ₁	f : m : f	s : s : s, l	s : - f : m, r	r : d		
Gu	òr - an	a	ghabhail,	Gu	òr - aid	a labhairt.
For	singing	a	song in,	For	rousing	a throng in.
{ : r, m	f : s ₁ : l ₁	s ₁ : — : r, m	f : s ₁ : l ₁ , t ₁	d : —		
'S gu'n	robh àdh	air na	scòid	Leis an àill	i	bhi beò.
And suc - cess	be their	due	Who stand	to	it	true.

'S i cànan na céille;
'S i cànan na féile;
'S i 'chànain is blàithe
Air bhilean na màthar, etc.

O linn Eubha 'sa ghàradh,
Cha robh òigh ann cho gràdhach.
Ri finne nam blàth-shul
Dheanadh mànan 'sa Ghàidhlig.

Cha robh riamh air an t-saoghal
Dream cho déigheil air saorsa
Ris na curaidhean dàna
Ghlaothadh còmhrag 'sa Ghàidhlig.

Ge luachmhor an dìleab
Dh'fhàg Solamh an rìgh dhuinn,
Tha gliocas is àirde
An seachas na Gàidhlig.

Thèid an uiseag 's an smeòrach
Gu gogail 's gu ròcail
Mu'n caill mi mo chàil
Do na h-òrain bhinn Ghàidhlig.

Gun oilean gun nàir' iad,
Luchd-dearmad an cànan;
Fìor uasal na sàir ud
Tha dìleas do 'n Ghàidhlig.

'Tis the language to charm one,
The language to warm one;
There ne'er was another
More tender from mother, etc.

The loveliest maiden
Since Eve was in Eden,
'Twas Gaelic she spake in
When hearts she was breaking.

What people stood braver
Against the enslaver
Than the staunch Gaelic speakers
Who are still freedom-seekers.

The proverbs Israelic
Of days that are olden
Come short of the Gaelic:
Its wisdom is golden.

When the lark leaves the lilting
The croaking to tackle,
I'll no more put the kilt on;
In English I'll cackle.

Mean traitors I call those
Who'd leave it to perish;
True patriots all those
Who the Gaelic do cherish.



From an Old Photo.

ANGUS MACKAY, F.C.S.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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ANGUS MACKAY, F.C.S.

THE author of "Platonic, and—Failed", whom we welcome in this issue as a contributor to the *Celtic*, is from the Strathnaver branch of the clan. His father, a 92nd Gordon Highlander, engaged in fishing in Wick, where the subject of our sketch was born. An almost fatal accident to the father compelled a change to Edinburgh, and there the sons were educated. William, an elder brother, entered the Royal Artillery and rose to high rank; Angus chose mechanics and chemistry, and has spent most of his life in Australia. Few men have travelled more over that vast continent, or have more close knowledge of its capabilities in the productive sense. While keenly interested in agricultural pursuits, he contributed largely to literature. He was the first editor of *The Queenslander*, a journal which, under his care, speedily attained a first rank, still retained. A standard work, *The Sugar Cane in Australia*, was also published in Brisbane while Mr. Mackay sat in the Parliament of that colony for a metropolitan constituency.

In order to get at the most recent details concerning machinery, etc., of the sugar industry in other countries, he was commissioned by the Government of the colony to represent Queensland at the Centennial Exhibition of the United States, and to visit and report from the West Indies concerning the central factory, diffusion, and other systems being introduced in the French Islands. His reports on these and kindred matters from America, West Indies, Natal, and other tropical parts, had marked effect upon the sugar industry, and agriculture generally.

Technical education was then receiving much attention in Australia, and Mr. Mackay was called to occupy the chair of agriculture in the great Technical College of Sydney. His success was very marked. The classes rose and increased until they ranked amongst the largest devoted

to practical and scientific agriculture in any part of the world. On ordinary occasions he would have from eighty to a hundred and twenty students in the field for practical field and garden work and for dairying. Many of those now holding the highest positions in government and private employ, teaching agricultural science, dairying, and other branches, are from his classes. In the latter branch, and also in connection with soil selection—a most important feature in new country—analysis formed a special feature of the system. As a consequence, dairying, for butter and cheese making, has reached a stage of perfection in Australia equal to any known in Europe or America—a striking proof of the value of practical technical instruction in the many complicated branches of food production, and a result which reflects great honour upon the late premier of New South Wales, George H. Reid (another Scot), and other public-spirited men of that country, for seeing quickly and clearly how to develop Australian agriculture by educating those desirous of following such pursuits, both men and women.

While busy instructing by class and field teaching and lecturing in country districts, *Field and Garden Soils*, *Australian Agriculture*, *The Honey Bee for Profit*, *Helpful Science for Farmers*, and many minor works, were published from the pen of Mr. Mackay; and honours, medals, etc., were conferred upon him from various parts of the world. And, amidst his duties as science teacher, he managed to get time to write numbers of such pawky, racy sketches, illustrative of Scots humour and human nature, as we commence to-day.

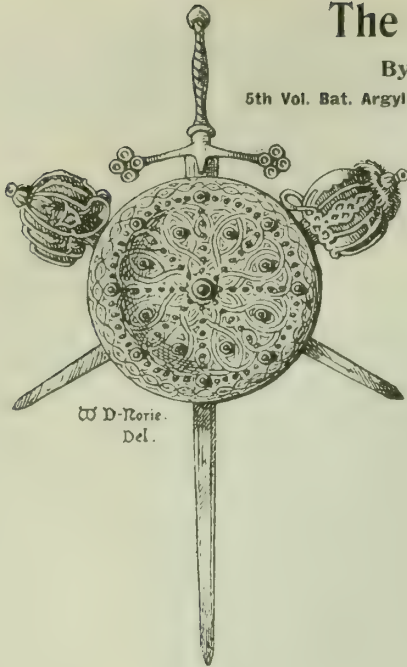
But time tells; and however enthusiastic and careful man may be, health will wear down. Mr. Mackay had to drop out of his life-work and try once again what the breezes of the mother-land would do for him. Resting is not idleness—the idea of being "upon the shelf" is distasteful to the worker. Hence another reason for welcome to what comes from his pen.

It may be added that Mr. Mackay is a member of the Clan Mackay Society, and the Southampton Caledonian Society.

The Clan Surname MacInnes.

By Lieut.-Colonel JOHN MACINNES, V.D.,

5th Vol. Bat. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders; Author of "THE BRAVE SONS OF SKYE."



(Continued from page 86).

CAPTAIN MACINNES, ROYAL ENGINEERS.

I REMEMBER seeing a paragraph in *The Glasgow Herald* of the 11th of January, 1898, referring to the arrival in this country from West Africa of Captain Donald Stewart, C.M.G., who, I need hardly remind you, is a son of the late Field-Marshal Sir Donald Martin Stewart, and who, as you know, is closely connected with the Clan Macdonald through the Martins of Skye and the Macdonalds of Scalpay. And having mentioned the Macdonalds of Scalpay, I cannot help saying that I feel sure we all rejoice at the high honour which has just been conferred by our Gracious Sovereign upon "the heaven-born soldier," who is a member of that family, and who is now styled Brigadier-General The Right Hon. Sir John Hay Athole Macdonald, K.C.B.

But to return to Captain MacInnes. Captain Stewart is reported to have spoken as follows:—"The fort at Kumasi has been completed and is a most satisfactory structure, for which every praise is due to Captain MacInnes of the Royal Engineers, and the non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers who assisted him."

The recent campaign in Ashantee, arduous although it was, has been overshadowed greatly in the public mind, by the greater events which have been taking place in other parts of the world. But doubtless the fort built by Captain MacInnes and his subordinates was found to be

a veritable "City of Refuge" when the day of trial came.

Captain Duncan S. MacInnes, R.E.—I rather think that the Captain MacInnes above-mentioned, is Captain Duncan S. MacInnes, R.E. (a son of the late Honourable Donald MacInnes, of whom more anon), who distinguished himself as Chief Staff Officer to Colonel Ketewich during the memorable siege of Kimberley.

Myles MacInnes.—Speaking of South Africa reminds me that Myles MacInnes, who used to live at Portree, and whose name is well-known to most Highlanders, has fought gallantly for his Queen and Country against the Boers in South Africa.

Lieutenant Iain L. MacInnes, Indian Medical Service.—This promising young soldier has recently passed into the Indian Medical Service. Both his father and mother are natives of the Isle of Skye; but he himself was born in India, the country in which he is just about to begin his professional career.

Allow me now to bring under your notice the names of a few clansmen who are, or have been, engaged in more peaceful, but not less useful, occupations in life.

I shall begin with John MacInnes, the Bard, *Am Bard beag* as he was commonly called. In 1875 he published a small volume of poems (some of which are of considerable merit), and from them we can glean a little of his history. He says:—

"Rugadh mi an Earra-Ghàidheal
'San Eilean tha làmh ris an Oban,
Tha mi am ghobhainn ann an gàradh
Ris na bàtaichean a sheòlas;
'S ni mi crann a threobhas fàsach,
'S do dheich bhlàra dheanainn brògan."

And then farther on he tells us that "from Lismore sprang his kinsfolk"—*A Liosmòr tha mo fhriamhsa.*

"Am Bruadar a chunnaic Anna" is considered by competent judges to be his best composition. It was composed by him after the publication of his book, and as it does not, therefore, appear in it, I shall read a part of it to you. It is not so long as such compositions generally are. The ideas are somewhat ludicrous, but the Gaelic is undeniably good.

BRUADAR ANNA MHOR BEAN CHALUIM A' CHEO,
ANN AM BAILE GUN AINM.

Ho ro, an cuala tu,
'M bruadar a chunnaic Anna?

'Sa chuir oirre 'n t-uamhas,
An truaghan, a's i 'na cadal—
Thug an dorus fuaim às,
'S a suas bha e thar nam bannan,
'S ghlaodh i 's i 'g ùrnuigh:
"An crùisgeinn, 's mo bhata daraich."

Thàinig iad cho dùmhail oirre,
'S phluchd iad i fo na plaidean;
'S rug i air a chrùisgein,
'S bha 'n t-ùilleadh air feadh an tighe,
Chuir i teine suas ris,
A's tuainealaich feadh a claiginn,
'S cha robh crioman buaichd ann
Na luachair a dheanadh lasadh.
Ho ro, etc.

Chunnaic i na mìltein
Ri miorbhuiltean air an fharadh
'S curachd dubh Chatrina
'S e fiodhlaireachd ann an cathair,
'N cota-bhior aig Sìne,
'Na stiopull air muin an tighe,
'S dh' fhalbh a gùn sìoda,
'Na phìobaire feadh a' bhaile.
Ho ro, etc.

An coileach air an spàrtan
A' tailleireachd, agus ad air,
'S cearc agus coc-àrd oirre,
'Snamhadh air feadh an ladair,
Bòtainnean a màthar
'Na lànainn an tigh-nan-cabar,
'S geinnean aig an sàiltean
Do chàise gu 'n cumail daingnean.
Ho ro, etc.

Chunnaic mi mar shamhladh
An seòmar a bhaig a "mammie,"
Tunnagan a's gambna,
A' dannsadh ann "Gille Calum"
Fiodhal agus srann aice,
Thall far am biodh an tarrunn,
'Chrochadh iad 'sa gheamhradh,
An lanndair a bh' aig a "grannie."
Ho ro, etc.

Chunnaic i 'cuid pìoban,
'Nan sìomain a's iad nan lasair
'San spliùchdan 's a' Bìobull
'S na mìltean ann do na radain
'S far am biodh a seana-mhathair
A seanachas mu 'n fhear nach maireann,
'S chlach a bh' aig a' gheal-abhan
Ri searmoin an tigh-a'-bhaine.
Ho ro, etc.

'S na mullain anns a' gbaradh
Gu 'n d' fhas iad na 'n creagan salluinn,
'S Beinn Neibheis a's Beinn Bhearnoch
Na 'm bàtaichean air an amhuinn

'S rothan air an cliathaichean,
Do dh' iarunn gu 'n cuir a dh' aindeoin,
'S ann an tigh-na-h-innleachd,
Na sìthichean a' dol am falach.
Ho ro, etc.

Bha 'n saoghal a' gluasad,
'S na cruachan a' dol 'san talamh;
'S tighean air an t-sàile,
Agus stàilinn a bha 'sa bhalla
Cnuthagan a's bàrnaich
A' sàsachadh ris na cabair
'S an crodh a bha 's na bathaichean,
Gu 'n d' fhàs iad 'nan mucan-mara.
Ho ro, etc.

Thàinig beagan tùr oirre,
'G ùrnnigh gu 'n tigeadh Calum,
'S bha i air a glùinean,
'S na srùlaichean di do dh' fhallus,
Le bata agus e a lùbadh
Gu cùl-thaobh a's i g'a tharruing,
'S 'nuair a rinn i dùsgadh,
Bha smùideadh aic air a' bhalla.
Ho ro, etc.

In the colonies there are many of our clansmen in good positions, one of these being The Honourable Donald MacInnes of Dundurn Castle, Ontario, British North America, a native of historic Glencoe, whose name has been mentioned to me (by my enterprising namesake, Mr. John MacInnes, Onich, the designer of the beautiful MacInnes hunting tartan) as that of one who is a credit to the clan.

One clansman more I shall mention to you, viz., Mr. Malcolm N. MacInnes, M.A., LL.B., Edinburgh, and I do not know that any one who now bears the name excels him in intellectual gifts. From the time Mr. MacInnes, as a young boy, entered the Public School at Drumfearn, in the parish of Sleat, in Skye, until he came out as a fully fledged LL.B. of



KILMUIR GRAVEYARD, SKYE.

the University of Edinburgh, his course (although beset with many difficulties) has been one of uninterrupted triumph. "His career," as one of his professors has said, "has been most honourable to him."

Here are a few of his scholastic achievements:—1st in the Synod of Glenelg Bursary Competition; 3rd in University Open Competition; Passed for a three years' curriculum, and entered the University Second Year's Classes at the age of fifteen; 1st in Third Year's Students Bursary Competition, open to all the four Scottish Universities; and he gained by competition successively the Macpherson Arts Bursary of £90, and the Thomson Law Bursary of £100. In the Arts Courts he got five first class Certificates of Merit; while in his Law Curriculum he obtained "distinction" and 4th honours in Medical Jurisprudence; "distinction," 2nd class honours, and 3rd prize in Civil Law; "distinction" and 1st honours in Public Law; "high distinction," 3rd honours and 3rd prize in Scots Law; "distinction" in Conveyancing; and "distinction" and 2nd honours in Procedure and Evidence.

Another professor says:—"Mr. MacInnes's work for the LL.B. was throughout of excellent character," while a third bears testimony that "he was a very distinguished student, and is the best man who has come to me from the Highlands during the whole course of my tenure of this chair."

Mr. MacInnes, too, is no mean athlete. He evidently believes in "a sound mind in a sound body." He has won the weights, hammer, and cabar at the Skye Gathering; is the best thrower of weights of his College, having won for it the Scottish Championship and some other leading events. As becomes a Highlander he does not neglect the ancient game of Shinty. He has been captain of the Portree Shinty Club, and three times of the Edinburgh University team—a lovely "back," by all accounts. As a matter of course, Mr. MacInnes speaks and writes his native Gaelic language with perfect fluency and ease; and he plays the Highland bagpipes as if he had graduated with honours in the College of the MacCrimmons itself. Let us hope that Mr. MacInnes will, ere long, occupy the position on the world's stage to which his brilliant talents assuredly entitle him.

In the different churches, too, we find several clergymen at the present day occupying useful positions and doing the work of their Master with fidelity and zeal. Their records alone would probably furnish material for an ordinary lecture; but it may, perhaps, suffice to indicate where a few of them are to be found. And, I daresay, some other clansmen might do worse than prepare for you, in the good time that, I

hope, is coming, two or three papers about "The Clergymen of the Clan," including my own Sept. One is to be found somewhere in the neighbourhood of "Far Lochaber"; another in historic Glencoe; another in one of the Knapdales of Argyle; another near the home of Sir Walter Scott; another in "Scotia's Darling Seat"; another in "The East Neuk of Fife"; and last, though not least, another (whose name is well-known in the field of Celtic literature) lives in "the capital of the West Highlands."

In other walks of life, also, MacInneses hold responsible posts. In commerce, you have some very good representatives. You have likewise notable pipers and dancers of the name, while among them that "go down to the sea in ships," bold and skilful mariners of the name of MacInnes will be found.

(Concluded).

DIOGHALTAS NIC GRIOGAIR! (MACGREGOR'S REVENGE.)

A TALE OF THE KEPPOCH COUNTRY.

THE night was dark and gloomy. Wild autumn gusts swept down the dark ravines and mountain gullies with the whistle that foretells the coming snow. Away in the rocky clefts of Ben Nevis, the golden eagle, storm-nurtured and fearless, screamed back in answering notes of exultation to the mad chorus of swollen torrent and leaping cataract bursting into foam over the grey, worn rocks.

It was in the sixteenth century, this night of storm—when all nature cried aloud in rending agony of upturn roots and breaking branches—that raged in "Fair Lochaber of the leafy trees"; the days when the unfortunate Macgregors were hunted to death by bloodhounds at the instance of King James VI.

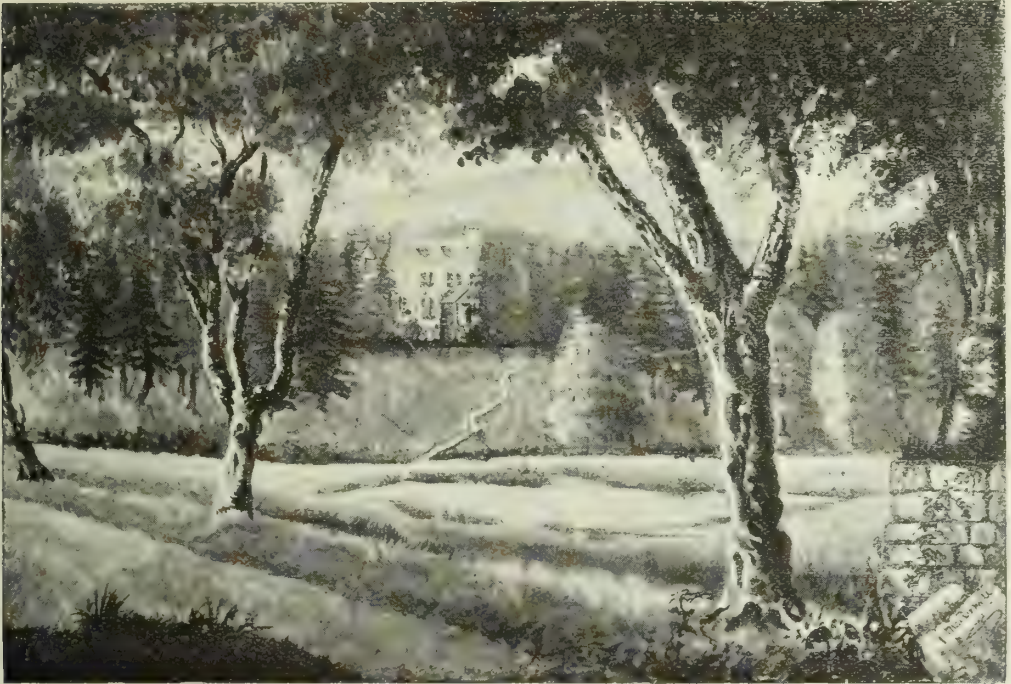
Death to the name! Death to those who gave them shelter!—A stern decree, without doubt, yet the very depths of his soul had been stirred by the sight of the three hundred mourning women of Clan Colquhoun mounted on white palfreys, travelling alone from Glenfruin (the Glen of Sorrow), each carrying a spear with the blood-stained shirt of husband, father, or lover depending therefrom, and crying aloud to him for vengeance on the murderers.

The house of Tirnadris nestles among natural woods of pine, larch, birch, and hazel. A deep, fast-flowing burn, with rocky banks, tumbles past the house till it empties itself into the river Spean. Even now, at this late epoch of history,

the belated Catholic peasant, whose business takes him over the stone bridge that spans the burn, crosses himself devoutly as he glances fearfully from side to side. There, resided a gentleman cadet of the clan, although not originally a native of that district. Like most Highlanders of position of the period, he had received his education in France—a fact which may account for the Celts being so far in advance of their English neighbours in point of culture. On this night he had been sitting up late, reading an old French romance. The weirdness of the tale, heightened by the howling storm without, filled the room with strange noises and whispered voices.

"Diabhal!" (devil) muttered this somewhat profane soldier, casting down his book impatiently, "I could have sworn I had heard a whispered conversation close to my ear. I will read no more."

Even as he spoke, what was his surprise to see a wild, scared face pressed close against the window, lit up with eyes of intense suffering and terror. In those days of clan feuds and secret enmities, he did what was only natural to the occasion—clapped his hand to his side, where hung the faithful and useful Highland dirk. The crouching figure at the window sprang through with one bound into the centre of the room, where, kneeling 'at the soldier's



From Original Sketch

[by Miss Josephine Macdonell of Keppoch.

KEPPOCH HOUSE.

feet, he held out two pleading emaciated arms.

"Shelter! shelter! in the name of the Trinity, for myself and my four young brothers." The torn and faded jacket, together with the almost colourless tartan of the kilt, told his listener nothing as to what clan implored his aid. Hidden ambush and treacherous assault being a favourite mode of warfare with his old hereditary foes the Campbells, he regarded the intruder with great suspicion, and asked coldly:

"In whose name do you demand shelter of me this night?"

"Is not the name of the Holy Trinity sufficient? *Our* name is heard neither by day

nor by night!" whispered the stranger hoarsely, as he folded back a corner of the checked kilt he wore, displaying the colours not yet completely faded by storm and rain—*The red checks of the hunted Clan Gregor!* The man continued in gasps: "Those sleuth-hounds of Campbells are on our track. I demand what no man dare refuse in Highland castle or bothy—one night's shelter and protection in the name of the Trinity!"

"A Dhia! a Dhia!" (My God! my God!) cried his listener in tones of horror, a storm of conflicting emotions shaking him to the very soul. In a flash the dead past rose once more

before his eyes. There lay the peaceful shore of Loch Lomond, with the leaves turning to red in the autumn blight; delicate waving silver birches stirred gently in the winds, and the scarlet berries of the mountain ash showed bright amid their russet leaves. Fairer than glistening wave, or stretching moor of purple heather; fairer than earth, or sea, or sky, was Ina Colquhoun, his promised bride, his "Lily of the Lomond." Where was she now?—lying under the sodden grass that covered her white breast, by the shores of Loch Lomond, so still and quiet under this night of storm and stress. Done to death by grief for the murder of father and brothers! And here—even here!—one of the hated name dared to ask shelter of *him*!

"Go, wretches, go! ere I kill you with my own hands," was the unheard of response to an appeal so asked.

"Curses on you!" thundered the shivering applicant, "for no true Highlander or Lochaber man would refuse shelter asked in God's name."

"I am not a Lochaber man," muttered the soldier morosely.

"I might have known it. I came to the wrong house, for not another man in wide Lochaber would have refused protection so asked to the vilest criminal."

"Mac-an-Diabhail!" (Son of the Devil) thundered his listener furiously, "Take yourself and your caitiff brothers off my lands. Ere half an hour has gone by, word will have been sent for your capture by the chief, the Lord of Lochaber."

With a muttered curse, Macgregor dashed through the window as he had come, and was soon absorbed into the blackness of the night.

When the messenger informed the chief of Keppoch that five of the proscribed clan were in hiding on his lands, he blamed his clansman's officious zeal in no measured words. Bound to aid against the enemies of the king by a written bond, for the possession of certain lands in the territory of Argyle, honour forbade him to disregard the information. Not so with his clan, who, bound by no such promise, stoutly refused to lend a hand in capturing the sorely persecuted men. Against his inclinations, the chief set out with a few alien retainers on his most unwelcome mission. The miserable men were at last overtaken where they had lain in hiding on the wooded banks of the burn; and there, as they would not surrender, they were killed. The trunks (for the heads were cut off and sent to Edinburgh) were buried by the side of the stream, where their graves are still pointed out.

A year had passed. It was the anniversary of the betrayal of the unfortunate Macgregors.

Tirnadrís sat in his room, a gloom on his brow and something akin to remorse in his heart. Unattended, he was seeking to drown thought in the pleasures of study. Suddenly the idea that he was not alone took possession of him. Seizing an old oak candlestick, he slowly perambulated the room, peering into every nook and cranny. Nothing!—not even the timorous breathing of a mouse. So, sitting down, he prepared to resume his studies where he had left off. No—something *was* in the room, he felt positive. With a sharp glance over his shoulder, he saw that which caused him to spring with a bound to his feet—a hand pushing aside one of the oak panels in the wainscot; and, stepping into the room came a man, tall, broad-shouldered, attired in kilt, sporran, and plaid, but—God in heaven!—carrying his head under his arm!

Rooted to the spot with horror, every hair standing on end, the watcher could only stare helplessly at the terrible apparition, waiting for further sign or movement on its part. Slowly, and with no apparent object, he saw it turn and walk deliberately out of the room, still carrying its loathsome burden tucked under the arm. A cold sweat burst from every pore in the man's body; a nameless fear, and sense of growing familiarity with the hateful vision, took possession of him, and yet—it bore no resemblance whatever, either in height or figure, to any of the five murdered brothers. The very tartan looked strangely familiar.

After the first access of terror had somewhat subsided, the Highlander, seizing a horn, filled it to the brim with pure undiluted "mountain dew." "My nerves are weaker than a woman's to-night," he murmured angrily, as he drained his dram. "Am I a weakling to be frightened by phantoms of the imagination? It can be nothing else." Determined to master his emotions, and decidedly more able to do so under the influence of his fiery potation, Tirnadrís sat on defiantly through the grey chill dawn. Nothing, however, further disturbed his calm that night.

Nearly a week had gone by since the disturbance alluded to. The soldier, moving from one part of the country to another, almost forgot the disquieting vision he had seen, or only remembered it as an evil dream. When next he found himself in his cosy wainscotted study, surrounded by his favourite books, it was with no thought or fear of phantoms to disturb his mental balance.

In the hall stood a quaint old-fashioned clock, carved with curious figures of Chinese mandarins and ladies, nodding amicably to each other. The hours struck in a sobbing, wheezy manner, with stately intervals between, as if to give the

listener time to mark and meditate on the flight of the swift revolving hours. One—two, came in long-drawn gasps, as the most venerable of the mandarins slowly bobbed his head and waved his fan. Coming out of a pleasant reverie with a start of surprise at the lateness of the hour, Tirnadris was again conscious of another presence in the room besides his own. With a creepy sensation of knowing he was being watched by unseen eyes, he looked round in every direction for the advent of an intruder. His hand, which was stretched towards a new volume on the bookshelf, was arrested in mid-air without any volition on his part, pointing with one finger towards the sliding panel from whence issued the *nameless thing*, arrayed with the same scrupulous neatness of detail, and walking with stately measured strides towards where he sat. The hideous half-congealed blood was still wet on the trunk, and the head carried as before under the arm. Again the puzzling sense of familiarity, the unavailing effort to distinguish the features, and the baffling endeavour to make out the tartan before his eyes. Fear shook his strong frame as the speechless horror slowly turned and walked towards the door as heretofore. Then all was silent as the grave, and everything in its normal condition—even the drops of blood he had seen and heard falling on the polished surface of the floor left no visible mark or stain.

Week succeeded week, and each night saw the fated Highlander compelled by some occult influence to keep his lonely vigil and tryst with his ghostly visitant. If the mute head would only speak, invoking either curse or warning! If some word would only issue from those stiffening lips to break the awful silence, he felt he could bear it better. Was he to be so tormented for the rest of his natural life? If so, he would probably end by becoming a raving maniac.

Determined to elucidate the mystery if it lay in mortal power to do so, the soldier at last bethought him of the "Taibhshear" (one who has second sight), an old and valued retainer, and to him he sent word. When he arrived, he confided his trouble to one whose ears were well accustomed to such tales, and whose discretion was unquestioned.

"I will sit up with you to-night, Tirnadris," said the old man quietly, "then we shall see—what God wills we shall see."

Comforted, and with stouter heart now that he had a companion to share his vigil, the host produced his best whisky, and he and the "Taibhshear" sat in the oak-panelled room, brewing stiff tumblers of toddy, going over many a deer-stalking expedition or wild foray in which they had taken part, until they became so

absorbed in their reminiscences that they entirely forgot the real object of their vigil. Unnoticed and unheeded came the preliminary twitter of the madarin's fan, then the slow one—two—fell on the still air, and ere they were aware the headless apparition stood in the middle of the room.

"A Dhia gleidh sinn!" (God protect us) piously ejaculated the "Taibhshear," crossing himself devoutly. As to Tirnadris, the steaming glass of toddy he was in the act of raising to his lips fell clattering on to the floor, shivered to atoms, the boiling fluid scalding his hand unheeded.

A heavy sickening odour filled the room with the smell of fresh blood, as drop by drop fell from the seemingly new cut veins. There it stood immovable for fully ten minutes, as if to give ample time for examination, then turned slowly and walked deliberately through the closed door. With a violent clutch the "Taibhshear" seized his companion's arm, forgetful for the moment of class distinctions, crying out excitedly, "Look at his legs! look at his legs!" The same tantalizing sense of familiarity seizing Tirnadris, he gazed in the direction indicated, and saw the swollen varicose veins in the legs of the apparition—the *exact counterpart of his own*. With a start of disgust he turned towards the "Taibhshear," mutely demanding an explanation.

"Tirnadris," slowly whispered the old man, a grey look overspreading his countenance, "the wraith is your own! Never go out to speak with anyone in the dark near your own door. Never turn your back towards a stranger."

From that hour the ghostly visitations ceased. The haunted man, relieved from the constant strain, began to recover his health and his spirits with the elasticity of the Celt. "Why should I fear?" he consoled himself by saying. "In these venturesome times it is like enough that I shall get killed in some foray or battle, but that may mean many years hence."

Yet once again it came, on the very anniversary of the betrayal. The horror of seeing it re-appear in all its sickening details so filled the soldier with a frenzy of terrified fury that he rushed after the vision as it vanished, through the long hall out into the dark starlit night, unrelieved by a single ray of moonlight. The cool mountain breezes blowing through the waving branches of the trees, calmed and soothed his heated brain. Feeling he could not re-enter the house again immediately, perhaps to meet with the dreaded wraith, he walked with sharp decisive steps the whole length of the long avenue, thickly wooded on each side, determined to forget the memories of the night. Soothed by the soft sighing of the winds among the dark

piners, he began to retrace his steps until he had almost reached his own door, when he heard a soft tread close behind him, and, turning quickly, encountered a tall slim youth, who raised his glengarry bonnet politely, demanding courteously to be directed to the main road as he had lost his way in the dark. "I fear," he apologised gently, "I have intruded into what I now perceive to be private ground. If so, I beg to apologise."

"No need, I assure you," replied the soldier, disarmed at once by the courteous accents of the stranger, "but will you not rather partake of my poor hospitality for the night? The roads are not overly safe in the dark."

"Nay," answered the younger man hastily. "Urgent business demands that I should push on to D—to-night. A thousand thanks, all the same."

"In that case I will myself accompany you to the foot of the avenue, and see you safe on your way so far," answered Toinadris.

"Do you know, I was beginning to feel scared in these dark woods of yours, sir," said the youth, "almost as if they were haunted."

"Why should you think so?" sharply demanded Toinadris.

"Oh!" laughed the stranger frankly, "I did not think at all, I only *felt* scared. It was foolish, I know."

"Undoubtedly," replied the other. "For you, at least, these woods can have no haunting memories."

"No haunting memories?" almost whispered the youth. Then in louder tones, "No, no, assuredly not." Pulling himself together with an effort, he commenced to chat gaily to his companion, who, nothing loth to have his mind diverted from his own reflections, listened with amused attention. Once the stranger, unobserved by his companion, looked furtively over his shoulder, when an evil smile crossed his face in the darkness. Swiftly and silently from the dark woods stole four stealthy, creeping figures, their deerskin brogues making no sound as they stole nearer and nearer, each clutching a sharp pointed dirk in his right hand. With a spring, the foremost, a short, thick-set man, had plunged his dirk between the shoulders of the unsuspecting Toinadris, and the soldier fell beneath the knives of the assassins, almost at his own door.

In the morning the corpse was found lying in the dark woods, minus the head, which had been placed mockingly under the left arm. A blood-stained dirk pointed to a rude inscription cut in the green sod:—"Dioghaltas-Nic-Griogair!"

ALICE C. McDONELL
Of Keppoch.

GLEN EILA.

A HIGHLAND BALLAD, SUGGESTED BY A SKETCH
IN THE "CELTIC MONTHLY."

CRADLED in loneliness, splendour and clouds,
Where the grim mountains lift up their
headlands,
Hushed in its rain-mists, walled from the world,
Dreams the glad vale of Glen Eila.

Lone are its hills to the edge of the world,
With their brows flame-tipped with the heather,
Till down the hushed noonday are heard the dead
feet
Of the clansmen who once trod the heather.

But 'tis far, far the day, and 'tis long the lone weeks,
Looking back down the years with their sorrow,
Since love lingered here and gleamed on the cheeks
Of *Mahri, the dream of Glen Eila.

The touch of the morning, the sound of the brook,
In her face and her voice set me dreaming;
Till it seemed the wild grandeur of glenside and
peak,
But existed to frame her eye's gleaming.

She comes once again when the nightwinds sob in
Round the sad wintry curve of the mountains;
And I know her sweet ghost, like a dream in the
past,
Welling up from out the heart's fountains.

Two little clasped hands, two pleading soft eyes,
Looking up to me true in the twilight,
And the stir of a leaf, where the shy, watchful wind
Went past—God help and forgive me.

O the evil of youth and the madness of youth,
And the curse of this world with its dragon
Of callous, cold form and its mock of a heart,
That crushed my sweet flower of Glen Eila!

I saw my proud mother, my father so stern,
With his twenty grim lord-lines behind him;
And I put by her hand, and lost what this world
Hath sweetest of gift in its giving.

I could not tell all, how could I explain
To so pure and so trusting a spirit?
But I put her love by with a poor shifty lie,
And fled from my heart and Glen Eila.

O, she dreamed on the slopes, and she gazed far
to sea,
And she looked long to mountain-ward waiting,
Till the wistful eyes dimmed, and the trusting heart
broke,
In the tryst of the years in Glen Eila.

Till a slumber more kind than the heart of a man
Took her peaceful at last to its keeping;
And the stars peep at night, and the mountains
look down
On the grave where my dead love is sleeping.

My henchmen are many, my castle walls old,
And my station the pride of my people;
But I put it all by, with this world and its lie,
And I long for the slopes of Glen Eila.

I long for the bracken, the blue slopes of heather,
The purple peaks in the twilight ;
And a far-away voice, and a long-vanished face,
That gleams from the slopes of Glen Eila.

And oft when I weary of statecraft and rout,
And the simper of dame and court lady,
I wander, in dreams, to the heatherhill gleams,
And the glen that I trod with my Mahri.

And I see her sweet face, and I touch her soft hand,
And the years roll back with their shadow
Of dim, dreary days to those God-given hours
When I wandered the slopes of Glen Eila.

O, the grim heavy years, O, the sad thievish years,
That steal all our youth and our gladness !
Would thee but bring to me, through their dream
and their dree,
Nepenthe to life and its madness—

Till I stand once again, mid the sun and the rain,
Where the mountains slope down with their heather;
While the long years they pass, like the wind in the
grass,

With Mahri and love in Glen Eila.

Canada.

W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

* Pronounced Mary.

ST. COLUMBA GAELIC CHOIR.

This group was taken at Oban in 1894, on the occasion of the Gaelic Mòd, when they won, for the third year in succession, the first prize for Choral Singing, 1892-93-94.

K. D. MacKENZIE.	PAUL MACCOLL.	DUNCAN MacINTYRE.	DONALD BELL.	JOHN MacKENZIE.
MAGGIE MacKAY.	DUGALD FERGUSON.	MAGGIE MacKINNON.	ANNIE CARMICHAEL.	MARY MACCOLL.



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MAGGIE MACDONALD.	ARCHIBALD FERGUSON	WILLIAM CAMPBELL
	Conductor	
MARGARET MACDONALD.	TENA CARMICHAEL.	
MARY MACDONALD. EMILY MACDONALD. KATE MACDONALD.	ELIZABETH E. MACRAY.	P. M'C. MACDONALD.
JOHN MACCOLL.	BESSIE ARCHIBALD.	PETER MACNAB.

The Choir hold their Annual Gaelic Concert in the Waterloo Rooms, Glasgow, on Wed., 20th March, 1901, when a large and attractive programme of solos and choral music will be rendered.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

MARCH, 1901.

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CUMHADH VICTORIA.

Naigheachd bhrònach tha ri aithris,
 Naigheachd chràiteach,
 Naigheachd dheurach do gach fine;
 'S naigheachd bàis i:
 Bànrigh Bhreatuinn, mhùirneach, mhaiseach,
 Craobh na h-àilleachd,
 Air dol eug an deas-taobh Shasuinn,
 'S mòr an cràdh e:
 Sgiamhachd ighinn, dìlseachd mnatha,
 Rogha màthar;
 Riaghladh ciallach, fialaidh, tairis,
 Aoidheach, gràsail:
 Sasunn dubhach, Albainn cumhach;
 Eirinn pràmhail;
 Cuairt-a'-ché gu léir ri tuireadh,
 'S leòir am fàth e;
 Naigheachd bhrònach tha ri aithris,
 Naigheachd chràiteach,
 Naigheachd dheurach do gach fine;
 'S naigheachd bàis i.

P. C.

A FAMOUS SUTHERLAND SCHOOLMASTER.—A movement has been started by a number of the former pupils of the late Thomas Fraser, for 38 years schoolmaster of the Parishes of Rogart and Golspie, to raise a fund for the purpose of providing a suitable memorial, either in the form of a tablet or a bursary, in honour of their old teacher. Former pupils are invited to co-operate—donations should be sent to Mr. Donald Mackay, Reay House, Hereford, or Mr. Charles Gray, B.A., 5 New Court, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.

HIGHLANDERS IN WILTSHIRE.—A Scottish Society is being formed at present at Swindon, Wiltshire. A dinner was held a few days ago, presided over by that gifted son of Mull, Dr. J. Campbell Maclean.

THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF LONDON announces that the 123rd anniversary will be celebrated on the 21st March, when a number of officers of the Highland regiments will be entertained to dinner

on their return from South Africa. General Hector Macdonald has written accepting the invitation of the Society should he be home by that time. The dinner will be held as usual at the Whitehall Rooms of the Hotel Metropole. At a recent General Court of the Society a sum of over £100 was voted as bursaries to Highland students.

THE LATE CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, LL.D.

IN MEMORIAM.

AND thou art gone—the Gaels best friend
 For long and trying years—
 Where all at last their way must wend
 Beyond the vale of tears?

No sluggard wert thou in the field
 Where it was thine to toil,
 But ready aye the weak to shield,
 And greed and wrong to foil.

Neglected by the great, in thee—
 In days of sorest need—
 The toilers on the croft and sea
 Found one their cause to plead.

In Westminster thou stood like steel—
 The free lance of the Gael—
 A Highlander from head to heel,
 That went not there to fail.

Dear unto thee were the rough glens
 Of thine own fatherland,
 The misty isles, the snowcapp'd bens,
 And loch's wild wave-washed strand.

The tongue in which fond mothers sing
 To sleep their Highland babes,
 Thou loved since first thou heard it ring
 Upon Dochgarroch's braes.

From Borlum's famous warrior sprung,
 The brave were dear to thee,
 The men of old that claymores swung
 For kings beyond the sea.

After unwearied years of search
 For truth on every hand,
 'Twas thine with story to enrich
 The annals of our land.

Beside the deep-toned western sea,
 The sweet bardess of Skye
 With silver tongue has sang of thee
 In lines that shall not die.

And now my clansman, lealest, best,
 O'er thee the grave we close,
 And sadly leave thee there to rest
 Till the last trumpet blows.

Sleep on, thou noble, faithful Gael
 That never failed thy race;
 But where, O where are we to find
 He that will fill thy place?

Hatfield.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

A LOCHABER ROMANCE.

BY DR. KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, *Editor*
"The Gesto Collection of Highland Music."

HE following tale is a good illustration of the old adage that the course of true love never did run smooth.

Early in the eighteenth century, according to a Lochaber tradition, a very pathetic incident of mutual affection sprang up between two young people in the Lochaber district, viz., between Mac Fir Dhail an Easa, Macdonald, younger of Dalness, Glencoe, and Glenetive, and Mòr (or Marion), a daughter of Raonuill Mòr Mac-Dhomhnuill, Tir-na-dris, in the Braes of Lochaber, a niece of Silis Nic Dhomhnuill, the famous poetess, and granddaughter of Gilleasbuig na Ceapaich XIV. or XV., chief of that ilk. Both lovers were very young at the time, and their affection was intensified—as has always been the case—in proportion to the obstacles placed in their way.

In those days, as in more remote times, young ladies, especially of the better class, were not always allowed to choose life-partners for themselves, but had to accept the fate mapped out for them by far seeing parents, who, from considerations of more or less wealth and position, decided what was best for their offsprings' future happiness. The parents of both parties in this case were against the young people getting married, but the love that laughs at locksmiths is seldom or ever cooled by the actions even of the wisest of parents. At length seeing that the young couple were determined not to be thwarted, deception was resorted to, and so far successfully. Young Macdonald's father wrote a letter to Miss Macdonell, in his son's name, informing her that he was married to a Miss Campbell, a lady of some property whom he wished his son to marry. When the girl received this news she was terribly upset, and having gone through a process of grief she afterwards, as a solatium for wounded feelings, married a Mr. Macpherson, whom her father had long since chosen for her. Mac Fir Dhail an-Easa was so much grieved and disappointed on hearing of her marriage that he took ill with a fever from which he never recovered, and died soon afterwards. His old love—now Mrs. Macpherson—attended his funeral, and on discovering the cause of his death, and that he was never married, she also broke down, and died some time after of a broken heart. This is an uncommon mode of death at the present day, but it does occur occasionally, even in towns where the fair sex are as numerous as berries.

This singling out of one person of either sex, and regarding him or her with greater affection than any other living person, is a very mysterious arrangement of things human. That a certain sympathy exists between people of certain types is undoubted, and it is in this way that "love at first sight" occurs when two persons, total strangers to each other, first meet. No doubt face attraction acts powerfully, but it by no means embraces all. The charm of manner, and general suitability are also necessary to produce this spontaneous attraction beyond all others of the same sex. Previous to the above tragic ending of the lovers both invoked the muse, and like true love birds sang to each other after the manner of their heart's yearnings. It will no doubt be a surprise and disappointment to many people, especially in Skye and Gairloch, to learn that the famous and lovely song, "Cuachag nan Craobh," attributed to William Ross, the famous lyric poet, was, according to this Lochaber tradition, not composed by William Ross, but by "Mac Fir Dhail an Easa," young Macdonald of Dalness, for his lady love. Personally, I am not quite satisfied on the point. I hold by the Skye and Gairloch poet, as it seems to me that "Feasgar Luain," and "Cuachag nan Craobh," were by the same hand; but Mr. Alexander Macdonald of Upper South River, Nova Scotia, assures me that while his father, Alexander Macdonald, Ridge, lived in Lochaber, prior to 1816, he never heard "Cuachag nan Craobh" attributed to William Ross, but to "Mac Fir Dhail an Easa," the hero of our romance, who died about 1720 or 1725. He also says that Alastair Bàn, his great-great-grandfather, sang it at a wake shortly after the author's death, and about forty years before William Ross was born! and he further states that the song presently to be quoted was Miss Macdonell's reply to the "Cuachag." She replied to all his songs:—

Mo cheist cas dhìreadh nan stùe, leis a' ghunna
 nach diùlt,
 Bhiodh fuil air driùchd mu'n eirinn;
 Le mhial-chonaibh seang air loinn 'na laimh;
 Bhiodh pudhair air eòin 's air féidh ann;
 Gheibhteadh sìod aig mo ghaol, coileach air sgéith.
 Mu'n biodh air fear eile a léine,
 'S e thaghainn dhomb féin deadh shealgair an
 fhéidh,
 Nach fhaicinn a chaoidh 'na éiginn.

Cùl buidh ort mar òr, blas meal air do phòig;
 Cha ghabhainn ort tòrr no feudail;
 'S tu ceist no fear ur nach caidleadh 'san smùr,
 'Sa mhaduinn 'nàm tùis éirigh;
 'S gloine do ghnùis 'us guirme do shùl;
 'S tlachd-mhor air tùs dhàin' thu;
 Le 'd bbreacan glan ùr paisgte mu 'd chùl,
 Cha 'n fhaic mo shùil t-aogas.

O, t' eugas ri luaidh, m' fheudail de 'n t-sluagh,
 Cha 'n fhanadh tu m' fhuath na 'm feudainn ;
 'S cha luighadh orm gruaim na 'm faighinn mo
 luaidh

Pòsda le deòin cleire.

O, m' ulaidh 's mo mhainn m' aidhear 's mo chiall,
 Caol mala bho fion tig failte
 Cha 'n eil e fo 'n ghréin a thaghinn a'd dhéigh
 Na 'm bitheadh tu déis m' fhàgail.

When our young hero took to his bed he
 composed the following song to her :—

Gu 'm beil mise so 'm luidhe
 An leabaidh chumbaing chaol chlàraidh ;
 Tha mo cheann air a lionadh
 De dh' fhiabhras mi nàdar ;

Cha 'n fhuachd 'us cha teas dhomh,
 'S cha 'n eil fhios ciod is fàth dhomh ;
 'S ann a thoiseach mo ghalar
 Mu 'm sgamhan 's mu 'n àirnean.

Beir mo shoiridh null tharis
 Gu m' leannan do 'n Bhràighe
 'S nuair a chluinneas e'n aithris,
 Cha mhath leath' mar thà mi ;
 Gun sugradh gun aiteas,
 'S gur h-e chleachd mi a h-àbhachd
 Gur h-e cuimhne do phoige,
 Ghaoil, a leòn chun a' bhàis mi.

Ged bu shocrach mo leabaidh,
 Cha do chaidil mi 'n raoir,



BRIDGE ON THE SPEAN, KEPPOCH.

O nach d' fhuair mi thu again
 An taice ri 'm thaobh ;
 Nam eirigh 'sa mhaduinn,
 Bha thu fada bho m' ghlaodh ;
 'S mòr a b' fheairrde mi agam
 Aon aiteal de m' ghaol.

'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo leannan
 Anns a' ghleannan an uaigneas,
 No am badan beag doire
 Far an goireadh na cuachan,
 Thu bhi luibte 'nam bhreacan,
 Dlùth paisgt' air do shuanadh ;
 'S gu 'm faighinn le deòin, a ghaoil,
 Do phòg, 's i nach b-fhuath leam.

Cha 'n e ro mbeud do nithean
 A tha mise 'ga iarguinn,
 Ach mi 'm luidhe so 'm aonar
 Ri smaointean diomhain ;
 Gheibhinn bean anns an tìr so
 Da 'm bheil ni de shìol Diarmaid,
 Ach le mheud 's thug mi ghràdh dhuit,
 Gu 'm bi dàil aic am bliadhna.

Gu 'm bheil mise fo sprochd,
 A ghaoil, o thaiseach mo cheist ort ;
 Their gach aon de mo chairdean
 Nach e ghoraiche bheag dhomh,
 Mar gabh laigse na feòla,
 'S ann aige mo leisgeul,

O 'n 's trì nithean gun iarraidh,
Gaol, iadach, 'us eagal.

Gur a mì th' air mo leònachd,
Mo ribhinn òg a' chuill duinn,
'S tu dh' fhagadh gu slàn mi,
Ged a thu mì gu tinn;
Gruaidh dhearg ort mar chaorainn
Slios marbh fhaoilinn air tuinn;
'S e bhi coimhead a' d' aodann
Cùis a b' aobhaiche leam.

Gur a diumbach mi a'd athair,
De 'd luchd-taighe 's de 'd chàirdean,
Le an litrichean breugach,
Mar a thréig iad do ghràdh orm;
Bha an dream d' an robh mise
Làn misnich 'us àrdain;
'S e ar cumail o chèile,
Dh' fhàg fo éislean gu bràth mi.

Her reply to the foregoing—"Ged a chaidh
mo phòsadh."

Ged a chaidh mo phòsadh,
Cha bu deònach mi féin air;
'Nuair a choimhead mi 'm dhéigh e
B'e mo roghainn a thréig mi;
Og ùr a chuill ghasda,
Bu tu mo thaitneachas céile;
'S truagh, a ghaoil, gun bhi mar ruit,
Fo sparrabh nan déile.

Ged thig fear mo thaigh' dhachaidh,
Cha dean mi ris fàilte;
Cha dean mi ris cridhealas,
Bruidhinn no gàire;
Tha e nochd, 's e ceann iosal,
Fear nach diobradh an àileas;
Dh' fhàg sìod mise fo éislean
Fad mo ré 'us mo làithean.

Tha mo chion air an fhleasgach
Dhonn, leadanach, bhòidheach;
Bha thu 'n fhine nach strìochdadh,
De dh' fhion-fhuil Chlann Dòmhnuaill;
'S ann a ghabh mi mo chead diot
Aig an eaglais Di-Domhnuaich; (là a thòrradh)
'S ged nach d' fhaod mi bhi cainnt riut
Bha de shannt na bu leòir orm.

'S truagh, a ghaoil, nach robh mise
Gun fhios air do chùl-thaobh,
'N àm togail do lic
Agus bristeadh na h-ùire;
Cha 'n iarrainn do chistidh
Ach do shlios a bhi dlùth rinn—
Sgeul mo sgaraidh 's mo léireadh!
'S ann do 'n eug thug thu cùntas.

Another of Macdonald's songs to his lady
love is "Mòr nighean Raonuill."

Mòr nighean Raonuill, cailin gaolach
Bu ghlan taobh 'us bàighe,
Mòr nighean Raonuill.

Leannan fhleasgach bu leòn deise,
'S beag nach d' thug i'm bàs dhomh,
Mòr nighean Raonuill.

Cha b' ann air cladach nan cuaintean
Bu dual dhuit bhi t' àrach,
Mòr nighean Raonuill.

Ach an tìr nan gallan uaine
Am biodh 'm boc ruadh 's a mhàthair.
Mòr nighean Raonuill.

'S truagh nach robh mis agus ise
Gu mas ann an àite,
Mòr nighean Raonuill.

Far an cluinnteadh guth a' choilich
Anns an doire làmh ruinn,
Mòr nighean Raonuill.

No an leabaidh chlàir an seòmair mullaich
Far nach cluinnteadh càch sinn,
Mòr nighean Raonuill.

Another of Macdonald's songs to his lady
love is "As mo chadal cha bheag 'm airsneal."

As mo chadal cha bheag 'm airsneal
'S gun thu agam, a ghràidh,
An déis dhomh t' fhaicinn ann an aisling
Eadar mo dhà làmh;
Gul an aisling o nach ceart mi
Chuir as domh gu bràth,
Tha saighdean Chupid gu gear guineach,
Umam ann an sìs.

Beir soiridh bhuam an diugh air chuairt
Gu bean an sguab-fhuill réidh;
'S tu 's gloine gnùis 's tu 's guirma sùil,
'S tu mar an drùidh air fear;
Cul fàinneach cas nan iomad pleat,
'S an snuadh air dhreach nan teud;
O choin! mo sprochd 's nach faod mi fois,
'S mi air mo lot a'd dhéigh.

Tha do mhuineal gun chron cumadh
Far bheil gaol gach duin an tàmh;
Tha seang-shlios falain ort, mar eala
Air bharraibh thonn a snàmh;
Thug mi ceist 'us cha bu bheag e
'Mhnaoi an leadain thlàith;
'S e t-ùrla bhuadbach nach fhaigh bhuamsa
Cridhe fuar gu bràth.

Mar shlat thu 'n abhal anns a' ghràdh
Air an d' fhàs am meas;
Mar ghràinne cruinneachd ann am paire,
Nach d' fhàs 'na mheangan dris,
'S e teanga bhlasda gun bhi lapach
Leis na ghilacadh mis;
Tha clochan sàr-mhath air h-uchd bàn
O an galar bàis dhomh nis.

Thug mi gaol dhuit, thug mi gràdh dhuit,
Leag gu làr mo mheas;
'M fhuil a' dortadh as mo phòran
Sios gu 'm bhàrdan tric;
'S e gaol do phòige rinn mo leònachd;
Fhad 's us beo mi nis,
O, chaidh, cha phòs mi ach ri Còirneul*
Bhios ri fòirneart tric.

* Means that he would enlist in Coll Macdonald's
Army and never get married.

Eirich suas, a ghruagach thapaidh,
 'S lion gu grad an stòp;
 Na leig dhomh-sa fuireach fad,
 Ach grad leig mi air folbh;
 Ruigidh mise suas a Cheapaich
 Far bheil pailteas slòigh,
 Deoch-slàinte Cholla Mhic Ghilleasp
 Bhios againne gu h-òl.

As further evidence in favour of Macdonald, Dalness, being the author of "Cuachag nan Craobh," Mr. Alexander Macdonald quotes the following verse which is not in the books:—

"Gur diumbach mi'm pheann rinn na sgriobt-
 aidhean meallt'
 Na litrichan cam breugach,
 Chuir am fiobhrus so am cheann, s'a dh' fhàg mi
 cho fann,
 'Nam luidhe gun sannt éirigh;
 Ach na'n tigeadh tu nall troimh bheallaich nan
 gleann
 Gu dubhar nam beann éite
 Chuireadh sealladh de'd ghnùis mo mhulad air
 chùl
 'S gu'n tilleadh as ùr 'm éibhneas."

Another thing that lends some colour to Mr. Macdonald's statement is the fact that the song, "Bruthaichean Ghlinne Braoin" (The Braes of Glen Braon), which is generally attributed to William Ross, was evidently not composed by him, as in one of the stanzas, the author mentions his imprisonment in France. William Ross was never in France, but it is just possible he might have composed the song for some one who was, which is not stated in any edition of Ross's songs I have seen. The same tradition asserts that William Ross had a son known as Niall Dubh, who was well known to Mr. Macdonald's father, from whom he got a good deal of information, and among other things, that Ross never composed "Cuachag nan Craobh."

MACLAGAN.

THE CLANS CUIL AND CLACHANE, AND THE
 COMBAT ON THE INCH OF PERTH.

BY R. C. MACLAGAN, M.D.

(Continued from page 68).

When called *Mclagan*—The Parish of Dull (Weem) though in charge of a *Maclagan*, not so named from its minister—*Craigdull* i.e. The Crag of the Cave—*Mac-gille-an-lag* and *Mac-gille-an-lagan*, son of the lad of the Cave—*Wintoun's* clans *Qwheuyll* and *Clackinyha*—They become *Quhele* and *Clan-Kay* (Hay).

It is interesting to notice that in 1592, when the parish of Weem is called *Mclagan*, there was a Duncan McGlagane then occupying the manse of Dull, which is described as follows:—"The half of the hill of

Craigdull and the lands of Auchtavie, with teind sheaves of the whole included in the regality of St. Andrews and the sheriffdom of Perth, formerly held of the vicars of Dull, with the gardens, tofts and crofts, occupied by Mr. Duncan McGlagane, with the house called *McKiltishouse* (1566, *MacKiltishouse*; 1602, *Makiltreshouse*; 1620, *McGillishouse*)." Here we see that the modern rock of Weem, the *Graig-an-t-Shepail*, is called the *Craigdull*, and it can scarcely be anything else in origin than *Craig-n-tuill*, the Rock of the hole, or hollow, or 'fissure of the soil.' In Breton, the equivalent word *toull* appears in the phrase '*Toull an ibil kamm*' *le trou de la chiville courbe*" (the hole of the bent plug). (*Kruptadia* vi., p. 64). Compare this now with the name, Rock of Weem, as already explained, and compare it with the word *cuil*, a corner, nook, private place, *cuile*, the apartment in which stores are kept. And compare this with the entry in the Book of the Dun Cow, which speaks of the "*cuil sibrine*," the recess of *Sibrenn* on the river Lee in Roscommon, explained by the following gloss:—"hi Cuil Sibrinne .i. loch Carrein agus o silind ingine Madchair roaimniged," i.e., "Loch Carrein, and it is from the 'silind' mun of Madchar's daughter that it was (so) called." (*Kruptadia* ii., 353).

It follows also from the description of the neighbourhood of Duncan's manse, that it was situated at the modern Weem and not at Dull itself, showing that the vicar's residence had retained the early position immediately below the sacred Weem, some miles from what was subsequently the monastery of Dull. Synchronously with the incumbency of Duncan at Weem, John Maklagane was minister at Inverchadden (modern Taymouth), having been transplanted from Strathardle and subsequently having charge of Moulin and Logierait. There was therefore some considerable excuse for calling a parish, in that neighbourhood, at that date, *Mclagan*, though as John Maklagan's parish is mentioned by its own name "*Inchchaddin*," the name applied to Weem must have had some other origin than that of its temporary incumbent.

There is, however, another very important fact in connection with this name and the church lands of Dull, viz, that the principal portion of them is mentioned in several charters as *Croft-Clauchane* (1566). *Reg. Great Seal*. *Croft Clachane*, 1603. Compare this with spellings of the clan name, *McClachane* matriculated at St. Andrews in 1537, and *Maklachane*, St. Andrews Registers, 1666. At a very early date there was a strong non-Gaelic element in the church of Dull. In the account of the

Court held there in 1264 there is mention of but one Gaelic cleric, while William of Chester and John of Carham are mentioned as canons. (Celtic Scotland, ii., 406. Skene).

Church traditions, such as we have been considering, coming down to us as composed hundreds of years after the events they are supposed to chronicle, cannot be expected to give accurate history. Have we any indication in the neighbourhood of the existence of followers of any one who may be supposed to have resided in some such cave?

In the "Black Book of Taymouth," p. 200 and 314, we learn that on the 4th of June, 1556, the Clan MacIntyre renewed their bond of manrent to the Lairds of Glenurquhay, previously given to the first Sir Colin Campbell for "sythmant and recompens" of the slaughter of his foster-brother, Johnne M'Gillenlag. The first Sir Colin was born in or about the year 1400. The slaughter is stated to have taken place during the minority of James (I.), which fixes the date between 1406 and 1424. The house at Balloch, now called Taymouth, was built by Sir Colin Campbell who died in 1583, so that, supposing it to have been built in 1570, having succeeded to the property in 1550, we thus find the laird who had renewed the bond establishing himself in what is now a part of the parish of Weem, that is at Taymouth Castle. In 1621 we find another Johnne, this time called M'Clagan, an honoured guest at Finlarig. If the reading of the name of the slaughtered foster-brother is correct, it can mean nothing else but John, the "son of the lad (servant) of the cave," den.

It scarcely needs evidence to prove this derivation; but we have it though in a different part of Gaelic speaking Scotland. Mr. MacBain gives us the following:—"A curious name appears in Islay in 1686 in M'Linlagan. This comes from M'Gillefinnlagan; St. Finnlagan had his name from a diminutive form of Findluch, which either means "Fair Mouse" or "Fair Light." (Northern Chronicle, 26th August, 1896).

Now there are different ways of looking at a question of that sort. While Mr. MacBain's derivation had not come under notice of the writer, looking over "The Book of Islay" by G. Gregory Smith, his notice was attracted by the following entry:—"Rentall of Ila: Beltan sett 1666. Stromneis Beg set to Archibald McLinlagan and payes of siluer maillis and tynd siluer, liij lib, vjs, viijd."

Having a good correspondent in Islay, a letter was written to Miss Elizabeth Kerr, F.C. Manse, Port-Charlotte, saying, could she recognise in the Island a place called Stromneis

Beg, and if she could, was there any tradition of a folk-lore sort about it? The answer was prompt:—

"I have spotted Stromneis, pronounced Stremneis and sometimes Streneis. The first *e* pronounced like *e* in hen. It is almost at the point of the Mull of Oa. You should find it in one of the Ordnance Survey maps. There is a Stremneis Mor and a Stremneis Beg. I have been trying to get the traditions about the latter, but the only information I have got is, that in a cave quite near it or on it smugglers used to have a small still. It is sometimes called Strevneis. Maenab was the name of the oldest remembered tenants. They cured King's Evil."

There can be surely no doubt that Archibald Mac Gille an Lagan, that is to say Archibald, the son of the lad of the (little) cave, is quite a reasonable translation of his name as it appears in the rental of Islay. Possibly the spirit which caused the different families to frequent their different caves was not the same, but the name was.

If the Druids of the King of Tay were ferocious, we may conclude that their followers were not behind them in this particular. An historical statement of a connection with the district of Weem, of the two clans of which we are now going to speak, there is not. Sir Walter Scott, in his historical novel "The Fair Maid of Perth," speaking of them, however, locates one at the southern end of Loch Tay, showing the trend of opinion.

In or about 1420 Andrew of Wyntoun, Prior of St. Serf's Inch, Lochleven, wrote his "Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland," and in it he informs us that in the year 1396, at Perth, beside the friars, three score wild Scots fought, thirty against thirty, within barriers. There the chiefs with them were "Schir (*sic*) Ferqwharissone," the other "Cristy Johnesone." He does not say which thirty was commanded by Farquhar's son or by John's son, nor does he tell us, as he says himself "quha had the ware at the last," but he does say that fifty of them were killed, and that the loss was greater than at the skirmish of Gasklune, in which a "great company" under three chiefs quarrelled with Sir David de Lindsay, and slew or wounded a large number of prominent men. Wyntoun says (B. ix. c. 17):—

"Tha three score ware Clannys twa,
Clahynne Qwhewyl, and Clachinyha:
Off thir twa kynnyys ware tha men."

The question here is how often does the word *clan* appear? Certainly twice, and in the latter of these two, an *h* is inserted and a final accented *e* in order to fill up the metre. The

third word has a *chi* where no such letters should be, if the word were *clan*, and the straightforward reading then is that like the word (Qwhewyl), it is not to be divided and made into *Clanny Ha*, but is to be read in its entirety.

Thus, we would put the two lines if writing under modern rules:—

These three score were Clans two,
Clan Qwhewyl, and (Clan) Clachinyha:

names which would be written if modern surnames MacQwhewyl and MacClachinyha. But a mistaken reading happened. Twenty years after Wyntoun, in 1441, Walter Bower, the Abbot of Inchcolm, wrote a continuation of Fourdon's History of Scotland, calling the united work "The Scoti-chronicon." In this he informs us that the fight was between "Scheabeg et suos consanguinarios qui Clankay, et Cristi Jonson ac suos qui Clanquhele, dicebantur" (see Appendix for Historical Extracts). Here we find Bower himself making a word Clanquhele the same as he supposed was the word Clanyha, which, however, must have struck him as a very curious name, and he amended the original further, and made it Clankay.

A more conscientious copyist of Wyntoun, in the "Registrum Moraviense," calls them Clanhay and Clanhewle. (See Appendix).

Let us remember that Wyntoun, as a contemporary, and within a day's walk of Perth, might have gone up to see the show himself, and though anyone—even in our days of newspaper correspondents, shorthand and type-written MSS.—who has taken part in public functions, and knows what mistakes can be made, will not insist on too accurate reporting by the Prior of St. Serf's, yet all will give him credit for being more likely to be accurate than those who evidently took their information from him.

(To be continued).

DARNAWAY CASTLE.

BY F. MARY COLQUHOUN.

"There is a place by Findhorn's stream
Lonely and wild: the noon-tide beam
Of summer's prime but scarcely tinges
The weeping birch its banks that fringes.

Sadly and sweet the soft, low breeze
Sweeps o'er the wave, and stirs the trees;
While in its murmers seem to sigh
The sounds and songs of days gone by."

F the ancient castle of the Earls of Moray little is left but "Randolph's Hall." Most of the masonry is of modern date, but the oaken roof of the Hall

remains, and is a specimen almost unique in this class of work in Scotland. The fine roof of Darnaway, the lesser one of the "House of the Knights" at Linlithgow, and that of the Edinburgh Parliament House, are all that are left to shew what the others must have been.

Darnaway Castle rises from the midst of a large pine forest, through which dash the foaming waters of the River Findhorn. From the windows of the Towers of Darnaway is seen the magnificent sweep of the Moray Firth, and the purple mountains of Ross and Sutherland gleam in the distance. At night, the varied lights of many lighthouses sparkle from well-known and dangerous points—most beautiful of all being the ruby lamp of Lossiemouth. A castle was reared by Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray (Regent during the minority of David II.), and the present building is claimed to have belonged to him. From the exchequer accounts, however, it would seem that the existing Hall was begun by Archibald Douglas, Earl of Moray, in 1450. The Earl, being "forfeited," the king granted leave to finish the building in the style of massive grandeur designed by Douglas. A large new castle was built in front of the ancient Hall, and added to it—so that "Randolph's Hall" forms part of the present mansion—but only its remnant is left in the open timber roof of old dark oak—well preserved. We should imagine it belonged to the later half of the fifteenth century (a late period of Gothic Art), the rafters bearing this evidence, and the simplicity of the earlier forms of which so many specimens remain in England being entirely absent. The general effect of this roof suggests the probable appearances of those of a purer style, the sole example being in "The House of the Knights of St. John"; while in the Parliament House, and Tron Church of Edinburgh, there are fine specimens of an even earlier date.

Fordoun mentions that Angus, Earl of Moray, was slain by the Scots at Stricathrow in 1131, and Seldon names the date 1171.

William the Lion agreed to bestow the Earldom of Moray on Morgund, son of Gillochcrus, Earl of Mar. Robert the Bruce promoted his lands in Moray into an earldom, and handed them over to his nephew, Thomas Randolph, chief of "Clan Allan." The boundaries of this earldom were very large, beginning where the Spey flings its broad waters into the sea, and including all the lands north of that river to the shore, as also the territory of Fochabers and Boharn on the east—which follow the bed of the river to the marshes of Badenoch—and lands of Kyncardyn and Glencairn, also far off to Glengarry and Glenelg, of the western sea.

The "Charter of Erection" still exists, throwing strong light on the nature of ancient peerages. At that date, the grant of the "dignified fee" gave the title and that of an earldom in particular. The title of honour was added to the territory, so that any one dispossessed of the earldom, no longer held the earldom. The lands previously an earldom, but only the property of the king in Moray, were promoted to be an earldom, and Thomas Randolph, not formerly an earl but "Miles," on the grant of the "Comitatus" to him, was named "Comes" or earl. The aforementioned earl died in 1331, and was succeeded by his son, Thomas, who fell in battle at Daphin, 1346.

If the earldom had not been limited to "heirs male," Patrick Dunbar, Earl of March, in right of his wife, Agnes, daughter of the first earl, Thomas, would have fallen heir to the estate and earldom, for female succession to land estates and honours was established by Scotland's laws as far back as history reaches.

There is some intricacy in the grants of the Moray family; for in 1561, the prior of St. Andrews was given the grant of the earldom of Moray, and in 1563, Queen Mary bestowed on him a fresh charter of the earldom, limited to himself and to "heirs male," failing whom it passed to the crown. In 1566, a new charter was bestowed on this Earl of Moray by



DARNAWAY CASTLE IN 1799.

Queen Mary and Darnley. In 1580, James VI. "gifted" the ward, and marriage of Elizabeth and Margaret, daughters of the deceased Earl of Moray, to James Stuart, son and heir of James Stuart of Doune. Not long afterwards James Stuart wedded Lady Elizabeth, the elder daughter, taking the title of Earl of Moray. As this possession was not in his own right, James VI. ratified to James, Earl of Moray, and son of James Stuart and Lady Elizabeth, Queen Mary's and Darnley's charters of 1566 to the Regent and his daughter, Elizabeth. The succession of the Moray family thus became inexplicable, as it confirmed the charter of 1566, and all other charters also.

In order to rectify this confusion, James, Earl of Moray, lost no time in gaining a charter of the earldom of Moray, limiting the succession to "heirs male." This earl met with a violent death in 1592, and his son followed him to the grave in 1633. His son, again, another James, succeeded, dying in 1653. Alexander came next, then James, Lord Doune, the son of the aforementioned Alexander, dying before his father, leaving two daughters. The eldest, Elizabeth, married Brigadier-General Grant of Grant, and her sister allied herself to Thomas Fraser of Strichen, but Charles succeeded, being Lord Doune's next brother. Then came Francis who lived till 1793. His son, another

Francis, who in 1763 wedded the daughter of Lord Gray, and their son married a daughter of General Scott. This earl was created a Peer of the Realm in 1796 as Lord Stuart of Castle Stuart (a Tower near Inverness). At this period, George, Earl of Huntly, was Chancellor of Scotland, 1549, and he was succeeded by his son, George, whose heir of the same name stabbed the "bonnie Earl of Moray" in 1592, at Donibristle, Fife; the dying earl exclaiming "Ye hae spilt a better face than yer ain!"

In the troublous times of "*the Brus*," no warrior was more highly honoured than Sir Thomas Randolph, whose mother was King Robert's sister. He had joined Bruce when he first took up arms, and when in after times he was caught by the English on the king's defeat at Methven, Sir Thomas was forced to follow Edward I. in order to save his life. Subsequently, he was captured at a lonely house at Lynewater, near Peebles, by the "Good Lord James Douglas," who brought him captive to his king. Robert called his nephew a traitor, and fiery Randolph answered, for which fault he was imprisoned by King Robert. Soon, however, uncle and nephew were friends again, and Sir Thomas was raised to the Peerage by the king, after proving himself one of the most devoted supporters of his Sovereign.

There was always a friendly rivalry between Randolph and Douglas, as to who could do the bravest deeds in battle. While "*the Brus*" was steadily gaining the whole country and driving the English away, Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, with its ancient castle, was still in possession of its foes. Sir Thomas was determined to seize this place of chief importance from the enemy, but the situation of the lofty and rugged rock was well-nigh impregnable. In Randolph's perplexity, a Scottish Knight of the name of Francis approached him, begging leave to be allowed to show how the steep ascent could be scaled. He told Randolph when he gained the interview, that in his young days he had lived in the castle of Edinburgh, his father having been a keeper in the fortress. At that time Francis had a lady-love in the Grassmarket, but as he could not get out of the castle by day he managed a passage by clambering down in the twilight, by the castle rock, at the south side, returning at his own time.

On reaching the foot of the wall he used a ladder, and in the dusk the builders trusted to the steepness, so no watch was placed there. Francis had made so many journeys in this perilous way, that though it was then long ago, he volunteered to lead a small party to the foot of the wall at night, and if ladders were brought it would not be difficult to scale them. The only risk was, that if the watchman caught

sight of them in their ascent, they were doomed to death. Francis headed thirty chosen warriors one dark night to the base of the castle rock, the soldiers following in a line by a dangerous path, moving with the greatest stealth and caution. They listened when the guards went their rounds to make sure of the safety of the castle. Randolph and his followers lay close and low, and holding their breaths in fear, when a new cause of alarm arose. A soldier from the castle flung a stone from the parapet, crying out, "Ha! I see you well!"

The stone rattled over the heads of Randolph and his men, who feared they were discovered. If the slightest sign had been given, they were all dead men, as the soldiers from above could have flung down stones with sure destruction. But being trained men of courage, they were silent, and the English soldiers thinking their comrades had been tricking them, passed on without more search. Then, up started Randolph and his followers, arriving hastily at the foot of the wall, which was a short space at that point. The ladders were adjusted, Francis acting guide. A brave knight, Sir Andrew Gray, came next, Randolph being third in the ascent, the remainder following. Within the walls little more was needed to be done as the garrison, unarmed, were asleep except "the watch," who were quickly despatched. And so Edinburgh Castle was regained, March, 1312.

(To be concluded).

PLATONIC, AND--- FAILED!

BY ANGUS MACKAY, F.C.S., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

"**H**UMPIE BONG! Losh, man, an' is't a Scotch name that? But it's a droll name, surely; an' its an unca queer place yon. Whatever is the meaning o't?"

"Easy! easy! Sandy, lad. Were the name Scotch, as you seem to suppose, that alone, you might admit, would be enough to account for any further queerness about it. But the name is not Scotch—it's Australian black-fellow lingo, that's what it is. Though if you like to hear the still more queer story, you'll find that there is quite a good deal of Scotch about the yarn, which was told to me that other time the ship was here."

"Od, but I thought sae, man! It's sic an eerie, oot-o'-the-way sort o' place, it seems but only nateral that some deevil o' a Scot should be, somehow, connected wi' it. There's few, if any, ploys in the wild places o' Goad's earth that they are no in, some way or other."

"Aye, true. And it would seem to be extra

true in the country where we are, if the yarns we hear are to be credited."

"Creditable, did ye say? An' what for should they no be true o' this Awstralia as it is o' the rest o' the world?"

"Well, I suppose it would be as easy as not to believe that the earth was made specially for the accommodation of your countrymen, Sandy. They certainly hold big stakes in it—stakes they are slow to draw, even to claim that heritage in the hereafter they talk about as their very own."

"There ye go again, Chips. Guidness kens what ye wad do were it no' that ye hae some o' us Scots tae jaw at, aye, an' get ye oot o' the mony scrapes an' tight places ye hae the nateral hankerin' o' ye'r kind tae get into."

The speakers were seamen—that much was evident. Why they were in the out of the way location where we are within hearing distance may be the better for explanation. They were in a boat, a ship boat, and during an hour or more had been striving hard to work the clumsy craft towards a bold point of land which reaches out into the great Moreton Bay from the north-eastern shore of Queensland, some thirty miles or so from where the pretty capital of the colony is now located. Their task was no easy one; but, sailor-like, they were making the best of it by bantering talk when words could be got in—laying all the stress possible upon known weaknesses or incidents offering a bit of fun. A stiff westerly breeze was against them, and currents sweeping round the rocky point they were trying to make, tasked their good nature, strength, and capacity for boat-management—the latter a quality, by the way, in which sailors are not as a rule so proficient as might be with advantage. "Chips," who was carpenter of the vessel they belonged to, had the tiller and "bossed" the job. "Sandy" was tugging at an oar to help the sail—now on the port side, again on the starboard, according to shifts of wind, current, and rudder. They looked like men to whom rest would be welcome.

"It might be as well to put her about here, matey," Chips said, as he scanned the shore closely. "Let's try a bit northin'; this wind might help us in towards that strip of sand away ahead—that's where we landed last trip. Will give you a spell, too, and help me to keep an eye on the shore. We'd better keep clear of blacks, should any of their sort be about; not likely, though, for them to be here at this time of year."

"Right!" shouted Sandy, "about it is—So! Duck ye're heid, ma man; a clood on the lug frae this sail might be mair than that hard soothern shell o' yours wad enjoy! Dae ye think, noo, that there's watter tae be got handy

off there? Looks mair like a shelter for gulls than where there would be watter."

"The Scotchman who built the humpie on the point off there had a different experience. It was just in the reach above, where the sand and the soil touch, that he sank a well—and a right good well we found it, years after he, poor fellow, was gone. Queer country this, Sandy, altogether. Over there, I expect we will find fresh water just above high sea-water mark. I have been told that same sort of thing occurs in many places on this coast, and lives have been lost for want of knowledge of that little fact."

A few sentences may explain that the men had come from a ship lying in the bay—the "Fiery Star," a vessel well known in the Queensland trade of the early sixties. And that trip was the last the "Star" made. With a full cargo and a heavy passenger list, the handsome ship left Moreton Bay on her return trip to the mother-land. She was never heard of or seen again after the last departing signals were made to the lighthouse at Cape Moreton.

But our story at present does not further concern the ship. We will follow the boat, and learn the very romantic story of the old, or rather the broken-down building seen upon the headland, and from long distances across the great bay. As the boat was worked in more and more closely to the bit of sandy beach they were trying for, they kept a keen searching look-out upon the shore. Any moving thing would have attracted their vigilance; for, like most strangers, they had vivid ideas of the means the blacks had for disguising or covering their presence from white men. But nothing suspicious was seen, and the big brown sail was taken in and stowed; and, after a tough tussle with the currents, they managed to beach their boat. After a searching glance around, they got out several buckets, and made for the place where Chips indicated a supply of that greatest boon to travellers in warm climates—water—had been got on the previous occasion when he was there. The well was found full, overflowing.

"Weel noo, thank Goad for that! I was feared until this minute that they black deevils ye hae been telling us o' wad hae spoiled the bit well, and that we wad hae tae look further for watter."

"Shows you have something more to learn, Sandy. Those 'deevils,' as you call them, are not so bad as painted, maybe. I was told by the man who gave us the yarn of the ruin up there, that the blacks will seldom, if ever, damage a well, and that they have something like veneration for wells that have been made, or even cleaned out by white men."

"Dae ye tell me sae? Weel noo, that shows that they hae some little notion o' common

sense. Maybe they learned that frae the Scot that ye telled us lived here."

"Was it common sense from him?—not much! Did I not tell you that the duffer was a sailor and a countryman of yours? No one could expect any sort of sense from an unfortunate loaded like that! But I had forgotten: for square conceit, you fellows beat the old man himself."

The water cask had been filling while the chaffering went on. The tide was rising, and they had floated the boat and made her fast in a pool of deep water, to be ready for shoving off should they have to do so in a hurry. Then they strolled up towards the "humpie" that was gone "bong"—blackfellow term for dead.

"Eh, ay! But it is a waefu' and an eerie place," the Scot exclaimed, after looking round dolefully. "An' was it really a Scot that built the wreckage we see here? Mony's the daft thing I ken weel is laid to their chairge; but hoo ony mortal should come tae siccan a place as this tae make a hame, is beyond a' I hae considered possible. No a livin' thing, no a hoose, naething but wild jungle aboot the hale concern, that I can see."

"Don't be too hard on the poor fellow. Besides being a countryman of yours and a sailor, he was beglamoured by a woman! There, Sandy, my lad, such a case as that stands more in need of prayer than blame."

"Ah weel, maybe sae, maybe sae. But, guidness sake, let's hear the yarn. If there is a thing beyond a' ithers in the deevilish contrariness o' you Englishers, that I should say it, it's in your doom provokin' ways o' tellin' a bit story. There! get it oot, man, get it oot, an' let's hear your last concoction o' damp't lees aboot a country which is the backbane o' the feckless place ye ca' hame!"

The Englishman was laughing heartily at his peppery mate. "You are all out of it, Sandy, as usual. The story of this place is but another instance of the many which arouses surprise in men of the world concerning how it comes about that Scots retain the little reputation they have for common sense!" Then, seeing that the "rag" of his friend, as he termed his hot temper, was fully aroused, he told the very queer story of the weird location where they were—that location which gave a name to one of the many pretty and healthy sea-side resorts of the long coast line of Queensland.

"The last time we were here, mate," the carpenter commenced, as the men seated themselves on high ground overlooking the cove where their boat lay snugly, "was like this, so far as the water on board was scarce and bad, and I was sent off, as now, to fill casks. We came here to this place after searching several

other likely locations. We were just shoving off, full of wonder at the weirdness and apparent desolation, when a loud "Coo-ee!" made us pause, and just here, where we are sitting, we saw a man on horseback. He was signalling; and seeing that he was white, wholesome-looking, and a gentleman—an Englisher, evidently," he added, with a sly side look at his companion, "we pulled in again, to get within hailing distance."

"Have you seen any horses about?" were the sounds sent over to us, and in such a fine manly voice that the oars bent of their own accord, backing the boat in for the shore again, and we felt that here was a man who could tell us something about the place. So we guided the boat to the beach there, to which the stranger led down his horse to meet us"—

"Aye! an' ye discovered he was a Scot!" was the interruption.

"Now, how in the bosun's name did you know that? You have not heard the story before?"

"No me! But what ither kind o' man could ye expect in siccan a place? It's no in nater that ony ane o' your kind wad run the risk o' missing his denner by being sae far frae hame!"

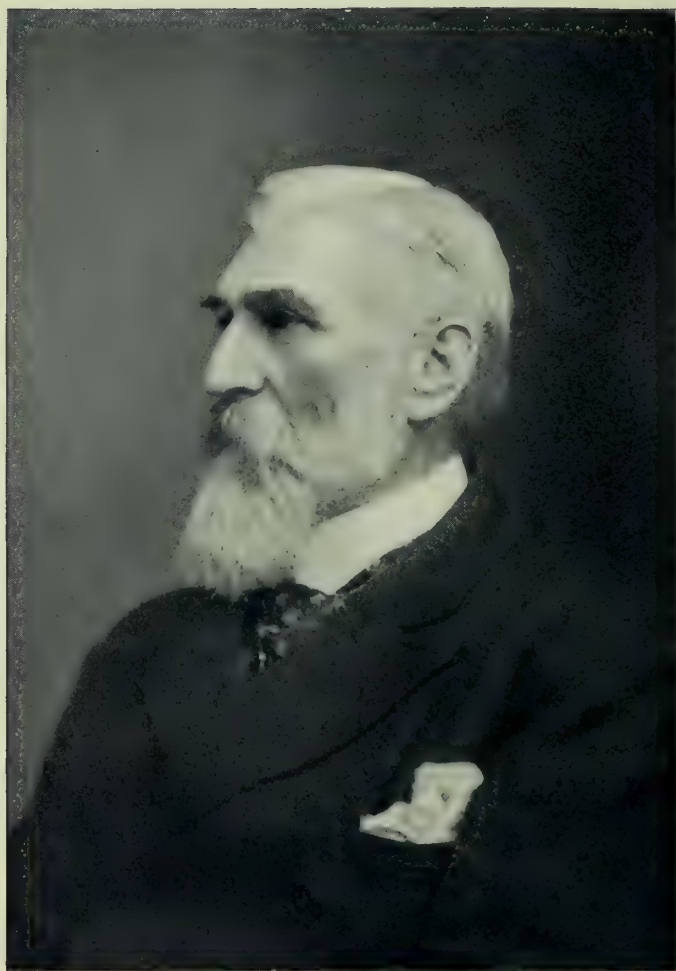
"You'll do, Sandy, you'll do! Well, we got ashore again, and learnt all about our surroundings. The stranger had a large farm, a station he called it, in the hill country off there westerly. Several horses had strayed from his place, and he was one of the party out to find them. He proved to be a really nice fellow, and was as glad to see us, and get any news we had, as we were to see him. He was quite earnest in an invitation to visit his diggings, as he termed his home, if any or all of us could manage a spell ashore"—

"Aye, even sae! An' what else could ye expect but kindly sympathy frae ane that had breathed his first breath o' life beyond the Tweed? But go on, for guidness sake, wi' ye'r bit story. Here, man, tak' a draw at the pipe, it will freshen you up a bit."

(To be concluded.)

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.—There was a large attendance at last meeting when the Rev. Alex. Connell, B.D., occupied the chair, and delivered an eloquent address on "Nationality." Mr. D. MacGillivray, the energetic secretary, intimated that he had received a donation of £50 from Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, towards the Library Fund. Mr. John MacKerchar, treasurer, stated that the Prize Fund now amounted to about £400 and the General Fund to £100. Sympathetic references were made to the death of the Queen and Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh.

At the Dundee Gaelic Choir's "At Home" in Russell's Hotel, Miss Lennox, conductor of the choir, was presented with a morocco bag and dressing-case.



ROBERT SUTHERLAND TAYLOR MACEWEN.

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ROBERT S. T. MACEWEN.

ROBERT SUTHERLAND TAYLOR MACEWEN was born at Evelix, in the County of Sutherland, on 12th June, 1839. He was the eldest son of Dr. Alexander MacEwen, who had settled in Sutherland in 1830, and who enjoyed an extensive, and for many years the sole, medical practice in the county. Dr. MacEwen was a grandson of Walter MacEwen of Luss, and thus belonged to the Dumbartonshire branch of the MacEwen clan. Robert MacEwen's mother came of a well known Sutherland family, being the daughter of William Taylor, Sheriff and Commissary Clerk of Sutherland. Mr. MacEwen received his early education at Tain Academy, and he afterwards entered on the usual legal curriculum at Edinburgh University. But in 1862 he was offered an appointment in the public service of India, which definitely determined the sphere of his life-work. His first post was that of magistrate and assistant commissioner in the Santhal territory, at that time just recovering from the effects of the Santhal Rebellion of 1855-56. His services were acknowledged in 1866 by his appointment to the difficult task of re-organising the work of the Presidency Small Cause Court, Calcutta. Grave abuses had been rife, and as a result of an enquiry the chief clerk and officers were dismissed. The Government recorded its sense of the "regularity, firmness, and tact" exercised by Mr. MacEwen in this office. He became a Judge of the Court in 1868; in 1878 he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn. Three years later he became Officiating Chief Judge of the Small Cause Court. In 1882 he published his most important legal work, *The Practice of the Presidency Courts of Small Causes*, for which he received the thanks of Government and of the High Court. In 1884 he became Additional Recorder of Rangoon, a post which he held for four years, during a time when dacoiting was rife, and criminal work exceptionally onerous. He again held the post as Acting Recorder from 1893-94. His retirement from India in 1894 called forth appreciative notices

from the Indian Press, both English and native. Two extracts will suffice:—

"He has held the scales of justice with scrupulous fairness, upheld the dignity of the Bench, and displayed courtesy and urbanity to all with whom he was brought in contact."—*Rangoon Gazette*.

"Learned, dignified, and patient, his one aim was to do justice . . . and his strong common sense, varied experience, and sound judgment helped him greatly in this. His urbanity and courtesy endeared him to all who came in contact with him."—*Amrita Bazar Patrika*.

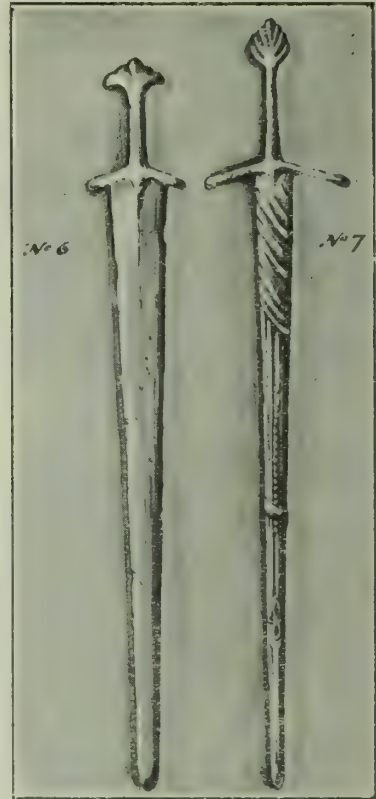
While in India Mr. MacEwen's literary work had been confined to legal, administrative and economic questions. On his retirement in 1894 he was able to devote himself to the more agreeable work of family and clan histories. He soon collected valuable information in regard to his own and collateral families in Sutherland, while he was the first to piece together and connect in ordered line the historical fragments of the Clan MacEwen. To the *Celtic Monthly* he contributed several articles on the Clan Ewen, and these eventually were destined for book form. At the time of his death, in June of last year, he had prepared a little book on Clan Ewen, which is to be published soon at the "Celtic Monthly" Office. A series of articles on "The Clans, Past and Present," will also be remembered by readers of the *Celtic*. To all his work he brought patience, learning, and an admirable judicial temper. He had collected materials for a work on the Taylors of Sutherlandshire, which would have been a fitting task for the descendant of the brilliant and amiable antiquarian, George Taylor. In his family researches he was always impressed with the obligations of kinship, and the value of their observance in daily life. He had no interest in fanciful genealogies, but he loved to observe in scattered and remote descendants the strong characteristics of a common race. Of himself we will only say that he maintained through life the best traditions of his fathers—self-reliance, charity, and courtesy. It is the tribute which would have pleased him best.

The Fingalian Legends: Their Source and Historic Value.

By W. C. MACKENZIE.

IN dealing with traditional lore, the difficulty which at once presents itself of separating the historic from the mythic, the true from the false, is so formidable as to prove in some instances wholly insurmountable. The so-called early histories both of Scotland and Ireland furnish illustrations of this assertion. The transparent fictions of John of Fordun and Hector Boece are hardly, if at all, more reliable than the ancient chronologies of Ireland. To determine the exact historic value of legends may be difficult, but should not, in most cases, be impossible. Frequently, the historic facts are buried in a mass of legendary matter—the growth of centuries—which has crystallised around them. If the historian can be found who is capable of clearing away the accretion of rubbish, he will lay bare the basis of truth upon which the falsehood has accumulated. History and tradition bear the same relation to one another as the vein of gold does to the nonpayable quartz through which it runs. Much labour may be, and generally is, involved in striking the “reef,” but the difficulty of finding the golden streak has never yet proved its non-existence. It is here proposed to examine the source and the historical value of those legends which are known indifferently as Fingalian and Ossianic. It is not necessary for the purposes of this paper to attempt to trace the developments in the study of Ossianic literature since it first attracted public attention; these are too well known to need re-capitulation.

Perhaps there are no legends connected with any country that have given rise to more acute controversy than those associated with Fionn or Fingal, and his reputed poet son, Ossian. A hundred years ago and more, Macpherson’s “Ossian” exercised critics as did no other literary problem. The transcendent, if uneven, genius which the poems displayed was generally acknowledged, but that they were really the work of Ossian, or Oisín, a poet and warrior of antiquity, was scouted by the majority of the critics of the day. Macpherson and his friends emphasised their Celtic origin, and by so doing undoubtedly fanned the flame of hostile criticism, which was represented in Scotland by men such as Pinkerton, a rabid anti-Celt, and in England, by Dr. Johnson, a powerful but hopelessly prejudiced adversary. “Can any good come out of Celtica?” asked the anti-Celts. “We have Ossian’s poems,” was the triumphant reply. The criticisms of Laing were of a different character, but he, too, was plainly influenced by racial animosity. The controversy was complicated by the known fact that a body of legendary matter relating to Fionn and the Fianna existed in Ireland, and it was a question, which is even yet argued in all seriousness, whether Macpherson borrowed his poems from Ireland, or the Irish borrowed their legends from Scotland. The Ossianic heroes were of the same name in both countries—if Cuchullin be excepted—but there was a wide difference in



their presentation. The Irish Fionn was a giant and a magician; the Highland Fionn was primarily a hero. The prowess of the Irish Fionn was inferior to that of Diarmud, Goll, and the peerless Oscar; Macpherson’s Fingal was incomparably the greatest of the Fenian warriors. The Irish Fionn, although a giant, was morally not immaculate; his Scottish namesake was emphatically a gentleman *sans peur et sans reproche*. The Irish Fingalian legends are full of trivialities and magic; the Scottish collections of Ossianic poems, from Macpherson downwards, are dignified and sane. The point to note is that we have two sets of entirely dissimilar legends, one Scottish and the other Irish, each claiming to have a common Celtic origin.

No one at the present day who has any acquaintance with the subject disputes the fact that, apart from Macpherson’s “Ossian,” there have existed for centuries in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, stories of the Fingalian heroes and their exploits; and whatever manipu-

lations these stories may have suffered at the hands of Macpherson, the material existed long before his time. Similarly, no one can doubt, that for centuries a mass of traditional lore relating to the Fianna was in existence in Ireland before any attempt at systematic collection was made. It is possible that if judiciously organised research were made, even at the present day, in the more remote districts of Ulster and the Hebrides, to collect Fenian fragments, the labour would bear good fruit.

That "Fingal lived and Ossian sang" is a proposition which has been frequently and strenuously maintained, and as frequently and strenuously assailed. It really matters very little whether they were men or myths. That a Scottish Homer, whose name may or may not have been Ossian or Oisín, once lived in the Highlands is quite compatible with the known facts. The beautiful imagery in Macpherson's "Ossian" was certainly not the result of the translator's genius. The "Address to the Sun," in "Carthor," for example, is proved to have been known almost in its present form by people in the Highlands who had never as much as heard of Macpherson. It is, therefore, quite in accordance with the probabilities of the case to suppose that the Finnic legends were done into poetry by one or more bards of outstanding genius, whose work has come down to posterity by tradition as the poems of Ossian.

It is not difficult to believe that Fionn or Fingal is merely the eponym of a tribe or nation. Irish writers maintain that their traditions cluster round the person of one Fionn MacCumhail, a noted hero, who is stated to have been killed at the Boyne A.D. 283; and the same parentage is given to Macpherson's Fingal. He was the reputed chief of the Fianna, an organisation which was in existence before his time. That the Fianna of Ireland and the Feine of Scotland were one and the same people admits of no reasonable doubt. Their traditional settlements in Scotland lay in the "Roughbounds"—the Western Highlands and Islands—and it is probable that they belonged to a pre-Celtic race. It has now passed beyond the region of dispute that long before the Celtic tribes found a foothold in those districts, they were inhabited by non-Aryans of Iberic or Finnic origin, perhaps of both. Modern ethnologists think they have traced the descent of some of the inhabitants of the Western Isles from Finnish aborigines, and this conclusion appears to be by no means unreasonable. It is generally admitted that the earliest settlers in Scandinavia, if not of a much larger part of Europe, were of Finnish origin, and it is known that they were driven northwards, and in all probability westwards, perhaps by Celtic, and

certainly by Gothic invaders. That they found their way to the British Islands at different intervals, in larger or smaller bodies, is a supposition which agrees with the migratory tendencies of historic times. They may have been preceded, or succeeded, in those islands by an Iberian population—traces of whom, it is asserted, are discoverable in the present inhabitants—but whether Finnic or Iberic, or both, it has been demonstrated almost to a certainty that the early inhabitants of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland were so-called Turanians. Celtic scholars state that the farther back one goes, the more prominent do non-Aryan, non-Celtic roots appear in the old Gaelic of the Highlands, and these can only be attributed to the language of the people who preceded the van of the Celtic immigrants. There are place-names in the Hebrides that bear marks of the same origin; they are neither Gaelic, English, nor Scandinavian.

It is not an untenable theory that the Fianna, Fiona, or Feine of Ireland and Scotland were the descendants, in part at least, of these Turanians. The word Fin or Finn, Fionn or Fhion varies as much in meaning as it does in orthography; so much so, indeed, as to render any derivation more or less arbitrary. It has, however, been almost invariably held to mean "fair," and the literal translation of Fingal or Fingall—a name first applied by Macpherson to Fionn—is thus "the fair stranger," an application the significance of which is apparent. By Macpherson himself, however, it was held to be a corruption of Fion na Gael, or Fion of the Gael. Yet we find in one of Ossian's poems, "Cathloda," a description by a dying member of the Feine, of the circumstances under which his ancestor Colgorm, "the rider of ocean," left the land of his fathers for Albion; clearly he came from Scandinavia.

The root "Fin" enters into combination with a good many words in Irish and Scottish topography, and the name Fingal with variants was not uncommon in Irish and Scottish history. It must be confessed that it is difficult to see why the same root should have an entirely different signification, when applied to the names of places and of people in the North of Europe, from that which has just been noticed. It will not be denied that, when used in connection with Scandinavia, it is neither of Celtic origin nor does it signify "fairness" or any similar characteristic. It seems, therefore, more reasonable to suspect that Fionn, Feine, and Fianna are all variants of the word Finn, *i.e.* the Finnish nation, the *Fenni* of Tacitus. We find the same root in the ancient name (Fiona) of the modern Danish island Funen, where Odin is related to have first settled—hence

Odinsey, Odin's island—as well of course as in Finland, Finmark, and the common Scandinavian name, Finn.

(To be continued).

PLATONIC, AND---FAILED!

By ANGUS MACKAY, F.C.S., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

(Continued from page 120).

THE suggestion was acted on, and, between whiffs, the following was recounted:—

"It seems from what he told us, that, some ten years prior to the time of our story, a vessel with immigrants, one of the first for Moreton Bay direct from the motherland, brought, as second officer, the man who was destined to build the house, or 'humpie,' the remains of which for years made a landmark of the point. Amongst the passengers was a young woman with whom the second officer became so friendly, and who returned the friendship in such kindly manner, that they felt there would be a wrench so severe when the time for parting arrived, that both cultivated doubts whether either could survive the shock. And all the time those two people were persuading themselves that their's was not a case of love of the ordinary kind. They vowed to each other frequently, during the many opportunities for such amusement on board ship—and all the more strongly after others, who saw better than the victims what was going on, and nodded accordingly—that they had no such commonplace feelings; that their hearts beat to much more elevated responses; that they yearned after the fashion that poets and etherialised beings write about; that their's was platonic affection pure and simple; that their destiny was to be brother and sister to each other for ever and ever; and that they were to cling to and comfort each other throughout all life's vicissitudes!

"So firmly convinced were the pair of the correctness of their mutual destination, that when he informed, or rather, whispered to her how he was assured that it had been ordained (he was a Scot—keep that in mind, Sandy) that they were to be the helpmates, the soothers, the comforters of each other for all time, she, with the absolute faith and trustfulness of woman, agreed that what must be, must be. And that same 'must be' in their case, as events proved, included parting with his ship. She, little innocent, saw no harm in a trifling change like that. So, being such a very necessary step, it was put to the proof without delay. The very next morning after the passengers were landed and sent up the Brisbane river, there to find

the welcome accorded to new chums, that second officer had disappeared—as had fully half of the crew. The captain was a very angry man when he came ashore during the day, and notified the police that he was desirous of having every man jack of the absentees arrested for desertion. He was especially wroth with the second officer."

"Aye, man," was the comment when the story had reached that stage, "I hae heard o' cases like that. Ye see that when a body becomes convinced that it has been ordained that sic-an'-sic a thing has to be done, there is no muckle use fechtin' langer wi' it. That ordainet thing is beyond the pooer o' man."

"The captain did not think so; or he may have been equally assured that it was ordained that he should have those sailor-men arrested, and some of them were trapped by the police, and returned to the ship."

"Losh now, an' did they bring awa' the officer lad? But that wad be bad for the bit lassie, puir thing."

"Ah, Sandy, Sandy! you folks are so soft when there's a bit lassie in the case; but your sympathy is on the wrong track, as usual. It would have been all the better had he not been fool enough to leave his ship."

"I dinna see the affair wi' your een, so far, ma freen. Its no sae often that the trouble fa's on the man as on the woman, when twa join in the way they twa seem bent on doing. But let's hear the end o't, for ony sake. You Englishers are just fair scunnorsome in the way ye try ane's patience in telling a bit story!"

"Don't get excited, Sandy—its bad for the health in these warm climates. And see, the wind is shifting to fair for us. Looks as though the time will not be lost, that we are to have a nice run across; and, as we go—to be in time for your dinner, my lad—you shall hear the remainder of the yarn, and the fate of the lassie."

"Aye, there ye are again! Its denner ye think on as soon as breakfast is ower. But let's shove off, as ye say. It seems sensible advice, for ance."

"And you'll do your share at the duff when we get there, I'll be bound!"

The management of a heavy boat, deeply loaded with water, is not such an easy task that story-telling can go on without interruption—of which there has been too much already—and, taking the privilege of one who got all the particulars, it may be best to relieve the reader from further strain.

The pair of enthusiasts, as afterwards transpired, lost no time in putting their Platonic scheme into execution. They were away from Brisbane before the sun rose. They were fortunate in taking a route which brought them

to one of the best locations in the near neighbourhood of the Queensland capital for farming—that was Bald Hills, and they were further fortunate in meeting a resident who engaged the “brother and sister” as helps, for farm work and for house duties respectively. That sort of arrangement at the time was considered about the best as a method of gaining experience of the new country, even by people who had some capital. To work they went, and with such will that they quickly became favourites with their employer, his family, and amongst the sparsely settled farmers. The role they had chosen for themselves aroused no comment. Their neighbours were too busy with their own affairs to waste time discussing the concerns of others, who were obviously disposed to mind their own business and do their share of work honestly. That peculiar prying phase of civilization which develops ill blood and all uncharitableness, comes with less pressure upon time for our own immediate concerns. The new arrivals were treated as members of their employer's family, and there soon grew a disposition on his part, as well as in the minds of others, that the “brother and sister” were of desirable stamp to settle in the neighbourhood; and many of those well-wishers, who know the country and where good land was likely to be got, were on the outlook for a selection that they could take up from Government, by the time they would be ready for that next step in the life of Australian settlement.

And so some twelve months passed on, the “brother and sister” maintaining their relations between themselves and with all they came in contact, creditably to all concerned according to the accounts given after the tragic sequel to their fate. The “bit of land”—that greatest of incentives to healthy British emigration and settlement—was secured in due time. It was not quite in accordance with the advice of their more experienced friends that the selection chosen was the point jutting out into Moreton Bay, upon which the humpy was built soon after. The other residents knew that the quality of soil there was not such as makes good farming land; but as we know, the microbe of romance was developed in the “brother and sister”, and to them the delights of a location around which the sea beat in harmonious sighing cadences at times, and at others was beaten into fierce foam, outweighed the mere corn-yielding qualities or material richness of fat land. They went to work with such will, and were helped so freely by the many young friends they had made—and by not a few who were no longer young—and for reasons which neither suspected, though others read the signs more clearly, that improvements, in the form of

buildings, fences, etc., very soon made notable features in the landscape. The experiences gained during their year of probation quickly became so evident that the pair were soon looked upon as models of thrift and neatness. Sunday promenades to “The Point” became favourite exercises with the young of both sexes, and from long distances too.

Sad to relate, it was from this social popularity of the “brother and sister” that the serpent of trouble crept into their Eden! Up to that point, both appear as being quite true to the course they had laid out for themselves. Others, as usual, became envious of their happiness and felicity—they desired to share in it. Jealousy actually developed amongst the visitors. Friends of both sexes, who met accidentally at “The Point,” who previously delighted in exchanging the friendly signs of bush greeting, began to look as though their former intimates had suddenly acquired the attributes of invisibility! Then dagger looks became common, and a sense of uneasiness, like a mist began to lurk around the pretty home.

The crisis followed quickly. It was after one of the Sunday afternoon gatherings, and after both the “brother” and “sister” had spent what seemed a most agreeable time with their intimates, when neither interfered with the proceedings of the other, that the latter, with that unconscious innocence which comes so naturally to the sex, said—and almost as though she were not aware of the significance of the words used—that a young fellow for whom the “brother” himself had expressed most kindly admiration, that very same young fellow had asked her to marry him! Here, surely, was a climax for the “brother.”

The summarising of our sailor friends may be best for describing what followed.

“An’ did the chiel actually let the lassie gae an’ get merri tae anither fellow? Gosh! if ever I heard the like afore. Are ye sure o’ the particulars, man?”

“Ay, Sandy, quite sure. There was no occasion for mistake in the details as they were given to us. Mind, Sandy, the man was a Scot—he had no sense of the humour or the fun of the situation, not for some days, at least. And the bit lassie, as you call her, with the rapidity of the sex in matters matrimonial, after due counsel with female friends, who saw quickly the advantages of the match proposed—such of them especially as had an eye on the desirable “brother,” had arrived at her own conclusion. He actually gave the “sister” away in marriage before he discovered how he himself loved the girl—and not in any foolish, mawkish Platonic fashion either, but actually in the sturdy manner of other subjects of Her Majesty,

which even Scots seem capable of attaining at times, when touched by the tender wiles of those same lassies! You may allow that it was a very silly outcome of a most silly belief in the possibilities of what is termed Platonic affection."

"Aye, I'll alloo that. It was a silly thing for him tae dae. An' what became o' the puir deevil after siccan a sorry mischanter?"

"Well now, for once that lingo of yours describes what occurred neatly. He surely became sick enough. About a week after the marriage, the happy pair came to pay the "brother" a visit; but as they approached "The Point," so bright during her residence there, it seemed as though a dismal cloud had spread all over it. The heart of the "sister" sank within her—that very feminine attribute, when her "blood runs cold," seemed actually to beset her on seeing the cattle of neighbours ravaging the pretty garden which had been her delight. The door stood wide open; the man was gone! Bare, cold and dismal the place looked, formerly so neat and trim. It was discovered, years after, that he had gone and done the next eccentric thing that one might expect from such a crank—he had gone off sailing again. He went 'blackbirding,' quite likely, and got killed, speared or tomahawked by the natives, of course."

"An' the lassie? Man, tell's, for guidness sake, what cam' o' her."

"Ah, there you go again, Scotty. Her? oh, she went off as cranky as the "brother," only more so. I was told—quite gravely, too—that her heart broke, actually, when she made the supreme discovery, as though such an accident were possible to befall a woman! Anyway, it is known for certain that she never returned to the home of her husband. She fled from the place when the real state of her affections was discovered. Black desolation upset her reason. Some neighbouring women found her wandering in the bush and tried to look after and console her, but they could not control the poor thing; and on a cold, raw April morning—they tell me that it actually freezes hard here at times—she was found dead in the hut, the ruins of which still remain to tell the story of misplaced devotion. In the bosom of her dress was found a note, quite sane—if the writing of those people who kill themselves in that sort of way can be so credited. The note declared that the most happy hours woman could live in this life had been her's in that poor little hut; that she could never be happy again, and desired to die!

"Need we wonder that the place is a ruin, Sandy, or the suitability of the blackfellow name for it, 'Humpie Bong'?"

(Concluded).

MACLAGAN.

THE CLANS CUIL AND CLACHANE, AND THE COMBAT ON THE INCH OF PERTH.

BY R. C. MACLAGAN, M.D.

(Continued from page 116).

Some of the chief names in Lowland form—Origin of the supposed 'Macpherson' connection with the combat—Philologically grounded view of the meaning of Maclagan—Various spellings of Maclagan from 1497 to 1887.

FROM the order in which the names of the chiefs occur in Wyntoun, and the names of the clans, one would suppose that Cristy Johnesone was the chief of Clan "Clachinyha," and the other of Clan Qwhewyl. In the Scoti-chronicon, we find Cristi Jonson is credited to Clanquhele, and the other appears as Scheabeg, and is given to the suppositious Kays or according to the Registrum, Hays. We have as yet spoken of one MacClagan only, as to whom there can be no doubt, but probably also of another, and both of these had the name of John; and though this is not a rare name in any connection, it is certainly very frequent among Maclagans, as frequent as Christian is among the women of the name, though it is to be confessed that no Christopher has ever been encountered among them. Was the defaulter in the combat a woman? (See Appendix). According to Wyntoun's editor he does not write Schea, or Shaw as it becomes later, but what might be "Sir Farquhar's son." If he were a Pope's knight, he would be a Macpherson—the son of the parson, and so a claim might be advanced on behalf of the Clan Cattán, which by the time of Boece and George Buchanan (1526 and 1565 respectively) was actually the case, one of the families present being said to be Clan Cattán. With Sir Walter Scott's more recent assistance, this is the accepted version, and the strengthening circumstances to the tale has appeared in the bagpipe chanter said to have been used on the occasion, now in the possession of Cluny Macpherson.

There were more parsons in the position of Highland chiefs than the Clan Cattán Macphersons, and one of the earliest of these was Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld and Dull, his jurisdiction reaching apparently to Argyll. He was a layman and a great chief, and was, according to the Irish "Annals of Tighernac," slain along with "nine score heroes" in 1045. His opponent

being apparently Macbeth, who in the Irish and Pictish additions to the *Historia Britonum* is called "Macbethad mac Fin mic Laig," who reigned in Cruithintuath (Pict-land) sixteen years. (*Chronicles Picts and Scots*, p. 30).

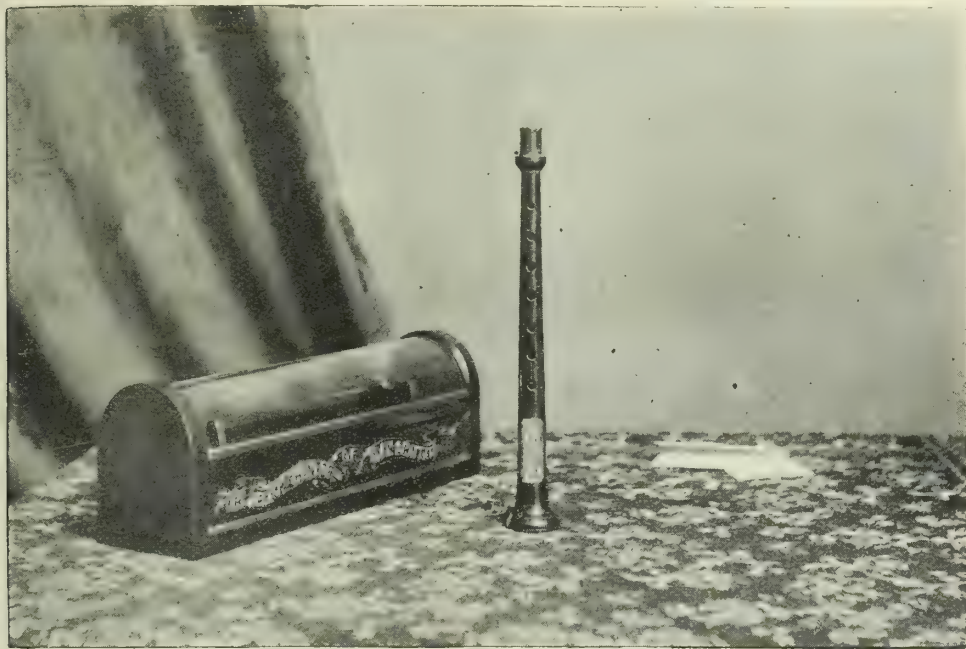
If Schir is a mistaken writing for Schea, it was not a patronymic but a personal name, and if it is to be qualified by the word "little" (beg), it might be nothing more recondite than a Gaelic "Joey." It certainly is remarkable that personal names in so Lowland a form as Cristy and John should be applied to the leaders of these wild Scots. The fact seems to point to their having been borderers.

Maurice Buchanan, writing in 1461 in the

"Book of Pluscarden," does not name the clans, but connects the Battle on the Inch with the Raid of Angus, "and implies that the same parties were concerned in both," to quote Skene.

Before proceeding further, let us consider the opinion formed of the name MacLagan by MacBain in his *Etymological Dictionary*, "MacLagan, G. M'Lagain (Lathagain in its native district of Strath Tay), documentary *Maklaagan* (1525), M'Gillaagan, sed quid?" MacBain's statement of the pronunciation is evidently based on his "documentary *Maklaagan*," as no oral evidence has ever been forthcoming of such a pronunciation in Perthshire.

In the *Oban Times* of May 23rd, 1896, the



THE BLACK CHANTER OF CLAN CHATTAN.

Rev. Charles Robertson gave an answer:—"Hoc est quid, viz, *Mac Gill' Adhagain*, from ultimately *Adam*, Gael. *Adhamh*, but whether as a direct double diminutive or another variant to the forms *Adhamhnan*, *Oghamhnan*, *Gilleagannan*, of *Adamnan*, is hard to say. The probability is that it is a double diminutive form of *Adamnan's* name. Double diminutives do not appear to have been much noticed, though attention has been directed to them by Professor Mackinnon, who compares the German *chen*, e.g. *mutterchen*, little mother, and the Aberdonian *ikie*, e.g. *wifikie*, Eng. *mannikin*. Gaelic examples are *Seumagan* from *Seuman*, *Eoghannach* from *Eoghann*; cf. *ailleagan* from

aille, beauty; *suidheagan* from *suidhe*, a seat."

Mr. Robertson's derivation was accepted by Mr. MacBain in the *Northern Chronicle*, July 15th, 1896. "M'Lagan, Gaelic M'Lagain, in 1525 *Maklaagan*, from *Gille-adnagain*, little *Adam* (*Adocan?* a form of *Adamnan?*)"

The exact value of any single spelling of a name is not very much. One of the clan residing in the classic city of St. Andrews married twice, and had a considerable family. In the Records of Births his name appears in the following different manners. It is fair to mention, though we have not followed them out, the same freedom from exactness prevails in the spelling of the names of the wives.

Johne Maklachon and Jenot Coutts contracted,
October 5, 1665.

Maklachan.

Maklachane, a son, May 3, 1666.

MakLachen, a daughter, Sept. 17, 1671.

Mclachen, a daughter, Dec. 26, 1674.

Mackclathan, a daughter, Nov. 7, 1674.

Mackclathen and Helin Buckles married,
Nov. 21, 1679.

Nov. 21, 1679.

Mackclachlan, a daughter, Aug. 17, 1680.

Mclachlane, a daughter, Mar. 30, 1682.

Macklachan.

Macklan, a daughter, Jan. 14, 1686.

MckClaquan MackClaquane, July 23, 1692.

The following is a list of the spellings of
undoubted Maclagans, except it is the first of
whom no record but the name remains.

1497, Claquin, Loys de (Scots Man-at-Arms,
in Italian Wars).

1529, Makclaagan (Grantully man).

1537, McClauchane, Duncanus, Angusianus
matriculated at St. Andrews.

1566, Makclaggane (Parson in Dull).

1578, Macklagony, Mclagony.

1595, McClagane, Duncanus, matriculated
grad. 1598.

1597, Maclagene (Minister, Kirkmichael).

1602, McKlagane.

1602, McClagan.

1605, McClagane (Mill of Cluny).

1608, Maclagan (on Little Dunkeld tomb-
stone?)

1613, McLagane (Bofrack).

1613, McIllegane.

1613, McGlagane.

1619, McLagan (Tailyeour, Dalshiane, 1620).

1624, McGilleglagane (follows "Stewarts," in
list of Macgregor fines).

1665, Maklachon.

1666, Maklachane.

1668, Maklachan.

1670, McClaggan.

1674, Mc clachen.

1674, Mc clathan.

1674, Maklachan.

1675, Mackclathan.

1679, Mackclathen.

1686, Makclan.

1692, Mack-Claquane.

1694, McLagine.

1699, Maclachan.

1703, MackClachan.

1720, McKlagan.

1732, Mc clagen.

1733, Mc laggan.

1734, McClaggon.

1734, Mc claggen.

1737, McGlageon.

1738, McKlagon.

1754, Mc aglan.

1772, MacClagan.

1773, McLagen.

1775, McClagan.

1776, Macclaggan.

1887, MacClagan. ("The late Peter of Led-
neskey, Grantully," in "Scotsman" of 14th
January).

In the *Scottish Antiquary*, vol. xiv., p. 217,
is a contract of marriage between the Earl of
Orkney on the one part, bestowing his daughter
with a dowry on Sir John Drummond of the
other part, written in the vernacular, in the year
1396. The property bestowed by the Earl
includes "Al his landys of the Murtclaunch." The
modern spelling of this is Mortlach, Mort-
lach Church being close to Dufftown. Compare
this with the spellings of the name McClauchane
and the later one MackClachan.

In the older records, as well as in more
recent, the name is sometimes mis-spelt so as to
make it MacLachlan and such like, as may be
seen in the St. Andrews Record above; these
spellings, however, are only evidence of an
indistinct appreciation of the pronunciation.

(To be continued).

THE SECRET OF HEATHER ALE.

SIR,—Some months back you published a series
of articles demonstrating scientifically and experi-
mentally that the brewing of heather ale in the past
was a myth—in the present an impossibility; *per
contra*, I have just had a conversation with a
gentleman, Mr. James Waters, of the Windyhaugh
family, now in his eightieth year, who, when a boy
in Caithness, was accustomed to see his mother
making heather ale; and who still testifies to the
pleasant taste and refreshing qualities of that liquor.
It must be premised that the heather of Caithness
is of specially high growth and rich quality, and
that in the vicinity of Dale is a tract of country
about thirty-five miles long, now under the Duke
of Portland, where some of the heather stands as
tall as a man.

In order to brew from this, in the month of July
or August, cut of a quantity off the end branches on
which are the seeds. Dry these twigs before a fire
and rub the seeds separate from these twigs, as far
as possible, until a moderate sized tub is filled with
them. Put this quantity through a sieve, with
mesh suitable in size to keep back the leaves, etc.
A tub is now filled with water, heated over a peat
fire, and the seeds put into it along with a handful
or two of hops. From this a good brown infusion
is brewed, and it is then treated with yeast. These
are the main factors of the quite ordinary brewing
process, and the only secret, an open one, seems to
be to get a proper quality of seed to work upon.
If your brewery friends will take the pains to
experiment as above, I shall be very glad as a
Scottish Temperance Reformer to have the oppor-
tunity of tasting a sample?—Yours, etc.,

Glendevon.

KENNETH MATHESON.

CAMAS-A-RHU.

A HIGHLAND EMIGRANT'S LAMENT.



I KNOW a lonely Highland glen,
Where wave the birch and bracken free;
Far from the hurrying feet of men,
It lies beside the sunset sea.

In this new home across the deep,
I seem to taste its beauty still,
And see the water-lilies sleep
In the wild lochan on the hill.

I see the yellow iris-flowers
Shine on the slope above the bay,
Where, through the happy sunny hours
Beside the burn the children play.

This summer day, I know the breeze
Ripples the tide by ARD-NA-BOO,
And that the silver-birchen trees
Wave on thy side, CAMAS-A-RHU!

* * *

That woeful hour, when we must leave
Our peaceful home to cross the main,
In this far foreign land to grieve
For what can ne'er return again!

Out in the bay we saw the ship
That from the shore must bear us soon,
And heard the oars' returning dip
All through that mournful day in June.

As in their boats the sailors plied,
Bearing our household stores away,
Oh! how the careless cuckoo cried
His happy note, that dreary day!

On Mulloch Buie's rocky steeps
The rosy light was lingering still;
We saw where little Ailsie sleeps,
Beneath the hawthorn on the hill.

Once more our sorrowing footsteps press'd
Thy rock-strewn beach, CAMAS-A-RHU,
And beckoning from the distant west,
The light died out on ARD-NA-BOO.

Long, tear-dimmed gaze, long last farewell,
Weeping, we gave sweet spot to thee;
And then the summer darkness fell
And soon the ship sailed out to see.

* * *

I hear again the sea-gull's scream,
Floating on angel wings at rest,
Or where the foam-flecked ripples gleam,
Rocked on the shining ocean's breast.

The blackbirds whistle in the glade,
The mavis on the rowan tree,
The song the joyous cuckoo made,
All pour their music back to me.

The bleating of the sheep I hear,
The sheep-dog's bark, the shepherd's call,
Down from the crags the flocks appear,
And Highland sunshine rests on all!

My childhood's home, my father's strand,
Scene of my happiest wedded years—
Thy light in this far-distant land
Again in memory's sky appears.

Soft be the summer winds that sweep
Thy birch-clad side, CAMAS-A-RHU;
And soft the summer waves that leap
Around thy feet, fair ARD-NA-BOO!

Across life's troubled tide, to thee
My heart's last earthly thoughts be given;
No lovelier vision can she see,
Till dawns the glorious light of heaven.

MRS. EDWARD PEARSON.

HEATHER ALE.—A CHALLENGE!

In a recent communication to Dr. R. C. MacLagan, author of the article on Heather Ale, which recently appeared in our columns, we mentioned jocularly that he had not succeeded in convincing all our readers of the correctness of his views, and that there were some who still had faith in the old tradition. In reply, he disposes of the subject by asking us to give publicity to the following note:—"The writer of the Heather Ale paper will subscribe £5 to any anti-liquor combination agreed upon, if any reader will send him heather flowers or seeds from Caithness, or any district in Scotland, picked under guarantee of purity to be satisfactory to the writer, capable of alcoholic fermentation."—Yours, etc.,

R. C. MACLAGAN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1901.

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MANSE OF WEEM,

18th February, 1901.

SIR,—In the current number of *The Celtic Monthly* there appears an article headed "Mac-lagan," by R. C. MacLagan, M.D. Dr. MacLagan's object evidently is to find, if possible, the derivation of the name MacLagan, and to trace the original habitat of the Clan MacLagan. He refers to the parish of Weem, the name of which he considers a Lowland word, and cites Wemyss in Fife, and Wem in Shropshire, in support. Now, in those districts, as is well known, the Celtic tongue prevailed before the English, and Gaelic words might as reasonably be expected to be found there as in Perthshire. The Gaelic name of the parish is always *Uaimh*, and Weem is no doubt the Gaelic name put into English dress before it had received the aspirate. But Dr. MacLagan has made a discovery, and says the parish had another name, *Mclagan*. He quotes in support the Register of the Privy Council of Scotland, vol. v., p. 41, to the effect that in the year 1592, "authority was given to the Justice-General, Archibald, Earl of Argyll, to convocate the lieges within the bounds of the Shires of Bute, Tarbett" (which by the way is not a shire) "and as much of the Shires of Dumbarton and Perth as lies within the parishes of Fothergill, *Mclagan*, Inchehaddin, Ardewinch, Killin, Straphillane, etc." The name *Mclagan*, in this enumeration of parishes, Dr. MacLagan takes to denote the parish of Weem. His reasoning, into which I need not enter, is far from conclusive. The parish is known by the name Weem only, and this name is found, under the usual variety of spelling, as far back, I may say, as parishes have been in existence; while it is quite certain that locally any such name as *Mclagan* has never been heard of. In these circumstances I should be inclined to say that *Mclagan* must be a misprint or a misreading of some other name, and perhaps on further investigation Dr. MacLagan may find this to be the case. There is no ground in the extract given to connect the name *Mclagan* with Weem, and without any historical or

topographical link to support it, Dr. MacLagan's reasoning is too fanciful to carry any conviction. The parish of Logierait, not lying, however, in the district covered by the parishes mentioned in Dr. MacLagan's quotation, is in Gaelic, *Laganrait*, sometimes for short *Lagan*, never, however, *Mclagan*; but without some tangible connection to start from it would be unwise to seek the name *Mclagan* in *Laganrait*. If not a misreading, can the name be connected with any district in Dumbartonshire? It does not suggest the name of any parish in that shire any more than in Perthshire.

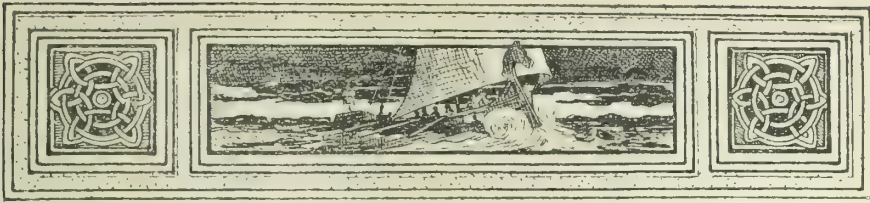
I may also remark with regard to the parish of Dull, referred to in Dr. MacLagan's article, that a very common spelling of the name in old books and writings is *Dow*, which at once suggests a connection with the Gaelic word *dubh*, and the regular name of the district in Gaelic is *Apnac'du'*, in English, *The Appin of Dull*, there having been an Abthantry. This again suggests *dubh* as the root of the word.

Yours, etc., R. GRANT DUNBAR.

HONOURS FOR MEMBERS OF THE CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The Senatus Academicus of the University of St. Andrews have resolved to confer the degree of Doctor of Divinity on the Rev. Patrick R. Mackay, secretary of the Anglo-Indian Evangelisation Society; and the degree of Doctor of Laws on Professor J. M. Mackay, of University College, Liverpool. It is interesting to mention that another brother of this talented family, Dr. John S. Mackay, Kirkcaldy, was decorated by the Queen of Spain for his services at Huelva during the terrible cholera epidemic a number of years ago; while recently the above mentioned Rev. P. R. Mackay, was decorated by the Indian Government for his services in combating the Bubonic plague. These gentlemen are sons of the late Rev. John Mackay, Lybster, Caithness. They belong to the Abrach (Strathnaver) branch of the clan.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The Annual Social Gathering, which took the form of a *Conversazione*, was held in Edinburgh on Thursday evening, 14th March, and was well attended. Mr. George G. Mackay, Liverpool, president, occupied the chair, and was supported by Provost A. Y. Mackay, Grangemouth; L. M. Mackay, vice-president; Dr. George Mackay, ex-president; John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly*, hon.-secretary; John Mackay, S.S.C.; Donald Mackay, "Strathnaver"; John Mackay, W. Preston Street; A. Sutherland; W. D. Mackay, R.S.A.; A. Ross Mackay, assistant-secretary; Jas. R. Mackay; and Colin J. Mackay, India. The chairman delivered a most interesting address, in which he referred to the excellent work performed by the society in furthering education and benevolence, and particularly in fostering a kindly feeling among the members of the clan. Through the society he had made friendships which he valued greatly. He also touched upon the charitable side of the society's work, and the handsome sums contributed by the clan to the Ports Kerrra Disaster and the War Funds, and a sum of about £50 had just been subscribed to the Kinlochbervie Disaster Fund.

Mr. John Mackay, hon.-secy., also spoke, and referred to the Tour which was to take place in September to the Reay Country, for the encouragement of the study of Gaelic.



Some Notes on the Celtic Monuments in Ross-shire.

By W. Macdonald Mackay.



DIOCESAN SEAL OF ROSEMARKIE.

(Continued from page 83).

IN the detailed descriptions of the Monuments in previous articles we have seen that the principal artistic features are:—

(1) simple interlaced work, formed in panels or continuous borders, as at Rosemarkie and Nigg; (2) interlaced work of a composite nature, formed of serpents entwined and other animals, as on the border of the Hilton Monument, and on the panels forming the arms and shaft of the Cross on the Nigg Monument; (3) divergent spirals forming a continuous design as a groundwork or in panels, as the unique example on the reverse of the Shandwick and Hilton Monuments; (4) Z or T pattern in a continuous design, is similar in form to the Greek Key pattern, and shows the influence of Eastern art; (5) Pictorial representations of the hunt, Biblical stories as David rending the jaws

of the lion, on the Nigg Stone; (6) symbols of the crescent and sceptre, mirror and comb, and double disc or spectacle-like ornament with Z symbol.

In the study of Celtic Art we have thus two principal forms, arbitrary linear designs and natural designs. In the divergent spiral and interlaced design we have a form of art peculiarly indigenous to the Celtic area as represented in the East of Scotland Monuments, and in the Gospel MSS. of Ireland, and the Book of Deer. In the peculiar use of the double divergent spiral line, on the Shandwick and Hilton monuments, and so beautifully wrought in the ornament of the Book of Kells, we have a form of art wholly unknown to the Greeks, the Etruscans, and the Continental nations; but which seems to be developed to a large extent in the early Celtic area. May we not gather from the intricate and infinite windings and twistings of this form of art, symbols of the mystery of our faith and life, in the same way as the pictorial scenes on these Celtic monuments are symbolic of Christianity!

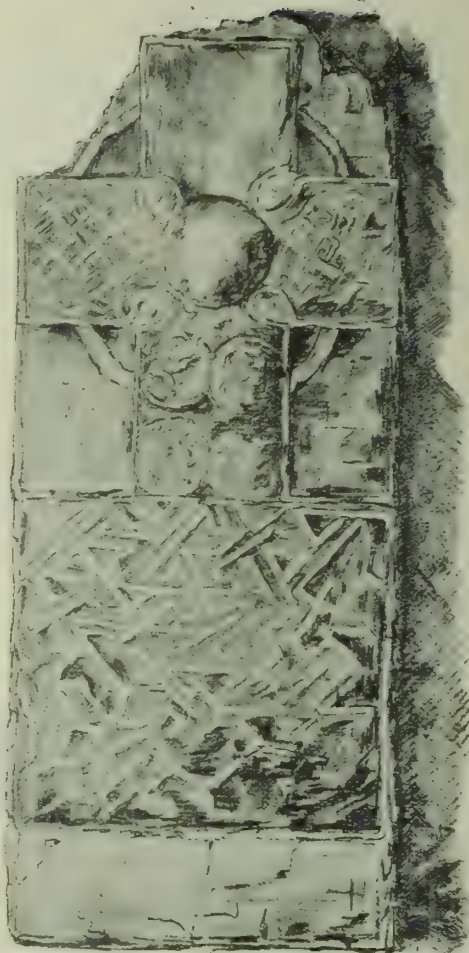
In the Z or T continuous pattern, or fret-work as it is sometimes called, we have a modification of the Greek design into Celtic art; but this adaptation of a classical design, its peculiar use and development which gives it a distinctive character, is restricted to the Celtic manuscripts and monuments.

The figure subjects are somewhat conventional and have no great artistic feeling, and are feeble in execution in comparison with the symmetrical and intricate arrangement of the interlaced design or other ornamentation. Regarded, however, as an authentic portrayal of the dress, the arms of the ancient inhabitants, the trappings of the horses, and the musical instruments, as seen by the artist, we have a valuable archaeological illustration of Celtic Scotland, as the hunting scene on the Hilton monument. Such a scene, however, cannot be regarded as commemorating any special event locally, neither can it be regarded as giving a clue to

the purpose for which the monument was erected, but of symbols of christianity; as such representations were in common use in christian art in Italy and Gaul. When we come to examine the art, the symbols, and the pictorial scenes on these Celtic monuments as a whole, we find that such representations of David rending the jaws of the lion on the Nigg monument; the lion breathing on the face of its young on the Shandwick monument; and such scriptural scenes as Jonah being cast up by the whale; Daniel in the den of lions, etc., are not commemorative but symbolic, so in the same manner do we find the hunting of the stag included with other representations of gospel history, which were used in manuscripts on the continent, and on portals and the interior of churches from the fifth to the twelfth century. The chase is a commonly accepted symbol of St. Augustine and others; the stag symbolized the sinner.

In the representation of the eagle which is the symbol of St. John, and is depicted on the Nigg monument, as well as on the rude slab at Strathpeffer called Clachan Tuindain (the stone of the turning). The same bird-like figure is shown on one of the panels of the inscribed monument at Ruthwell, the inscription round the panel bears the words—"IN PRINCIPIO ERAT VERBUM—In the beginning was the Word." It is commonly supposed that the eagle stone at Strathpeffer marks the site of a battle between the Clan Munro and Donald of the Isles. Both symbols, which are incised on this stone at Strathpeffer, are depicted on various rude stone christian monuments throughout the country, and may we not rather look for the cause of its erection, as the place where the early christian missionaries first preached the gospel to the Celts in Ross-shire?

The symbols of the spectacle-like ornament or double disc, the crescent, etc., falls into the same category, in their artistic aspect, as the interlaced work. Throughout the Celtic monuments in Scotland we have the spectacle ornament in a variety of forms, from simple circles joined together by two crescent-shaped moons as exhibited on the Golspie monument; circles formed of divergent spirals, connected with simple parallel lines, as the example at Ulbster; and the more elaborate form as on the Shandwick monument, which is composed of a series of minute divergent spirals in each circle, as well as the connecting bar. The same symbol, but with the floriated Z shaped symbol, which is invariably placed at the connecting bars of the double disc, is of more frequent occurrence, and the examples vary considerably. The crescent symbol, with V shaped design with floriated



From Original Sketch]

[by Miss Moray Cameron, Reay.

OBVERSE OF CELTIC SCULPTURED MONUMENT
NOW IN REAY CHURCHYARD.

ends, is only to be found on these monuments, both incised and in relief; and although the design varies considerably, the form of the symbol is generally adhered to. Both in this symbol and that of the double disc or spectacle, two of the finest examples are those on the Hilton and Rosemarkie monuments. The mirror and comb symbol, though a personal ornament, is associated with the other symbols, and might lead one to infer that its portrayal on these monuments had special reference in commemorating the interment of a female, as some writers suppose. We have historical evidence that these subjects had a ceremonial use in the ritual of the ancient church, and thus acquired a symbolic significance.

We possess no knowledge as to the peculiar significance of these symbols, which are associated

with emblems or scenes which had special reference to the faith and hope of the christian life ; and we are not warranted in assigning to them any association that was commemorative of any secular position or degree. Dr. Anderson, in an exhaustive lecture on the symbols of the monuments, in his *Scotland in Early Christian Times*, says :—"It is now also possible to say that there is no evidence to support the conclusion that some of these unknown symbols may represent personal ornaments, such as fibulæ or brooches. Among the forms of personal ornaments which belong to the christian time, there is none that presents any resemblance to any one of these symbols. The sculptors of the monuments (who wore the brooches) were certainly as capable of representing them pictorially, as of representing the mirror and comb, for instance, which they have always done quite faithfully ; and a single glance at the forms of the brooches of the period is sufficient to show that the symbols were not intended for them. If we suppose that they may have been intended for insignia of rank or office, we are met by the difficulty that they occur by twos and threes on the same monument, and that the symbol is sometimes twice and even thrice repeated on one stone. If we imagine them to have been of the nature of heraldic devices, we are at once checked by the impossibility of obtaining evidence of the existence of such devices at a period so early. But the negative result of such conjectures goes far to show that there exists no sure ground for assigning to them any character which differs essentially from the character of the other symbols with which they are associated."

We have stated in former papers that the art of these monuments is the same as that of the Irish MSS., in so far as the interlaced work, divergent spirals, and Z continuous design are concerned, and also in the representation of scriptural and hunting scenes, which show that the later Celtic missionaries who were adepts and illuminated those beautiful gospel manuscripts, brought the art into Celtic Scotland and developed it in a peculiar degree on the sculptured monuments. The practice of the art of illumination was carried side by side with that of religion by the Irish missionaries who followed St. Columba to Iona, Lindisfarne, etc. Skene in his *Celtic Scotland* quotes part of the legend contained in the life of St. Cudroë which relates that after taking possession of Iona, the Scots,

continued their journey, entered the region of Rossia, evidently the province of Ross, by the river Rosis, which is evidently the river Rasay—the old name of the Blackwater, and thence proceeded to Rosemarkie, an old Columban foundation.

In arriving at a possible date when these monuments were erected, we must study their features and characteristics with the Irish MSS. and the Irish High Crosses. The best examples of the Irish MSS., The Book of Kells, St. Cuthbert's Book of Durham, Book of Armagh and others, range from the sixth to the eleventh century ; and Miss Stokes in her work on the high crosses of Ireland assigns the Irish crosses to a period ranging from the eighth to the eleventh century. The possibility is therefore that the work which had its birth in Ireland was developed in manuscript and metal work before being sculptured in stone, and if we assign these sculptured cross bearing monuments in Ross-shire to a period from the tenth to the twelfth century, and the rude incised monuments to an early period after the early settlement of the Columban missionaries, we shall not greatly err.

Cordiner in his *Remarkable Ruins of the North of Scotland* concludes that "some time after the thousandth year of the christian era, and before the thirteenth century, most of these obelisks would appear to have been erected." Miss Stokes in her *Early Christian Art in Ireland* concludes "that such art out of Ireland belongs to much the same date as that seen in this country (Ireland)." Dr. Stuart in his monumental work on the *Sculptured Stones of Scotland*, in the Spalding Club series, says "the remarkable coincidence of the style of the ornament of the MSS. and the decorated cross pillars, concurs with other circumstances in



leading us to believe that the period of the execution of these cross pillars may probably have been in the seventh and eighth centuries." Dr. J. Anderson in his *Scotland in Early Christian Times* inclined to "a period later than the commencement of the tenth century."

The immediate vicinity in which the Celtic monuments in Ross-shire originally stood is near the sites of ancient chapels or Columban foundations. Cordiner records the chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary at Hilton of Cadboll, where the monument of that name stood, and close by we find those at Shandwick and Nigg and at Tarbat. The old monastery of Fearn was founded in 1230 by Ferquhard, Earl of Ross, and we may conclusively say that the means or cause of the foundation of the monastic building, was the existence for a considerable period previously of a christian community who had their abode near to the villages of Hilton and Shandwick.

Rosemarkie was the site of an old Columban foundation, whose clergy were dispossessed by St. Boniface in the seventh century, and the saint is said to have been buried at the old church. Rosemarkie was originally the seat of the Bishopric of Ross, and the old cathedral church of Fortrose, which was dedicated to St. Peter and St. Boniface, show the early influence exercised by the missionaries or monks who originally settled in that fair portion of Ross, overlooking the blue waters of the Moray Frith.

We have thus evidence of the settlement of early christian communities in Ross-shire, and, whilst early analysts furnish us with little or no information regarding the purposes of the erection of the monuments, we have in Adamnan's Life of St. Columba, instances recorded of the erection of crosses at Iona, one marking the site where St. Ernan, a friend of St. Columba's, expired; not where he was buried. St. Kenti-

gern also erected crosses in any place where he had converted people, or where he had made his abode. The symbol of the cross occupies a prominent part on these monuments, together with various scenes and emblems of a christian character. The high crosses of Ireland, many of them bearing similar scenes to that depicted on the Scotch stones, were not sepulchral monuments, but dedicatory or commemoration; and we are therefore inclined to believe that these Celtic Stones in Eastern Scotland were dedicated to early christian workers, and emblematical of the faith and doctrine they so faithfully and zealously taught to the early inhabitants.

We can picture in imagination in that far distant time the zealous missionaries, imbued with a love for their work in the spreading of christianity; the love of the beautiful in art and nature, travelling and preaching to the rude inhabitants of Celtic Scotland, and finally selecting a sheltered spot for a settlement. With what patient toil they must have laboured long and lovingly in the execution of these monuments, symbols of their faith; and, as they rose from their couches day after day at dawn to pay their orisons, the sun rising in the horizon over the blue waters of the Moray Frith, the ocean crooning its pæan of praise, or thunderous in its roar, they must have been glad at the vista and having their settlement in such a fair spot. We can imagine how they set to work with renewed energy as the work grew towards completion, and when finished, the assembling of the members of the christian communities throughout the province to take part in the services connected with the setting up of the monuments which stand to-day emblems of old time, wrought with a keen artistic perception, and of intrinsic merit.

(Concluded).



From "The Last Macdonalds of Ista"]

[by Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, LL.D.



"Over the Sea to Skye."

WITH the passing of the Heritable Jurisdiction Abolition Bill in 1747, and the subsequent introduction of sheep-farming, there disappeared many of those interesting clan customs and laws which, up till that time, had rendered the Scottish Highlands an almost distinct nation from the country lying to the south of the Forth. But though the power of the chiefs has departed, there are still those in the north who look up to the heads of their several clans, much as the Sassunach does to the Prince of Wales.

The most faithful of these followers are perhaps to be found among those clansmen who often fill in succession the position held by their ancestors from generation to generation, namely—that of personal attendant or ghillie to a chief. Such a man was Angus Macleod nan Gilleann, of Creachban, Isle of Skye. How I, or rather we, discovered this extraordinary clansman, happened in the following manner.

Having arrived in Portree on a lovely summer's evening, my two friends and I resolved, on the following day, to visit that grandest and most desolate of Scottish mountain lochs, Loch Coruisk. Carrying our lunch in our pockets, we took coach to Sligachan Hotel. Scorning the services of the guides, we at once set out on foot with only a hand map to show the way. After an exhausting tramp, we at length struck Loch Coruisk quite by chance. After lunch and a rest we started on our return. By six o'clock there were still no signs of civilization, and at eight the awful truth that we were lost on the Coolin hills burst upon us. Half-an-hour later, however, just as we had resigned ourselves to a night on the moor, our thoughts were startled by the barking of a dog in the distance, and on our running towards the direction of the sound, our hearts were gladdened at the sight of a man, probably a shepherd, walking swiftly to the entrance of the glen in which we stood. When we came up with him we hailed him in English, but he shook his head and pointed in the

direction in which he was going and made signs to us to follow. In half-an-hour we reached the sea-shore, and on turning a sharp corner of rock, came on a cluster of three Highland cottages or shielings. Following our strange guide we entered the central house, and immediately found ourselves in the presence of an old man who must have been over ninety years of age. Our guide spoke some words to him in Gaelic, and then the old man interrupted him by asking us who we were, and where we had come from. On hearing our sad plight he at once offered us beds, and made us welcome to all that his house contained. After partaking of his hospitality we ascended a ladder, after our old friend, and found ourselves in a loft or garret. The beds, seven in number, seemed like long boxes filled with the soft tips of the heather plant. Worn out as we were, we immediately wrapped ourselves in the plaids provided by our host, and were soon in the land of dreams.

Next morning when we descended the ladder, the only occupant of the kitchen was an elderly woman who kindly provided us with the best hospitality of the house, and in answer to our questions told us that the place was known as the "Creachban," on the south coast of Skye, and that it had been in possession of the family for over two hundred years. The old man who received us was the head of the family, was ninety-eight years of age, and was grandson to one Donald Macleod who fought as a youth for Prince Charlie at Culloden. Having finished our meal we went out to the beach where we found old Angus Macleod surrounded by eight stalwart men, whom he introduced to us as his sons. Two of them wore the uniform of a Highland regiment and were on furlough, two more wore kilts of the Macleod tartan, being in the service of their chief at Dunvegan. The others were fishers and crofters, and with their wives and children occupied the other houses we had noticed.

We now informed old Angus that we would like to return to Portree, but this he would not hear of, insisting that we should stay for a day or two. It appeared that once a year all his

family who could do so repaired to their home, and for a week high holiday was kept. We willingly assented, and one of the sons told the weekly carrier to notify the hotel folks at Portree of our whereabouts. Thereafter we spent the day in a neighbouring haugh, the whole family competing in such sports as putting the stone, tossing the caber, running, leaping and wrestling. In the evening we had dancing to the strains of the bagpipes, played by old Angus, who had been taught by the MacCrimmons when a lad.

On the following day we were shown the family treasures, which were kept in a sort of

strong room with heavily barred windows. These were chiefly old Highland weapons, but silver and gold crooks, sgian dubhs and brooches, testified that the present family were not lacking in accomplishments, these trophies having been won at various Celtic gatherings. The most prized of all, however, were the Lochaber axe carried by their ancestor in the "Forty-five," and an armchair and clay pipe used by the young Prince when he visited their hut in his wanderings. These relics were in good preservation, and Ranald, the youngest son, told me that several years ago his father threw a curio dealer bodily into the loch, who had come all



From "Highlanders at Home"

[by R. R. M'Ian.

PUTTING THE STONE.

the way from London to purchase them at any price. It was after this event that his father had the iron bars placed across the windows. The following day we spent fishing, while between searching for seabirds' nests, shinty, hill-climbing, and sketching, the hours fled swiftly away. Each of us made a water-colour sketch of the rustic cottages, and when we presented a copy to the head of each household, their delight knew no bounds. In return they gave each of us a beautifully carved snuff-mull. Mine is before me as I write and I have no more valued possession. The Gaelic words carved on it mean "A friend in the wilderness,"

and I never look at it but I think of those Celtic friends of ours in their lonely Highland home. On the following Monday we took our departure from Creachban. The soldier sons, Angus and Donald, were going to join their regiment at Edinburgh, so we had their company all the way south. Having said goodbye to the old patriarch and his family, we were escorted as far as Sligachan by two of his sons with their bagpipes. And then with many assurances of goodwill and friendship we parted.

Late that evening the lofty peaks of Skye were but clouds on the horizon, and as we sat on deck looking towards them, I could not but

notice a slight moistening in the eyes of Donald, the youngest of the soldier brothers, whose home and loved relations were now far behind, and whose hopes in the future were to be shattered by his untimely, though noble death, on the rugged slopes of Dargai.

MACIAIN MOR.

DARNAWAY CASTLE.

BY F. MARY COLQUHOUN.

AT Bannockburn, King Robert posted Randolph with a body of horse near the Church of St. Ninans, commanding him to watch against any help being thrown into Stirling Castle. On the 23rd of June, 1314, the King of Scotland heard that the English were going to assail Stirling, and anticipating the foe he caught sight of a body of English cavalry making for the Castle Rock. Lord Clifford was the leader with 800 chosen horsemen.

"See! Randolph," exclaimed the king to his nephew, "a rose has fallen from your chaplet."

The answer from Randolph was a desperate charge at Clifford, supported with only half his number.

Douglas's generous offer to assist him was repulsed in order that Randolph might redeem his fault, the king desiring that the order of battle must not be changed for the sake of his kinsman. The combat deepening, the English horse seemed to surrounded the sprinkling of Scottish infantry.

"So please you, sire!" said Douglas to his monarch, "I cannot stand idly by to see Randolph perish."

However, before he reached the point of battle, the empty saddles of the English horses hove in sight.

"Halt," cried Douglas to his men, "Randolph has won the field. We must not lessen his victory by approaching the camp when we were too late to help him in the battle!"

This was nobly said and done of Randolph's rival.

The war lasting between the English and the Scots, "The Bruce" sent the Good Lord James Douglas and Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, to lay waste Northumberland and Durham in order to annoy the English. Their army numbered twenty thousand warriors, lightly armed and mounted on small horses, each carrying only a girdle and a bag of oatmeal. They killed the English cattle, cooking the beef in a rough fashion, and being lightly burdened travelled at wonderful speed.

The young King of England followed with a far larger army, but it was hampered with greater stores and by the soldiers being encased in armour, though each day they had glimpses of the villages in flames, which the Scots had pillaged. The English boy monarch was eager for the fray, offering a large reward to anyone who would point out the hostile army. His wish was gratified at last, as a knight called Rokeby was willing to shew the passage of the foe. Notwithstanding, the combat was brought no closer, for Randolph and Douglas had taken their force to a steep height, knowing the strength and numbers of the enemy. At the base of the hill flowed the dark waters of the River Wear, having a channel of large rough stones. It was therefore useless for the English to attack their foes without bridging the water and climbing the hill in face of the enemy, a risk too great to be tried.

The King sent a defiant message to the Scottish Generals offering battle, but Douglas and Randolph replied they would fight at their own convenience. These messages infuriated the youthful sovereign, who longed to conquer his bold enemies, and one was found eager to give him an opportunity of revenge. That one was Randolph, Earl of Moray.

Asking Douglas what he had done, on his return to the Scottish camp, he answered, "We have drawn blood!"

"Ah," replied the Earl, "had we gone 'shoulder to shoulder' to the night attack we should have been victorious!"

"Not so," answered the Earl, "we must deal with the massive English force as the fox did with the fisherman."

The parable was:—"A fisherman had built a hut by the river to follow his craft. One evening, leaving a fire in embers, he visited his nets, but coming back to his cabin he found a fox regaling on the finest fish in the haul.

'Ho! robber,' cried the fisherman, 'you shall die the death.' Reynard looking in vain for a hole of escape.

However, catching sight of a blanket, he seized it with his fangs and dropped it across the fire. The fisherman rose to rescue the blanket, and off flew the fox with the salmon."

"And so," preached Douglas, "we must evade the great English army, causing great noise and blowing of horns as though we intended to remain there."

Douglas had caused a road of two miles to be carved through a morass in their rear. This was done by cutting down to the foot of the bog, filling the trench with faggots. Through this defile, unknown to the English, the Scottish army passed at dead of night, leaving the

English outwitted. Arriving at the Scottish camp all they found were several English prisoners, charged with a message to the English monarch, that he might follow to have his revenge "North of the Border."

On the death of Scotland's hero, King Robert the Bruce, his son, David II., succeeded him; but as he was only a child of four years, Randolph, Earl of Moray, became Regent of the kingdom. He proved a just but severe ruler, by the records of his deeds. On one occasion he sent his coroner to Eilandonan, in Kintail, to despatch certain marauders; and when that functionary commanded fifty of their heads to garnish the walls of the castle, Randolph declared "they were a fairer sight than a garland of roses."

Soon afterwards, Randolph's death was a sore

blow to the country, coming unexpectedly and in the time of its sorest need. His army was assembled and every preparation made to defend the rights of Scotland against Baliol's enterprise, when he lay down on a bed of illness from which he never rose, dying at Musselburgh, July, 1332, to the untold grief of his countrymen.

Many Earls of Moray have passed away since those savage days of romance, and now we rejoice to know that the one in possession and his "faire ladye," hold those broad acres of "Morayland" and elsewhere in trust from the "Lord of Lords." They believe lovely Darnaway might prove a "Castle Dangerous" if their hearts were set on earth's treasures instead of on "a building not made with hands—Eternal in the Heavens."

(Concluded).



ANCIENT MONUMENT AT TORRES.

HOW DOMHNULL* LEARNED TO SING.

DOMHNULL lived in a cottage up in the mountains. He was a strange lad and so quiet that strangers thought him dumb. His father feared that he was not quite 'wise,' and his mother whispered that once when the boy was taking home the cows, and singing to himself, an evil spirit had caught him and laid her hand upon his lips.

"So thou would'st sing, would'st thou," she had said, "then shalt thou ever keep the music in thine heart and find no words for it." And she laughed.

"Yes, she bewitched poor Dòmhnall," said his mother.

In the long winter evenings the lads and lassies would often come and ceilidh† in Dòmhnall's house.

* Gaelic for Donald, pronounced Dole.

† Pronounced kail-e, visit, spend an evening.

null's father's house. They sat round the big peat fire in the middle of the floor and talked and laughed a great deal. But Dòmhnall sat always in a dark corner, not speaking, only watching the shadows, and the firelight chasing them among the black rafters.

"It's a pity to see his father's son with so little sense," the neighbours would say as they went home.

In the summer time Dòmhnall took the cows far up among the hills and herded them all the day long, and the music in his heart kept crying the whole time. "Sing to us, Dòmhnall," said the little winds that played with his hair. "Sing, Dòmhnall," said the burn that came from the mountains and tumbled down at the back of his father's house. "There is a song in your face and we understand it."

But Dòmhnall could not sing. Then the birds coaxed him, and especially the little brown one that had his nest in the dyke behind the peats. "Sing to us, Dòmhnall; there is a song in your eyes and we must hear it."

But still Dòmhnall could not sing. At last the children came.

"Why do you never sing, Dòmhnall," they said. "Once long ago our mother heard you sing. Will you sing to us, Dòmhnall?"

Then Dòmhnall could not bear his silence any longer, and he cried "Now, Lord, let me die or let me sing." And the Lord heard him and answered, "I will send thee three songs, Dòmhnall, and when thou learnest them, then shalt thou have a voice and sing for Me."

So Dòmhnall waited, till at last an angel came with a radiant smile in her eyes and a song in her hands; and when the lad saw her he sprang to his feet and thanked the good Lord that he had sent her.

After that there was music in the mountains such as had never been there before. How the hills rang again. Through the day and through the night there was singing, and laughter with a note of triumph in it. The echoes, and the burns, and the living creatures in the wood sang with Dòmhnall, all the same song, and the little brown bird came out from behind the peat, and sang with them, too.

"Now, we love you, Dòmhnall," said the children, though they did not quite understand what it was he was saying.

Dòmhnall's mother cried a little when she heard the song. His father only said, "What about that, the lad is a good hand with the cas-chrom,"[†] and the neighbours thought that it was Alastair Ian's Kirsty who had taught him to sing, yet they wondered, too.

Then the angel went away who had brought Dòmhnall the song, but first she wove its name,

which was Love, into a wreath of roses for his head.

After this Dòmhnall was content for a time, although he could only sing one song. Then a shadow, which at first he did not notice, came creeping slowly down from the hills and blotted out the sunshine, as the dark nights of winter creep into the summer days and steal them away. Cold winds sighed down the corries, and the little creatures in the wood crept into flowers and under stones for shelter. The burn did not sparkle any more, and even the little brown bird stopped singing. But Dòmhnall's song still rang out in the mountains, for his heart was glad. Then a great trouble came to the place and there were many sad hearts and much weeping, and at last the people cried to Dòmhnall through their tears, "Oh, Dòmhnall, Dòmhnall, we are very tired, have you no song at all for us?" But Dòmhnall could only sing the one the burn had danced to, and that did not help them. So he said, "Now, Lord, let me learn another one."

But when the second angel came with a song Dòmhnall grew white and fell on his knees, trembling. "Not this song, Lord, only not this song. Rather will I cease to be a singer, for it is too hard for me," he said. Then the angel touched him and he learned that one, too. And when he sang it the people came close up to him and held their breaths to listen, and young and old alike cried to him, "That is our song, Dòmhnall, sing it to us again." They knew then that Dòmhnall was a great man, and that he would learn new songs even without Alastair Ian's Kirsty who was gone away—gone with the angel who had put the white wreath of sorrow on Dòmhnall's head.

Then at last Dòmhnall went away from the hills into the great world of men and women, and wherever he went he drew hearts to him by the power of his two songs. Men crowded round him to hear him sing, and no one in the whole world, they said, had a voice like his. Yet Dòmhnall would have given all the gifts they gave him, to sing again with the little brown bird on the hills as he had done long ago.

It was a long time before he learned the third song, and there was still music in his heart that strove to find utterance and could not.

"Let me learn it, Lord," he said, "that I may be at last a true singer."

But when the third angel did come, Dòmhnall looked, and lo, it was the death angel who bore his laurel wreath. Then his face grew radiant and he stretched out his arms—

"Now, indeed, I shall sing," he said.

LYDIA MILLER MACKAY.

[†] Cas-chrom—a curiously shaped hand-plough still in use in the Highlands.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

AN CAGAR--THE WHISPER.

GLEUS D Flat. *Moderato.*

Gaelic Words by K. W. Grant.

Melody and Translation by C. M. Phàrlain.

{ :s | d' : — :d' | d' : t : l | s : — :m | d : — :m | r : — :m | d : — :d | d : — : — : — : }
 'Sa ghleann ud shuas thug cìob - air òg A chromag dhòmhs' an dé;
 Just yesterday a shepherd lad His hazel crook gi'ed me;

{ :l | l : — :s | l : t : d' | r' : — :r' | d' : — :l | l : s : m | r : — :d : r | m : — : — : — : }
 Bha'n cagar 'chuir e'm chluais mar cheòl, 'S mo chridhe le sòl - as 'leum;
 His whisper'd story made me glad; I winna tell't to ye;

{ :s | l : — :l | l : t : d' | r' : — :r' | m : — :r' | r' : d' : l | s : m : d | r : — : — : — : }
 Cha'n inns mi'n cag - ar ud, a luaidh, Do ghruagach tha fo'n ghréin;
 But it was sweeter, sweeter then Than music to the ear;

{ :s, l, t | d' : — :d' | d' : t : l | s : — :m | d : — :m | r : — :m | d : — :d | d : — : — : — : ||
 Oir mheall e uam, cha cheil mi uait, Mo chrìdh' gu buan 's gu léir.
 For I had tint my heart, ye ken, To him for mony a year.

Is tric air madainn Earraich chiùin
 A lean mo shùil do cheum;
 A' dìreadh, siùbhlach, enoc is stùc
 Feadh chreag is sgùir a' leum;
 Gu'm b' fhuasgailteach do ghluasad treun
 Mar chas an fheidh air raon,
 Ri aghaidh speur, air bàrr nam beur,
 Do shealladh gear an taobhs'.

Bha m' fharmaid ris a' chuilean luath,
 Gach uair leat air an fhraoch;
 Bha farmad agam ris gach gruaidh
 A lasadh suas fo d' aoidh;
 Do bhriathran ciallach, fìorghlan, teann,
 B' iad m' inntinn riut a dh' aom,
 Mar sholus reul air loch gun ghreann,
 A' dealradh air mo smaoin.

Tha thu mar ghréin a chéitein leam,
 A dh' éireas ciùin, gun nèoil,
 A' togail sùil nan neòinean trom,
 'S iad crom gu làr, fo dheòir,
 A' dùsgadh eòin nan tom 's nan geug
 Gu dùrdail ait is ceòl;
 Cha'n fhaic mi faileas air mo speur
 Fhad 's tha thu féin 'am chòir.

Mar ròs a' ghàraidh thar gach blàth,
 A'm shùil-sa tha thu, ghaoil;
 Mar ghiubhas cùbhraidh, dìreach, àrd,
 'S a cheann thar ceann gach craobh;
 Mar uisge fuaran glan nam beann,
 Do chòmhradh suairce, caoin,
 Mar anail mhilis chneas nan gleann,
 'S nam blàth 'nam mìltean sgaoilt'.

Full aften, aften I ha'e seen
 Ye stepping west the glen,
 Or mang the rocks and brackens green
 Ascend the lofty ben;
 Yer foot as lightsome as the roe,
 Yer look so blythe and gay,
 Yer keen e'e glancing high and low,
 And whiles out owre my way.

The very dog that followed ye
 I envied every day;
 And ilka face that shone wi' glee
 At words that ye wad say;
 Those words so sober, clear and true
 Owre-cam' my heart langsyne;
 Like starlight in the waters blue
 They shone into my mind.

The May day sun to me you were,
 That rises soft and mild,
 That dries the glistening morning tear
 From off the blossoms wild,
 And wakes the songsters from their bed
 To sing in tree and sky;
 So from my path all shadows fled
 When you, my love, came nigh.

Like rose transcending sweet flowers all,
 So you appeared to me;
 Like scented pine-tree straight and tall,
 Owre-tapping ilka tree;
 Like mountain spring so clear and pure
 Your converse sparkling sped;
 Like fragrant zephyrs from the moor
 Where banks of thyme are spread.



Deputy Surgeon General GEORGE MACKAY, M.D., J.P.



Dr. GEORGE MACKAY.

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**THE LATE DEPUTY SURGEON GENERAL
GEORGE MACKAY, M.D., J.P.**
EX-PRESIDENT, CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.



BY the death of Deputy Surgeon General Geo. Mackay, M.D., J.P. for Inverness-shire, at his residence, 2 Learmonth Terrace, Edinburgh, on Nov. 20th, 1900, another of the veterans of the Hon. East India Com-

pany's Service has passed over to the majority.

He was the eldest son of the late Major Donald Mackay of H. M.'s 70th Regiment of Foot, and grandson of Colonel George Mackay of Bighouse, Sutherlandshire, who raised and commanded the Reay Fencibles (Lord Reay's Highlanders) 1794-98. Born at Aberdeen, where his father's regiment was then stationed, on 23rd September, 1820, he accompanied the regiment to Canada and received his earliest education near the Falls of Niagara.

Returning to Scotland he was sent to the Madras College at St. Andrews, and among his schoolfellows there were, the late Lord Playfair, Sir George Campbell, Mr. Claud Hamilton, and Dr. Hugh Cleghorn, all of whom predeceased him.

In 1841 he took the degree of M.D. at the University of Edinburgh, and became a Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons. Besides gaining several prizes, he was awarded by the votes of his fellow-students the silver medal of the Hunterian Society as the best debater of his year.

In 1842 (28th December), he received a commission in the Medical Department of the Honourable East India Company's Service, and sailed from Portsmouth on 20th January, 1843, *via* Cape of Good Hope, for Madras. After what was then considered a good passage, he reached India on 12th June, the voyage having

lasted nearly five months. By means of the overland route and swift steamers, India can now be reached in seventeen or eighteen days.

He was first attached to the Honourable East India Company's 2nd European Regiment (now 2nd Batt. King's Own Light Infantry, South Yorkshire, late H. M.'s 105th), but during his military career he served with all three arms, Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery.

As a regimental surgeon he took part in the operations against the Mahrattas in 1844, and being sent to Burmah in 1852 in medical charge of the 35th Madras Native Infantry, was present at the naval action and military operations which culminated in the storming and capture of Rangoon. He was also present at the occupation of Prome and Meaday, and several minor engagements. Dr. Mackay received the Burmah medal with clasp "Pegu," and was specially thanked for his services during the campaign. The officers of the 35th Madras Native Infantry and Volunteers serving with it, made him a presentation of plate to mark their appreciation of his services.

Returning to Madras in 1854 at the end of the war, he officiated as Civil Surgeon of Coimbatore and later at Ootacamund.

He initiated the public library in Ootacamund, and was made the recipient of several handsome presentations testifying to the regard in which he was held by his brother-officers and friends.

In 1864 he was promoted Surgeon-Major and transferred to the Military Finance Department as Examiner of Medical Accounts, and subsequently became Secretary to the Madras Medical Fund and Military Fund.

Surgeon-Major Mackay was one of the originators of the movement for the more efficient training of native medical subordinates (receiving the thanks of Government, 15th February, 1844), which led up to the establishment of the Medical College of Madras; and in addition to his military and official duties, undertook many offices in Societies formed for the general benefit of the British residents of the Madras Presidency.

When at home on leave he was closely associated with the late Sir James Y. Simpson

(the beneficent discoverer of chloroform), and in 1860 received the Diploma of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh. He retired in 1875 and resided for some years at Inverness, but latterly at Edinburgh.

His services were freely given to various philanthropic societies and institutions, and a well known Scotch Divine, who was associated with him in charitable work in the Highlands, rightly described him as "an upright, able, catholic hearted christian gentleman." Proud of his Highland descent, although so long absent from his native land, he never lost touch with the Highlands, and on the formation of the Clan Mackay Society, he at once joined it as a Life-Member, and was one of its earliest Presidents.

In this capacity he was chairman of the large meeting of the Society held in Edinburgh to welcome Lord Reay, the Chief of the Mackays, on his return from India, where he distinguished himself as Governor-General of Bombay.

In 1851, Dr. Mackay married Eilen Rose, daughter of Arthur John Robertson of Inshes, Inverness-shire, and is survived by her and by three sons and three daughters.

His eldest son, Dr. George Mackay, F.R.C.S.E., was President of the Clan Mackay Society last year (1900).

His second son, Colin J. Mackay, is an indigo planter in Bengal, and a well-known member of the Behar Light Horse. His portrait and sketch appeared in the *Celtic Monthly*, November, 1893 (vol. 3).

The third and youngest son is Captain H. F. Mackay of the Royal Marine Artillery, who has been for some years attached to the Intelligence Department of the Admiralty, and is at present stationed at Malta.

Two daughters are married, the eldest to Lt.-Col. R. D. Murray, I.M.S., Professor of Surgery at Calcutta, the youngest to Captain A. F. P. Paxton of the Madras Staff Corps.

THE POWERS OF EVIL IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES.

BY MISS A. GOODRICH-FREER.

IN presenting the following traditions I make no claim to offer anything which is new in folklore, but I unhesitatingly do claim that these, and a very large number of others as yet unpublished, are collected for the first time so far as the islands in question are concerned. Even the researches of Campbell of Islay did not penetrate so far as the smaller islands of the Outer Hebrides, and assuredly

they are as remote from less adventurous inquirers as the snows of Alaska or the monasteries of Thibet. Every year boat-loads of tourists visit the shores of remote St. Kilda, and the inhabitants reap their harvest in a fashion worthy of Italy or Switzerland, but I could count on the fingers of one hand the number of strangers who have visited Eriskay in the last five years, and other islands familiar to me are even less frequented.

Moreover, these stories are all recent, and in nearly every case the name of the informant and the approximate date of any incident has been recorded. The language used is, as far as possible, that, or a translation of that, of the informants, and variants have always been carefully noted.

Such gatherings are not easily made. The Celt must know and trust well those whom he admits into his inner life, and though in our wanderings in the islands we have long since learnt to feel at home and among friends, I could never by myself have accomplished such a collection, and have to acknowledge most cordially and fully the help of the Rev. Allan Macdonald, Priest of Eriskay, to whose patience, erudition, and perhaps even more his friendship with the people, these records are mainly due.*

Nothing strikes one as more strange in these Islands than the curious mixture of religion and superstition; and one realises, as in perhaps few other places, what life must have been in early days when Christianity was first superinduced upon Paganism. Here there has been, moreover, the curious complication of a Christianity rooted in the hearts of a people, who were then left without teachers, without books, without, practically, any written language, for nearly three centuries. The realization of the forces of nature and the powers of evil was strong in a land wholly without trees, without the convenience of wood for any purposes of shelter or manufacture; where the soil is so shallow and ungrateful that few things will even take root; where, so wind-swept is the land, that even when rooted they have but a precarious hold upon the soil; where man and beast alike have to make a struggle for life, of which we happily know little.

Thus it came about that one of the most obvious uses of their religion was to play it off, if one may say so, against the Powers of Darkness.

The spinning-wheel is blessed when it is put

* The reader may be referred to "Christian Legends in the Hebrides," in the *Contemporary Review* for September, 1898; to "The Norsemen in the Hebrides," *Saga Book of the Viking Club*, 1898; and to "Unwritten Memories of The '45 in Eriskay," in *Blackwood's Magazine* for March, by the present author.

away for the night; the cow before she is milked; the horses when put to any new work; the cattle when they are shut up in the byre; the fire when the peats are covered up at bedtime; the door is signed with the cross when closed for the night; and the joiner's tools when he leaves them in his workshop, otherwise he is likely to be disturbed by hearing them used by unseen hands. For the same reason the women take the band off the spinning wheel, for when a death is about to occur, tools and wheel are likely to be put to use.

The boats are always blessed at the beginning of the fishing season, and holy water is carried in them. When one leaves the shore, "Let us go in the name of God," says the skipper; "In the name of God let us go," replies the next in command.

The sea is much more blessed than the land. A man will not be afraid to stay all night in a boat a few yards from shore, but he would not stay an hour alone in the dark on land.

A priest told me that one day he was crossing the dangerous Minch,[†] which lies between Uist and Eriskay, on a dark night to visit some sick person. He asked the man who had fetched him where his companion, who was awaiting them, would shelter on the shore. "He won't be on the shore at all, by the Book! it is in the boat itself he will be. The sea is holier to live on than the shore."

After the home-spun cloth has been "waulked" or "fulled," that is, cleansed of the oil and grease with which it has been dressed, there is a curious ceremonial blessing by the Head of the fulling-women. All present stand, while, with hands laid upon the bale of cloth, she says:—

"Let not be afflicted by the Evil Eye,
Let not be mangled,
The man about whom thou goest, for ever.
When he goes into battle or combat
The protection of the Lord be with him."

When the door is opened in the morning one should say on first looking out:—"May God bless what my eye may see and what my hand may touch."

An old inhabitant told us that there is not a glen in Eriskay in which mass has not been said on account of the *fuathas* or *bocain*. Father John—used to say mass at Creag Shiant, a fairy or enchanted rock in Baile, Eriskay. She herself had never felt anything there.

It is customary to recite the genealogy of St. Bride, who is a very important saint in these islands, and among the concluding lines are these:—

"Each day and each night that I recall the
genealogy of Brigid,
I shall not be killed,
I shall not be wounded,
I shall not be struck by the Evil Eye."

There is a little brown bean which they call the "Marybean," and which women still wear round their neck as a charm, which used always to be blessed by the priest.

The cow is a blessed animal. It is not right that she should be struck by the flesh of a sinner, and her last words were:—"Do not strike me with your palm." A stick, even a few inches long, is to be used in preference.

There seems to be some half forgotten mystic use of the rod. In taking cattle to the hills they should be driven with a stick of no value, as it must be thrown after them when they are left. The stem of the docken, which comes naturally into use in Uist where sticks are scarce, is "forbidden." The drovers and crofters are agreed about this, but can give no reason. It is equally "forbidden" for horses.

An old man in Eriskay used to say, on leaving his cattle, after leading them to the hills:—"Closed be every hole (*i.e.* into which they might stumble) clear be each knowe (*i.e.* each knoll, from obstacles over which they might fall) and may the herdship of Columcille[‡] be upon you till you come home."

One does not hear of dogs or pigs being blessed, though animals of great value to their owners, perhaps because the demon or evil thing sometimes takes their form, as it does that of the cat or the hare. I never heard but one story of a dog being so utilised, and that was of one belonging to a priest, who was once hearing confessions. Whether the atmosphere was overcharged with piety, or for what reason, does not appear; but the dog, who was lying on the hearth, suddenly started up, saying, "If you liked me before, you never will again," and disappeared in a shower of sparks.

The cock is considered sacred. No one would willingly walk abroad in the night, as night and darkness are pervaded by evil, but as soon as the cock crows the most timid will venture alone, no matter how dark it may be.

If the cock crows at an unusual hour it is a sign of some untoward event. The crow of a cock hatched in March has more effect against evil spirits than one hatched in autumn, especially if black.

In a certain house in Uist a guinea disappeared from the stocking. A suspicion, well-founded, it is said, fell upon a noted character in the country. Nothing was said at the time, but when the suspected person next asked for

[†] *I.e.* strait; *c.f.* La Manche, the English Channel.

[‡] Saint Columba, who is especially in charge of cattle.

hospitality, the inmates were about to eject him, when the cock flew down from the couples, and flew about him with flapping wings, so they permitted him to come in out of the darkness and allowed him the shelter of the house.

A skipper of a vessel lying in Loch Skipport on three successive nights saw from his deck a curious phenomenon, a ball of fire, which came from the north towards a dwelling-house on the shore, and which always turned back at the crowing of the cock, doing no injury. The skipper went ashore, bought the cock, and asked the people of the house to pass the night on his vessel. As they watched on deck, they saw the ball of fire approach the house as before, but this time it entered under the roof and the house was consumed by flames before their eyes. The owner was of opinion that it was a punishment from heaven for some wrangling with his wife during the last few days. §

There is a house in Glengorm, Morven, in which no cock ever crows. Some years ago a man and wife lived there who differed in religious opinions. She was a Catholic, and he put every obstacle in the way of her performance of religious duties. One Christmas Eve she said she wished to attend mass next morning, and would be obliged if her husband would wake her up in time.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said he.

"It doesn't matter," she returned patiently, "I daresay the cock will arouse me."

"You will sleep long if you wait for him," he answered, and so saying, he lifted up the cock and twisted his neck. And no cock crowed in that house thereafter.

An islander went to visit a sick old woman who was a Protestant. She was alone with her, the relatives being at the other end of the house, and the patient was not supposed to be near death. Suddenly the fowls flew down from the roost and rushed wildly about the room, as if pursued by an enemy. The visitor was much alarmed and perplexed; when she looked again at the sick woman, she was dead.

A tailor tells a similar story, and is convinced there was no natural explanation. The patient was of course a Protestant.

A joiner was playing his pipes one winter evening while there was a terrible snowdrift outside. The cock suddenly came down from his roost and began to crow and to leap up, flapping his wings at the piper. The wife, who herself told the story, told him to stop, as the cock's behaviour foreboded ill. In the lull that followed the shrill notes of the

pipe, the group around the peat-fire began to meditate on what mishap had occurred, or was likely to occur, that night in the blinding storm, and thought that perhaps the priest, who had been seen to pass south, might have succumbed to the storm while returning home, when the voice of the priest himself was heard at the door asking for the good man of the house. The priest took him a little apart and told him that his brother had been lost in the storm; being deceived by the drift, he had walked into the Loch, had fallen through the ice and had soon become too numbed to extricate himself. The joiner heard all with surprising composure, his mind having been prepared for the worst.

The crofters very much dislike the modern innovation of not being allowed to keep their beasts in the house, and specially resent the exclusion of the cock, who serves to keep out the Powers of Darkness.

There are, however, methods, other than religious, for dodging the Powers of Evil. I remember being perplexed in my earlier wanderings in the Hebrides by hearing green things constantly spoken of as "blue," until it suddenly dawned upon me that green must not be mentioned, lest it should call up the fairies.

"It is not right" to call dogs by name at night, for that will inform the *fuath* or wandering spirit, and then he can call the dogs as well as you and make them follow himself.

The Rev. A. Macdonald told me that one day one of his parishioners was telling him that a certain spot on the island was bad for cattle, and remembering that the priest had a sheep there at the moment, used the phrase, "It's telling it to the stones I am, and not to you, father;" intending to divert the evil from the sheep.

The fire of a kiln is spoken of as *aingeal*, not by the more obvious name of *teine*. The fire in a kiln, it is said, is a dangerous thing and should not be talked of except by a euphemism. One man said he always blessed the kiln before leaving it, but should feel even then no security if he called the fire "*teine*." There is a proverb: "Ill will come if mentioned." In the same way drowning is spoken of as "spoiling" or "destroying" (*milleadh* not *bàthadh*). Even in a sermon it would be thought bad taste to speak of the Devil. He is "the great fellow," "the black one," "the nameless," "the brindled one," "the evil one." A priest told us he once gave an evening hymn to an old man, in which the word *diabhol* (devil) occurred. The man afterwards said he had changed it, as he could not go to bed with such a word on his lips.

So, too, hell is called "the bad place," some-

§ This curious story is widely spread in Scotland. See Hugh Miller, *Scenes and Legends*, p. 72; *Notes and Queries*, 7th Series, vol. xi, p. 95.

times, even, "the good place," just as elsewhere—not, I think, in Gaelic speaking districts—goblins and fairies are the "good folk."

If a cow or a horse die it is not right to say "it died," but "it was lost"; and in asking a question it is right to preface it with "It is not asking that I am," not only, I think, as a matter of good manners, but also not to attract the attention of the evil powers to the information given you.

(To be continued).

SOME WEIRD SECOND SIGHT STORIES FROM THE ISLE OF SKYE.

BY DR. KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, *Editor*,
"The Gesto Collection of Highland Music."

A FRIEND of mine remarked not long ago that so long as there is a religion there will be more or less superstition. I do not doubt it for a moment, and so long as man is mortal there will be the fear of death. The man who tells me that an apparition in the dead of night appearing to him would not frighten him, I put on the same footing exactly as the professing atheist. I simply do not believe him; he is only a clever ass! Many people who feel no fear or awe in the presence of death have an instinctive horror of an apparition. It conveys, somehow, an idea of something more than death. It suggests a dead person come back to life again, a sepulchral being for whom there can be no attraction, hence the reluctance of the great majority of people to encounter any thing from the spirit world, or the semblance of it. A strong religious belief, however, does sometimes engender a confidence against the supernatural that no amount of physical courage could give, as the following amusing incident abundantly illustrates.

ROUTING THE EVIL ONE.

An old aunt of mine, well stricken in years, who was on a visit to Skye some years ago, walked one day along the shore for about half-a-mile to see some women at work, washing in a shed. On the way she encountered a tame goat who came up to her, stood upon its hind legs, and placed its fore-paws upon her shoulder. Not being aware of the existence of the animal, she immediately thought it was the Devil, and tackled him accordingly on the spot and got rid of him to her own satisfaction. On returning home she remarked to her nephew, "I met His Majesty to-day." "How is that," he replied, "there are no people of distinction about here."

"I met Satan, sir." "And what did you do." "I said how dare you, sir, come near me. I put the Cross of Christ between me and you (she was a Catholic) and I flung him to the ground, when he immediately left me." This brave old lady—one of the old school—whose ancestors did valiant work in the '45, felt perfectly confident in her remedy, and no doubt would have encountered any apparition with equal confidence, but such people are extremely rare.

The following narratives are, however, of a very different complexion, and I can vouch for the truth of them as far as they go, having known the actors in them personally, and heard them relate them frequently, and of the truth of which they had no doubt whatever. Personally I do not hold any particular view regarding them further than that I want more light before condemning such an old belief, and so many otherwise inexplicable narratives.

ALASTAIR MACPHERSON'S EXPERIENCE.

Mr. Alastair Macpherson, a native of the Parish of Sleat, Isle of Skye, of Her Late Majesty's 15th Hussars, a very intelligent, well-read man, and one of our minor poets, now residing at Govan, gives the following account of his own personal experience:—"When I was eleven years of age I was one night sitting at the fireside along with my father, mother, brothers, and sisters. The house in which we lived was at the sea-shore below Knock House, not very far from the old ruin of Knock Castle. The mill where the corn was dried and ground into meal was about two hundred yards away, and the miller, Malcolm MacInnes, *who is still living*, was also the joiner of the district. He made all the coffins, and was a well-known, respectable and trusty man. We were sitting at the fireside, as I said, and it was about 8 p.m.*

All of a sudden we heard a sound such as would result from a man throwing down some deal boards on the ground, and immediately after a voice calling my father by name, 'Neil.' We all heard the voice, and my father at once rose from his seat and went to the door, but there was no one there. I remember my mother passing the remark at the time, '*tha nì an dàil do chuideigin*'—it forbodes something to somebody. Next night at the same hour we all happened to be sitting by the fireside again when the same sound was heard, and the same voice called my father by name. He at once got up and went to the door and there he found Malcolm Macpherson, a crofter from 'Teangue,'

*The exact date of the deaths of the persons concerned in this case and the next might be verified from the Parish Register.

a quarter of a mile away. He told my father that his mother had died that day, that he had brought the wood for the coffin, but as the mill was closed he would leave the wood there until he went to seek the miller.

Two years after this we went to live in a house exactly opposite the mill, and less than a stone's throw from it. Often and often in the still night we could hear the sound of nails being driven into wood, though no one was there, and whenever we heard these noises we knew that a coffin was to be made in the mill, and sure enough a coffin was made within a week of the sounds being heard. These are not

idle fancies, for my brothers and sisters *are alive to-day* and we can all solemnly vouch for the truth of these statements."

Now, whatever opinions may be offered by the "unco guid" and the unco scientific, to account for a whole family hearing the voice as above detailed by Mr. Macpherson, it is quite clear that they heard it when no one was there. It is equally clear that they were neither lunatics with hallucinations, nor liars, as they are still living, and are well known to many people of undoubted respectability, who would scorn to tell an untruth. We must, therefore, accept the story as a fact, whatever the ex-



From Daniel's

[Views of the Highlands and Islands.

PORTREE, ISLE OF SKYE, IN 1819.

planation may be. In writing to Mr. Macpherson last week asking him if I might make use of his full name, he replied "certainly give the names in full, as the story is absolutely true in every respect." Those who study this subject from a scientific point of view, make use of terms which suit their own ideas of the occult world (we prefer plain language), but that does not lessen the fact that here we have got the evidence not only of a single individual, who might or might not be "cracked," but of a group. Why, for instance, did Neil Macpherson answer to his name when it was first called in the presence of his family? Then again, what were the noises they heard of nails being driven

into wood at the mill? Surely any rustic could tell the difference between the working of a hammer, and the scraping of a rat. *They* were on the spot, and knew perfectly well that the joiner's shed was locked up at night, and that no one could be there. A single individual might readily imagine he heard these noises, but a whole family could not be mistaken. The only logical conclusion, therefore, is that they actually heard them, and that they were followed by the making of coffins.

SANDY MACKENZIE'S WARNING.

In sifting evidence of this kind one must not be too credulous, and it is of course necessary

to take precautions against being imposed upon; and first of all it is of the greatest importance that the individual who has had personal experience of the "second sight" should be a well tried, and highly respectable person. Of such an individual I can speak with the greatest confidence in narrating the following story which I received from the lips of the man himself, whom I had known from my boyhood as a very respectable person, a man who held worship in his house morning and evening, and in every respect belonged to the *creme de la creme* of the christian brotherhood. On visiting Skye in 1870, after an absence of many years, this man, Alexander Mackenzie, a mason by trade, and one of the most intelligent working men I ever met, told me—and I am perhaps now the only living depository of his story—that he and his brother Donald, both beyond middle age at the time, had been fishing one night on the Ord river with the aid of a torch, and when at a certain portion of the river well known to me, about a stone's throw from the "fank" or sheep-penfold on the farm, they sat down on the bank of the river to rest (it was about eleven o'clock at night), when suddenly they heard loud talking like as if a lot of people were conversing together at the corner of the "fank," and which continued for fully five minutes. Both heard the talking very distinctly and wondered who it could be, as they knew perfectly well there were no people about who could be there, and the place being fully four miles off the main road of the parish it was impossible for any body of men to be at that spot at so late an hour, so "Sandy," as Alexander was called, suspecting there was something uncanny about the voices, and perhaps feeling that they should not be where they were, told his brother Donald to "bundle up" and that they would go home, which they did at once.

One month after this singular occurrence, his brother Donald died, and at the funeral the first halt was made at the very corner of the "fank" where they had heard the loud talking, and while resting the whole commenced talking. "Sandy," like Peter when the cock crew, felt conscious and certain that the funeral was the interpretation of the voices he and his brother had heard a month before. Of this he had no doubt whatever, and he assured me that the whole circumstances were exactly as related.

I shall now relate another of the positive kind of cases of "second sight." My father, who was no believer in such things, was on one occasion an unwilling spectator of one for which he could never account. When the weather was bad in Skye, which is often the case, especially in winter, he was in the habit of walking up and down in his dining-room, by way of taking

exercise. On one of these occasions after dusk he happened to walk into the lobby, and was surprised to meet a strange lady there in full rig. He immediately accosted her, and asked who it was, but he got no reply. He spoke again with the same result, and before he could speak a third time the vision had vanished. He related the circumstance at once to the household, which surprised every one as no visitors were expected, and none of the inmates had been out. Two days afterwards a lady whose husband had died at a small farm some eight miles away, came to ask him for the loan of a horse and conveyance—which of course was granted—for the funeral. He met her in the lobby, and at once recognised her, and remarked, "You are the lady I saw here the other night; you have got white lining to your bonnet—one of the old fashioned quaker-shaped vehicles—and so she had."

Lieut.-Col. J. MacInnes of Glendaruel reminds me of another case that was well known in Skye in our younger days. At that time merry-making at harvest-homes was much more common than at the present day, and in this particular instance the host and hostess—a very handsome and well-known couple—were entertaining their workers and friends, and everybody was as happy as possible, and the hostess was the life and soul of the gathering. Among them was a well-known *taibhsear*, or second sight seer, who was noticed by a friend after a while to turn ghastly pale all of a sudden, and to leave the room. His friend followed him and asked what was the matter. The seer replied, "It does not concern you or me, but before long a tragic event will take place in this house." He had seen the hostess in her shroud. A fortnight after this occurrence the hostess, who was apparently in the best of health, was dressing to go out to a party when suddenly she dropped down dead in her bedroom. Thus the *taibhsear's* (seer's) vision became true. Some of the people who were at the function were known to Colonel MacInnes.

Some other stories, including one told by an *elder* in the *kirk*, may stand over until some future time.

The belief in second sight, and the supernatural is in itself not a bad thing. It has got a restraining influence upon the tendency to agnosticism, so prevalent among "smart people" of the present day, and when not carried too far, must work for good. The genus *homo* required a "jog on the elbow" occasionally, and this seems to be a very effectual one, for nothing is surer in this world than that the mortal coil has to be shovelled off sooner or later, to crumble into dust, and the spirit restored to the ether from which it came.

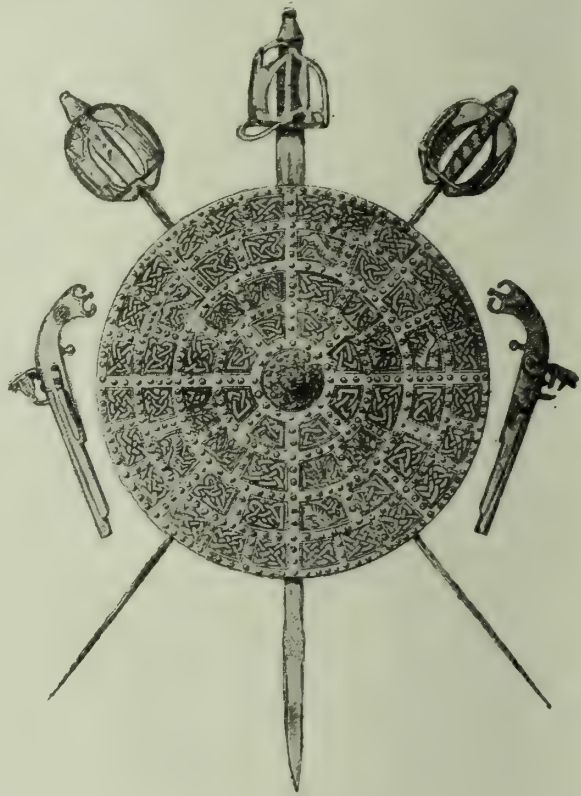
The Fingalian Legends: Their Source and Historic Value.

By W. C. MACKENZIE.

(Continued from page 124).

THE Irish legends relate that the first inhabitants of Ireland were Finntan, of the blood of Seth, and Kesàra his wife, Noah's niece, who fled from the East to escape from the Flood. Finntan at his death found a habitation in Tir-nan-óg, the land of youth, where he remained until a "white Druid" (Saint Patrick) set him free to depart to a brighter and happier home. The same legend is told of Oisín himself, who is said to have been baptized by St. Patrick. This myth may conceivably have reference to the Finnish aborigines of the island, and the release of Finntan from "the land of youth" perhaps symbolises the dissipation of their religion by Christianity. It is noteworthy that, according to Manx traditions, the first ruler of the Isle of Man was one Mannanan-Beg-Mac-Leirr (or little Mannanan, son of the sea), a Druid "who kept the land under mist by his necromancy," and who was ultimately baptized by St. Patrick. By at least one Manx historian this magician has been identified with King Finnan of Scotland.

That the Druidic rites as practised in Ireland and Scotland were neither Celtic nor Semitic, but Turanian in origin, appears to be highly probable. The belief in Druidism has undergone some violent fluctuations. Two hundred years ago it was rampant—Toland and his wild theories were received with open arms. A hundred years ago a complete reaction set in, and some critics refused to accept the Druids at any price: no such organisation, they argued, ever existed. In a modified degree this is the modern attitude, but the modification is of some importance. It is generally accepted as a settled point that the so-called Druidic circles were by origin grave enclosures, but it is also freely admitted that, at a subsequent period, Druidic or other religious rites may have been performed within some at least of the groups of standing stones. The Roman historians distinctly affirm the prevalence of Druidism in Britian, and Irish and Highland traditions alike appear to offer confirmation of their accounts, so far as Ireland and Scotland are concerned. It is quite reasonable to give some degree of credence to these evidences, without accepting the elaborate system of Druidism which some writers have evolved from their imaginations. We may



believe that a comparatively pure form of Pantheism, into which debasing influences gradually crept, may have prevailed, and that its rites may have been conducted in consecrated groves, and later, possibly, within the grave circles. The latter were certainly used in historic times for judicial and similar functions. It may be remarked that the Sagas describe the primitive Thor's temple as a structure similar to the grave circles of this country; the dom-rings of Scandinavia are supposed to have been used for the worship of Thor. It is also not impossible of credence that the doctrine of the transmigration of souls and other tenets of religious creeds in modern times may have been held by the Druids. But it is clear that the most noteworthy feature of the Druidic religion was its claim to magic arts. The word Druid is probably derived from the Sanscrit root *druh*, which, according to the late Prof. Max Müller, means "mischief," or "power of darkness," hence the Anglo-Saxon form of *dry*, a magician. The Irish Fingalian legends are full of the magical exploits of the Druids. They were reputed to have power to raise or allay tempests

at their pleasure, and to envelop themselves or others in a magical fog thicker even than that which conceals their own history. St. Patrick in Ireland and St. Columba in Scotland are related to have had many encounters with their magical arts, from all of which, of course, the Saints emerged victorious. We are told by Adamnan that the Pictish kings were the patrons in Scotland of these magicians. The Irish Fionn himself was a wizard not to be despised. By sucking the thumb which had pressed the "Salmon of Knowledge," he could see every concurrent event in Ireland. The poor Druid Fionn, whom the youthful son of Cumhail robbed both of his name and his "Salmon-scope," is deserving of our sympathy! The Danaans who, according to Irish tradition, came to Ireland from Denmark and Sweden, were mighty magicians. They ejected their kinsfolk, the Firbolgs, from the island, and were themselves subsequently deprived of their possessions by the Milesian Scots, against whom their Druidic arts ultimately proved unavailing. We are told that the Danaans taught the simple (Gothic) Scandinavians their black magic.

If we examine the primitive religion of Scandinavia, as set forth in the Eddas, we find a close similarity between it and the fragmentary traditions of Druidism which have been preserved. The Eddas, supplemented by the Sagas, give us a picture of magic similar to that of the Druids, of giants, ghosts, fairies, witchcraft, and second sight, which is faithfully reflected in Scottish and Irish legends and superstitions. Even the mistletoe, which is exclusively associated with the Druidic religion of Britain or with its accretions, must perhaps go to the credit of Scandinavia. For we find that it was this apparently insignificant, but actually potent, plant that was the instrument of the death of Baldur, Odin's son, whose memory even at the present day may be unwittingly perpetuated in some parts of the Highlands by the May-day fires which were, and perhaps still are, lit on the hill-tops.

From the Eddas and the Sagas we learn that the Finns were mighty in the arts of *black* magic, as opposed to the *white* magic introduced to Scandinavia by the Gothic Odinists. By some Scandinavian antiquaries the dwarfs or black elves of Northern mythology are said to represent the short, dark, Lapponic aborigines, while the name *Jotnar*, or giants, was given by the Lapps to their successors, a much taller people, but who, physical disparities notwithstanding, are held to have been a branch of the same Finnish stock from which the Lapps sprang. Traces of both branches are found in the British Islands; ethnologists are generally agreed that the bronze men who supplanted the

short, dark neolithic tribes were "round-heads" of the tall, fair Finnish type which is found at the present day along the shores of the Baltic and elsewhere in the North of Europe.

There are superstitious relics of the dwarf people and their powers of magic still extant in Scandinavia, Scotland, and Ireland, where stone wedges—called "elf-arrows" in Ireland—are preserved by the peasantry, being supposed to afford protection—in Scandinavia against "Lapshots," and in these islands against "elf-shots." These are alike evidences of the once popular belief in the magic potency of the stone arrows used by the dwarfish, elvish, uncanny aborigines. The pigmies of Hebridean tradition are possibly this Lapponic race. There is an Isle of Pigmies off the coast of Lewis, concerning which many popular superstitions are related. In 1831, when the fine ivory chessmen, now in the British Museum, were discovered by a peasant in the parish of Uig, Island of Lewis, the finder, we are told, ran from the spot in alarm, thinking he had encountered an assembly of elves. The pigmies of the Upper Congo who were discovered by Stanley, Lloyd, and other explorers, are curiously suggestive of the mythological and traditional elves.

The giants, too, were possessed of magical powers, and Saxo Grammaticus points out that the name was sometimes used to denote magical, rather than physical, prowess. It is clear at any rate from the Eddas and Sagas that the Finns, as a race, were believed by their Gothic conquerors to be past masters in the arts of witchcraft. It seems clear also that the people who related stories about a giant race must themselves have been of shorter stature—which appears to afford a further proof that the Fingalian so-called giants were racially distinguishable from the Celts. It has been shown by a modern Danish antiquary that the stone-surrounded giants' chambers—or passage graves of the Stone Age—in Denmark and Ireland are identical in construction, and must have been the work of the same people; these graves, it may be added, are also found in Scotland. In the Fingalian legends they are represented to be the stopping-places of Diarmuid of the fatal beauty spot, and Grainne the frail wife of Fionn—the Launcelot and Guinevere of Ireland—when they fled from the wrath of the outraged husband. The general view is that the passages-graves of Denmark and Sweden were constructed by the Finnish aborigines, and although this view is not universally accepted, there is strong evidence to show that they were in any case not the work of Celts; they are unknown in Germany, where the Celts long had their habitation.

(To be concluded).

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythwood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

MAY, 1901

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LAMENT FOR MY CAILEIN.

HUSH, hush ye, your moaning, thou wild
angry sea,
Thy foam-crested billows are tossing in glee;
And, o'er thee, shrieking, the sea-birds fly free,
Oh! why hast thou stolen my Cailein from me?

Thy siren-voice lured him in tones, strange and
sweet,

The sea-maiden wooed him her cave-home to seek,
With songs of enchantment she lulled him to sleep;
And o'er his low bed the mad waters leap.

His eye like the eagle's; swift of foot like the roe;
His locks caught the glint of the sun's golden glow
Now twined mid the tangle—he heeds not my woe,
He sleeps in his ocean grave fathoms below.

All lonely I stand on a surf beaten shore,
The coronach's wail—the ocean's deep roar;
And vain do I cry for my lost love of yore;
My Cailein returns to Stralachlan no more.

C. M.

MACLEANS OF COLL.

SIR,—My attention has been attracted to a letter at page 169 of the *Celtic Monthly* for June, 1900, dealing with the Arms of the Macleans of Coll, and signed by "Hector A. C. Maclean (of Coll)," to whom in an Editorial Note you refer as "Mr. Hector Maclean of Coll," *without the brackets* used by your correspondent. It would probably interest Macleans in many parts of the world to be told upon what grounds your correspondent signs himself as (of Coll), *in brackets*, or why you give him the same designation *without the brackets*? I believe that he is entitled to neither form of address. What are the facts? Has Coll become his by purchase? In this case he would be fully entitled to make use of the designation, and he might be con-

gratulated in having restored an ancient possession to the Macleans. Or does he arrogate to himself the title of "Maclean of Coll," even if in brackets, whatever that may mean, in virtue of his being nearest of kin to the last holders of that ancient designation? If on this ground, then I deny his right to make use of it, or to base a claim to the *Chiefship* of Coll upon his groundless assumptions, either on his own behalf or on that of any member of the Crossapol family, to which he belongs. He has as yet failed signally to produce proofs of the descent of the Crossapol family from that of Coll. I can speak of this with some knowledge, because my father's mother was a Maclean of Crossapol. So far at least, no proofs have been forthcoming, and I am convinced they never will be.

If your correspondent, in future, were to call himself Hector A. C. Maclean "of Westminster, London," he would be able to make use of a designation which no Maclean would question, and which would be far more suitable than the term which in my opinion he has so unwarrantably appropriated.—Yours faithfully,

C. S. MACLEAN, Major-General.

THE SECRET OF HEATHER ALE.

SIR,—Having read a good deal about Heather Ale in your valuable Magazine I thought I would send you a recipe for an excellent heather ale. The following quantities are intended to make 4 dozen quart bottles:—7 handfuls heather bloom, 7 pounds of sugar, 2d. worth of hops, 2d. worth of ground ginger, and some barm; some people use 4 pounds of sugar, and 3 pounds syrup, and say it gives a finer flavour to the ale than the sugar alone. Now, there is not much heather hereabout, and what heather there is is rather short. In the month of August the tops of the heather with the bloom are cut with a scissors, and taken home in a bag. Next day to commence the ale process, the heather bloom is cut quite small and washed in a pailful of water, and it is squeezed into a large pot, and if the pot will not hold the 4 dozen bottles of liquid the remainder can boil with the hops. The pot is put on the fire and gets a stir occasionally until it comes to the boil, then it is left at the side of the fire for hours to infuse, after which the infusion is strained into a tub or cask, the hops are boiled for half-an-hour and strained among the rest, also the sugar and ground ginger are stirred vigorously among the infusion, when milkwarm barm is added, and it is allowed to stand all night. Next day the scum is taken off and the ale is bottled. The corks must be of the best quality, and for quart bottles they should be put into a pail, and a pan of boiling water poured over them, so that they would be easily hammered into the bottles with a wooden mallet, as there is a secret in proper corking. Any person who follow these directions will have a heather ale of a superior quality, but if the quantity is considered too much 2 dozen bottles can easily be made by using half the ingredients. When heather ale is properly made it keeps a long time; the only fault indeed that it has is that when the cork is drawn it is so brisk that some of the liquid is usually lost.

New Deer, Aberdeenshire.

CATHERINE MACLEOD.

... DUNVEGAN. ...



DUNVEGAN CASTLE, SKYE.

FEW of the places hallowed by the beauty of nature, wherever they be, can vie with the great Isle of the West for magical charm or the mystery of romance.

Beauty alike of the sweeter and sterner side, for nowhere in these islands of ours will be found such a variety of scenery—from the green grass and tangled wild flowers of Portree to the bare granite cliffs which stand grim and naked at the Atlantic's edge. Who can gaze unmoved on the jagged purple peaks of the Cuchullins, or watch the ceaseless lapping of the summer seas around the three gaunt Maidens, without feeling the 'lift' in his heart.

If the day be fine and clear, what a marvellous sight it is to stand on the steamer's white deck and feast one's eyes upon the panorama of hill, cliff and rock which rises from the glittering blue of the ocean; Rum, Muck, and Eigg mere phantoms in the heat-haze; Harris and Lewis nothing but a dream in purple and grey; but every scar and crevice in the rough sea-wall, every patch of grass or lichen, every stray sheep (a white star against the green and grey) clearly visible in the pure sea air. There is surely no more exhilarating motion in the wide world than thus to stand, heaving and tossing with the good ship as she strains forward like a spirited steed, and gaze east and west and south and north, watching the marvels of sea and isle, the magical atmospheric changes which make

the Western Highlands the home of romance and mystery.

Who can imagine a Skye man, however rough and unlettered, with no taste, however ill expressed, for song and poetry; has he not inspiration enough?

When the white clouds rest lovingly on Macleod's Tables or strive to soften the harsh severity of the peaked Cuchullins with their fleecy touch, what a subject for his muse! When the sunlight falls gently on the sweet



FAIRY FLAG, ARMOUR, ETC., DUNVEGAN.

Dunvegan woods or flecks the roadway with pools of trembling gold, who could not sing of love?

When the Atlantic surge booms and thunders through the long winter night, surely he thinks of the wild half-understood lines which his forefathers sang; or the fair-haired men of Lochlinn as they ploughed the Western seas through storm and mist in their great Viking ships.

Who, too, can think of Skye without at once remembering its association with Bonnie Prince Charlie? What pathos clings to the old haunting melody—

"Over the sea to Skye."

How many a tale of romantic bravery and heroism could those rugged sea-lashed shores tell!

The first view of Dunvegan Castle is distinctly disappointing. One would imagine from the photos that this white-walled old castle frowned seawards from some bold and rocky promontory, bidding defiance alike to the elements and the invader. But no. Dunvegan Loch is seven miles long, and as the steamer rounds the Head and steers down towards the landing-stage, hidden as yet by the rocky islands, no castle is to be seen. Has some sea-spirit snatched it away from the unhallowed eye of the southerner?

Ah! there it is, scarcely distinguishable at first from the grey, weather-beaten rock, but as we slowly pass alongside the promontory on which it stands, the Castle seems strangely familiar. Memories crowd upon us, many a dim story of long ago, of peace and war, of love and hatred, of wine-cup and naked steel. There has been a Macleod in Dunvegan for a thousand years, for it is the oldest inhabited castle in all Scotland, and though much of the present building is of more recent date, the tower itself was erected in the tenth century.

And who has not heard of the Fairy Flag which is carefully preserved in the old, old home of the clan who proudly wear a sprig of juniper in their bonnets, with the significant motto "Hold Fast," and the white-towered castle for crest?

Then, too, one cannot help

thinking of the tragic love of Fiona Macleod and young Ronald Macleod, Chief of the Lewis, the story of how he was drowned when crossing to Skye to claim his bride, how she pined and died of a broken heart, and how her last request was that she might be buried in the angry waters of the Minch and thus be in the same grave as her lover. And sailors tell to this day how the scene of the strange burial (sorely against the will of Macleod) is marked by one spot which is always calm and peaceful though the waters of the Minch are seething and foaming in the wildest turmoil.

But let us land and see for ourselves the charm of this lonely spot in King Edward's Island Realm.

Nothing but Nature, a castle, a hotel, and a few scattered cottages. But those who scoff at Skye as being bare and barren, a treeless uninhabitable desert, a granite waste, do not know the real Skye. Where will they find, for instance, more rich and luxurious woods than those which clothe the hill-slopes near Dunvegan



THE FAIRY ROOM, DUNVEGAN.



RORY MOR'S CUP, AND OTHER RELICS, DUNVEGAN.

Castle and through which the white road winds! Larch, spruce, ash and birch are here, with a few stern pines. Soft and green is the thick moss, and the bracken is gratefully cool to the eye, tired of the blue sea and the dazzling sky. The golden sunlight filters through the screen of leaves and lies softly on the carpet of wildflowers; the murmur of a burn is in the air. Let us stand on the shore, fringed with yellow seaweed, and watch the sunset in gold and silver; see how the glow catches the clouds as they float in the blue sky and blush with beauty. And when the sun sinks over the Outer Hebrides, and the hills away over at Lochmaddy are lost in the glare, who can say that these islands are wanting in colour?

It is a silent world, save for the scream of a gull and the distant low of the hill-cattle. Then as the moon rises, the loch becomes a sheet of ruffled silver. Macleod's Tables stand out black and distinct in the pale glow.

Then lights appear at the windows of the white castle on the rock, a cool sigh comes in from the ocean, and as we turn, reluctantly enough, into the hotel, the magic of this fair and peaceful night is still with us—

"Dunvegan, O Dunvegan!"

COINNEACH DUBH.

The pictures illustrating this article are from photos kindly supplied by the Rev. Roderick Macleod of Macleod.—Ed.

MACLAGAN.

THE CLANS CUIL AND CLACHANE, AND THE
COMBAT ON THE INCH OF PERTH.

BY R. C. MACLAGAN, M.D.

(Continued from page 128).

*Spelling of name as affecting derivation—
Localities of earlier Maclagans—Probable process of formation of a "clan."*

BEFORE entering on philological discussion and to explain the position of the writer, the following story, picked up in Perthshire, told of a clansman, whose relationship would be gladly claimed if it could be distinctly demonstrated, may be given:—In the American War, the chaplain of the 42nd knowing that warm work was before his charge, said in his discourse, that soon some of them would be supping with the Lord. After the engagement some of the others of the regiment insinuated that the chaplain was not likely to find himself so hurriedly as they in the company mentioned. The chaplain's ready answer was, "the Lord knows I am not a supper man." One must partake of supper though he be not a "supper man," so one may embark on philological questions though not a philologist.

MacBain says "M'Lagain" is the "G" (aelic) form of the name. With the foregoing list before us surely this is not so. To judge from correspondence addressed, MacLagan generally comes from English people and Lowlanders sufficiently educated to know that Mac stands for *son of*, and that a proper name is invariably written with a capital. In the Parish Records of Perthshire, it is very general among those of the district near Dunkeld; Alexander MacLagan who was settled in the church of Little Dunkeld in 1687, and is mentioned in the "Fasti Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ" as a Master of Arts of Saint Salvador's College there, has the name spelt *McClagan*. It should not be so, it is *McLagan* at his graduation M.A. in 1673. He matriculated at Edinburgh in 1670 as *McLagan*, and had his settlement at Little Dunkeld contested and delayed because he wanted the Gaelic.

An instance of dropping the second *C* in another case of a non-Gaelic speaker is, when in the beginning of last century, the name was changed for simplicity to MacLagan from MacClaggan by a medical man (Dr. David MacLagan) who stated the reason, but who did not confess that he himself had committed the indiscretion. Personal experience is that the name is spoken

Mac-clāg-an, but on matters of this sort a deaf man is a bad authority.

There need be no question as to the frequency of which the word Mac is written *Mack*, and such a name as MacAmbrose may become McCambridge. In cases where *macc* or *mack* is followed by an L, a contraction for *Gille*—a servant lad, there must be doubt as to the origin of the second C, but, when one sees the name in the form MacIllegane, there can be no doubt that the clan name would, as used in Wyntoun, properly appear as Clachinyha not Lachinyha.

MacBain's hypothetical "McGillaagan" is founded apparently upon the form of the name in the "Red Book of Grantully," given under the year 1529, which by some accident has been quoted as Maklaagan though, in the published edition of the Red Book, it appears as Make-laagan.

Precedents for the use of all the other letters in the word Clachinyha are to be found in the list of the spellings of Maclagan, but it must be confessed there does seem a redundancy in the *yha* at the end. That there was a vowel sound after the *n* seems quite clear. It is written both as *y* and *e*, Makclagony and McClagane, but Wyntoun had the exigencies of rhyme to consider and the name had to take its place in apposition to the word "Twa," he therefore would naturally use *a* instead of *e* for his vowel, and the semi-vowel *y* corresponds with the semi-vowel in *Qwhewyl*. The *h* seems as ornamental as in his spelling of the word clan "*Clahynnhe*." From the rhymesters point of view, the word must have finished in a sound represented by *ya* possibly with a slight aspiration of the final *a*. In the indubitable words *clan*, Wyntoun uses *nn*, in the name Clachinyha but one.

What is the significance of the vowel sound at the end of MacClagane, MacIllegane? It is a genitive, thus we have in the Gaelic *Genealogy of the MacNabs*, "*Do genelach ic an abhane*." So much for the name itself.

That the native locality of those of the name was the Tay valley, there can be no manner of doubt. Among the older mentions of the name Duncanus MaClauchane; Angusianus. Saint Andrews student in 1573, is explicit.

In 1623, William McClagan in Glengowlanlie (Ordnance Map, Glengoulandie), in the Barony of Weem, was accused of having a fank of stolen sheep. He is described as "a poore fellow," evidently showing that something better was to be expected of him. His locality is clear as a commission to try him was given to the Laids of Weyme and Ballachane.

In 1620, Tailyeour McLagan, in Dalshiane, was complained against by the King's Advocate for harbouring "Egiptianis."

In 1613, during the hunt of the Macgregors, Duncan McLagane in Bofrack (in 1602 he is McClagane in Bowraik), William M'Clagane, Donald M'Lagane, and John M'Illegane, were fined for harbouring the outlaws.

In 1605, "McLaggane alias Miller, and John McClaggane of the Mill of Cluny," assisted a brother of the Laird of Ballachan to abduct a certain Rachell Bonair.

The above are all from the "Register of the Privy Council."

In 1590, the Rev. John Makclagane was translated from Kirkmichael in Strathardle to Inverchaddin, and subsequently had charge also of Kyllin, Straphillan, and Muling.

In 1566, the Rev. Duncan Makclaggane occupied the manse with pertinents, and the house called "Mackiltis," and the "Clerkis" in the Parish of Dull. In 1573, he was presented to the Vicarage of Dowle.

The earliest notice of an individual Maclagan is Donald Makclaagan, 1529, who formed one of a jury of twenty-five of "the best and worthiast of the said schirefdome" (Perth) finding the lands of Pettequharne, Caltulyth, and Abirfeldy, to be pertinents of the lands of Grantulie. ("The Red Book of Grantully," vol. i., p. 67 to 69).

Though the older mentions of the Maclagans point to a Tayside locality, they were latterly very strong, relatively speaking, near Tummel; and the only evidence of their having to follow anybody for warlike purposes is to be found in the Roll of the Duke of Atholl's fencible men in 1705, where, in Moulin and Tulliemet, eight of them are mentioned as "armed" more or less perfectly.

Having thus given as good a ground work as possible in order to form an opinion how themselves and others looked upon their clan name, and having fixed their locality, let us consider what may have been the origin of their name.

Undoubtedly a considerable number of what now come down to us as patronimics show that the family (clan) was only so in a sentimental sense, much as a Russian or German colonel speaks of his men as his children. But at the present day among primitive people, we see how the chief, though there is no genealogical connection, calls his people his children.

In the "Heart of Heathen Africa," the Rev. Duff Macdonald informs us, when a man intends to set out on an expedition he goes to the chief of the village, who, to see if the expedition will be successful, makes an offering to the spirit of his predecessors. As the chief puts down his offering he recites the words, "My son has come, he goes a journey, enlighten his eyes, preserve him on his journey, escort this child, may he return with his head unscathed" (p. 76). Mr.

Macdonald further tells us how a "clan," so to say, arises. Given a man who chooses to make a new settlement. Besides his daughters and sons-in-law, if he has means he purchases slaves who become his "children," the offensive word slave being seldom used. If he have daughters unmarried, he would give them slave husbands. Also freemen may come to him and say, "I wish to live with you." The village chief gives them permission and calls them "younger brothers," or, he may at first be accompanied by friends (p. 152) who are also "younger brothers." The village council consists then of all those "members of the tribe" which is the literal meaning of the word freemen, as used by Mr. Macdonald. Slaves and women cannot be members of this council, which is presided over by the headman—the "father." But we have also a glimpse of the effect of the introduction of christianity among these Africans, which seems to have had its exact parallel among the Gaelic tribes of Scotland and Ireland. When Mr. Macdonald (p. 162) spoke to them of a Day of Judgment, they remarked, "on that day we shall plead that we are the white man's sons, and you, father, will not forsake your children." (Africana: or, The Heart of Heathen Africa," by the Rev. Duff Macdonald, of the Blantyre Mission). We have sons of Colomba, Bridget, and others. Originally, our Gaelic names were not directly MacCallum, MacBride, but had the form MacGilleColuim, MacGilleBride, "Son of Columba's servant," etc., but the Gaelic and the Yao principle is the same.

Saints' names, however, sometimes at any rate, recorded their peculiarities, thus for instance, we have Maol-Mocheiridh—the early rising tonsured one, the origin of the family whose name is now, in English, Early. There is, therefore, nothing to hinder a holy hermit being kept in memory as Maol-an-Lagain, or Gille-an-Lagan, or Gille-an-Lag, simply. That there was such a hermit, we have already seen, but the position seems a little complicated by the name of his hermitage being the Weem, Machlag, a word in which in Irish the accent is in the last syllable. Compare the early Irish Mogruith, slave of (*the*) wheel; a Druid.

(To be continued.)

THE MACDONNELLS OF KEPPOCH IN CANADA.

SIR—The article in the last number of your valued magazine, "Eun Glas na Ceapaich," by Dr. Keith N. Macdonald, mentions the death, in Prince Edward Island in 1815, of Major Alexander Macdonell of Keppoch, known as "Am Maidsear Mor." It may be of interest to some of your readers to learn a few additional facts concerning Major Macdonell of Keppoch and his family.

Major Alexander Macdonell came to Prince Edward Island about the year 1804, and in April

of that year he purchased a fine property of 232 acres of land near Charlottetown, which he named Keppoch, and which is still known by that name. Major Macdonell lived with his family on the Keppoch property until his death, which must have occurred between December, 1809, and December, 1810. By his will, made in December, 1809, he named his wife, Sarah, the Rev. Alexander Macdonell of Nova Scotia, and Rev. Angus MacEachern of St. Andrews, in this island, as executors of his will. These two reverend gentlemen are mentioned in the article above referred to.

I learn from the late Alexander Mackenzie's valuable work, "History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles," that Major Macdonell's wife was Sarah, daughter of Major Macdonell of Tir-na-drish, who was executed at Carlisle in 1746.

There is no trace of any sons of Major Alexander Macdonell, but he left at least three daughters—Maria, Isabella, and Jane Gordon. They lived at Keppoch in this island up to about the year 1820; and in November, 1819, the Keppoch property was transferred by Mrs. Sarah Macdonell, the widow, to the eldest daughter, Maria, who had paid a large amount of money towards the liquidation of certain obligations of her father and family. About the spring of 1820, Mrs. Macdonell and her daughters went to live at Montreal, in Quebec (then Lower Canada), where Mrs. Macdonell and her daughter, Jane Gordon, died about the year 1838. When the other two daughters died I do not know. They were devout Catholics, and Miss Jane Gordon left several hundred pounds to the English General Hospital and to the Recollect Church, also for Masses for herself and her departed family. From this it would seem that the others of the family had predeceased her. There are legacies also to Dr. Robertson of Montreal, and to Oliver Berthelet, Esq., who is appointed executor.

The genealogy of the Keppochs in Mackenzie's History of the Macdonalds at pages 498-99 is rather conflicting, in that "Am Maidsear Mor" is described in one place as the second son of the gallant Keppoch who fell at Culloden, and in another place as the grandson of the same. The name Juliet was not an uncommon name among the ladies of the Keppoch family in Scotland, and one of the witnesses to Major Macdonell's will is Juliet Macdonell, but if she was his daughter I find no trace of her afterwards.—Yours, etc.,

Charlottetown, P. E. Island. ÆNEAS A. MACDONALD.

A NEW HIGHLAND INDUSTRY.

SIR,—In the course of a "crack" I had lately with that rising vernacular poet "Josh Macrae," he asked me to try and "boom" in prose a matter which hangs heavily upon his spirit; but which he cannot treat through his familiar poetic medium. He was recently much impressed by reading an article in "The Strand" Magazine on "Bryere Root"—a growth vulgarly and erroneously called "briar root"; but in reality heather root. It appears that the moor of Bruyère in France will soon be cleared of the roots of which tobacco smokers' pipes are so much made, and this makes it desirable that Scottish Highlanders should keep their eye on this industry.

Glen Devon.

K. MATHESON.

"THE MAIDSEAR MOR" OF KEPPOCH.

MAJOR ALEXANDER MACDONELL (KEPPOCH'S
BROTHER).

SIR—While that most charming account of "the grey bird of Keppoch (Eun Glas na Ceapaich)" by Dr. K. N. MacDonald, which appeared in the *Celtic Monthly* of February, is still fresh in the memory of its readers, and has awakened even in the Far West, among his clansmen in Canada, the half-forgotten reminiscences, heard from their fathers, of this fine old soldier, it cannot be out of place to mention another circumstance which *sounds* quite as weird and certainly *is* as unpleasant to the Keppoch family as the appearance of the grey bird. I mean the revival of the old fairy trick of substituting a changeling for the real bairn, which in the olden times was so cleverly done that the child's own parents were deceived, and the aid of the nearest blacksmith's hammer and anvil had to be requisitioned to decide whether the child were really a fairy's brat or no. In this present case, I think the modern weapons of pen and ink on the anvil of hard facts will be a safer test; and, as one of the great-grand-nieces (more than twice over through my father and my mother) of the gallant "Maidsear Mor," I feel I have some right to wield the modern weapons for the exorcism of this sprite. The real bairn was the youngest son of the "Maidsear Mor," John MacDonell, who died of cholera in Montreal in August 1832—of which fact there is contemporary documentary evidence extant, viz:—In addition to communications received by other members of the Keppoch family in Scotland, at the request of Janet, the last surviving member of the "Maidsear Mor's" family, there was sent to Mrs. Duncan Stewart, Edinburgh (the niece of the "Maidsear Mor"), in that year, the official notice of the death from cholera of this Janet MacDonell's youngest brother, John, in August, 1832. He was unmarried. Accompanying this notice sent by Janet MacDonell's executor, there was also the notice of Janet MacDonell's own death, on the 7th September of the same year, 1832, in the convent in Montreal, where she was a nun. There was also the details of the disposal of Janet's property, family relics, etc., according to the will made by her. Among other items, she left the miniature of her father, the "Maidsear Mor," to Mrs. Duncan Stewart; and the portrait is described as being that of "the late Major Alexander MacDonell of the Glengarry Fencibles, and uncle of Mrs. Duncan Stewart." There are also the letters from the Doctor who attended her to the same purport. These and other documents are now in the possession of Mr. Alexander MacDonell Stewart, son of Mrs. Duncan Stewart, with his grand-uncle's portrait; and that they are all intact and legible I can testify, as I had the perusal of them and copies—this through the courtesy of Mr. Stewart—not many months ago. As to the "changeling," the descendants of a certain John MacDonald, whom a tombstone (I do not know how recently it has been raised) in the Cathedral Cemetery of Baltimore, United States, describes as "of the family of Keppoch," and the date of his death, 1824, have assumed and circulated

in Scotland and America, as well as Canada, that this John of Baltimore was the son of Major Alexander MacDonell of Keppoch, the only reason alleged being those words on the stone and their own belief. This has not deceived any members of the Keppoch family, but has been repudiated by them for well over twenty years, when the subject was first brought to their notice. But people who had no means of knowing (such as Alexander MacKenzie, Inverness, in his compilation about the MacDonald Clan) have accepted without enquiry the legend, on the sole authority of a descendant of John of Baltimore. I had fancied that, in the face of incontestable proofs, this substitution of one name for another had been abandoned; but I hear, from good authority in Canada, that yet another stone has been raised to the Baltimore John only last summer, with his supposed claims fully detailed. As the clansmen in Canada who lost traces of John MacDonell, Keppoch, after he left Prince Edward's Island, are under the impression that John MacDonell of Baltimore was the Major of Keppoch's son, I inflict these details on your readers, many of whom are Canadian clansmen—with whom, I think, last year's newly engraved tombstone in Baltimore will hardly weigh much as evidence, and they can judge for themselves which was the real bairn and which the changeling.

JOSEPHINE M. MACDONELL
Of Keppoch.

**AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A
FAMOUS POACHER.**

AMONG the many exquisite spots of scenery opened up to the tourist world by the West Highland Railway, none can compare in wild and romantic beauty with the magnificent Glen S—. Here, wood and water, mountain, loch, and stream, tumbling rapid rivers, overhung with rock, birch and rowan trees, tendrils and trail of berry, with the rich, deep, glow of the purple heather, form a variety and delicacy of colouring beyond the powers of description. The reader who has been fortunate enough to travel by this route, may place the locale of the following tale according to his fancy, as the incident related is drawn from actual fact.

"Ian Mòr," or big John, the poacher, was, and is still known by reputation in the bonny braes of L— as one of the keenest sportsmen and best shots that has ever been known in a district famous for its marksmen.

Ian, like all true born Highlanders, shot, not for gain, but *con amore*; holding the present system of game laws in supremest contempt, as both unjust and iniquitous to the people born on the soil. Many a magnificent stag fell to his unerring rifle that would otherwise have been gored to death during the pairing season, and left to rot in the forest, as the generous

lessee forbade any person from walking through his domain without special permission, in his craven fear of poachers. Preferring to provide meat for carrion crows, rather than permit the poor to have the benefit of the stags, his miserable contention being, "that he did not wish them to get a taste for game, as it was only a needless temptation"—this, to men and women whose forbears had feasted on game and venison when his (if he owned any) had probably been contented with the offals of meat offered for sale in the back slums of the city, since when, they had amassed a fortune by trickery.

So, it was with a conscience perfectly at ease that Ian pursued his *debonnaire* existence. The poor had indeed reason to bless his unerring aim, as many a white hare found its way during the hard winter months, into pots that otherwise would often have been empty but for his thoughtful kindness.

As I said before, Ian shot for love of sport, and none of his spoils ever found their way to the English Markets, but were generously distributed amongst his friends, reserving only a modest share for himself. Neither moor nor forest suffered in consequence, nay, rather benefited, as no wounded bird was ever suffered to drag out its wretched existence among the heather, a pitiable victim to bad marksmanship, and a source of disease to other birds. And which of us would cavil at the present of a fine haunch of venison, or game, laid like a gift of the fairies on our kitchen floors by unseen hands? Would we sit down at our writing-desk to pen an advertisement for the agony column of a leading journal demanding to know to whom the nameless gift should be returned? I think in nine cases out of ten, we may safely answer, no—and for the tenth we should recommend him a little change of air at Hanwell.

Mr. Windross had rented a moor and shooting lodge as well as the magnificent deer forest in question, for many years; shot over it badly, got his keeper to shoot for him, and reported the bag in the sporting papers as his own; devoured as much, and more, than was good for him, and ordered the surplus to be neatly packed in game-boxes, and despatched to the Leadenhall Market, for prices which more than paid the rent of the lodge and the moor. The same programme was repeated as regarded the deer forest.

As to his poorer neighbours, they had become used to seeing his lean "Sassunach" figure, clad in the regulation tweed shooting costume of a London tailor's fancy, passing their cottage doors daily without so much as a word of greeting in reply to their salutations. As to a more substantial proof of his presence in their midst, in the shape of a little present of venison

or game, such a thing was unheard of.—A *parvenu* Englishman of the worst type, a mean man, and a bad neighbour. However, there is such a thing as retribution, even in this work-a-day world. If Windross proved a source of discomfort to his neighbours in general, the very flower of his torment lay in the thought of Ian Mòr.

He knew he shot his grouse, and stalked his stags, in a manner he could never hope to emulate in the faintest degree. Therein lay the sting. He hated him for poaching his preserves, and grudged most bitterly every "feather" and "Royal" he had ever brought down. He might have forgiven that perhaps? but never his superior skill as a marksman, and the dare-devil reputation he had made for himself. Often, and often, on the clear moonlight nights, the keepers could hear on the hillside the distant shots from Ian's gun, but in addition to other accomplishments he added extreme nimbleness of foot, so much so, that no man had ever succeeded in catching him red-handed, or even come within measureable distance of him so as to be able to swear to his identity. Thus, to the moral certainty of Ian's guilt, or astuteness, as difference of opinion would have it, was added the additional irritability of furnishing proof. So Ian pursued his beloved sport, unscathed in the eyes of the law.

One never to be forgotten day, early in the month of September, an ideal day for a sportsman, with light winds and clear sunshine, Mr. Windross set out with almost the true glow animating his bosom. His dogs were of the best, keen, alert, and in splendid training. His keepers, steady reliable men. What more could the heart of man desire. Windross even attempted to imitate the light, springy steps of his lithe agile keepers, as he followed over the heather. But alas, his flat feet refused to lend themselves to the situation, and the spectacle he presented was rather that of an ancient and stiff-legged rooster, promenading for the admiration of the fowl yard.

Far away in the distance the eye rested on white patches of snow, nestling summer and winter in the rocky clefts of the precipices. A strange contrast to the rich honey perfume arising from the bruised purple heather-bells, crushed under foot as they trod the hills, together with the pungent perfume of birch and hazel, and the more delicate fragrance of wild flowers.

But it was not the rare mountain air entering into one's inmost being as a gift of God, that so enraptured the shrunken soul of Mr. Windross. To him the keen air only meant additional zest for lunch.

Bang! bang! went the sharp report of a rifle

far ahead, dissipating for the moment all agreeable emotions, as the blue smoke ascended away in the distance. Some one actually shooting over his sacred preserves! and, guessing by the sound of the shots, within reasonable distance of being overtaken.

Mr. Windross, being of purely Saxon origin, was not specially remarkable for keenness of intelligence, yet, like a flash, he saw in his mind's eye, the form of the intruder "Ian." When he did speak, he ventured no explanation of his thought further than one wicked word. "D—," said Mr. Windross. "Ian," echoed the keepers after him. "I know that damned thief is at it again," he spluttered, turning a furiously red face towards the keepers as if they were in some measure responsible.

Meanwhile the dogs, after the manner of good sporting hounds, left Mr. Windross, breaking away after the unerring marksman whistling for them in the distance. Shouts, blood-curdling oaths and imprecations all proved unavailing to lure the truants back to their duties. It was with feelings more to be imagined than described that Windross and his keepers toiled over mountain, moor, and fell, trying in vain to overtake in their hot and useless chase Ian Mòr; for he indeed it was, who, in a mere spirit of bravado, had dared them thus in the open day.

Hot, footsore and furious, the pursuers had to give up the chase at last, and to return home, fairly beaten.

Neither master nor men would have laid in very potent claims for the sacred nimbus, but the language indulged in on the return journey must have relegated any faint claims the applicants might have had to be considered at a future age as saints, to the borderland of extreme doubt. When they did arrive at the lodge, the master strode sulkily in to his dinner, to drown his troubles in many a friendly 'cogie,' whilst the keepers retired to a merrier, if more modest repast, washed down by whisky, where they laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks, at this last daring exploit of 'Ian Mòr,' whom they all secretly admired for his intrepid daring, and open-handed generosity.

That night the moon rose clear and calm over the wooded heights behind the lodge. Far below, the rapid river rose and fell in tumbling cascades over the rocky boulders, in the unbroken silence of the night, save for the soft coo of the doves, and the hooting of owls from a neighbouring wood on the opposite side of the river.

Stealthily fell almost noiseless footsteps, creeping slowly and cautiously through the brake, a branch here and there snapping in two, as a strong hand pushed them aside.

Stooping every now and then in a listening attitude, a bent figure emerged out of the shade into the open, followed by two or three smaller shadows, led by a long knotted string, through a side gate leading on to the lawn in front of the lodge, where the figure bending down, fastened the string securely to one of the pillars of the hall door.

Then, turning a handsome, dare-devil face, surmounted by a smart Glengarry bonnet, up towards one of the upper windows, he went through the form of a mock salute with his hand, and fled with the swiftness of a mountain roe, over hedge, ditch, and burn, till he reached the safety of the woods, where he indulged in peal after peal of merry laughter, awakening a chorus of ready sympathy from the birds, who twittered wildly on the branches, agog with the unusual disturbance.

Meanwhile the dogs finding themselves abandoned to their own resources, set up a chorus of sharp yelps, which soon aroused the household.

Hurrying on whatever garment came to hand, the servants crowded out to see what the noise meant; and their master clad in dressing-gown and slippers appeared on the lawn, livid with rage.

There, tied to his own front door, were his own dogs, with what appeared to be a label with something written on it, attached to the neck of a red and white setter.

By the clear moonlight, this is what Mr. Windross read, written in a round text hand, impossible to identify:—

"Returned, with sincere thanks for the loan."

What Mr. Windross remarked, any christian pen would absolutely refuse to record.

ALICE C. MACDONELL
of Keppoch.

THE CLAN MACKAY AND THE GAELIC MOD.—Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, offers prizes amounting to £21 for the best choral rendering of a Gaelic song; the Clan Mackay Society give a prize of £3 3s. for the best solo of one of Rob Donn Mackay's songs; Provost A. Y. Mackay, ex-president, £2 2s. for metrical translation of any of the following songs by Rob Donn—*Soraidh na frithe, Oran nan casaga dubh, and Siubhal mar ri Seorsa duinn*; Mr. William Mackay, Inverness, another ex-president, £5 5s. for the best collection of Gaelic Technical Terms; and Messrs. Donald Mackay and John Mackay, Edinburgh, £2 5s. for the best original Gaelic song composed by a native of the Reay country or Assynt. The Clan Mackay, at all events, are doing their duty handsomely by the old language.

The Glasgow Inverness-shire Association give £3 3s. for the best solo rendering of an Inverness-shire song; Skye Association for a Skye song; Oban and Lorn Association for a Lorne song; Dundee Highland Association for a duct; etc.

**THAINIG CLANN DONNACHAIDH!**

(CLAN DONNACHAIDH HAS COME).

Dedicated to Alasdair Stewart Robertson of Struan,
Chief of the Clan Donnachie.

HEIRS of a race that was famous of yore,
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !
Faithful and fiery and true to the core,
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !
Shall we not treasure the deeds that were done,
Pass them unsullied from father to son?
Ours is the guerdon of glory they won.
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !

Struan is ours, and the sweep of the stream,
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !
Lit with the splendours of legend and dream;
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !
Wide-reaching Athole, the cradle of kings;
Rannoch that feeds, with the force of her springs,
Torrents that shout to the forest that sings
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !

Hail to the mountains that girdle our lair!
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !
Hail to their storm-beaten battlements bare!
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !
Back to the foot of our fastness in vain
Rallied the Roman, the Saxon, the Dane,
Baffled and broken again and again;
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !

Lone on our lordship Schiehallion looks down,
(Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !)
Mantled in snow, and with clouds for a crown;
(Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !)
Where are the warders whose watch in the night
Waned as the blaze of the beacons grew bright,
Flashing our signal from height unto height?
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !

Where are our legions, embattled when day
(Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !)
Dawned on the pride of their serried array?
(Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !)
Theirs was the rapture of fight and the thrill
Theirs when the pibroch, exultant and shrill,
Woke the wild echoes on heath and on hill;
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !

Faith is their talisman, freedom their law;
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !
Fetterless freedom and faith without flaw;
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !
Bound in one brotherhood, chieftain and kern,
Light is their tread on the fraoch and the fern,
Light as their thought of the peril they spurn.
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !

Woe to the land when their coronach wails!
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !
Swift as an eagle they swoop on the vales;
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !
Fierce as a leopard bereaved of her brood;
Swift in the foray and fierce in the feud,
Forward Glenerochy, Fàskally, Lude!
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !

Rash is the onset, resistless the charge,
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !
Flinging behind them the plaid and the targe,
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !
Full in the face of the foeman they leap;
Splendid the sheen of the swords in their sweep,
Reaping the harvest as reapers that reap,
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !

Bannockburn welcomed them, fearless and blithe—
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !
Black Inverlochy and bloody Kilsyth—
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !
Loud as the tempest their triumph arose,
Ringing acclaim when the star of Montrose
Burned like a flame on the flight of their foes.
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !

Swift is the rush of the surge of the sea;
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !
Swift was their vengeance for gallant Dundee;
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !
Nay, had the last of the Stuarts but known,
Turned from the stranger and trusted their own,
Fortune and Fate had been theirs, and a throne!
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !

What if Culloden ran red with our blood!
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !
Full as of yore is the life-giving flood;
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !
Kings were our chieftains and heroes our sires;
Is not our spirit aglow with their fires,
Love that remembers and hope that aspires?
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !

What if the alien be lord of our lands!
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !
Proud and undaunted Clan Donnachie stands!
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !
Free to the winds let our flag be unfurled,
Far on their wings let our slogan be whirled;
Kinsmen and clansmen all over the world,
Thainig Clann Donnachaidh !

W. J. ROBERTSON.

Thainig Clann Donnachaidh (literally "Clan Donnachie came") is the gathering pibroch of the ROBERTSONS of STRUAN, but these verses are not adapted to the traditional air.

The final *dh* of the word *Donnachaidh* is not pronounced in modern Gaelic.

BALLACHULISH SHINTY TEAM, 1901.

John Mackenzie.

Donald Mackenzie.

Dr. Grant
(Hon. Vice-Captain).

John Robertson.

Aleck Rankine.

Aleck Cameron.

Dugald Macmillan
(Captain).

John Gemmell.

John Macdonald.



Hugh MacInnes.

Robert Carmichael

Donald MacLachlan. John Macdonald.

THIS group was taken recently at Ballachulish, after the team had returned from their victory at Inverness, over the Kingussie players, for the Camanach Association Cup, and Shinty Championship of Scotland. The Ballachulish Club has long been famous in the shinty world, having produced many of the best exponents of the game in the country, and it is no exaggeration to say that some of the finest shinty players living are

to be seen in the above group. The Patroness of the Club is Mrs. E. Macdonald Stuart of Dalness; the Honorary Captain is Mr. Archibald MacColl, C.C., Manager of the Ballachulish Slate Quarry Company. Dr. Grant is their Honorary Vice-Captain, and the Secretary Mr. John Macdonell. Two of the players in the final cup-tie, namely Ally Livingston and Duncan Gillies, were unavoidably absent when the above photograph was taken.

OUR BOOK LIST, which this month takes the form of a special four page inset in this issue, is well worth consulting. It contains many items of interest to readers interested in the literature of the Highlands.

CLAN MACLEAN SOCIETY.—The Annual Reports which were read at the Business Meeting show the society to have had a very prosperous session. Mr. Neil Maclean of Breda was re-elected President; Mr. John Maclean, Mitchell Street, Finance Convener; Mr. Peter Maclean, Secretary; and Mr. C. J. Maclean, Treasurer. The Social Gathering is fixed for Friday, 25th October.

CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIETY.—A Social Meeting of this clan took place on 24th ult., when the annual reports were submitted, which were of a very satisfactory nature, the funds now amounting to £140. Mr. James P. Macmillan was re-elected President; Mr. Charles Macmillan, Secretary; and Mr. Donald Macmillan, 347 Argyle St., Treasurer.

THE CLAN MACKAY held a most successful conversatione in Glasgow on 25th ult., a large number of clansfolk and friends attending. Mr. L. M. Mackay, Edinburgh, vice-president, delivered an address on the work of the society, and songs were rendered by members of St. Columba Gaelic Choir.



JOHN MACKINTOSH.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

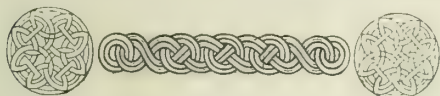
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JOHN MACKINTOSH,
SECRETARY, AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

THE Highland Association is now in the eleventh year of its existence, and under its influence much literary and musical activity in the Gaelic field has grown; and the present year's work promises to be a distinct advance on that of any previous year. Much of this success is due to the qualifications of the acting secretary, Mr. John Mackintosh, for his work. He has been connected with the Association from its inception; and his interest in its success is not alone that of a secretary, but of a zealous member, whose caution and watchfulness have helped to steer the Association through the peculiar difficulties which at times beset its course. Mr. Mackintosh, as befits his position, is a genuine Highlander, who can trace his descent from the tenth chief of his clan. He belongs to the honourable Kyllachy branch, of which Sir James Mackintosh, the eminent lawyer, was a scion. Sliochd Ailein—Allan's Seed—they are named in Gaelic. Mr. Mackintosh is a native of Strathdearn; received his education in the Royal Academy, Inverness; and served his apprenticeship in the office of the late Mr. Hugh Rose, solicitor, there. He then served seven years in the office of Mr. Alex. MacArthur, solicitor and bank agent, Oban, where he had an opportunity of gaining excellent experience of a county solicitor's work. During his connection with Oban, Mr. Mackintosh took a deep interest in music, and was a member of the Oban Gaelic Choir, the F.C. Choir and other similar bodies; and in token of the respect in which he was held by those bodies, he was made the recipient of numerous and handsome presents on the occasion of his leaving for Glasgow. In that city, he acted as managing clerk to Messrs. Ritchie, Graham, & Tindal, a firm of writers of high standing; and he continued there to manifest the same interest as before in music—

especially Gaelic music—assisting to found and keep alive the Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association. Five years ago, after having passed his final examination as a solicitor, he began business on his own account in Inverness, where he now is, with a steadily improving practice. In Inverness, he is as zealous as ever in promoting Gaelic music; and under his stimulating influence and by reason of his connection with the Highland Association, Inverness has on several occasions sent forth choirs and soloists to compete for and take prizes in the Mòd.

Mr. Mackintosh's interest in the work of the Highland Association, his unassuming and courteous manner, along with his knowledge, gained by experience, of what is politic and practical in furthering the cause, has been of much service to the Association; and we trust he may be long spared to continue at the helm.

THE DEATH SONG OF OSSIAN.

IN the years that are dead and forgotten great songs by the bards were sung—

Great songs of the deeds of heroes in days when the world was young;

And kings would gather to hear them and sweet were the harps they played,

And out of the hills came the chieftains to listen the music they made.

O they praised the songs of Cona—of a thousand bards the best;

But my voice falters, my soul has failed, I would I were at rest.

The ghosts of the bards that are gone are singing their songs in my ears,

But the music fades from memory: (I hear the calling of years.)

Like the wind I hear them whisper as they pass on the wind along—

O Ossian why art thou singing? old Ossian, maker of song,

In the narrow bed thou shalt lie and no bard will sing of thee—

Roll on, roll on, ye dark-brown years, ye can bring no joy to me!

Let Ossian follow the fallen bards; I am alone and the last;

My voice shall linger only, calling a while like the blast,

Like the blast on the lonely isle that lies in the silent seas,

While distant sailors hear no sound and watch the waving trees.

GLASGOW.

DON. A. MACKENZIE.

THE POWERS OF EVIL IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES.

By MISS A. GOODRICH-FREER.

(Continued from page 145).

A CHILD should not be named after one who has died young. I heard a mother attribute the early death of a child to its having been named, to please the father, after a girl who had died young.

The Powers of Evil should not be allowed to hear praise of any person or beast. A man was one day ploughing with a pair of horses in Barra when a Uist man came by and praised them very much, asking where he was likely to get such horses; and they chatted in a friendly way together for some minutes. The Uist man went his way along the shore, but had not been long gone when both horses fell down as if dead, in the field. It was evidently the work of the Evil Eye, and the Barra man followed the other and upbraided him bitterly. The Uist man declared himself quite innocent in intention, but said that if he had any hand in it he would undertake that his friend should find them all right on his return, as in fact he did.

If a person praises your ox, or your ass, or anything that is yours, be sure to say:—"Wet your eye," which, if kindly disposed, he will perform literally. The phrase, albeit in the Highlands, has no ulterior meaning.

If a person should praise any child or beast of yours, you should praise what he praises, only in more extravagant terms than he. If out of good manners you should dispraise anything belonging to yourself, his praise would have an ill effect. If you commend the size or appearance of a child, you should use some such formula as "God bless it, how big it is!" If you ask how many children a person has, it is proper to say, on being told, "Up with their number," so that they may not decrease; and in counting chickens you should say:—"Let not my eye rest on them."

Father R. had, some years ago, a good cow, which died of some internal inflammation; but of course the Evil Eye was at the bottom of it, according to current opinion. He had a capital pony; and a few days after the cow's death one of his parishioners, looking at the pony, began to dispraise it in no measured terms, of course with the notion of warding off the attention of the Powers of Evil. Another advised him to put his new cow in a park (*anglicé* paddock) at some distance from the chapel, on Sundays, so that it might not run the risk of being "overlooked" by any of the worshippers.

Much may, moreover, be done by right selection of days for any purpose.

Monday is a good day for changing one's residence, provided it be from north to south.

Tuesday is a good day to get married, or for setting the warp in the loom, or for shearing, which means cutting the *corn*, not the sheep.

The Devil cannot touch what is done on a Tuesday.

There was a man who had no son to help him with the harvest; and when one day a fine looking young man offered himself as a servant, he was glad to accept him. The terms were that he was to have one load for his wages. The farmer saw with whom he had to deal, and felt sure the load would be of large proportions; and he consulted a wise man who told him to address his assistant thus:—

"Tuesday I sowed,
And Tuesday I mowed,
And Tuesday I carried my first load,
And let it not be among thy deeds, O Demon,
To take with thee what is done in the Lord."

The new "hand" went off in a flame of fire.

When All Saints is on a Wednesday the men of the earth are under affliction.

Thursday is St. Columille's Day. There is a rhythmical saying:—

"Thursday, the day of kind Cille Colum.
A day of setting sheep apart for luck.
For arranging the thread in the loom,
And for getting a wild cow to take to its calf."

There is a saying that "Luckless is the mother of a silly child, if Beltane come on a Thursday."

Friday is a good day for planting or for sowing seed, for engaging one's self either in matrimony or any other bargain. It is not right to buy on a Friday, nor to be buried, nor to cut one's nails or hair, nor to kill sheep. On Good Friday no metal must be put into the ground, such as the spade or plough; but seaweed may be spread on the surface, or the wooden rake used. It is not right to sharpen a knife on Friday. A knife so treated is cursed, and will probably be used before long to skin one's own cattle, which will have fallen to the Powers of Evil, or fallen dead before the Evil Eye. A person born on a Friday is said to be delicate and dilatory.

Saturday is good for changing one's residence if going from south to north, but it is not right to spin on Saturday night. A woman who once did so had her spinning fingers, *i.e.* the forefinger and middle finger, joined together; nor is it right to spin with a corpse in the township.

There is much luck in spots and sites. "Tis I that sat on a bad hillock," is a very common saying of anyone who has had deaths either in

house or byre, and means that the site of the house is not well chosen.

The *sortes numismaticæ* are resorted to in choosing the site of a house. If heads turn up twice in three times, the spot is lucky. They talk about "heads" and "harps," as if used to the Irish coinage.

A silver coin is buried under the corner-stone for luck.

Another important matter is that of direction. Everything should be done *deiseil*, i. e. sunwards. When a child is choking they say "Deiseil," possibly part of some old invocation.

It is not right to come to a house "tuathal," i. e. northward. Probably the word is here used as the reverse of "deiseil" or sunward. Witches come that way.

It is a rule to keep on the west side of the road at night, and at all times to keep sunwards of unlucky people.

There are of course many ways in which evil may be unconsciously invited, and the avoidance of them involves a whole code of right and wrong.

If a knock comes to a door after midnight, it is not right to say "Come in." Wait till the knock is repeated and then say "Who is there?" Our informant added:—"My father being ferryman, many a person used to come to the door and ask to come in, but my mother always insisted on hearing the name before it was opened. He used to tell her not to be so particular, but she said:—"The wandering ones would be often knocking, and when a person would go to open, there would be nobody there. They would be playing tricks this way on people." A goblin came thus to a door one night, but failed to get admittance. He then said:—"If it were the red cock of autumn that were in the house, he would open the door for me. It isn't that that is in it," says he, "but the black cock of the spring March." The special good luck of this kind of cock has already been mentioned.

It is not right that any person should sleep in a house without water in it, especially a young child. In a house thus left without water "the slender one of the green coat was seen washing the infant in a basin of milk."

Sleeping on the bench is always rebuked, and a certain man testifies that once, when he disobeyed this rule, he awoke to find himself being dragged by the feet by invisible beings. Moreover, another, alleges that over and over again he has been rebuked for not going to bed properly, but he persisted in having his own way, until one night he also was dragged across the floor by invisible hands.

An old woman said she did not think sleeping on the bench mattered if you had your feet to

the door, so as to be able to rise at once if interfered with, but that it was a serious matter to be dragged out by the head.

If you find yourself accidentally in a byre when milking is going on, or in a dairy where the churn is at work, it is on the safe side to say "May God bless everything that my eye sees and that my hand touches."

It is not right to hurry a dairymaid to milk the cows. To avert harm she says—"Hurry the women of the town beyond" (a euphemism for fairies). A variant of this is "Hurry your mother-in-law"—a repartee of immense effect.

If a person suspected of the Evil Eye should speak to one while milking, it is not right to make any answer, perhaps because so doing establishes a *rapport*.

The first day of the season that a man goes to fish it is not right that anybody should go to meet him, as is done on other days, to help to bring in his catch. He must manage it for himself somehow. Any person officiously doing this is said to drive away the fish from the coast.

Stones placed in a certain fashion bring ill-luck. One woman said that ill-luck had followed her, and all her cattle died; on changing the house and taking off the thatch, four stones appeared concealed under the divots.* Some "evil words" must have been used in placing them there.

If a cow is lost through illness of any kind it is not right to distribute any of the beef raw. It must be boiled, otherwise the *dosgaidh* (loss) might be spread. If a cat cries for it, it is re-proved with "Whist with you, for asking for blighted food; may your own skin be the first on the rafters," so as not to attract the attention of the Evil Influence.

When going to a well or stream for water, the rinsings of the pail should not be thrown on one's own land or crop.

If there be a little milk in the bottom of a pail, it should be thrown out on the grass, never on to earth or rocks, because the milk comes from the grass.

In preparing water for boiling cloths, after it has once boiled it is not right to allow it to boil a second time, not for the sake of the clothes, but because it would bring evil to the house. Our informant, an old woman, would not specify the evil, though we thought she knew.

Some people are lucky to meet, in spite of having red hair or other personal peculiarity. A fisherman told us that he had twice met such a woman when on his way to fish saithe, and on both occasions had as much as he could carry home.

Others are just as unlucky to meet, and you

*The sods with which the house is thatched.

would be sure to have disappointment in your errand. If it were only to fetch a spade you had left lying in the field, you would be sure to have to come back without it. A man from North Uist says that he often makes a détour of about a mile when he is going to hunt ("hunting" means shooting in the Islands) because he says—"If I should meet the people from that house, though I would use two pounds of shot, I would kill nothing."

Women do not seem to be a sign of good. If you are to make a *frith** and you see a woman, cross yourself. If a woman tells you the new moon is visible, do not look at it.

At one time no male could survive in the Island of Eriskay. Women were less intolerable to the spirits of the place, and on one occasion when by some accident a man got into the island and could not get away, it was suggested that he should dress up as a woman and sit and spin among the rest. Though he showed some skill with the distaff he was soon found out, and the adventure proved fatal.

Good as well as evil must have a start. The people will say to any who complain, that they are "like the sister of St. Columba." He used to visit her daily in illness, and she always complained, and he always agreed that she was, as she said, worse. At last someone advised her to answer him indifferently, which she did, and when he replied "Good and evil must have a start," she began to get better.

This is the theory underlying the idea that the evil influence, once put on the track, takes complete hold. There is an aphorism in Gaelic—"When a man is tried, he is tried completely." Acquaintance with death invites further visits. Thus, it is not lucky to own a boat that has carried a coffin. A woman in one of the islands died lately, and her relatives, who had two boats, carried the corpse across in a small one, quite unfit for such work in such weather, rather than use the boat that did service for fishing.

If a dog kill a sheep, the luck of the flock is lost to the owner, and the rest will follow by some means.

Also, if a person die who has been lucky in accumulating flocks and herds, the beasts will follow him shortly.

There is a mysterious entity called "the Aoine." All we knew of her is a proverb to the effect that "When the Aoine has got it in her mouth, the raven may as well start off to the hills;" which we took to mean that she was loquacious. However, I incline to think that there is another possible meaning, and one more gruesome. We heard of a man, now deceased, who knew the Rann or rhyme of the Aoine, and was liable to recite it if he saw a person

bathing, who would then be instantly drowned; and that in order to resist the impulse he would turn his back to the bather and fall down upon his face.

Another mysterious entity who appears only in a proverb is "Om," of whom it is said—"Om is most active in his morning." The phrase is used to anyone who wishes at night to put off doing something till next day.

The *Fuath* or Evil Spirit is sometimes seen, and we were interested in seeking a description of him. As of old, he has the power of transforming himself into an angel of light, but he is generally found out in the long run.

It is well known that any being which frequently changes its shape is of evil origin. When I asked my informant if such cases were frequent, he referred me to his sister, who tells that when she was a servant, the doctor's horse and trap rushed into the yard one night, the gate being happily open, which was not usual. The driver followed soon, also in a state of alarm. He had come to meet the ferry, and the doctor was staying that night at the inn; but there was not room for the trap and he drove on further. Suddenly the horse stopped, and on getting out to see what was wrong he saw "a beast climbing up from the shore to the edge of the road, like a pig. It went up the face of the brow of the hill, and went back from there like a coil of heather-rope, and after that it went into the shape of a dog."

(To be concluded.)

* A kind of horoscope much in use.

MACLAGAN.

THE CLANS CUIL AND CLACHANE, AND THE COMBAT ON THE INCH OF PERTH.

BY R. C. MACLAGAN, M.D.

(Continued from page 155).

District use of expression "Men of"—Men of Fortrevor, etc—Clan Qwhewyl: pronunciation of name—Locality—Derivation from Tuathal, Abbot of Dunkeld.

IT is pointed out that in modern times at any rate, there was in the Highlands a tendency to call a district after the principal clan which inhabited it, and so the abbacy lands of Dull are known as Appin nam Meineireach. But in old times men undoubtedly were called from some peculiarity, as in the case of the *Firbolg*, Bag or Belly Men, one of the traditional races in Ireland; and also from

their district, as for instance, in the case of the Firu Fortrenn, the men of Fortrenn mentioned in the Annals of Ulster, of whom, in 865, Tuathal, Abbot of Dunkeld, is said to have been Bishop. ("Chronicles of the Picts and Scots," pp. 361, 362).

If there was in this district at that date a holy Weem, those who were connected with it by locality might therefore be called Firu Machlagan. To the writer *Machlag* is merely a dictionary word of which the genitive is *Machlaig*, and in the case of the Irish Weem, mentioned previously, the Irish word is declined after that fashion (Enish a *moclóigh*). The Rev. C. M. Robertson in his Prize Essay "Perthshire Gaelic," while finding evidence of older inflexions, points out that the tendency is to use one form for all cases in the singular, and this seems to have been equally true at the date of writing. The Black Book of Taymouth, writes of "Gille-an-lag," not Gille-an-luig. "Son of the den"—*Mac-an-lagan*, is a curious enough name of itself, but it becomes even less intelligible if the definite article is left out. Of course this is a strong support of the "servant of Adam" theory, but if that is right, "Ilgelane" means the servant of the son of the servant of Adam. It is also to be noticed that the little Adam local name is not Adamnan but Eonan. In the face of these difficulties, may one who is not a philologist suggest that the name was in some cases looked on as meaning Gille-Machlagan (Lad of Weem).

Clan names are, of course, a comparatively late invention, and we are speaking here of the two first clans of whom there is literary mention as clans in Scotland, with the exception of the clans mentioned in the Book of Deer. The majority of Highlandmen whose names have come down to us, of dates much subsequent to the Battle of the Inch of Perth, are not spoken of by clan appellations, but by their own and their father's christian names.

Whatever the value of the above suggestion, there can be no reasonable doubt that some professing christians utilized the shelter of the hollow of the rock of Weem, and from the date at which patronimics became fashionable, it seems probable that he would give rise to a clan name common in that district. If St. Cuthbert was the anchorite of the Weem which he must have inhabited about the year 650, there was plenty time between his day and that of John Mac-Gille-an-lag, 1415, for uncertainty to creep in as to the meaning of names. Nay more, when at the present day men from modesty deliberately mistranslate Folk Tales—may not a few centuries since some of the name have had also a misguided shamefacedness.

Let us now turn to the clan "Qwhewyl."

The date at which these men first make their appearance is in 1391, when, according to Wyntoun and Bower, they invaded the Braes of Angus under Duncan Stewart, son of Alexander, the Wolf of Badenoch. Bower, here, gives particulars which are not in Wyntoun, and he makes the principal chiefs, after the Stewarts, Patrick and Thomas Duncanson, omitting a Gibbon Duncanson mentioned by Wyntoun. He then goes on to say that taking part with those mentioned and others, were Slurach and his brothers and the whole Clanqwehil, William Mowat, John de Cowts, Donald de Cowts and their adherents; David de Rose, Alexander M'Kintalyhur, John M'Kintalyhur, Adam Robson and their adherents, and others. Those mentioned before Slurach were from Atholl Strathtummel, and Strathtay. The Mowats and Cowts belonged to Buchan. Skene (Celtic Scotland, iii., p. 309) makes no guess from what locality came the "sons of the tailor"—M'Kintalyhur. Between Bofrack and Aberfeldy is Duntaylor. There has been already mentioned, in 1620, Tailyeour McLagan in Dalshiane who harboured gypsies, and Alexander and John are common Maclagan names. These are not very strong proofs in themselves that we have here to do with the principal Maclagans, but they seem to be straws blown by the general current. The "Tailyeour" was probably a name equivalent to that of Mercer, one of which family, Henry Mercer, is recorded as in 1602 becoming possessed of lands in Dull (see Register of the Great Seal, vol. vi., p. 459). In the list of Scottish families which in or about the time of Malcolm Canmore came from France, Leslie in his history mentions immediately after the Betouns "Tailyefer" (Leslie's History of Scotland, b. vi., p. 312).

The next mention of the Clanqwehil is in the Battle of the Inch, where Slurach has given way to Sir Farquhar's son, or he is the same man.

Still more recently among the broken clans themselves in 1594, we find the name "Clanchewill," and in the Roll of the Landlords and Bailies in whose districts broken men dwelt and presently dwell, mention is made of the Laird of Weem, the Laird of Balleachane, and the Laird of Grantullie (Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis, p. 39).

The spellings of the name with which we have to do are:—

Qwhewyl (Wyntoun).

Quhele (Scotichronicon).

Qwhwle (Registrum Moraviense).

Qwele (Extractr e Variis Cronicis Cocie).

Chewill (Roll of the Broken Clans).

The first question which arises concerns the value of the Q which in every case but the last commences the name; being exceptionally re-

placed by the letter C. It is scarcely necessary to explain that the letter Q occurs in the Ogmie inscriptions at the end of the word *Mac, son*, in place of the letter C, *Maqq*. In Manx Gaelic, the letter Q takes the place of the word *Mac* in such names as *Quayle*. W is not in the Gaelic alphabet, and is in this case therefore used by the English speaking scribes to represent some other sound which may be a U or a V. Coming after Q it is probably the U sound, and this is proved by the spellings of the *Scotichronicon* and the *Roll of the Broken Clans*. By regarding these latter spellings one comes to the conclusion that the pronunciation of the name was something like *Cueil* or *Cuil*.

The *e* in the centre of *Wyntoun's* spelling is undoubtedly misleading, and the writer at first took the name as equivalent to the Manx name *Quayle* above mentioned, and it evidently misled Skene when he formed the opinion that the name was something like *Kevil*. I have to thank Mr. George Henderson for putting me on the right track in this instance, and for calling my attention to a fact unknown to me that there is a small sept in Glenorchy (at least four or five families) known locally as *MacCuail*, they in English call themselves *Macdonalds*, and they came into Glenorchy from outside.

The *MacCueils* of *Wyntoun*, to adopt for the old clan a more modern phonetic spelling, were from Angus, and the boundaries of this nation are given in the following words in *Father Dalrymple's* translation of *Leslie's History of Scotland*. "Angus is induct with thrie riuers, first northerlie with the riuer of Esk, secundlie sutherlie with the sam riuer of Esk, thridlie with the best riuer of all the riuers in Scotland named *Tai*: of quhilkes, *Tai*, rinning through diuerse cuntries flowis out of a loch of the sam name, xxiii. myles lang, and twa myles braid; at last rinis into the main *Sey*" (p. 52). It will thus be seen that Angus extended as far as the east end of *Loch Tay*.

Recalling then the fact that the student at *St. Andrews* in 1537, *Duncan McClachane*, was described as "*Angusianus*," and that this other clan was an Angus clan, we have to look in that "kingdom" for further evidences of their connection with it.

In local tradition we find the following (*Historic Scenes in Perthshire*, p. 412)—

"On the north-east shoulder of *Drummond Hill*, in this parish (*Weem*), are the remains of a large and strong fortress. It had been a parallelogram in form. Its walls are of prodigious thickness, and had been constructed without lime or mortar; but the stones had been regularly coursed and banded. The precipitousness of the lofty rock on which it stood made it all but inaccessible on the south and

east sides; and on the north and west sides, it had been defended by trenches and other out-works, which may yet be traced. It is said to have been erected and occupied by *MacTual*, son of *Tuathal*, Abbot of *Dunkeld*, who, according to the *Annals of Ulster*, died in A.D. 865. This *MacTual's* name is of frequent occurrence in Gaelic legend and song; but of his works, the only memorial of him that survives is this ruined fort."

This *Macthuathal* may very well be the eponymus of the clan *Qwhwle*, and that may undoubtedly be the proper pronunciation. The fortification here described is not the only memorial of *Macthuathal*. On the *Tay* close to *Caputh*, we have another. *Pennant* in his *Tour* (vol. ii., p. 67) gives a plan of a fortification which he thus describes:—

"Late at night reach *Inchstuthel*, the modern *Delvin*, the seat of *John Mackenzie, Esq.*, where I found a continuation of Highland hospitality. The situation of this house is of strange singularity; on a flat of one hundred and fifty-four Scotch acres, regularly steep on every side, and in every part of equal height; that is to say, about sixty feet above the great plain of *Stormont* which it stands on. The figure is also remarkable and much better to be expressed by the engraving than by any description of mine." In a note *Pennant* says:—"Mr. Mackenzie's father, who was a good antiquary, held this to have been part of the land granted by *Kenneth* to the gallant *Hay*, the hero of the battle of *Loncarty*, whose descendants possessed it for four or five centuries."

Pennant then describes the circumvallations, and on page 70, refers to *Boethius History* (lib. iv., p. 64), where it is mentioned as "*Inchtuthel*."

In the translation by *Bellenden* (b. iv., c. 14), the passage is as follows:—

"The *Pichtis*, effrayit be cumming of Romanis sa far within thaie lands, brint ane riche town, namit *Incheuthill*, which stood upon the river *Tay*, that the samin suld be na refuge to thair ennimes." We have thus in 1530, the date of *Bellenden's* work, his pronunciation of *Innis Tuthal*.

(To be continued).

CLAN MACKAY.—Members of this Society will regret to learn that *Sheriff Aeneas J. G. Mackay, K.C.*, has, owing to ill-health, resigned his position as *Sheriff Principal of Fife and Kinross*.—*Mr. John Mackay, Hereford*, has recovered from his recent severe illness, and intends being present at the *Gaelic Mòd* in *Glasgow* on 19th September. He has sent over 200 Gaelic volumes to the *Reay Country*, for the competitions in connection with the clan tour, which takes place early in September.

THE PROVERBS OF THE GAEL.

PROBABLY through general lack of skill in applying them judiciously, proverbs have all but passed out of fashion, and when on rare occasions a familiar one is now-a-days quoted it is nearly always with some sort of apology, and yet they are the gems of popular wisdom got from experience in places high and low. The chief characteristic of all proverbs must of course be *naivete*, but that they may the more readily appeal to the ear and memory they are considered best when made alliterative or rhyming, as in either of these forms the truths they teach can easiest be carried from mind to mind.

If proverbs reveal the character of a people, as it is said they do, then must the character of Highlanders stand high, for the late Sheriff Nicolson made a collection of nearly four thousand Gaelic proverbs and familiar phrases, and the overwhelming majority of these are such as would do credit to any people so lofty and pure are they. None are found commending selfishness or cunning, but hundreds make for honesty and honour, friendship and courtesy.

In most languages very many of the proverbs applying to women are not by any means complimentary, and when southern visitors see Highland women work so hard they sometimes go away with the impression that their husbands are nothing better than women-despising



From R. R. M'Ian's]

"A SALMON FROM THE STREAM, A DEER FROM THE FOREST, A WAND FROM THE WOOD—THREE THEFTS NO MAN BLUSHES FOR." [“*Highlanders at Home.*”]

slave-drivers, but to these very women “light is the load when love bears up the creel,” as they know that even in their proverbs these men speak more respectfully of them and the perennially interesting subjects of love, courtship, and marriage than men do elsewhere. Of course many Gaelic proverbs have in them point enough to make them in certain certain circumstances rather cutting, but those which serve as a guide in manners forbid the quoting of such where they would likely hurt. Here are a few in praise of women:—“Meal is finer than grain, women are finer than men.” “Foot to cradle, hand to distaff, mark a good housewife.” Though

“Wooing is a costly dame” and “As well go a-fishing without bait as to court without a purse,” yet “The sheepish wooing is contemptible,” and “When you see a well bred woman catch her, catch her; if you don’t do it another will match her.” But because a wife accustomed to the style of a gentleman’s house and soft Ayrshire cow won’t suit the hard life of a Highland crofter, the saying is “A wife from a big house and a cow from a farm won’t suit a poor man,” for “A man can’t get rich unless his wife allows him.” Neither beauty nor riches, though desirable, make the Highlander’s ideal, for he knows “Beauty won’t make

the pot boil" and "Who wives for dower resigns his power," rather with him it is "Modesty is the beauty of women," and to know whether the loved one is a good worker he is told to "Choose your wife with her night-cap on." A woman is advised to get "A man of energy, and well-to-do; with good head and good legs; and his mother not alive." For sweethearts who wish to marry ere making provision for a living, the saying is "When we get food we'll get a pot." But married people should remember that "Marrying sobers love," for even "The sea will settle when it marries." All Highland ladies are not faultless as "Nobody knows where the white horses and the bad wives come from." Columba is reported to have said "Where a cow is a woman will be, and where a woman is, temptation will be." "The cock's comb on the hen" is the Gaelic expression equivalent to the Scotch "wearing the breeks," and of a really bad wife the rhyme is:—

"Worst of fuel, alder green;
Worst of human, malice keen;
Worst of drink, wine without life;
Worst of all things, a bad wife."

But notwithstanding "Who speaks ill of his wife dishonours himself."

For those bachelors who won't marry the rhyming excuse is:—

"Marry not in Autumn,
And have patience in Winter,
In Spring thou wilt be busy,
And in Summer bread will be scarce."

Friendship is one of the virtues most highly commended in Gaelic proverb, and Highland clannishness has always been so well recognised as to be proverbial, and perhaps there is not a stronger expression of this in any language than the grim saying regarding a friend—"I would give him a night's quarters though he had a man's head under his arm." Though they truly say that "Friends are lost by calling too often or too seldom," yet "The true Gael turns not his back on friend or foe." A similar proverb commends "the man that won't forsake his lass or his comrade." But it is "When fortune frowns friends are known" for then "A friend's eye is a good looking-glass" and then "Friends are good in the day of battle." To such true friends "A good deed is none the worse of being done over again," and again "A man should strip his own house to thatch his friend's," and if he does the promise is "Till the sea is drained with a creel the generous man won't want." But there are proverbs which are scarcely so creditable to their generosity. Of course it is perfectly true that "It is poor friendship that is constantly bought," and perhaps there is more

than a grain of truth in their proverb—"The friendship of the clergy—scraping and scratching each other." "Let every man take scarts out of rocks for himself" is worse than pure selfishness, for it is said to have been the answer of a St. Kilda man to his comrade who was holding the rope above and who asked if he had got birds for both. The man above is said to have replied "Let every man hold the rope for himself" and let him go.

The natural courtesy of Highlanders has long been noticeable, and Lord Macaulay after describing in his history the wretched hovels in which many of them lived, and still do live, could not help remarking that even in them there was always the evidence of perfectly good manners, and many a proverb exists to keep youths right on this subject. A few of the most frequently used are—"He that is courteous will be courteous to all," "Courtesy never broke man's crown," "The face is lovely when the behaviour's good," "A child is known by his manners," "The mannerless man tells what he got at his neighbour's," "Boldness leads to bad manners," "A dog goes before his company." A few are rather strange. Thus a sign of bad manners is to give a stranger "The wandering cow's welcome, or the kine's salute," which is explained by the fact that when a new beast joins a herd the others attack it. Among Gaels it is well to remember "The first story from the host and tales till morning from the guest," as when Highland people meet round a fire on a long winter evening the time is spent in telling tales, the first of which the host is supposed to tell, and which gives the guests a clue to the kind which is likely to prove most acceptable to the company. At table "A feast is nothing without its conversation," and of the conversation it is to be remembered that "The rude jester is brother to the fool." There is one which, however, tells rather badly against them if it be not regarded as a proof that clannishness could sometimes be overdone when clansmen could say "Let the blame of every ill be on the stranger."

To anyone who has for anytime been among Gaelic speaking people, nothing is more striking than the hospitality of even the poorest of them, and they say "House with closed door can't be kept," "A thing is bigger for being shared," "Leave the share of two for him that's away."

If thrift be the result of general and continual poverty Highlanders ought to be very thrifty, but they have few proverbs to prove it, and even those they have are scarcely what 'close-fisted' people would go by. They say "Spend as you get, and you'll get as you spend." More to the purpose is "The luxurious poor will never be rich," "He that does not feed the dogs

will not have them on the hunting day," "Be my breeches good or bad, my own are the best for me." Much more numerous and of a more excellent character are those that refer to honour. They say "Honour is a tender thing," "Honour is nobler than gold" therefore "Were the wealth of the world yours weigh it not against your shame," and "A man should die to save his honour" for "A man may survive distress but not disgrace." The words in which they agree with the poet who says "Honour and shame from no condition rise" are "The king's son is no nobler than his company." The advice which Fingal gave Oscar, "Follow close the fame of your fathers," is the motto of the London Gaelic Society, and is often quoted and thought of by Gaelic speaking people.

Lowlanders, somehow, often speak of Highland thieves, but if these traducers dwell in the north for some time they would find that there the people always act on the supposition that their neighbours are honest, and in proof of this they, like Longfellow's Arcadians, have neither locks to their doors nor bars to their windows, and many a time houses with all their contents stand open to all and sundry who may visit them when the owners are absent, for "Locks are mean." About a thief, a rather quaint but true one is "He that stretches his hand must stretch his foot," which means that a thief had better take leg bail. "What's got at the Devil's head will be lost at his tail," indicates that goods dishonestly got seldom do good, for "Though there be delay the evil doer is not forgotten." It is affirmed with much truth "The first vice is to get into debt; the next is to go telling lies." It is best to "Sit lowly and pay nobly." The sole doubtful saying on this subject is "A salmon from the stream, a deer from the forest, a wand from the wood—three thefts no man blushes for," and because for generations these three have been considered among the inalienable rights of man as much as air, water, and the right of sepulture, all Highlanders have not even yet learned to blush for them. There is a comparative paucity of proverbs commending industry, but that they recognise that "Idleness is the devil's workshop" as the English proverb has it, Gaels say "Better knot straws than sit idle."

If any appreciate the value of education these northern Scots do, for well they know that if they are to get on it is by their educated mental strength no less than by their physical, and that this education must be got young. Their way of expressing this is "The child whom you teach not at your knee, you cannot teach at your ear," that is when he grows up. When they do grow up they say "When a man is in distress his head is his best friend," so that it

now is quite an article of their creed "Better unborn than untaught," and that it may be well remembered the Gaelic rhyme says:—

"The wild duck burdens not the loch,
The bridle burdens not the horse,
The wool burdens not the sheep,
And sense burdens not the body,"

But "Ignorance is a heavy load."

In humorous and pawky sayings Gaelic is especially rich, and these both in their number and brightness are proof positive that there is in Gaeldom little of that 'Celtic gloom' which has recently been affirmed to be characteristic. Perhaps there is in very many of them more than a touch of irony and satire as well as humour—for example "It's the bigger of that, as the wren said when it dropped something in the sea," "He's a fine man if you don't ask of him," "It would be thick water that would wash his face," "Two will have peace to-night, myself and the white horse, as the wife said when her husband died." To a man suspected of lying the hint is "He is lucky to whom you would promise the gallows," "You may be a good man, as Neil of the mountain said to the cat, but you haven't the face of one," "It's not easy to put trews on a cat." It has been said that the saying "There's meat and music here, as the fox said when he ate the bagpipes," would show Celts to have humour if there was no other.

In one of the recent Educational Blue Books an Inspector of Schools says that Gaelic is good for scolding in, but as a matter of fact there are comparatively few curses and imprecations in Gaelic, though the few that are, are expressive enough. Thus "The Raven's death to you" arises from the belief in the North that old ravens were "killed by their own young." "Death without priest to you" is emphatic enough, much more so than "A blister on your lying tongue." "A bad meeting to you" conveys the wish that a person or animal whom one first meets when setting out on any enterprise, may be such as is considered unlucky. Much more numerous are the blessings of which one of the richest is, "Peace to your soul and a stone to your cairn."

Of course there are pretty Gaelic sentiments to be expressed as toasts. Where clergy and soldiers dine the toast is "May black cloth never cover a hypocrite nor red coat a coward." More general and quite as generous is "Hospitality to the exile, and broken bones to the oppressor," but the universally favourite sentiment all over the world at gatherings where Highlanders most do congregate is that which even the Caledonian Banking Company has thought fit to print on all its notes "Tir nam beann, 's nan gleann, 's nan gaisgeach" i.e. "The land of mountains, glens, and heroes."

A. POLSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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JUNE, 1901

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THE MACLEANS OF COLL.

SIR—I am not a little amused at General Charles Smith Maclean's letter on the above subject in your issue of this month. As it is a personal attack on myself, I can hardly fail to take notice of it, with your permission, through the medium of your paper.

In my letter on the subject of the Coll coat of arms, I used the "of Coll" in brackets more for the purpose of showing I was a descendant of that family, and therefore had some right to speak on the subject, which I had studied. If others refer to me in print or otherwise as "of Coll", without brackets, though technically incorrect, it is a valuable expression of their opinion in my favour. I have every right to use "of Coll" in brackets; and General Maclean is perfectly aware I do not arrogate to myself the title of "Maclean of Coll", but that I do claim it for my eldest brother, as being next of kin to the last holder.

The gallant general and most worthy Highlander seems to have been labouring under many emotions for a considerable time, but it is not difficult to see why he thus endeavours to cast ridicule at me, in a not too courteous manner. He is doubtless still smarting under the rejection of the claim he put forward to be himself the Chief of Coll; which claim casts a serious reflection on the rights of the last five or six most honourable holders of the title and lands, but which claim I personally showed General Maclean some time ago was entirely negated by the existence of a document in the Coll charter chest which proves the legitimate descent. He may be anxious to raise in the press another discussion on the merits of my brother's claim—which is acknowledged by surviving members of the old family, and also by the election of my brother as their chief by the people in Coll, he being in their opinion the nearest of kin. I also hold a letter from the Lyon King of Arms, stating he had decided, after much consideration of the proofs I had submitted, to grant a *matriculation* of the Arms of Coll in my brother's favour as next of kin. This fact being made known, some distant member or members of the family put in a protest against the

issue of the extract to my brother, nominally on the grounds of want of a marriage certificate of about the year 1650—they, doubtless, fearing all sorts of possible and impossible claims being made by my brother on his duly obtaining a matriculation, and hence the title of "Maclean of Coll." Such fears were, however, absolutely groundless, neither my brother or I having the least intention then of endeavouring to obtain anything but the ancient and honourable title to which we justly consider our family has now the right. The result of the protest being that considerable expense might have to be incurred to carry the matter through the Lyon and probably other courts, we were unfortunately obliged to leave the matter in abeyance for the present.

General Maclean of the Isle of Wight, I believe, is himself of the more recent family who lived at Gallanach in Coll, and he is correct in assuming a relationship to myself—his grandmother, Margaret Maclean of Crossapol, having been a sister of my great-grandfather, the Rev. Donald Maclean, minister of Small Isles, they being children of Neil Maclean of Crossapol.

Yours faithfully,

WESTMINSTER,
May 14th, 1901.

HECTOR A. C. MACLEAN (of Coll).

THE WEAVING OF THE TARTAN.

MR. R. W. FORSYTH, the well-known Specialist in matters relating to the Highland Dress and its Ornaments—whose world-wide renown for the products of his Tartan Warehouse are as well known in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, as they are in Glasgow itself—has an exceptionally fine display of Highland Goods in the Glasgow International Exhibition.

Next, perhaps, to the "Hall of the Clans," there is no part of the Exhibition that attracts so many visitors as Mr. Forsyth's magnificent Exhibit, which contains a very fine display of Highland Costumes, Tartan Accessories and Ornaments; the best we have ever seen collected together. No trouble or expense seems to have been spared in its preparation.

The particular attraction of this Exhibit, however, is the "Weaving of the Tartan" itself. Here you find a Loom in full working order, producing the *Breacan* peculiar to each clan.

A complete collection of tartans is exhibited in a large Showcase, each labelled with the name of the clan represented.

It is not easy conveying an impression of this unique display of Highland Accessories and Ornaments, which include Dirks, Sgian Dubhs, Sporrans, Brooches, Buckles, Belts, Kilt-Pins, etc., etc. The most beautiful designs of Celtic Art are produced on those articles, showing that even in these progressive days the exquisite Art of the Highlands cannot be surpassed. Mr. Forsyth has studied the subject, and has re-produced the most chaste designs taken from ancient Weapons, Sculptured Stones, and other Antiquities of the Highlands. The Silver Work and Mounting, together with Sporrans-making, have all been turned out from Mr. Forsyth's own workshops, and are fine examples of craftsmanship, by which this Firm has made its name. Our readers who therefore may visit the Exhibition, should certainly make a point of seeing this interesting Exhibit.



GLEN NEVIS HOUSE.

Headquarters of the Highlanders during the Siege of Fort-William, March, 1746.

WEIRD TALE OF OLD LOCHABER CHURCHYARD.

BY DR. KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, *Editor*,
"The Gesto Collection of Highland Music."

THE ancient burying ground of "Cille Chaorruill" in the Braes of Lochaber, is well known throughout the Highlands of Scotland, both on account of the historical importance of the locality generally, as the scene of many bloody battlefields, clan feuds, and hand to hand encounters, and the quality and character of the heroes who lie buried there. The once powerful chiefs of Keppoch and their numerous retainers and warriors, men of gigantic strength and undaunted courage, as well as raiders and cattle lifters who were the terror of the neighbouring counties, poets of enduring fame, gentle maidens, wives and mothers, the pride of their race. Altogether a proud-spirited, brave, and patriotic people (considering the times in which they lived), men who fought, bled, and died for their king and country, and for independence and freedom.

The exact date of the burying ground lies far back in history, but the ruin of the old church dates from the early part of the fifteenth century, and was one of the seven churches built by one of the chiefs of Lochiel, called "Allan-nan-Creach," who was married to a daughter of Angus II. of Keppoch, son and successor to Alastair Carrach, the famous warrior of the first battle that was fought at Inverlochy in 1431.

These churches were built in atonement for all his evil doings during a long life of fighting and forays, of which he repented before he died. The ruins of most of them are still extant between Lochaber, Moidart, Arisaig, etc.

"Cille Chaorruill" has been anglicised as St. Cyril, but that is a mistake, as the old Celtic calenders have got it St. Caorruill, a Celtic saint anglicised to "Carril," and quite distinct from St. Cyril.

It occurred about, or rather before, the memorable year 1745, when Maigh-stair Aonghus Mòr MacDhughail was the priest of the Braes, and lived at Achnancoichean, on the

south side of the river Spean, opposite to "Cille Chaorruill," that the people in the neighbourhood of the churchyard could get no rest at night on account of mysterious noises that were heard in the churchyard—something like the rattling of bones, as if desperate battles were going on underground among the skeletons! This state of affairs continued for a long time. At last it became so intolerable that some of the listeners went across the river to consult Father Angus Mòr MacDhughail, in case he might be able to do something to put an end to this appalling horror. The saintly old man at once got up hastily, and joined the party who had come for him. He did not give his exact diagnosis of the cause of the disturbance, but remarked in his eagerness to battle with the enemy, "tiugainn, tiugainn, tha an duine foighainteach 'ga shàrachadh!—come on! come on! the brave



NEAR INVERLOCHY CASTLE, LOCHABER.



BEN NEVIS, FROM CORPACH.

fellow is being exhausted," which looks as if he had a very good idea of the *fons et origo mali* of the whole unsavoury business, which it was, perhaps, judicious to bury in oblivion. The men carried him across the river, but here a hitch occurred. The good old man found that he had no holy water with him, having left home in such a hurry, but he was equal to the occasion. He took off his shoe, filled it with water from the river, and blessed it, and proceeded to the churchyard where he read the office special for similar occasions, sprinkled holy water over the place, blessed it, and came away, with the result that there was a complete cessation of these nightly noises ever after. This disposes of any seismic theory, as that would not be influenced by the priest's interference, not being in itself evil, or likely to produce any. It may here be observed that holy water is a thing of very great importance in the Catholic faith, though scoffed at by the orthodox Scotch Presbyterian, who prays standing, often with his back to the minister! Personally I do not see why holy water should not be as important in its own way, as baptism, and am not sure but the baptist who insists on complete immersion, has the best of the argument between the three sects. I do not know how much the majority of people are led away by sentiment, but I fancy there are very few amongst us who would not have his children baptised with water from the river Jordan—dirty as it often must be—if he could get it; nis, gabhaibh ann an sgòrnann a cheile! A garbled version of the above story is given in the guide book of the West Highland Railway—"Mountain, Moor, and Loch"—where it is stated that this occurred when the first protestant was buried at "Cille Chaorruill," and that the parish minister, Dr. Ross, was sent for, and when he could do nothing to allay the disturbances, the priest was sent for. That is nonsense, as there are people still living who

remember when the first protestant* was buried in the place, and Dr. Ross, the parish minister, was long after Father Angus. Besides, as the people in the neighbourhood were nearly all catholics, they would hardly send for the parish minister to bless their burying ground.

As there are so many historians and antiquarians now-a-days who doubt *everything above ground*, it may interest them to learn whose skeletons they are likely to come across in their search under ground at "Cille Chaorruill." The first hitch will be the absence of tombstones over many undoubted heroes who found a resting place there. If there had been any, they were destroyed or removed long ago. The chiefs of Keppoch and their families were buried mostly round, and in the old church, at the lower or western end of the Cille, but no stones with any visible inscriptions are to be seen on the older ones. Coll XV., chief, would have been the last of the older tombs, as Alexander's body of the '45 was burnt in a hut near Culloden. His son, Ranald, having forsaken the faith of his fathers, was buried on the top of the eastern end called "Tom Aingeal," but outside the consecrated ground; and the stone erected over his grave was, out of malice or mischief, rolled down to the bottom of the hill by the father of the late Cluny Macpherson of Cluny. His (Ranald of Keppoch's) brother, Alexander, was the one at whose death "the grey bird of Keppoch" appeared at Prince Edward Island in 1815,† and all their sons were buried far away from their native land. The late Angus Macdonell XXII., who lived at Keppoch, was buried about the middle of "Tom Aingeal," and a beautiful Celtic cross marks the spot. The Sliochd Ghoirie Macdonalds of Tiranadris, viz., Gilleasbuig Mòr, the hero of a ghost story which appeared in the *Celtic Monthly* for March, 1901, has a beautifully

* Not a pervert.

† 1809 or 1810 according to Mr. Æneas Macdonald.



MEALL AN T-SUIDHE, FROM NEVIS BRIDGE LOCHABER.



ROARING MILL, RIVER NEVIS.

carved stone lying outside the east gable of the church. Donald Ban of the spectre (Domhnall Ban a' Bhòcain) who lived at Inverlair, is buried there of course, and all the Keppoch family and clan, with the exceptions already mentioned, and to follow. The Priests of the glen are buried on "Tom Aingeal," the top of the place, as also Iain Lom—bare John—the famous poet and politician; and the grave at the door of the church (where the late Fraser-Mackintosh erected a monument to Iain Lom) is the grave of Domhnall Mac Fhiunlaidh, the author of "A Chomhachag," and perhaps of "Miann a Bhàird Aosda"—the aged bard's wish,* the old bard of Loch Treig. The priests who are buried there, as they died in the Braes, are Aonghais Mòr Mac Dughail; after him Aonghais Mac Ille Tosa, in the '45 times; Father Mackenna, an Irish priest, was after the '45; then Father William Chisholm, about seventy years ago; then Father Donald Forbes who died about 1877. The MacGillivantaigs (Mac Ille Bhantraich) have their own ground at the north west corner.

The Sliochd Tigh Iain Duibh on the south side about the middle. It is possible that the poet, Donald Donn, may also be buried among them, but as he was beheaded in the Grants country there is no certainty, and having been

at feud with his chief at the time, it is more probable that his body was disposed of where he fell. Another of the Keppoch chiefs who is not there is Alexander Boloine, who was, according to the "Comhachag," buried at Kin-gussie, and tradition says that Ronald Og, son of Alastair nan Cleas, died in London, probably buried there, the supposition being that he met with some foul play. The historians, however, maintain that he did not die in London; but in his "Cumha Raonuill Oig"—Lament for young Ranald—Iain Lom sang:—

Ged tha 'n oidhche nochd fuar
Cha 'n e'n cadal mo luaidh
'S cha 'n e tainead no fuaireud m' eididh.
Ged tha 'n, etc.

'S ann an Sasunn 's an ùir
Dh' fhaig mi 'n tasgadh mo rùn
Ann ann clachan nan tùr ceutach.
'S ann an, etc.

Am baile Lunnain nan cleòc
Dh' fhaig mi urrainn mo sgeoil
Leit bu duilich e Dhomhnuill Sleiteach
Am baile Lunnain, etc.

Och! fhir bhuidhe mo ghaoil
Do 'n bu shuaicheantas fraoch
'Se mo chreach-sa nach faod thu eirigh.
Och! fhir, etc.

While on this subject it may be interesting to note that a great deal often depends upon a grave or a tombstone, and to the writer's certain knowledge a peerage hung upon the evidence of a tomb. The claimant to the extinct Earldom of Annandale, a Macdonald, whom the writer knows, only wanted proof of the spot where Captain Johnstone of Stapleton was buried, and certain evidence from his tomb to complete his case, but as yet there is just one link missing. In 1861, when the narrator was practising in Lochaber, a gentleman from London came to the Highlands to search for the necessary evidence in the Ardour district, and

*In Lieutenant Donald Campbell's book, "The Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highland Clans" (1862), there is a foot note on page 135 referring to "Miann a Bhàird Aosda," and its author, as follows:—"Tradition assigns this bard to the age immediately preceding the introduction of christianity to Lochaber," and on page 133 of the same work he says:—"Having been born at Craiguaine, the very centre of the scenery made classical by the 'Aged Bard,' Domhnall Mac Innlaidh, and Iain Lom, I may be excused in giving precedence to my native bards in the following quotations, and the words of "Miann a Bhàird Aosda," then follow with an English translation.



ENTRANCE TO GLEN NEVIS.

requested him to act as interpreter, and write down the evidence of witnesses, etc. Among these was a certain Ranald Macdonald from Skye, who had an extraordinary acquaintance with the pedigrees of most of the influential people in the country. He was quite uneducated, but had a most powerful memory. He was about seventy years of age, had never been to Ardgour or Fort-William, so of course depended entirely upon traditional evidence. He maintained that a great many years before this period an old man had informed him that the object of our search was buried in the old churchyard of Ardgour, and that the tombstone had a flaw in the centre of it with the inscription on either side of the flaw. We repaired to the old place on a Sunday, when the good country folk were at church. All keen for a little resurrection work, and after searching among nettles and weeds for a considerable time we at last came upon a tombstone that actually had a flaw in its centre, to the intense satisfaction of old Ranald; but after scraping a long time with moss and water and handkerchiefs, we found that time had anticipated us by rendering things obscure; or, what is more likely, the hand of the vandal removed what would have clinched our case. Though unsuccessful so far, I have always felt a great deal of interest in tombstones and things ancient, and will never forget the grave that nearly settled a peerage case, and the part I took in the proceedings.

The views which illustrate this article are from photographs kindly lent by Mr. W. Drummond Norie, author of *Loyal Lochaber*.

GAELIC TECHNICAL TERMS CONNECTED WITH CALANAS, ETC.

MOD PRIZE PAPER

By MRS. K. W. GRANT, Port-Elizabeth.

THE following received the first prize at the Mòd held last year in Perth. An English translation of the leading portions of the paper was also submitted. The terms were: "For the best Collection of Technical Terms in Gaelic for Calanas—all Wool work from the sheep to the cloth, including Native Dyes, Housewifery and Dairy Terms."

ROIMH-RADH.

Tha banas-tighe na mnatha Gàidhlich air atharrachadh cho mòr o cheann leth-cheud bliadhna, tha na seann chleachduinnean air dol uibhir air chùl gu 'm feumar dol air ais gu àm ar sean mhàthair gu fìor bhanas-tighe Gàidhleach a chur fa chomhair muinntir an là-diugh. Tha

so fìor gu sonruichte a thaobh biadh, agus aodach. A thaobh banarachas, am feadh nach 'eil e comasach im no càise na 's feàrr fhaotainn an diugh na bh'air a cheapaire 'shin ar sean-mhàthair dhuinn 'n ar n-òige—an t-im air a chur air leis an òrdaig—am feadh a tha e neo-chomasach uibhir mhùthaidh a thoirt mu'n cuairt ann an giollachd a' bhainne, gidheadh cha 'n ionann acfhuinn, cha 'n ionann shoithichean, cha 'n ionann dòighean a th' aig a bhanarach an diugh seach mara bh' aig bean tuathanaich, no cuachag na h-àiridh aig toiseach an linn so. 'S iad dòighean, agus briathran ar màthairichean a tha air an cur sìos anns an sgrìobhadh a leanas, c' iù 'tha iad ri fhaotainn ann an leabhraichean no nach 'eil.

Far am bheil ainmean às a' Bheurla ann—mar, *tea, soda, citsin*, etc., a tha air tighinn a stigh do ar cànan le nithean ùr, no Gallda, tha iad air an comharachadh le sgrìob de 'n *pheann* fodhpa.

Tha ainmean a tha dol air chùl, agus nach 'eil mòran de 'n muinntir òg a làn-thuigsinn, air am mìneachadh air leth.

CALANAS.

Ainmean ealanta na Gàidhlig air son calanas, agus gach seòrsa obair mu 'n chlàimhe, o 'n rùsgus an t-aodach deas, glan:—tha so a' fìlleadh a stigh ainmean nan dath a tha dùthchasach do 'n Ghàidhealtachd; agus an luathadh.

AN OLANN.

Ged nach 'eil sinn a' gabhail os-làimh seòlaidhean a thoirt seachad tha ni no dhà a 's fheàrr a chomharrachadh mu 'n obair. Cumaidh e 'chuid a leanas na 's cruinneala ma théid gach ceum fa-leth de 'n obair a chur aig an fhìor thoiseach.

OIBREACHADH NA H-OLAINN.

1. Seòrsachadh na clàimhe.
2. Nigheadh na clàimhe.
3. Tiormachadh na clàimhe.
4. Cìreadh na clàimhe.
5. Armadh na clàimhe.
6. Càrdadh na clàimhe.
7. Sniomh na clàimhe.
8. Croiseadh an t-snàth.
9. Dath an t-snàth.
10. Tachras an t-snàth.
11. Figheadh an t-snàth.
12. Luathadh an aodaich.
13. An Clò a chur "s a' Choinneal."

NA SEORSACHAN AODAICH COITICHEANN.

Breacan de na h-	Clò.	Plaideachan.
uile seòrsa.	Cùbhrainn.	Caimleid. }
Cealtar.	Drògaid.	Teamain. }
	Brataichean.	

AN RUSG, AGUS AM MARACHANN.

Tha 'n rùsg air a thoirt bhàrr na caora bheò le deamhas a Chibeir. 'S e am marachann an craicinn a tha air fheannadh bhàrr caora mharbh—c' iù 'chaidh a marbhadh, na 'bhàsaich i.

Tha craicinn do 'n t-seòrsa so glé bhitheannta air an glanadh air latha nigheadaireachd, anns an t-sapull làidir anns an deachaidh na h-aodaichean geal a bhogadh; an dèigh sapull glan eile, agus an sruladh, tha iad air an crochadh air callaid na h-iodhlann gus an sruth iad. An uair a tha iad tioram gu dèir gu bhi air an spionadh tha an craicinn air a chur air cùl cathair dlùth air an teine—tha e furasd' an spionadh ris a bhlàthas—le craithleag gblan foidhe, a chum gu 'n tuit gach badan innte mar a spionar e. Tha 'm bunach a' fuireach air an t-seiche—de 'm bheil beanntag air a dheanamh, Tha a' chlàimhe deas gu 'bhi air a dath.

Cha 'n 'eil an olann so air a cunntas cho fhìor mhath ri clòimhe nan rùsg, ach tha i math gu leòir air son co-thlamadh, ann an clò, no aodach cumanta 's am bith.

TEAMAIN AGUS CAIMLEID.

B' e 'n teamain aodach grinn, cruaidh, seasmhach air son deise chaonnta shamhraidh nam fear, agus aodach caonnta nam ban aig àm air bith. B' ann deth a bha *cleòca* ar seanair air a dheanamh, a bha de dhath uaine dorch, fìor bhòidheach. Tha cuimhn' againn, mar an ceudna, air còta dheth fhaicinn, gach latha Dònach air seann choimbearsnach còir. Bha 'n còta so mar a tha "Oran Luathaidh" Dhonnacha Bhàin ag innseadh—

"Brionnach, ballach, ciatach,
Triuchanach, stiallagach, gathach;

Snàth cho ruithinn ris na teudan
'S e cho réidh 's a dh' fheudte shnaithheadh:

Cha robh pluc, no meall, no gaog ann,
No glog chaol, no sliasaid reamhar:—"

B' ann de bhreacan Chlann-Choinnich a bha e, 's bu shnasmbor, bòidheach, mìn an t-aodach a bh' air an t-seann duine.

Bha 'n Teamain air a dheanamh de 'n olann a b' fhaide 's a bu ghrinne; bha i air a clàdadh às a' chuid eile.

Bha a' chlàimhe air a h-oibreachadh anns gach dòigh mar an lion, ach gu 'm b' e "clàd" a b' ainm do sheiceal na clòimhe. Bha 'n clàd mu o òirlich air fad, le dealgan fada iarunn, crom aig am bàrr; bha e cìreadh na h-olainn an àite nan càrdan a bha air son na h-olainn eile. Cha robh a' chlàimhe air a deanamh 'n a rolagan, ach 'na boitein, air a cur air cuigeal, agus mur a robh cuibheal-lìn a stigh, rachadh a' chuigeal a shuidheachadh gu daingionn os-ceann a chirein, anns a' chuibheal choitchionn. Bha 'n snàth air a thoinneadh gu cruaidh caol, am feadh a bha a'

bhan-shnìomhaiche a' coiseachd air ais 's air adhart, mar aig snìomh an lìn. B' ann leis an t-snàth chruaidh, chaol so a bha 'n an t-aodach olainn uile air fhuaiagheall. Theirteadh "snàth-toinntè" ris, agus bha e cho caol ri snàth-lìn.

Bha 'n t-aodach so bitheanta 'n a bhreacan dorch-dearg, agus dùbh-ghorm, le dà shnàithne geal, na buidhe, a' ruith tarsuing trompa gach rathad. Bha 'n teamain air a dheanamh aig an tigh air an doigh so, de chlàimhe a mhàin, agus drillseagach coltach ri sìoda "*moiré*."

Ach bhatar a' dol timchioll air deanamh an aodaich so air dòigh eile. Rachadh an olann a chlàdadh, 's a shnìomh, agus fhigheadh; an sin rachadh an t-aodach a chur do mhuileann Gallda gu bhi air a dhath, a luathadh, agus a ghrinneachadh. B' i so a' chungaidh ris an abradh ar màthairichean "Caimleid." Gheibhear an seòrs' aodaich so—air a dheanamh anns gach pònc a réir an dòigh so—anns na muileann mòra Gallda fo 'n ainm *Woollen*.

LUATHADH AN AODAICH.

Tha eadhoin am muileann-luaidh air dol air chùl an ioma àite, gun guth air na mnathan a thòiseachadh air an obair, a chionn tha 'chlàimhe air a càradh air falbh dìreach mar a tha i air tighinn bhàrr na caora, a dh' ionnsuidh nam muileann Gallda. Ach faodar an obair so fhaicinn fathasd anns na h-eileanan, far am bheil na mnathan, mar a b' abhaist, cha 'n e mhàin a' snìomh, a' dath, 's a' luathadh, ach a' figheadh an aodaich, agus gu bitheanta a' toinneadh snàth nan *stocaidh* leis an dealgan.

Ann an *pàipeir* a chaidh a leughadh aig "Céilidh nan Gàidheal," le Iain MacPhàidein, ann an Glasachadh air a' Gheamhradh 'chaidh thairis, tha cunntas cho taitneach air an obair so, gu 'n toir sinn cuid deth seachad an so. Tha e 'g ràdh:—"Bha atharrachadh dòigh aca air luathadh ann an cuid do àiteannan seach àiteannan eile, ach cha 'n fhaca mi riamh ann am Muile ach an cliath.

Rachadh an dorus mòr a thoirt bhàrr nam bannaibh—bha cliath air a cur 'na sìneadh air fuirm, cho ìosal 's a ghabhadh i cur, ach gu 'm feumadh i 'bhi cho àrd 's gu 'm faigheadh iad an glùinnean a stigh foidhe, bha so a' toirt an tuille cothram dhoibh air buillean a bu truime 'thoirt air a chlà, agus chluinntè faobhar trom a' chléith' a' freagairt ris gach fonn a bha iad a' seinn, agus bu taitneach a cho-sheirm a dheanamh iad agus b' iongantach an co-chòrdadh anns an seinneadh a h-uile guth a bhiodh an sud—

(*Ri leantuinn*).

HIGHLAND LITERATURE.—We have just printed a most interesting 8 page catalogue of recent Highland books, coloured plates of Highland scenery, etc., copies of which can be had post free on application.



The Fingalian Legends: Their Source and Historic Value.

By W. C. MACKENZIE.

(Continued from page 149).

THERE is every reason to believe that after the establishment in Sweden of the authority and religion of the semi-historic warrior priest Odin and his Sviar, an amalgamation of the primitive and Odinic religions must have taken place, or rather the old religion was ingrafted on the new. But it is clear from the Eddas that an antagonism both of race and religion existed long after this supposed union. The enmity between the native Finns and their Gothic conquerors is well symbolised by the Eddic accounts of conflicts between the gods and the giants. The Gothic tribes claimed Thor as the son of Odin, but, according to the mythical accounts given in the Sagas, he was a Finnish king—the son of king Snow—and his son was Norr, from whom Norway took its name. The same accounts relate that the Kvens, or Cwenas, a Finnish race, sacrificed to Thor. By the Norwegians he was held in greater honour than Odin himself, and they remained faithful to their tutelary deity until Christianity replaced Paganism. Even after their nominal conversion to Christianity they frequently fell back upon Thor in times of extreme danger, showing how firmly ingrained was their belief in the Thunderer, a belief acquired in the first instance from their Finnish predecessors in Norway. It appears highly probably, therefore, from the accounts, both in the Eddas and Sagas, that Thor was a god of native origin, and that the primitive beliefs gradually crystallised around him as representing the beneficent aspects of nature; the frequency of the sacrifices which his worshippers in historic times offered to him seems to confirm the latter theory. The recurrence of such Norwegian names as Thor-fin, Thor-kill, Thor-mod, Thor-stein and others in Viking times—some of which names subsist not only in Norway, but in the Hebrides—testifies to the prevailing belief that the prefix of the tutelary deity's name provided a special safeguard against danger. According to Finn Magnusen, perhaps

the greatest authority upon the Eddic religions, Thorism must have consisted in stone worship. Traces of this worship, according to Professor Nilsson, are to be found at the present day in the remote mountain districts of Norway. In the Outer Hebrides “healing-stones” are still held in reverential regard, being sometimes built into the walls of the dwelling-houses. Among certain Finnish tribes, says Nilsson, God and Thor are synonymous terms, which fact affords an apparent proof of the origin of Thorism. Traces of the black magic of the Finnish race are suggested by the belief in the spells of witchcraft, which, in the present year of grace, is prevalent in the more distant islands of the Hebrides. That Thorism was evolved from the primitive nature worship of the aboriginal tribes of Norway is an assumption which is not incompatible with the evidence at our disposal.

When we come to examine the poems of Ossian from an historical standpoint, we are met by the remarkable circumstance—noted by so acute a critic as Skene—that the descriptions which they contain of Odinism are perfectly accurate in their details; this, at least, is the testimony of Finn Magnusen. Our knowledge of Odinism has been derived from the Eddas, the first portion of which was not published until 1787, years after Macpherson published his “Ossian.” It is also noteworthy that the annals of Tighernac, published during the last century, and recognised as the most trustworthy guide in ancient Irish affairs, are in agreement with “Ossian” on matters concerning which previously published annals of Ireland were at variance with the poems. These facts appear to afford internal evidences of the historical value of the Ossianic relics, if we are not too exacting about the precise periods with which they deal, and if we confine our faith to their veracity in describing the manners, customs, feuds, and religions of the different nationalities who played a part in the ancient history of Scotland and Ireland. We read in all the Fingalian legends of the deadly enmity which existed between the Feine and the Lochlans.

If we refer to King Alfred's version of Orosius, the Spanish presbyter and geographer, who was born in the latter part of the fourth century, we find, in the account of the three voyages in the ninth century of the Northmen Othhere and Wulfstan, which is incorporated in Alfred's work, that the same state of perpetual antagonism prevailed between the Cwenas—the Finnish tribes before mentioned—and their neighbours, the Norwegians, each race taking in turn the offensive against the other. These Cwenas, we are told, were also called Quaines, and by Latin writers Cayani, who may have been the Catani mentioned in Pictish chronicles. It is not an unwarrantable assumption that the Finnic Cwenas, or Cayani of King Alfred, the Catani of the Pictish chronicles, the Feine of Ossian, and, perhaps, the Fingalians or Fingalls of the Irish annals (whose name survives in that of the premier Earl of Ireland), may have come from a common ancestry.

In "Temora" we read of another race, the Bolga, perhaps a tribe kindred to the Feine, with whom the latter had a feud. This race is clearly that of the Firbolgs, the "men of the bags"* of Irish tradition, whom Irish historians call Belgians. It is possible that they may have been a tribe of the Bulgars, the Turanian race who conquered Bulgaria in the seventh century, and gave that country its present name. The Firbolgs are related to have been driven out of Ireland by the Tuatha de Danaans, and to have taken refuge in the Hebrides, whence, according to Keating, they were afterwards ejected by the Picts. The Picts themselves, according to Nennius, Bede, and nearly all succeeding writers who have ventilated their views on that elusive people, came from Scandinavia. That they were a non-Aryan race is now generally believed by the best authorities, including Professor Rhys and other Celtic scholars. The particulars given by Tacitus of the Caledonians who fought against Agricola suggest more than one feature which they possessed in common with the Feine and the Picts, with the latter of whom they have usually been identified. The description of their appearance tallies with that of the Bronze Age men, whom modern ethnologists consider to have been of a Finnish or Ugrian stock.

It has been stated that the Odinic religion as pictured in Ossian's poems is in accord with the Eddas, from which source our exact information on the subject was derived at a period subsequent

to the publication of Macpherson's work. It is clear from the poems that Odinism was practised only by the invading Lochlans, and Mr. Karl Blind discovered some years ago traces of it in Shetland, where certain Odinic lays or spell-songs were brought to light—relics, perhaps, of the lays which "the greyhaired Snivan" sang round the Circle of Loda ("Fingal," Book III). What, then, was the religion of the Feine? This can only be discovered by inference, but the inferential proofs are not too obscure. It is clear that the Fianna of the Irish legends were believers in the magical rites which have been attributed to the Druids. The heroic phase which the Scottish Fingalians represent leaves little room for pictures of their religious observances. A belief in ghosts and spirits appears to be the only creed which the Feine of Ossian's poems professed. The spirits, like the *Disir* of Scandinavian superstition, sometimes appeared when important events were about to happen; and, among other attributes, they were endowed with the power of calling forth storms at their pleasure. But a closer examination reveals something more. One of the most striking passages in the whole range of Ossianic literature is that in "Carrichthura," which describes the conflict between Fingal and the spirit of Loda, the latter name being apparently a variant of Odin. Its symbolism is significant as its imagery is beautiful. We see here what may well be accepted as a picture of the antagonism between the old religion and the new, between the deities of the Turanians and the Aryans, between the Druidism, or wizardism, and perhaps the Thorism, of the aborigines, and the Asar creed of the Goths. That the native religion should conquer, as Fingal conquered Cruth-loda, is probably in accordance with historic facts, for we have no reason to believe that Odinism ever obtained any ascendancy among the pre-Gothic settlers of these islands. The "circles of power" and "stones of power" alluded to, both in Irish and Scotch Fingalian legends, are, of course, the rings of standing stones with which tradition attaches religious associations. If used at all for religious observances, they were doubtless so utilised both by the Odinists and their predecessors. That the Feine were Thorists there is no direct evidence, unless we accept the fact that Fingal found his last dwelling-place in the "chambers of the thunder," as a figurative reference to his religion. The "cloudy hall of Cruth-loda," the "misty Loda," the "house of the spirits of men" of the poems are all plainly references to the Walhalla of the Odinists. There is presumptive evidence in such Ossianic place names as Inistore—which may mean the islands of Thor (probably the Outer Hebrides), which the Feine appear to

* Literally, "men of the leather bags," according to some authorities. It is curious to note, in this connection, the custom in vogue among the Vikings of sleeping, when ashore, in leather bags.

have held in special regard—to warrant the belief that they were traditionally associated with the religion of the Thunderer; the great circle of standing stones at Callernish in the Island of Lewis may, conceivably, at one period of its history, have been utilised as a temple of Thor. The Tora and Tura of the Ossianic poems, and the Tara and Tory Island of Irish history, are not improbably variants of the name Thor; the Finnish Tschuwaschers called the Deity by the name of Tura, and Tara was the name given by the Esthonian Finns to the God of Thunder. In modern Scotland such place-names as Thurso, Thorisdale, and others clearly indicate the same origin.

The late Professor Max Müller states in his "Science and Language" that the literature of the Finns, and above all, their popular poetry, "bear witness to a high intellectual development in times which we call mythical." Their "epic songs still live among the poorest recorded by oral tradition alone, and preserving all the

features of a perfect metre, and of a more ancient language." He goes on to say that "from the mouths of the aged an epic poem has been collected, equalling the 'Iliad' in length and completeness—nay, if we can forget for a moment all that we in our youth learned to call beautiful, not less beautiful."

This epic poem, "Kalevala" ("Abode of heroes"), according to the same authority, "possesses merits not dissimilar from those of the 'Iliad,' and will claim its place as the fifth epic of the world." It is therefore casting no dishonour on the Ossianic poems to argue the existence of a common source between them and "Kalevala." The similarity of the material from which the Iliad of the Finns and the Iliad of the Scottish Highlands were composed is so striking as to suggest that further investigation may possibly lead to the discovery of fresh bonds of union between the two.

(Concluded).



Reproduced from

THE SOUND OF ISLAY.

[*"Guide to Islay."*]

ISLAY NAMES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SIR—I have just come on your note anent the Reids who left Islay early in the last century for America; and, apologising for the delay, I make an attempt now to help your correspondent.

MAC RUARAI DH and MAC LLIRUAI DH. These lived in the parish of Kilmeny, some at *Bealach Ruadh* and *Ruadhphort*, and the last I knew of

them was the wife of David MacEacharn, joiner, one of the MacEacharns of Claigin, before the Murdochs went there. The *MacIlliruidhs* would, when they got among mere English-speaking people, anglicise their name into "Reid."

MAC MHURACHAI DH. There was a great body of powerful men of this name in the parish of Kilmeny, too. Some time ago I had an inquiry from London regarding a splendid body of the name of Murdoch

in Australia, from Islay, not one of whom was less than six feet high. But I could not claim any connection with them, and they were not of the Gartbrech Murdochs, who also were importations. But when emigration was draining the island of its best blood, an old man, returning home to Kilmeny, said: "I have just met five *Baildies* on their way to the over-sea ship, and they have not left five of their like behind them—all *Clan Mhurachaidh*." *Baildi mor Mac Mhurachaidh* from Airidhard, behind Eisgnish, was married to one of the big women of Bailiharaich (of whom more anon), and they would contribute themselves a good deal towards a good colony. In Islay, they were called "Murphy" in English in most cases. But my intelligent friend Domhnall Mac Mhurachadh, at Balemach, near Portnahaven, a grandson of *Baildi Choillein*, the famous and handsome piper, very rightly calls himself "Donald Murdoch"; and my friend Mr. David Spence, Immigration Office, Toronto, who is a good Islay historian, tells me he thinks the stalwart Clan Murdoch in Australia are of the Airidhean and Mulreas stock.

MAC ILLEMHAOIL. There was a powerful family of this name at Bailiharaich—Malcolm, Archibald, Neil, John, and Duncan, besides some sisters, one of whom routed a band of English excise detectives, and one the wife of *Baildi MacMhurachadh*. In my younger days, "*Ian mor MacIllemhaoil*" was quite the form; but later, people spoke of them as the "Big Bells," and I heard of John "Bell" in Michigan, where he enjoyed a pension from the state for ridding it of a "Bully." The only reason I heard for their being called Bell was that a man of them in Kintyre married a woman there of *Clain Mhic Illemhaoil*, but you see that "Bell" is much handier than the other.

MACILLERIABHACH. This was well known in the island and even in Kintyre; but the blacksmith up the Largieside had a nephew in English-speaking Campbelltown who had "Daniel Revie" cut over his door. The same name figures as "Darach" in Islay and Jura, and I have met it in Canada as "Red."

MAC ILLANDRAISH is still well known, but it is giving place to "Anderson."

MAC LUGAISH, which originally was the good name of MacLucas, and perhaps traceable to St. Luke, is shaping itself into Douglas and MacDougall, and the good original is melting away because some pronounced it in a sluggish way.

MAC CUTHAIG has a variety of forms—MacCook, MacCuthagan, and MacUchd—but some are assuming or resuming the name of MacLeod, alleging that the cuckoo form was given to a child in a dying family to ensure long life to it. It is said that MacKiachan came in the same way from *Mac Fhithcheachain*, of whom there were several in Islay when I was a boy. I never heard what the original was.

CLANN EACHARNA in Islay is Mac Eacharn in the Long Island, MacKechnie in Jura—whence comes the excellent *Burd Luideagach*, Donald MacKechnie. In Mull they are MacEacharn also, as well as in Islay, where, however, we have *Mac-an-Ilich*, a good specimen of which I know calls himself MacKechnie. John, who is now at Bearsden, formed an excellent "dopple" to the late Archibald Sinclair

No. 1, of the "Celtic Press," and a good-looking pair of *Ilich* they formed. There is a photo of *Iain Mac an Ilich* in the Falkland Studio, Charing Cross, and I should think many an *Ileach* would like to possess a copy ere we lose the good original. He comes of the famous axenna who struck such heavy blows on behalf of the MacDonalds at *Ceann Traigh Ghruinneart*. The MacEacharns of Islay were at one time a powerful body. Whisky making, which was to have made the Shawfield Campbells rich on the prosperity of the tenants, failed the most prominent families—as at Bridgend, the bosom of the island, and at Daill, the chief seat in a fine amphitheatre, with Lochindaal as the floor. So those who survived went to Australia, with the exception of John of Bridgend, who, after a short stay in Cape Breton, came to Glasgow, and was for a good many years one of the veterans at the *Communn Ileach* gatherings. Donald MacEacharn, Daill, was, physically and mentally, one of the finest men of his generation. But he died young, and his brothers—James, Robert, and Neil—went to Australia, as did most of the Bridgend family. James of Daill has often been heard of as a literary man, but I have never heard of Robert and Neil. Now, however, I see that the vigour of the stock shows itself in the fact that one of the family is Mayor of Melbourne, Victoria. At least, I take it for granted that he is of the stock, and I feel almost certain that he is the son of my schoolfellow, Malcolm of Bridgend. I have written to him for information about the origin of the volunteers from that country, who have cut so creditable a figure in South Africa. If I get any information of public interest, I may trouble the *Celtic Monthly* with it.

But what was to have been a mere "note" has proved an "article," and even at that it is more than enough.

JOHN MURDOCH.

NOTE.—[In regard to the origin of the Australian Volunteers, Mr. W. P. Stewart of Wanganui, in a letter just received, says: "You will have seen about the different contingents sent from here to South Africa; an exceedingly large number from New Zealand are Scots or of Scotch parentage, a look at their names proves this. We lost one of our greatest Scotch singers, John Wyllie, of the first contingent, who died a prisoner at Pretoria."—EDITOR.]

SECRET OF THE HEATHER ALE.

SIR—I am afraid the recipe for heather ale put forward by your correspondent this month will not satisfy our chemical friends in the matter of alcohol. They will be prone to dub the beverage "treacle peerie" or "ginger pop." I consider myself fortunate that I can redeem the situation at this stage by supplying a piece of information I heard at a Perthshire *ceilidh* last fall. An old woman who was relating how in her girlhood she was wont to help her father at the sma' still on the hill, on being asked if she had ever seen heather ale made, promptly replied: "Foof, foof, we made ale out of the thick of it." Now surely this is the true effective kind of heather ale, for the secret of which the whole tribe of Argyllshire Maclellans fought and died.

GLEN DEVON, May, 1901.

K. MATHESON.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

MARBHRANN DO DHOMHNUL AM MORAIR MAC-AOIDH

(Lament for Donald, Lord Reay, Chief of the Clan Mackay).

*Translation by Angus Mackay.*GLEUS A. *Gu mall.**Music from MS. Collection**by the late John Munro, a native of the Reay Country.*

{ d., t.: l₁ m₁ S₁ | l₁ : d., r | m., r : d. l₁ S₁ | S₁ : — | f., m : r m₁ S | l : s., f | m., r : d. l₁ S₁ | l₁ : — }

'S i so'n Nullaig a's cianail A chunncas riamh le mo shùil ; 'S soilleir easbhuidh ar Triath oirn, An àm do'n bhliadhna tigh'nn ùr ;

{ f., s : l₁ S₁ f | s : f | m., r : d. l₁ S₁ | S₁ : — m₁ | m₁, S₁ : l₁ d., r | m : s., f | m., r : d. l₁ S₁ | l₁ : — ||

Ceann na cuideachd 's na tàbhairn, Luchd nan dàn is a' chiùil, 'Na laidh an eaglais Cheann-tàile, 'San rùm is fhàine fo'n ùir.

'S iomadh buille bha cràiteach
A rinn am bàs a thoirt dhuinn,
Air chosd gheugan do theaghlach,
Gun athadh bonn do na cinn ;
Ach cha deach' uiread de thrèacair
A chur fo 'n fhòid ri mo linn,
'S a chaid chàradh 's an tòma
Le Morair Dòmhnall Mac-Aoidh.

Cha dean mo mhaladh-s' na 's àird' thu,
'S cha 'n 'eil thu 'n dràsda 'n a fheum ;
Sgaoil do bhuadhan am pailteas,
'S cha 'n 'eil thu 'n aire 'chur an céill ;
Ach 'n uair their mi 'n dàn bròin so
Do dhaoineibh mòr' as do dheigh,
Mur bi 'leithid r' a inns' orr',
Cha bheag an aoir e dhaibh féin.

Gheobhar cron dha do sgaoilteachd,
Nach do chaomhain thu 'n còrr,
Leis an fhear tha 'n a ghlutair,
Gu deanamh upainn de 'n òr,
A dh' iarras fois thoirt d' a anam,
'N uair chl e mar-ris na 's leòir ;
'S e'n neach sin féin ris an canar
Le Dia, an t-amadan mòr.

Seallaibh eachdraidh a' Bhlobuill
Chum na criche o thòs,
'S gheobh sibh olc nach robh 'n aoraibh
Nam flor eucoireach mòr',
Agus starraidhnean mlofoir
Anns na Crìosdaidhibh còir ;
Ach an crìon pheacadh biasdail,
Cha d' fheud e riamh bhi 's an t-seòrs'.

Labhraidh buidhean gun chreidimh,
Le mòran glaigis 'n an ceann ;
Ach 'n uair thig iad gu cleachdadh,
Cha 'n fhaigh thu facal ach gann ;
An teis-meadhon am pailteis,
Mar 's an airc bidh iad gann ;
'S 'n uair is toirmnich' am farum,
Gur h-e corp gun anam a th' ann.

Na 'm bitheadh gionaich 'n ad nàdur,
C' uim' nach deanadh tu tòrr
Leis na thoigteadh de mhàl dhuit,
'S le do phension d' a chòrr :
'N uair a gheobhadh tu 'm meall ud,
'S ann leat a b' annsa gu mòr
Iomhaigh Dhé air bochd aoidheil
Na iomhaigh 'n Rìgh air an òr.

Mine eyes have ne'er beheld a Christmastide
So full of tears and pain ! Alas, my Chief,
The old year has removed thee from our side,
The new year but recalls us unto grief !
He that was chiefest where the tale was told,
Where music breathed, and poets' songs were sung,
Dwells in Death's lowest room beneath the mould—
For ever stilled beside the church of Tongue !

Full oft relentless Death hath wounded thee,
O noble house of Reay, with cruel thrust—
Nor spared the topmost branches of the tree,
But strewn its goodliest blossoms in the dust ;
But ne'er before within my memory
He chilled so warm a heart within the clay—
A heart so full of Christian charity—
As thine, O Donald, noble Lord of Reay !

The man with bounteous appetite for wealth—
Who seeks to feed his soul with yellow ore,
And lives to heap up riches for himself—
Will blame thee that thou left no miser'd store.
Then out his gathered treasure will he bring,
And praise himself and bid his soul be gay—
But this is he whom Heaven's Almighty King
Shall call the great fool on the Judgment Day !

If one should read from first to last God's Book
And read the history of the saints therein,
Though sometimes they the narrow path forsook,
And for an instant gave a place to sin,
Though oftentimes they stumbled in the race,
And oft were lured astray by Satan's art,
Yet of this little meanness not a trace
Shall there be found in any godly heart !

Persons devoid of faith are fruitless weeds,
Their boisterous words are many and untrue,
But in that higher speech whose words are deeds,
There one shall surely find their words are few ;
'Tis with the rich man as with him in need,
If they are faithless they are bare of fruit—
Alike a soulless body is their creed
And all their virtues flowers without root !

Hadst thou by nature been a man of greed,
How soon had grown the tempting glittering hoard ;
If thou to pity's tears had deigned no heed,
And hard-wrung rents with human curses stored !
But no, for when the rents to thee were paid,
It was more joy to thee a thousand-fold
To see a glad face in God's image made,
Than the king's image on the yellow gold !

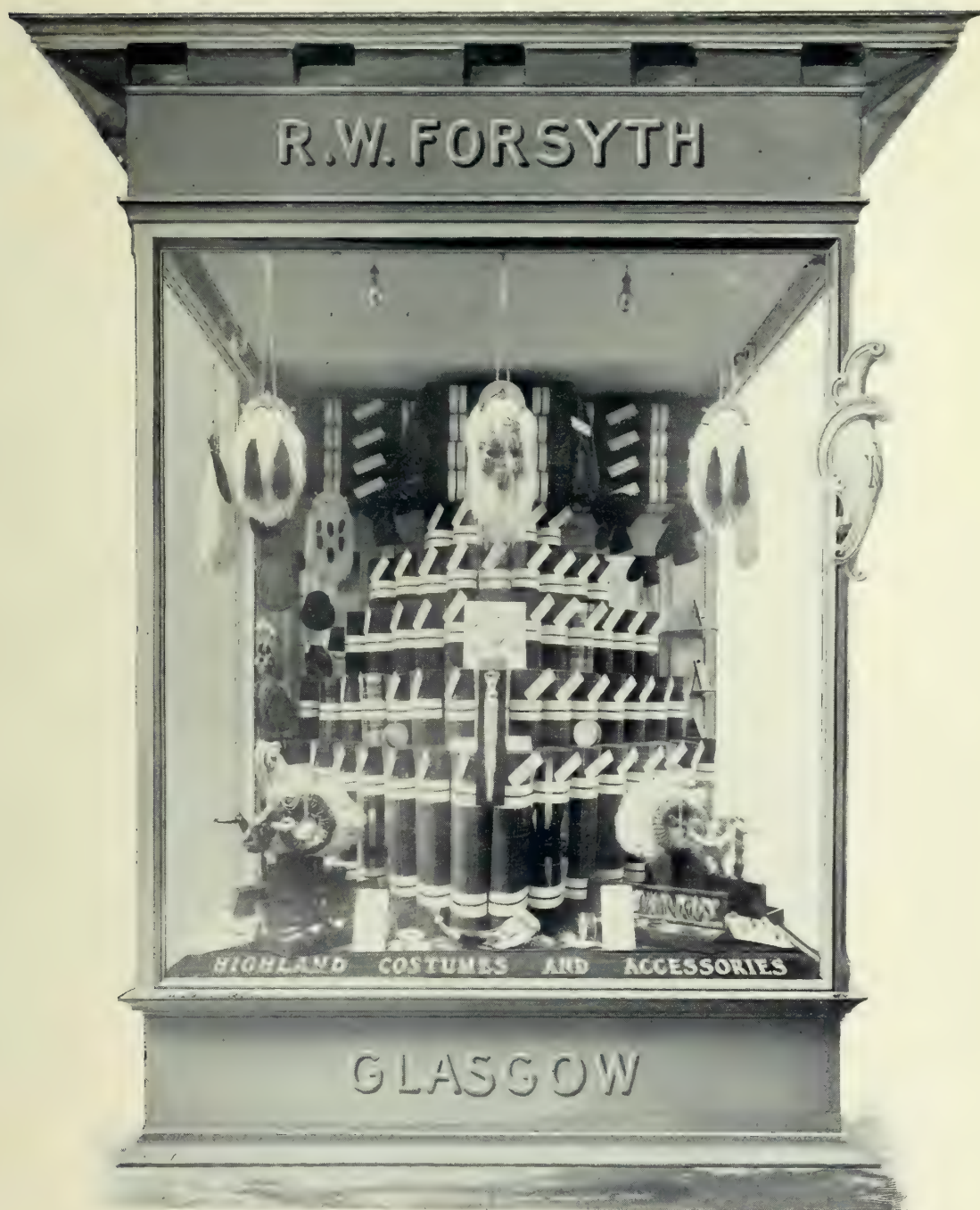
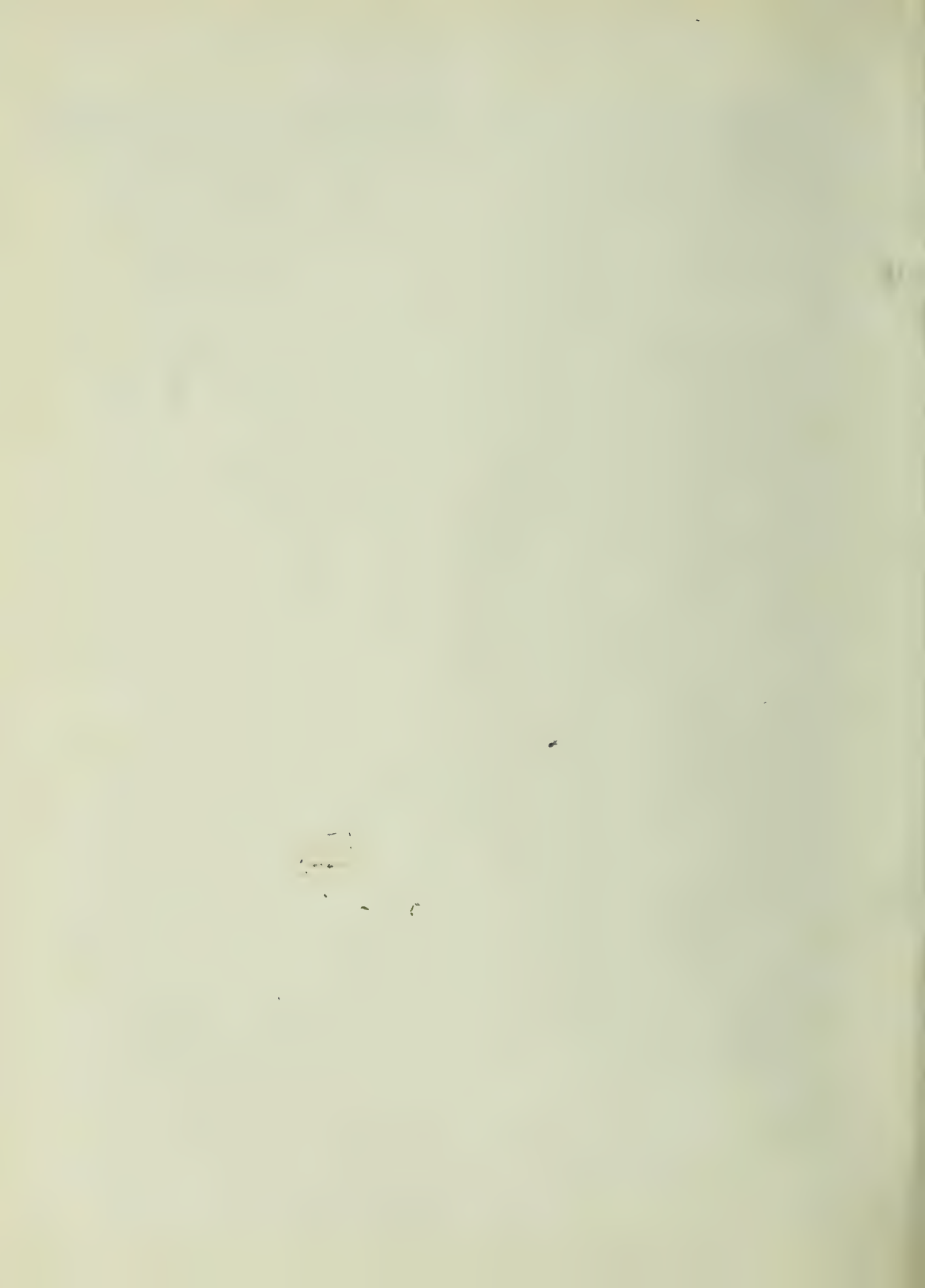


Exhibit of Clan Tartans and Highland Ornaments

BY

R. W. FORSYTH,

Renfield Street and Gordon Street, Glasgow.





The Late Lieut. HECTOR L. S. MACLEAN

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

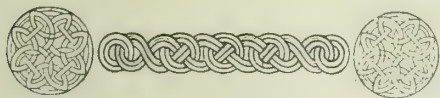
A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 10. VOL. IX.]

JULY, 1901.

[Price Threepence.



THE LATE LIEUT. HECTOR LACHLAN STEWART MACLEAN,

Adjutant of the Cavalry of the Queen's Own Corps of Guides.

VISITORS to the Church at Mardán, the Headquarters of the Corps of Guides, will notice a brass plate embedded in the wall, with an inscription; and outside will be seen a "Maclean Cross," erected by the officers of the Guides to the memory of the same officer, whose name is commemorated on the plate, a reproduction of which is herewith given, as well as a portrait of the lamented young officer himself.

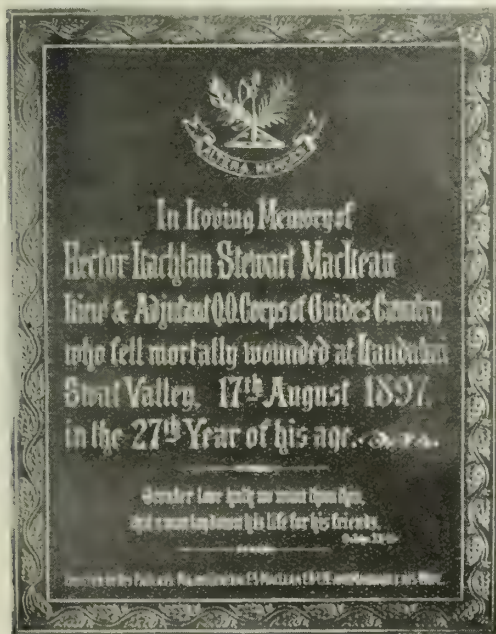
Clansmen will perhaps be interested in the perusal of the accompanying narrative of the

circumstances in which Hector Maclean met his death. Had Hector Maclean lived, he would have been the direct representative, *by descent*, of John Garve, the founder of the Coll family, as he was seventh in descent from Hector, the eldest son of Donald XIIth of Coll, who had two sons called Hector, about whom there is a mystery which has not been cleared up.

Lieutenant Hector, son of Major-General Charles Smith Maclean, C.B., C.I.E., of the Gallanach branch of the Coll family, was born in a tent on the hill of Sheikh Budin, Bannu District, North West Frontier of India, on 13th September, 1870, and was educated at St. Salvador's School, St. Andrews, and Fettes' College, Edinburgh. He received a Queen's India Cadetship, and passed through the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. He received a Commission as Second Lieutenant in the 5th (Northumberland) Fusiliers, on 24th April, 1889, and became Probationer for the Indian Staff Corps, 17th February, 1891. He was appointed to the Queen's Own Corps of Guides, at Mardán, on 20th March, 1891, and served in the (Black Mountain) Hazarah Expedition of 1891 (medal and clasp), also with the Chitral Expedition of 1895. He was appointed Adjutant, Guides' Cavalry, 1896, and in 1897 went on his last campaign. A second medal was granted to him for this, with three clasps, viz: for the Punjab Frontier, 1897-98; for Malakand, 1897; and for Relief of Chitral, 1895.

In 1897 occurred an outbreak of widespread hostility against the British Government on the part of the Frontier tribes. The Malakand Force, on the road to Chitral, was speedily threatened by a formidable body of tribesmen, and in the end of July the Corps of Guides received sudden orders to hurry up to reinforce it, which it did, infantry and cavalry, after a fine forced march. The *Homeward Mail* in describing the action at Malakand, says:

"In the darkness the enemy were heavily attacking what is called the command enclosure in the crater of Malakand. Lieutenant Maclean and a young Royal Engineer officer then went to assist Major Gibbs, of the 31st, and shortly after Maclean was badly wounded, but stayed on, doggedly fighting until too faint from loss of blood. He was shot



MEMORIAL TO LIEUT. MACLEAN AT MARDAN.

in the cheek and the bullet came out behind the ear. Marvellous to say, it did not damage the bone. The tribesman who shot him must have been close under the defences, as his face was blackened with the powder of the discharge."

He had to go into hospital for the treatment of this wound, of which, however, he made very light. His regiment had passed on to the Swát Valley, and anticipating that it would soon be engaged again with the enemy, he hurried on to join it, although his wound had not by any means healed.

On the 17th August, occurred the action at Landakai, in which Hector Maclean was mortally wounded. He died on the field. His body was carried into Mardán, where "most, if not all, of the gallant dead of the Guides repose," and where he was buried with full military honours.

The following extracts from two letters written after the action at Landakai describe, exactly and graphically, what took place. The *italics* are the writer's, and the reader is asked to bear in mind the fact, that Hector Maclean was at the time still suffering from the unhealed wound that he had received at the Malakand on the 28th July. The *italics* are intended to draw attention to the unpleasant fact that the incident they emphasize was inaccurately described in the despatch of the General-Officer commanding the British force in the Swát Valley, who very curtly declined to rectify his error when his attention was officially drawn to it. But it does not matter; the memory of Hector Maclean's noble deed will live long after the inaccurate despatch and its writer have passed into merited oblivion.

Copy (Extract) of Letter from
Lt.-Col. R. B. Adams:—

Q. O. Corps of Guides Cavalry,
Camp Mingávra,
Swát Valley, August 22nd, 1897.

"I do not know how fully to express to you, both for myself and for all in the Guides, our sorrow at the death of your son, and our sympathy with you and General Maclean, and with all to whom he was dear, in the great loss you have sustained. We do indeed feel most deeply for you. The knowledge that he died doing his duty most

nobly and gallantly in a self-sacrificing effort to save the life of a comrade will, I feel, be some help and consolation to you.

Telegraphic accounts in the papers will have given all the particulars of that day's fighting. The enemy held a long spur, round the end of which the road we had to go passed along a narrow, stony causeway between the spur and the river. As soon as the enemy were cleared off the hill, the cavalry started to go round by this road. Some dismounted men, with whom your son went, led the way, to clear away obstacles in the shape of stone walls, placed by the enemy to block the road. I also accompanied them. Your son led the way, and was full of spirits, and eager to get on in pur-



suit of the enemy, whom we could see running away over the plain in the valley beyond. As the road was cleared, the mounted men followed, in single file; and the first party to reach the open ground beyond, formed up and galloped in pursuit. Your son's horse was being led, some way behind, and he was, therefore, somewhat delayed by having to find it. Our course, to reach the enemy, lay for a certain distance along a nullah, up past a village, and over an open plain of soft, ploughed-up ground. In crossing this, the leading squadron become very much scattered, most of the men falling behind, as their horses were unable to keep up with those of the officers.

All but a very few of the enemy had reached a spur of the hills before we could get up with them, and opened a very hot fire on all of us as we approached. *What we should then have done, and what I intended to do, was to collect the scattered men behind the nearest available cover, and with dismounted men, to open fire.* Unfortunately, at this moment Lieut. Greaves, who was out with us as a press correspondent, was run away with by his pony, and carried up to the foot of the spur amongst the enemy, one of whom shot him; and on his falling from his horse, others proceeded to hack at him with swords. *Several of us who were nearest at once rushed to his rescue. Immediately as this happened, your son arrived - with Lieut. Norman, 11th Bengal Lancers, who was attached to us—at the corner of the village, where I had thought of dismounting the men. He at once said to Norman, "We must get some men together;" and collecting about a dozen or so, who arrived at the same time, he brought them into the nearest point of cover, and left them, under the orders of Norman, to open fire on the enemy.* He himself came out into the open in front at once, where we were struggling to get poor Greaves's body on to a horse, in order to carry it away. As he approached us he dismounted, and said, "Here, put him on my horse;" and he himself assisted largely in lifting the body, and placing it across the saddle.

We had all started to return with the body to the nearest cover, and had carried it about fifteen yards, when your son exclaimed that he had been hit in the thigh. He was unable to mount his horse; and so two of our men, who had come out after him, and were alongside him at the moment, each seized an arm, and brought him along in that way for about twenty or thirty yards, to the corner of the wooded graveyard, where he had placed the dismounted men, and which was the nearest point of cover. He there sank, unconscious, and had to be lifted up and carried in front of three men, on their saddles, back to where Dr. Macnab was met, whose pony being far back in passing the causeway, was delayed, and was at that moment only just nearing the scene of the fight. From the first, however, it was, I deeply regret to say, a hopeless case, and Dr. Macnab could do nothing to save him; and, without recovering consciousness, he very shortly afterwards expired.

But for his action in placing those dismounted men at once in the graveyard, whence their fire checked the enemy, the small party round Lieut. Greaves's body would most certainly have been rushed; and but for his coming out so readily to our assistance, we should have had great difficulty in lifting and carrying away

Lieut. Greaves, and would have been so much the longer delayed under the hot fire the enemy were pouring down upon us from the hill close by, when every additional moment increased the risk of further loss.

We had your son's body sent back in a dooly to Khar, where our infantry are, and from there it was sent on to Mardán the same night. The funeral took place at Mardán the next day, where at the time Captain Baldwin and Lieutenant Garden were.

Though of course our loss is not to be mentioned in comparison with yours, still we all feel it to be a great one, and it may be of some comfort to you to know how much he was liked and admired by all who knew him both in the regiment and outside it. He was a sterling and good friend, and an exceptionally good officer. He had such a high sense of duty, and was in every way so thoroughly reliable. He always worked so hard, and had the best interests of the regiment at heart, and it is no mere expression to say that the loss to the Corps by his death is irreparable."

(Signed) R. B. ADAMS.

Copy (Extract) of a Letter from Lord Fincastle.

Camp at Inayat Kili,
26th September.

"About your son who lost his life in a gallant attempt to help in bringing Greaves' body in, I herewith enclose a short account. First, I personally had no part in bringing Maclean in. Although mortally wounded, he got into the tope on foot helped by two sowars I believe. Until we reached the tope I did not know he was even wounded. Two officers, Greaves and Palmer, had originally got in too far among the enemy and were in rather a tight place, Greaves being cut down and hacked while on the ground. Colonel Adams and I being the only officers within reach went in to help, shortly after followed by two sowars. *We managed to get hold of Greaves but I think would certainly have been rushed if your son had not come out with three sowars to our assistance. We owe our lives to his coolness, as he first dismounted his squadron in a tope of trees some fifty yards away who by their fire gave us something to retreat to, besides keeping the tribesmen from rushing us.* The enemy kept up a hot fire and unfortunately killed the best soldier and most popular officer in the whole force. And I need not say how he is missed by his brother-officers and all his friends." He had dismounted and was lifting Greaves on to some horse when he was shot. I was helping with the body (Greaves) at the time and heard him say something but did not know what it was. Most of our horses were shot—all except one I think were wounded or killed, and the fire was so hot, so your son would certainly have got a V.C. *He certainly deserved one for saving the whole situation and I hope he will get one as a tribute to his memory.* I am sorry that a wrong version should have got about, not mentioning Colonel Adams who had more to do with the affair than I."

(Signed) FINCASTLE.

The rules regulating the bestowal of the Victoria Cross precluded the decoration being

forwarded to his family, who were not alone in thinking that Hector Maclean's case was one in which the rules might well have been relaxed.

Had he survived it would have been bestowed upon him (*London Gazette*, 8th Nov., 1897).

Nor is Hector Maclean's memory likely to be forgotten by his clansmen. At the Clan Gathering at Glasgow in 1897, Sir Fitzroy Maclean, in his address, made a feeling reference to his death, and said, that "as clansmen they would keep in their memories his bravery as a young soldier."

The last tribute to the memory of Hector Maclean, to be noticed here, came from across the sea, from the Clan Historian, the Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair, of Prince Edward Island. Gaelic scholars will fully appreciate his mastery of the Gaelic language, in which he has chosen to express his sympathy with Hector Maclean's family.

ORAN BROIN.

[The following verses were composed by the Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair, the clan historian, on the recent death of the gallant Lieutenant Maclean, of the Indian Guides, son of General Charles Maclean, Isle of Wight. The verses are written as if composed by the father of the deceased.]

Tha mi tinn 's tu 'g am dhìth,
'Ille ghrinn, bheusaich;
Thi mi trom 's tu 'g am dhìth.

Tha mo chridh' an diugh brònach,
Dh' fhalbh mo shòlas air sgeith bhuam.

Thuit mo mhac, mo mhac àillidh
Anns a' bhlàr fo throm chreuchdan.

Thuit an t-òganach aoibheil
Cridhe chaoimheis 'na feile;

Làmh 'na gaisge 'sa chomhstri
Ceann an eòlais 's na leirsinn.

Leam bu taitneach do dhòighean
'S b' àrd mo dhochas mu d' dheibhinn.

Bu tu dealbh an t-sar-shaighdeir,
'S tu gun fhoill ann an creubhag.

Cha tig litir mar b' àbhaist
Bho d' làimh chairdeil thoirt sgeul ort;

Is cha 'n fhaic mi ri m' shaoghal
Do ghnùis aobhach chiùin cheatach.

'S fada bhuainn tha na fòidean
A tha còmhach do dheile.

Bha do ghluasad mar dh' iarrainn
An cath iargalt' nan geur-ghath.

Bha thu dìleas do d' chairdean
'S bha thu dàn ri uchd deuchainn.

Thuit thu 'n aobhar do dhùthcha
'Cur luchd-spuinnidh fo gheith d'i.

Thuit thu Eachainn fo urram,
Mar a bhuineadh do threun-fhear;

Is do dh' fhiùran do 'n chinneadh
Nach d' fhuair innis an teughmail.

'S e an Ti a tha riaghladh
'S a b' fhear-dion anns gach ceum domh.

A thug bhuam mo mhac gràdhach,
Ann an àraich an reubaidh.

Bidheam strìochd' dha mar 's còir dhomh,
Biodh mo dhòchus gu léir ann.

Tha mo ghruaidhean a seachdadh
'S tha mo neart ga mo thréigsinn.

'S gearr an uine 's an gluais mi
As deigh na bhuannaich an t-eug bhuam.

Like so many of his ancestors he would be called "Ruadh." Above the middle height, strongly built and active, he was a fine representative of our Frontier officers who are on guard at the gates of India; and of the race from which he sprung.

ROSS-SHIRE: A SUMMER EVENING.

IT has been a tempestuous day with heavy showers, but twilight has brought peace. The west hills stand out, intensely blue, against the clear grey background. The tide is far out, and long, low banks of sand stretch almost from shore to shore. The swallows skim close overhead, pursuing the unwary fly and uttering the short, shrill note of their hunting-song. In the laurels thrush and black-bird outvie each other in volume and sweetness of melody. From the Deadora the wood-pigeon coos to his mate, not with the amorous sweetness of his spring song, but in low, deep, satisfied notes; summer has fulfilled for him the promise of spring.

In the garden the lupins seem to be blue as the hills. At one corner where large, red poppies are massed, we seem to have found a veritable garden of sleep. Here and there an early rose, Gloire or Damask, can be descried; but Bacon says of the latter:

"Roses, Damask and Red, are fast Flowers of their smells; so that you may walk by a whole Row of them, and find nothing of their Sweetnesse."

And just before he notes:

"Because the Breath of Flowers is farre sweeter in the Aire (where it comes and goes like the Warbling of Music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the Flowers and Plants that do best perfume the Aire."

In the list of flowers that follows he does not include the small, white clematis, which wreaths and festoons itself in starry masses over the garden gate, and surely smells as sweet as any

'Matted Pinck' or 'Glove Gilly Flower'; nor does he mention the Douglas Pine, whose sweet, fresh odour seems chiefest (one cannot tell why) in recalling lost memories. Says Dr. John Brown: "The smells of flowers and leaves . . . touch and awaken the memory in a strange way."

The peace and calm of evening descend also on the heart. One loses to a great extent as one grows older the vague feeling of regret that summer evenings once held—regret for one knows not what, sorrow for the ghost of that

which has never been. For our "eyes . . . indeed no longer see so much of the past in . . . twilight as they did when they had no past."

But there is one regret in this peaceful beauty. Nay, not the thought of dark, dreary days which must come; for we should but look on winter as a resting place whence we can gaze on the sunny days that are past, regarding them as an earnest of those which are promised. My thoughts are rather of the exiles who can only dream of summer's beauty and long for it,



From R. R. M'Ian's]

"Highlanders at Home."

A SUMMER EVENING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

but whom fate immures in large towns; those who could, perchance, see the twilight mysteries with a clearer, purer vision than our own; and to whom the North is still, and ever will be, Home.

We Scottish people who love our ain countree can feel beat for beat the throbbing of the heart that yearns for moor and hill. Instead of the mavy's song and the sough of the night-wind through the beeches, they only hear the grind of the piano-organ and the raucous cry of the newsboys; the hard pavement is for

those feet that once trod the springy heather of Ross-shire.

Would that I could transport at least one of these exiles to the rustic seat under this leafy beech, to hear the birds' music and see the bonnie heather hills glimmering in the twilight; and if a tear should steal down the cheek as memory recalls days that are past, let the evening breeze dry it 'ere it falls, for "still a Ruby kindles in the Vine, And many a garden by the Water blows."

Rye-field, Conon.

MYRA K. G. WARRAND.

MACLEAN BARDS.—Volume II. of the "Maclean Bards" by the Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair, is now ready; a handsome volume of 176 pages, neatly bound in cloth. The compositions of no fewer than

22 clan songsters are given, some of them of great merit. The work can be had for 2/6, post free, at the *Celtic Monthly* Office. Copies of Volume I. can also be had at same price.

**GAELIC TECHNICAL TERMS
CONNECTED WITH CALANAS, ETC.**

MOD PRIZE PAPER

BY MRS. K. W. GRANT, Port-Elizabeth.

(Continued from page 175).

Bha 'n clò a' dol ceithir-thimchioll air a' chléithe, a h-uile té 'g a thogail o a taobh deas far an do leig a ban-chompanach às e, agus an sin a' toirt smùid dha air a taobh clì; anns an dòigh sin bha 'n clò daonnan a' dol mu 'n cuairt air a' chléithe, 's an t-òran 'g a sheinn—

Chaoil-mhala-dhubh ghaolach thu
Mo Chaoil-mhala-dhubh o hò.

Thug am bàta 'n caolas oirre,
Mo Chaoil-mhala, etc.
Dà ràmh oir' is taoman;
Air a' Chaoil-mhala, etc.
Morairean air oighreachd,
Air a' Chaoil-mhala, etc.
Clann an Rìgh a' glaothaich,
Air a' Chaoil-mhala, etc.

Anns an dòigh sin rachadh an clò a luathadh, agus 's ann le òrain a rachadh an tìm a chunntas a ghabhadh iad ris. Cha 'n e 'chluinneadh tu iad ag ràdh—"gabhaidh e leth-uair eile"—ach, "gabhaidh e òran eile fathasd." 'Nuair a bhiodh an clò deas air son a chur 's a' Choinneal—mar a theireadh iad—gheibhte maide fada caol, cho dìreach 's a ghabhadh faodainn.

Shuidheadh an sin an té a bha gu 'bhi 'na bean-iùil aig càch anns a' mheadhon, aig ceann na cléithe, greim aice air a' mhaide mu 'n mheadhon, agus urad de chàch mu 'n cuairt oirre 's a b' urrainn faodainn ann. Thòisichadh iad an sin air cur an aodaich mu 'n mhaide. 'S ann an sin a bhiodh an strì eadar ceann agus casan na cléithe, bha 'n clò làidir luaidhte, 's bha feum aige gu 'n robh. Tha cuimhn' agam a' cheud uair a chunnaic mi air achadh-chluich an cleas ris an abair iad an "*tug-of-war*" gu 'n d' thug e ann am chuimhne na mnathan mu 'n chleith-luathaidh. Cò-dhiù, bha car an dèigh car de 'n chlà 'dol mu 'n mhaide, agus an uair a thòisich-eadh a' choinneal air fàs chumhal mar a chuireadh an fheadhain a bh' aig a cinn car innte, bha càch a' gabhail dhith le 'm basan. Thòisichadh an sin an ceòl ris an abair iad, "port-nam-bas." Dh' fheumadh an sin a' bhean-iùil a h-uile nighean òg a bha mu 'n chléithe a phaidreachadh ri gill' òg air choireiginn. Anns an dòigh so bha 'n òigridh air an toileachadh, 's an t-aodach a' dol gu teann cruaidh ann an coinneal. Chluinnte fuaime am bas air a' chlà os-ceann guth na té 'bu treise pong a bhiodh 's a chuideachd. Bhiodh 'an sin an clò 's a' choinneal, 's rachadh am

maide a shlaodadh a mach às, dh' fheumadh e gu 'n seasadh e air a cheann, air a' chléithe, cho dìreach ri posta na cachla, 's mur deanadh e sin cha bhiodh e ceart. Rachadh an sin trì cuir a chur dheth leis a' ghréin, agus a bheannachadh, etc., etc.

ORAIN-LUATHAIDH.

Cha bhiodh cunntas air obair an luathaidh ceart as-eugmhais facal mu na h-òrain-luathaidh. Ann an aon de na "Seann Dàna" Gàidhlig a thrus an t-Urr. Iain Smith tha na sreithean a leanas ri fhaotainn—

" 'S tha farum chlàr is caithream bheul
An talla Sgara na féile faoile.

Fonn air clàr, is fonn air dànn
Slàn gu robh thu, 'rìgh na carraige!"

CATHULA.

Aig bun na duilleige tha 'n Dr. Urramach ag ràdh—

"Tha e coltach gu 'm b' e òran-séisd a bh' anns an luinneag so, a ghabh òighean Chrom-I. Tha 'n seòrs' òrain so anabarrach sean, agus tha e fathast air a chleachda gu bitheanta 's a' Ghàidhealtachd. Bha co-chòrdadh eadar tomhas nan sreith agus iomairt nan ràmh, no nan corran, aig a' bhuain, no iomairt an aodaich aig an luathadh, etc. Bha na Greugaich o shean a' cleachdadh na seòrsa luinneig so air son na h-aoin aobhair. Tha eisimpleir dhiubh sin air a chur a sìos dhuinn le *Plutarch*, ann an séisd a bhiodh na mnathan a' seinn aig bheith an t-sil dhoibh, ris an abradh iad *epi-mulion*—i.e., òran-muilinn—agus a tha tòiseachadh,

"Aleì mùla, aleì," etc.

"Bleith a mhuilinn," etc.

Tha daoine dubh na h-Aifric gus an latha 'n diugh a' cleachduinn na séisd aig an obair, eadhoin ma 's e sreth dhiubh a tha 'g obair air an rathad-mhòr, tha gach pìocaid ag éirigh 's a' tuiteam aig an aon bhuille, a' cumail tìm ri 'n séisd: agus tha *Mungo Park* a' toirt cunntas air òran nam boirionnach-dubh an uair a bha iad a' meileadh na mine air son a shuipair.

Is sona an obair a tha 'cumail buille ris a' cheòl; 's duilich gu 'n cuireadh gaol an airgid, na 'n sògh an ceòl sunndach air cùl. Tha Mac-phàidein a' toirt cho math ri trì Orain-Luathaidh, agus am beannachadh aig crìoch na oibre. Faodar rann a Port-nam-bas—aon de na puirt phaidhreachaidh—a thoirt mar eisimpleir o mbeag an trì sin: tha trì rannan a "Oran-Luaidh" Dhonnacha Bhàin nan Oran, air an toirt seachad cheana. Tha ceithir air-fhichead ceathramh ann uile gu léir, anns am bheil gach nì mu 'n obair air a chur sìos, leis an t-séisd so eadar gach ceathramh—

"Hò rò gu 'n togainn air hùgan fathast
Hò rò i-ò mu 'n téid mi laidhe
Hò rò gu 'n togainn air hùgan fathast."

'S e 'cheud séisd a tha Macphaidin a' toirt—

"Clò nan gilleann, iomair o-hò
Clò nan gilleann, iomair o-hò
Ceòl 'bu bhinne, iomair o-hò
Clò nan gilleann, iomair o-hò."

Tha 'n so dà rann a "Port-nam-bas"—

"Hò cò 'bheir mi leam air an Luing Eirionnaich?
Air an fhidhill, air an truimb, air an Luing
Eirionnaich?

Hò cò 'bheir mi leam air an Luing Eirionnaich?

Mòrag a bheir mi leam air an Luing Eirionnaich?

Hò cò 'bheir mi leam air an Luing Eirionnaich?

Dòmhnul a bheir mi leam air an Luing Eirionnaich!

Hò cò 'bheir mi leam air an Luing Eirionnaich?

'Marcachd air bharrabhaibh nan tonn air an Luing
Eirionnaich!

Hò cò 'bheir mi leam air an Luing Eirionnaich?

Air an fhidhill, air an truimb, air an Luing
Eirionnaich—

Màiri 's i 'bheir mi leam air an Luing Eirionnaich!

Hò cò 'bheir mi leam air an Luing Eirionnaich?

Teàrlach a bheir mi leam air an Luing Eirionnaich!
Etc., etc.

A' CHEUD CHLAR DE DHATHAN GAIDHLEACH.

DATHAN GAIDHEALACH.

Focal mu na Clàir a leanas:—

I^d Chlàr:—Anns a' cheud chlàr tha 'n oidh-
eirp air a toirt air gach craobh, preas, lus,
agus dearc, le nì cumanta 'sam bith eile a chur
a sìos a réir òrdugh litrichean nan ainm
Gàidhlig.

II^{ra} Chlàr:—Tha 'n dara clàr a réir òrdugh
litrichean nan dath 's a' Bheurla.

CNOTAL.—'S còir an cnotal a thiomachadh
ris a' ghréin; a phronnadh; a bhogadh fad trì
seachdainean ann am maistir, leis a' bhrod
teann anns an t-soitheach anns am bheil e.
Tha e'n sin deas gu 'bhi air a ghoil.

CNOTAL A' CHLOICH-AOIL. Tha na Sioltanaich,
agus muinntir a tha ann an taobh-dùthcha far
am bheil clach-aoil cumanta a' deanamh dath
sgàrlaid as a' cnotal a gheibhear orra.

FRAOCH.—Bu chòir fraoch air son dath a
spionadh mu 'n tig am blath a mach, agus a
thaghadh às an àit a's duirche 's am faighear e.

RUAMH.—B' àbhaist na freumhan a bhi air
an rùsgadh, am bruich, an sin an rùsg air a
thilgeadh 's a' phoit, agus an snàth, le falm a
dheanamh an dath seasmhach.

1ST LIST OF NATIVES DYES.

	DATHAN.	COLOURS.
1—Bealaidh, Broom (common)	Uaine Soilleir	Light Green
2—Beàrnan-Brìde, Dandelion	Càrnaid?	Magenta
3—Biolair, Wild Cress	Dubh-ghorm-dhearg	Violet
4—Braighleagan, Whortleberry, Cranberry	Gorm	Blue
5—Conasg, Whin (Scot.) Gorse, Furze-bark (Rùsg Conaisg)	Uaine	Green
6—Copagach, Dock, Bun-copagaich, Dock root, with copperas	Dubh	Black
7—Craobh-Phobuill, Poplar	Buidhe	Yellow
8—Crios-a-mhadadh-ruaidh, Club-moss (clothes dyed in it become blue when passed in a bath of brazil wood	Gorm	Blue
9—Crò-chorcur, or cròch, Saffron Crocus, Meadow Saffron	Corcur	Saffron
10—Cairneal, Tuberous Bitter Vetch		Violet
11—Cnotal, Lichen (<i>Parmelia saxatilis</i>) a course lichen	Buidhe-dhonn	Yellowish Brown
12—Cnotal, Lichen (<i>Leacanora tartarea</i>)	Sgàrlaid, Corcur	Crimson
13—Cnotal, Lichen (<i>Parmelia parietina</i>) common yellow wall lichen	Donn	Brown
14—Cnotal, Lichen (<i>Rainalina scopulorum</i>) rock lichen	Dearg	Red
15—Cnotal, Lichen (<i>Lecanora pallescens</i>) white lichen	Dearg	Red
16—Cnotal, Lichen (<i>Urecolaria calcarea</i>) used in lime- stone districts	Sgàrlaid	Scarlet
17—Cnotal, Lichen (<i>Parmelia ceratophylla</i>) dark lichen	Donn	Brown
18—Dearcan-monaidh, Blaeberreries (with alum or copperas)	Gorm	Blue
19—Dearcan-monaidh, Blaeberreries (with oak-galls)	Dorchad-dhonn	Brown
20—Dearcan-monaidh, Blaeberreries (with alum, verdigris, and Sal. Amm.)	Purpur	Purple Red
21—Druman, Elder (with Alum)	Gorm	Blue
22—Duileasg, Duill'-uisge, Dulce	Donn	Brown
23—Feàrn, Alder, Fàrdadh, no Rùsg-Feàrn, Alder-root	Dubh	Black

A' CHEUD CHLAR DE DHATHAN GAIDHLEACH.

1ST LIST OF NATIVE DYES.—*Continued.*

	DATHAN.	COLOURS.
24—Feòras, Spindle-tree ("Euonymus," with Sal. Amm.)	Purpur	Purple
25—Fraoch, Heather (with Alum)	Dorcha Uaine	Dark Green
26—Garbhag-an-t-sléibhe, Fir Club Moss, used to fix colours instead of Alum		
27—Guirmean, Wood, Indigo	Gorm	Blue
28—Leamhan, Elm	Buidhè	Yellow
29—Leanartach, Tormentil, used also for tanning	Ruadh	Red
30—Lus-buidhe-mòr, Wild Mignonette (with Indigo)	Uaine	Green
31—Lus-Chaluim-Chille, St. John's Wort	Buidhe	Rich Yellow
32—Lus-an Fhùcadair, Teazle	"	"
33—Lus-na-Fèarnaich, Sundew (<i>Drosera Rotundifolia</i>)	Purpur	Purple
34—Lus-na-Fèarnaich, Sundew (with Ammonia)	Soilleir-Bhuidhe	Bright Yellow
35—Preas Dhearc, Currant bush (common "burning bush," with alum)	Donn	Brown
36—Preas Smèur, Bramble bush	Dorcha Buidhe	Dark Orange
37—Raineach, Bracken (Scot.) Brake Fern (root)	Buidhe	Yellow
38—Ràmh-dhroighinn, Buckthorn		
39—Ras-crann sìor uaine, Privet (ripe berries with salt)	Crò-dhearg	Scarlet Red
40—Ras-crann sìor uaine, Privet	Uaine	Green
41—Ruamb, no Rù, Rue, or Ladies' Bed-Straw (<i>Galium Verum</i>)	Dearg	Fine Red
42—Roid, no "Gual" Bog Myrtle, or Sweet Gale	Buidhe	Yellow
43—Seileisdeir, Yellow Water-flag ("Iris," root)	Dubh no Glas	Black or Grey
44—Sùith na mònach, Peat Soot (with salt)	Buidhe Ruamailte	Dirty Yellow
45—Sùith a' ghuail, Coal Soot	Dubh-uaine	Green Black
46—Ubhall (craobh), Apple tree	Buidhe	Yellow
47—Uinnseann, Ash tree	"	"
48—Ubhlán-daraich, no Dar-ùbhlán, Gall nuts, growing on the oak, and used with Blaeberreries to make a dark-brown dye		
49—Seileach. Willow—the bark used	Càrnaid?	Flesh Colour

(Ri leantuinn).

A LOCHABER HAG.

THE GLAISTIG OF LIANACHAN.

BY FIONN.

LIANACHAN is on the moor at the foot of the *Aonach Mor*, a mountain in Lochaber almost as high as Ben Nevis, and only separated from it by a hill called "*An Càrn Dearg*" or Red Cairn. It was the adopted home of a sept of the Kennedys whose progenitor, Walrick Kennedy, had fled in the sixteenth century to the wilds of Lochaber from Ayrshire where he had made the neighbourhood too hot for himself. This particular branch of the Kennedys are known as *Clann Ualraig* or descendants of Walrick. They fought under the Macdonells of Keppoch, and became a powerful family in the Braes of Lochaber, and are mentioned in all the documents when the followers of the Keppoch chiefs are numbered, as one of the principal

adherents, and the present representatives of the Lianachan family, two ladies, are still the intimate friends of the Keppochs. According to the legend in the district, the Kennedys on settling there had little of the world's goods, and got the right to reside on the Lianachan moor in return for the aid of their swords in the wars of the Keppoch chiefs. Many a time as young Kennedy rode through the lonely moss the fairies had led him many a dance with the "will o' the wisp," and other wiles to try and draw him into the bogs, so he was on his guard for any trap they laid for him when one night he was returning from the armourers who sharpened his sword. He was riding a powerful black horse shod with good iron—itself a protection against fairy wiles, and he had made for himself a strong girth with every charm against the powers of the "little people in green." As he came near the ford on the river Curr, called *Bial-àth-Chroisg*, he found a little old woman—who was no other than Glaistig Lianachain*—and who unable to cross the ford alone asked

the *Gille-dubh-mor Mac Cuaraig*, as Kennedy was called, to take her up behind on the horse. "I'll take you over safe," said Kennedy, "but I prefer to have you in front," and as soon as she mounted he tied her securely with his enchanted belt (*Sian-chrios Fhaolain*) which she could not loosen, and then he swore he would never let her go till he had exposed her as a *Glaistig* before all the country. As the Gaelic poem says:—

"Bhòidich is bhriathraich e,†
Gu dian 's gu h-ascaoin,
Nach leigeadh e slàn á si
Gus an nochdadh e'n lathair dhaoín' i!"

She tried to bribe him with promises of herds and folds and success in the hunting field and in the councils of men for himself and his posterity, but he would not heed her, saying his sword and strength would secure him that without her assistance. At last, after exhausting the most tempting offers in vain, she promised to build him in one night a moated battlemented castle that neither water, fire, arrows or iron could penetrate; secure from enemies, caterans or witches, and besides she promised to leave for ever his lands in which she and her subjects had dwelt for ages. "If you keep your word," said Mac Cuaraig, "I will let you free." With one shrill cry she gathered round her from every fairy hill and knoll to the confines of Lochaber where her eldrick screech was heard, and set them to work on the castle. As the poem already referred to graphically puts it:—

"Leig ise sgál aisde le túrsa
A chluinnt' thar seachd beannan!
Shaoilte gum b'e Còrn-na-fhùbh
A bh'aig Fionn a thug fead ás.
'S cha robh sìthean, no stùc
Nach do dhuaisg 's nach d' ath-fhreagair
'S chruinnich iad taobh-thall an Lòin
'S iad ri h-òrdugh a' feitheamh."

Stone upon stone, which they brought from *Eas-chlianaig*, beam upon beam which they cut from every tree that grew in the woods of *Inch*, except the birdcherry.

"Gach fiodh 's a' choill ach fiodhagach."‡

Before dawn the roof was on the finished building, fire on the hearth and a blue smoke from every chimney. Meantime Mac Cuaraig kept a ploughshare in the fire to defend himself from her witcheries, as he well knew what tricks the fairies play. Then he loosened the girdle which bound the hag but kept her outside the window, and when she bid him goodbye with the intention of carrying himself and the castle into fairyland he gave her the hot ploughshare. Mad with pain and fury she leapt away from him and taking up her position on the

grey stone of *Foich*, she hurled at him the curse which has become a household word in Lochaber when reference is made to the Kennedys:—

"Fàs mar an luachair—
Crìonadh mar raineach—
Liathath 'n ur leanbain—
Caochladh 'an treun ur neart."
"Grow as the rashes,
And wither as brakens (ferns),
Turn grey in childhood,
And die in your strength."

There is no longer a Kennedy at *Lianachan*, but the family is still represented by the Misses Kennedy, daughters of the late Duncan Kennedy of *Lianachan*. The family has certainly fulfilled the fairy's predictions, for they are the last.

Some of the adventures of the Kennedys of Lochaber must be reserved for a future number.

**Glaistig*—a supposed she-devil or hag in the shape of a goat.

†*An Duanaire* by D. C. Macpherson, Edinburgh, 1868.

‡In his interesting notes to *Carmina Gadelica*, Mr. Alexander Carmichael remarks: "*Fiodhagach*—the bird-cherry takes the place of the wild fig-tree in popular lore. The people say that the wild fig-tree is banned because of the incident of the barren fig-tree. They do not use it for any structural purpose."

THE GREAT WHITE QUEEN.

VICTORIA, our beloved Queen,
From earth has passed away;
Yet to our God, with aching hearts,
"Thy will be done" we say.

For three-score years this land hath known
Her happy rule and sway;
And Britain's power hath risen high
Throughout her glorious day.

Her death hath left us desolate,
With sorrowing hearts we weep:
For she, our sovereign and our friend,
In death is now asleep.

But yet for this may we rejoice:—
For her all troubles cease,
She resteth from her labours now,
God giveth her His peace.

Our trusting hearts in faith recall
The promise to us given:
"Thrice blessed are the righteous dead,
Theirs is the rest of Heaven."

Her memory will ever live
With us who knew her well;
And myriad voices yet unborn
Victoria's fame will tell.

And unto God, who was her strength,
We pray that He may bless
Her loved and loving son, our King,
With peace and happiness.

STEPHANIE K. F. COTTON,

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JULY, 1901

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"INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION" Notes on the Weaving of Tartan.

THE ROMANCE OF THE TARTAN.

"And warp well the long threads,
The bright threads, the strong threads;
Woof well the cross threads,
To make the colours shine."

THE gifted Keppoch bardess has sang sweetly of the "Weaving of the Tartan"; but its romance has never been written. The other day in passing through our great International Exhibition I stood for a little while at Mr. R. W. Forsyth's beautiful exhibit watching the weavers at his tartan looms producing webs of the *brecan*. There were a great many interested spectators, but I could not help thinking how few really knew the romance of the Highland tartan. Its glory has been a military one, associated with the skirl of the war-pipes, the rattle of the kettle-drums and the cheer of the bayonet charge; that is what it suggests to the popular mind, but it is not all. It has its homelier side; it reveals more strongly than anything else in Highland life, the peaceful side of the Gael.

In Mr. Forsyth's show cases of Highland Goods there is a complete collection of tartans, each labelled with the clan's name. To the ordinary eye many seem exactly similar—the Mackay, the Sutherland and the Black Watch are usually considered to be interchangeable, and the same may be said of a score of others. Yet they are all different, and to the Highlander each has its distinctive features which should identify it from all others. It may be a mere line, or an arrangement of the sett, or a shade of colour, yet that to the clansman is all important and sufficient.

I have said that the romance of the tartan has never been written. There is much of interest connected with it that many Highlanders do not know. It is not uncommon to read in books and daily newspapers references to the ignorant and

savage Highlanders of past centuries; even modern writers belittle themselves by such statements. Let me say that these so called "ignorant Highlanders" have produced in their clan tartans designs which for artistic beauty and harmony of colour (intended withal to serve a practical purpose), are not excelled by those of any nation in the whole world. In their Celtic sculpturings on monuments, ornaments, and weapons, and in their illuminated missiles, they perfected a style of art the charm of which, after a thousand years, is admitted to be still unsurpassed. These beautiful tartans were designed by the ladies of the clan. The brilliant colours were extracted from such homely objects as lichens on the moor, roots, berries, etc. (for a list of 49 native dyes see pages 187-8 of this issue). What a delicate artistic taste must these Highland ladies have possessed to produce effects which charm the eye of the foreigner, and thrill the spirit of the Gael.

Each clan had its own tartan, some had a special dress tartan to wear on suitable occasions, others wore on the hill a hunting tartan, which blended well with the heather. In course of time cadet families of the main stem, made a slight difference in the clan tartan by perhaps running a distinctive line through it to differentiate their particular family from all others of the name. The Black Watch and Cameron Highlanders regimental tartans were specially designed—the latter is a blend of the Macdonald and Cameron tartans.

I have heard it stated as a curious fact that very many of the tartans of the Jacobite clans were of a red colour, and those of the Anti-Jacobite clans green, or dark. There are exceptions to the rule, but it is curious that the description is perfectly correct in regard to many of the tartans.

When a clansman visits the fine display of clan tartans in Mr. Forsyth's exhibit, and admires the beautiful blending of colours, it will perhaps increase his respect for his ancestors when he remembers that these were designed by the noble women of his race in the days of long ago.

DEATH OF MR. ALEXANDER MACKAY, GLASGOW.—Members of the Clan Mackay Society in all parts of the world will regret to learn of the death of Mr. Alexander Mackay, Charing Cross, Glasgow, who has since the formation of the society taken such a prominent part in its work. He occupied the office of vice-president during that period, except the year he was elected president. His remains were buried at Crieff, and the funeral was attended by representatives of the society. He is survived by his widow and four children, the eldest of whom, Moray Mackay, has just become a life member of the society.

DEATH OF A NOTABLE MACLEAN.—The Clan Maclean have just lost a prominent clansman by the death of Major Alex. W. D. Maclean, of the Connaught Rangers. He was of the Crossapool family, Coll, his younger brother being Mr. Hector A. C. Maclean, London, whose letter on the Coll chiefship, which he claimed for the deceased, appeared in our last issue. He took part in the Zulu War. The youngest brother, H. D. Neil Maclean, is a Lieutenant in the King's Own Scottish Borderers.

MACDHAÏ'S DIRK.

A BAND of cattle-lifters swooped down one day upon Glenbeg, and the first house they came to was Widow Gow's. There was only one of her sons at home at the time, and he made a bold stand for the few cattle his mother possessed. He was, however, soon overpowered, and fell. While one of the thieves was in the act of plunging his sword into the fallen lad, MacDhai came upon the scene, drove his dirk to the hilt into the thief's back, and darted away to rouse the glen. The men of Glenbeg, to whom visits of this kind were not uncommon, were soon up and armed, and succeeded in defeating the cattle-lifters. When MacDhai returned to the widow's croft, he found her weeping and wringing her hands



over her fallen son, beside whom lay the robber he himself had dirked. For a minute or two she ceased weeping, looked on the prostrate form of the slayer of her son with a satisfied look of revenge, then turned her eyes—in which the gratitude of a full heart was portrayed—on MacDhai, and said :

Biodag Ic Dhai, biodag nam buaidh,
Gorm-dhathte biorach, 'sa chòmhraig geur cruaidh ;
Na caill i, mo charaid, bidh piseach 'na seilbh :
Sin faisneachd na banntraich an lathair nam marbh.

The dirk of MacDhai, the dirk of success,
Blue-tinged and sharp-pointed, and true when foes
press ;

Safe keep it, my helper, to yours 'twill be gain :
This foretells the widow beside her loved slain.

From that day MacDhai prospered ; and as the years rolled on and generation succeeded generation, his direct descendants became owners of one side of Glenbeg, and were wealthy and influential. The dirk was kept by the family

as a valued heirloom, and the bards of the glen often made mention of it in their songs. But the house of MacDhai had jealous, quarrelsome neighbours—the MacHamishes of Glenmore, an adjacent glen. The boundary between the two glens—which had never been properly marked—was a source of endless trouble. At length, many squabbles over that matter developed into a feud. In the time of Seumas Carrach MacHamish and Dai Mor MacDhai the feud became very acute, and many fights were fought between the rival combatants. In those fights MacDhai was invariably victorious, and MacHamish at length came to the conclusion that while his foe possessed “Biodag nam buaidh”—“The dirk of success”—it was no use contending with him. A short time after, MacDhai died, leaving two sons—Dai, his heir and successor, a gallant energetic young man, and Ian, a weak, frivolous fellow—behind him.

A few months after his father's death, at a ball at Invermore, the junction of the two glens, who should Ian fall in love with but MacHamish's daughter, Marsali. When that young lady returned home and told her father and mother of Ian MacDhai's wooing (news which she would have in all probability kept to herself if she had had any love for the wooer), the unscrupulous father saw a chance of possessing himself of the dirk. The daughter, a chip off the old block, readily fell in with her father's scheme, which was that she should pretend to be in love with Ian, and that the dirk should be the pledge that her love was returned. The lovers frequently met at Invermore and Marsali played her unscrupulous part in a manner worthy of one who had shorn a stronger man than Ian of his locks.

“I cannot believe,” she said on one occasion, “that a MacDhai can truly love a MacHamish.”

“Test my love in any way you please,” he replied.

With the pretence of considering what test she should apply, she was silent for a few minutes, then said : “If you love me, let the dirk of your ancestor be the pledge.”

Ian had no scruples in stealing the dirk, by right his brother's, and handing it to Marsali the next time they met. Marsali kept no more appointments with her duped lover ; and he, dreading that his brother would hear of his folly, absconded.

From that day Fortune forsook the house of MacDhai. Sheep were smothered in snow, cows slipped their calves, brood mares fell into bog-holes, and broad acres were grasped by creditors. The inhabitants of Glenbeg were ready enough to give MacDhai their sympathy and what help they could, but he became melan-

choly and listless, and shunned all. Allan Gow, his gillie (a descendant of the widow who prophesied of the dirk), however, stuck to his master, without any recompense, and could not be prevailed upon to seek other employment. Throughout his misfortunes MacDhai was under the impression that his brother had carried away the dirk; nor did he know, until he got the following challenge, composed by the bard of Glenmore, from MacHamish, the true state of matters—

Tha biodag Ic Dhai a nis 'sa Ghleann Mhòr,
'Us c'àite 'm beil esan a thig air i tòir;
Thréig piseach na fir a bha mòr-chuiseach àrd,
'S cha chluinnear dad tuillidh de bhrosgul nam bàrd.

The dirk of MacDhai is now in Glenmore,
And who to regain it the hills will come o'er?
The proud have been humbled, and now shall be heard
No longer the flattering praise of the bard.

Allan tried to rouse his master to lead the men of Glenbeg against MacHamish (who had been victorious about that time in several tussles on the boundary) and to make an attempt to recover the dirk, but found that his spirit was quite broken. Failing in that, he spent many sleepless nights trying to think out a scheme by which he himself could recover the valued weapon. One morning he rose very early and hastened to his mother's cot. "Have you still got the plaid the hunted MacGregor left behind last year, mother?" "Yes," she answered. "Well, make it into a kilt for me. I am going in the guise of a MacGregor to the ball at Torran next week. And I shall also want some of the black dye you have for the yarn to dye my hair. I shall make a pigment myself to stain my face." "What a fool you must be, Allan." "Never mind," said he, "it is only a bit of fun. Let no one know about it." The fond mother complied with the request of her son. On the night of the ball, Allan, in his disguise, made his way up the glen, crossed the hills to the braes of Glenmore, took shelter for the night in a hunter's bothy, and on the following morning tramped

southward over the next range of hills. Then, turning back as if he had come from the south, in the dusk of the evening asked for a night's shelter at MacHamish's house. When one of the servants told her master that there was a man in MacGregor tartan asking for shelter, he said: "Take him into the kitchen and give him food, and also provide a bed for him. MacHamish never turned a man or woman in distress from his door." Allan was treated kindly by the servants; and after a time MacHamish came into the kitchen and entered into conversation with him about his outlawed clan. Mimicking the dialect of the Lennox, he gave MacHamish some thrilling stories of hair-breadth escapes he and others of his kinsmen had, and the manner in which at times they were able to avenge themselves on their foes.

"We have our foes and feuds here also," said his listener.

"Who are they?"



"The men of Glenbeg, with MacDhai at their head. But I have clipped that proud bird's wings lately. Have you ever heard of MacDhai's dirk?"

"I have heard the story of that wonderful dirk on the shores of Loch Katrine, and it has been a wish of mine for many years to see it; but I hear the owner of it shows it to none except his own people."

"The dirk is my possession," said MacHamish with a proud toss of the head. "Marsali, fetch the dirk that MacGregor may see it."

Marsali brought the famous weapon and handed it to Allan, who carefully examined it.

"This is a very plain dirk," he said, "but the blade is a fine bit of steel. The blue sheen of it reminds me of 'Seumas Mor MacGregor of Glenstrae's—the blade that he can drive to the hilt into a board an inch thick."

"I have heard of that feat of Seumas Mor's," said MacHamish, "but I do not believe it. My son Donald is the strongest man in this district, and he cannot do it."

"Ah, but it is not altogether a matter of strength of arm—there is a way of doing it," Allan replied. "If you do not mind, I will show you how it is done on the door."

"I don't mind; but take care you do not break the dirk."

"I'll take good care of it; but I must see that the door is well fastened." Then, rising from his seat he went to the door, raised the latch, darted out into the night and fled. Before the morning star set behind Ben-a-ceo, Allan placed the dirk in his master's hand.

Fortune smiled again on MacDhai, his mortgaged acres were redeemed, his influence regained, and success attended all his undertakings.

A. G. M.

THE POWERS OF EVIL IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES.

BY MISS A. GOODRICH-FREER.

(Continued from page 164).

T is believed among the people that a curse follows the killing of fish in spawning-time, and that those who follow the occupation are apt to encounter a *fuath* or evil spirit. I have met men who would not dare to go to catch fish at that time.

Alexander W. of Buaille Mòr, above Milton, South Uist, about sixty years ago was catching fish by night at Seacoch, Stuolaval, when he perceived a man coming down the stream. He told him to step aside, so as not to frighten the

fish, and he obeyed. W. had caught a good quantity of fish by this time, and following up the stream he was surprised to see something like a mill-wheel rolling down towards him, in a way he did not think canny, and he deemed it prudent to decamp with all speed. He picked up his fish hurriedly and put them on a withe (shallow basket), with the exception of one he had decapitated accidentally by trampling on it with his boot. As he was going away, he stowed the fish in a nook where he could afterwards easily find them, and hurried off to the nearest dwelling, which was at Loch Boisdale, the house of Roderick, son of Dugal S. On his way over the moor he was frequently thrown on the ground by some unseen power. On asking if it had any part with God, he got no answer. In the morning he returned for his fish and got none but the headless one.

Ronald MacD. was farm servant with the Rev. John Chisholm, priest of Bornish. He had set a net in the spawning-time across the little stream to the west of the house. At midnight he went to pull in the net, when he saw a man of gigantic stature at the other end of the net, and retired in terror to the house. He was pursued till he entered, and ever after believed that he had encountered the *fuath*.

One Alasdair Mòr went by night to kill fish in spawning-time, and was joined by some unknown person, who bargained with him that they should work together and share and share alike. After landing a large quantity, the stranger urged Alasdair to divide spoil, but he would not interrupt his work, and replied: "No, no, there's lots of fish in the stream yet." And so they went on till the moor-cock crew, and the unknown vanished in a flame of fire and Alasdair found that the fish were all phantoms.

Three men went to fish by night as usual on the stream at Hornary. They had cabers (long staves) for splashing and terrifying the fish into the nets. They also used these cabers as vaulting-poles when crossing the stream; and in one spot, where there was a stone standing in the middle of the stream, it was their custom to vault to this stone, and afterwards, by another leap, to get across. As they were going to cross the stream, they perceived a man standing on the stone, who stretched out his hand and helped the first two comers over. As the third was expecting the same courtesy, the stranger said: "Thy hour is not yet come," and gave him no assistance. The other two men soon fell into a decline, and used to exchange visits during their illness, remarking: "It were easy knowing that something was coming upon us since the night at Hornary Stream." They died shortly after.

The eyes of Christ were grey, of Our Lady brown, of the Devil black; but the Evil Eye does not depend upon its colour, nor necessarily upon any desire of doing harm, and a person so unfortunate as to possess it may injure even his own children. The people who have skill in making *snaithean* (charms for turning away the effects) say they know, without being told, whether the eye was that of a man or a woman. Two women were pointed out as being the cause of many a swearing; for they, quite unwittingly, bring misfortune on any person they may meet who is going out to fish or hunt. One has dark hair and the other red.

To preserve against the Evil Eye, one article of clothing should be put on wrong side out.

The Saint John's wort is called *Lus Cholum-cille*, the armpit of Columcille. It is a lucky plant, and brings increase and protection from evil to one's store, be it cattle or sheep or grain. It is plucked with the formula:

"Unsearched for and unsought,
For luck of sheep I pluck thee.

The marsh-ragwort (*caoibhreathan*) is valuable against the *torradh* and Evil Eye generally.

Of all forms of evil influence none is more dreaded than this *torradh*, or the charming away of milk from cattle. The methods by which this is effected are various. There was in Eriskay a woman who had good cheese, but only one cow. A neighbour bought some of the cheese, but directly grace was said at table it disappeared. The cow always stood on the same place to be milked, and someone examined the place in hope of instruction. Nothing was to be seen on the surface, but on digging a vessel was found containing hair from various other cows.

The furnishing of a house in the Hebrides is, as may be supposed, of the simplest. The beds are enclosed. There is a dresser, a table, wooden boxes for receptacles, and a plank supported by large stones for seats. The fire is usually in the middle of the floor, the cooking-pot hangs over it, suspended by a chain from the roof. This chain is mysteriously connected with the powers of evil—it is said to be cursed. The Devil is called "Him of the Chain."

Once when there was a talk of a change of factors in the island, some one remarked of the one who was leaving that his successor might be worse. "No, no," was the reply, "not unless the chain came across entirely"—i.e., the Evil One himself.

It is not right to handle the chain—evil may come of it. There was a man whose cows ceased to give milk; and suspecting that a woman near by was the author of the mischief, he went into her house in her absence and found only a little child. "Where does your

mother get the milk she gives you to drink?" he asked. "Out of the chain," said the child. "Come, little one, show me how she will be doing it." "Like this," said the child; and drawing the chain, the milk flowed from it. The man tore down the chain and carried it off, and the milk returned to his cows.

There is no saying in what unexpected places milk may be found, when subtracted under evil conditions. There was a woman who had always abundance of milk, butter, and cheese, but no cow. A suspicious neighbour entered her house during her absence and found a quantity of black "tangle" hanging up. He took his knife and cut one of them, and milk flowed forth abundantly.

Happily the methods of cure are also numerous. Mrs. A. O'H., Eriskay, tells that her grandmother had lost many cows from no apparent cause, and was sure they had been "overlooked." She consulted a drover, supposing that he might have suffered in the same manner. He told her to have the hide of the next victim laid upon the thatch of the house, and to watch what bird was the first to be attracted by it; for, as there are no trees, the thatch of the house is a substitute for many purposes, to the birds among others. The next calf that was born was to be called after the bird. A hooded grey crow came, and the first calf was therefore called *feannag*=hoodie crow, and the name being retained by all its descendants, the murrain ceased.

It is not right to lose the *buarach*, i.e., the horse-hair tie which goes about the cows' feet at milking-time, because anyone getting it could get *torradh* of your cattle. One notices the care with which, after milking, these ties are carried home and hung up in a certain spot.

Once or twice a year a drover from the mainland comes to the islands to buy cattle. He used to stay with a certain farmer, from whose daughter, Effie M'I., the story comes. He was accustomed to abundant fare, but one year no cheese was forthcoming. "It is not," said his hostess, "that we have not plenty of cows, but for some reason we can make no cheese." Early next morning the drover rose and looked out. On coming in, he asked for three or four bunches of "bent" grass (i.e., the long grass that grows on the shore), and made as many *buarachs*, and asked the women to put them on the cows, three times round each, and then to let the herd go where they would. This was done, and the cows rushed off wildly and never stopped till they reached a certain crofter's house, when they climbed on the roof and began to tear at the

* Seaweed used for kelp-making, i.e., the extraction of iodine and other chemical properties.

thatch, to the great astonishment of the owner. "They are wanting what belongs to them," said the drover in explanation; and when the woman of the house came out with an armful of cheeses, the cows surrounded her and drove her among them back to the byre from which they had come. This happened a second and a third time, till all the *torradh* that had been filched was restored, when the cows settled down quietly once more, and their mistress had once more abundance of cheese.

If a person whose Evil Eye has taken away the produce be publicly rebuked, the milk or other produce affected will return.

If a person is very much afflicted in regard to the *torradh*, he is wise to adopt the following remedy: "Whenever" (*anglicé* = as soon as) one of his cows has a calf, to take it away before any milk is drawn. Then, taking a bottle, he is to draw milk from the four teats, kneeling. The bottle is then tightly corked; this is important, for carelessness in this respect might give access to the *torradh* and upset everything. Another method is for a man—a woman won't do—to go to the house of the person suspected and pull off from the roof as much thatch and divots as his two hands will hold, and over this to boil what little milk is left until it dries up. Another informant advised burning the thatch under the churn, instead of under the milk.

Another means of removing the blight from one's cattle, is to bury the carcass of one of the victims by a boundary stream. Similarly, you may transfer it to your neighbour by burying it on his land.

(To be concluded.)

MACLAGAN.

THE CLANS CUIL AND CLACHANE, AND THE
COMBAT ON THE INCH OF PERTH.

BY R. C. MACLAGAN, M.D.

(Continued from page 166.)

Clan of Tuathal, Abbot of Dunkeld—Combat by arrangement a recognised institution, the "Cothrom na Feinne"—Dogs, a name for fighting men—St. Fillan.

WHO this Tuathal was, we find from the Annals of the Four Masters, where in the year 963 we are told, "Tuathal, son of Ardghus, chief bishop of Fortrenn, and Abbot of DunCeallain (died)." The same appears under the year 864, in the

Annals of Ulster, where Ardghus' name is called Artgus, Abbot of Dun-Callen. The abbacy of Dunkeld then was at this early date hereditary. What is more probable than that in Angus a clan should exist called after so potent a warrior who occupied extensive fortifications at either end of a country stretching from within a few miles of Cupar Angus to the east end of Loch Tay, and whose death was mentioned by the Irish historian, than this same Tuathal, and the name of such a clan would, using Boece's spelling, be Mac-Cuhill. The initial T is mute, being aspirated as in the second T in Tuathal's name.

If a Pictish word may be supposed to have remained in this district, might not the religious of Dull have been called "the son of the cliff," the Welsh *clogwyn* phonetically *clogooin*, a word which would give a very apposite meaning for the 'Croft Clauchane,' the croft of the cliff (dweller?) of the Vicarage of Dull, situated at the foot of Craigdull. Did not Ossian Macpherson in 1762 know by tradition a Culdee, a "lonely dweller of the rock," the famous Mac Alpin (ailbhinn, ailp—a precipice, a protuberance) of whom he says tradition has not "handed down the name of this son of Alpin." The Clan Alpin (Macgregors) situated close to the district under consideration have already been alluded to.

To prove a much more recent local connection between the clan which we call now Cueil and the clan Clagane, the following is very much to the purpose:—

In 1603, King James VI. bestowed of new upon Alexander Meinzeis of that ilk, and on his descendants, the lands and Barony of Weyme. It is unnecessary to go over the particulars of the charter, suffice it to say, the only two other names mentioned in the deed, besides that of Menzies, as having interest in the property, are in the first case, where reference is made to the 20s. lands of Nether Mewane, "formerly occupied by the late Donald McQueill," and secondly, where it mentions the manse of the Vicar of Dull, "occupied by Mr. Duncan McGlagane." (Register of the Great Seal, vol. vi., p. 502).

Tuathal was succeeded in his various offices by Crinan, who had married Bethoc, the daughter of Malcolm MacKenneth, whose son, Duncan, reigned five years, and was slain by Macbeth in the year 1040. Crinan survived his son, Duncan, by five years, being himself slain in the year 1045. The notice of this event occurs in the Annals of Tighernac (died 1088) in the following sentence:—"Battle between the Albanich *araenrian* in which Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld, was there

slain and many with him—nine score heroes." Of course, the original is in Gaelic, but the only doubtful word is given as in the original. Skene, making a pure guess at it, translates it "on both sides." It was a difficulty to Stokes who says (*Revue Celtique*, xvii., 385) "on one road," but suggests that perhaps it is an idiom for the *etarru fein* of the Annals of Ulster, meaning "among themselves." To step in with confidence where Stokes walks gingerly is apt to suggest the proverb in which angels' habits are compared with those who are not overburdened with wisdom, but we have good hope that calling attention to the historical parallel which we now do, that our suggestion that it means "by a disposition" or "arrangement" will meet approval. At anyrate, Mr. Henderson says he would translate it "on one mode," i.e., by similar arrangement (on either side) a view borne out by the AU variant—"among themselves." This suggestion, if adopted, proves clearly that the duel, if we may so speak of a combat of many but of equal numbers, fought on the Inch of Perth in 1396, was not a new thing in the history of the country or of the district, the only difference being that in the more recent combat the numbers engaged (slain) were only one sixth of the number engaged in the former instance, which may be accounted for possibly by the more ancient combat dealing with the forces of the leaders of two parties in a kingdom, Crinan and Macbeth, himself or his general, while in the latter case it was between two divisions of one tribe.

The question will naturally be asked why of one tribe, when the various authorities speak of them as separate clans. It is a widely spread tradition among the Maclagans that they were Macdougals, a name spelt in the Black Book of Taymouth, M'Cowle, and by the Dean of Lismore, MacKowle, while J. F. Campbell says that the modern pronunciation is represented by the combination MacCooil, a tradition which has taken a concrete form which I here give in the words of Dr. MacLagan Wederburn:—"The three brothers who pursued Robert Bruce were of the clan of Macdougall of Lorn. Two, I believe, were killed, and Bruce left his cloak with the famous brooch in the hands of the third. The chief of the Macdougalls not only claimed the brooch, but wished to claim the honour of having taken it, and the survivor, afraid of being got rid of as an inconvenient witness of the truth, fled to Perthshire, where he took refuge either with the Earl of Athole or the Campbells, I forget which, and took the name of MacLagan."

The running away and the taking refuge were no doubt common enough incidents in

individual cases, and thus form a plausible method of explanation when one finds a family claiming a connection with one more potent located in a different part of Scotland from that in which the weaker is at home.

Whether or not the attack on the Bruce was made by Maclagans or other MacCuails can never be settled, but it is a fair deduction from the facts before us that the mistake has been made between the names MacThuathail (Mac-huhail) and MacDougall (MacCooill), probably because the former had sunk into insignificance, while the latter still flourished as territorially important.

To return to Crinan. We can scarcely doubt that in his day and among his own followers, the correct derivation of those calling themselves MacThuathail was accurately remembered. In the Orkneyinga Saga, we find, Duncan, Crinan's son called Hundason, and his father, who fought with Sigurd, Earl of Orkney, was called the Hundi Jarl (Skene's Celtic Scotland, i., 400). This name seems to have been given to him by his enemies, and appears strange to Skene, and would seem to require some explanation. Looking at the sound of the name as it appears in Boece's History, it is easy to understand how such a name might find justification by the sound of it. "Cuthill," the T remaining mute, contains the first element of the word "Cuilen," *Catullus*, a whelp (Windisch Irish Glossary, s.v.), a word which MacBain says may be from *cu*, a dog. This would therefore mean apparently that Crinan's followers were the clan of Tuathail, and Duncan was called "the Dog's Son," seeing that his father, Crinan, was the chief of what sounded like the Clan of the Whelps, whether dogs or wolves. There is a common story in the Highlands in which two chiefs meeting, each with their followers concealed in the near neighbourhood, the one who first espied his opponent's men asked who they were, the answer was to the effect that they were the sheep of the speaker. The other then called up his men and said these were the dogs or the wolves come to eat up the sheep. Such a story as this is probably of very old application. The exact composition of the word *cuilean*, a whelp, is certainly not clear. *Cu* appears in composition in such words as Cuchulain, Culan's dog. CuCumine, the dog of St. Cumine, names applied in either case, the first to a great warrior, the second to a saint. One is tempted to suggest that it is compounded of the word *cu*, a dog, and *gille*, a youth, a servant, the servant dog, as it were, and as the word servant implies juvenility, so the word signifies a whelp, a young dog, and has the diminutive attached to it. There is nothing strange even at the

present day in foreigners being misled as to the meaning of a name, taking the sound of it as it appears to them as being its real meaning. Is not this the case with what we are calling at this present moment the Boxers, with whom we are fighting in China, the proper meaning of the word we have so translated having something to do with righteousness and harmony.

To leave the chiefs of Macbeth's day and come down to the name given of the leader of the whole clan Qwhewyl, Slurach, at the date of the raid of Angus. This name suggests a hereditary title, or we might say, perhaps, a nickname, "the chain bearer." In the Irish tale of "The Lad of the Ferule" (Irish Text Soc., vol. i., p. 22), we are told of the "herald of the mansion" who stood up and shook the "Slabhra eisteachta," the chain of hearing, which he had. The story though only preserved in recent MS. and transparently fictitious in its incidents, does not seem to be modern (Trans. Ossian Soc., 1855, p. 23).

To judge also from the Ossianic poems of the Dean of Lismore, the adorning of the dogs of the clan Chumhail with gold chains was the rule, he talks of

"Deich ceud cu air slabhraidh oir," *ten hundred hounds with golden chains*; and in another place he mourns that there is *no mention of dog trappings, or of dogs*. "Gun luaidh air chonbheirt no air chon." The dogs here are evidently the members of the clan of Cumhal, and the near connection in sound between this name and that of the clan of Tuathal, as explained in composition Machuahail, is sufficiently striking, and explains apparently how the poet, preserved in the Dean's book, and the authorities for the Orkneyinga Saga, both spoke of these people as dogs. Slurach, then, is a phonetic spelling for a name equivalent to what would be written in modern Gaelic Slabhruidheach, furnished with a chain.

Seeing there is a succession of saints connected with Weem, and a consequent difficulty of being certain of any single one of them having a proved claim as the original inhabitant of the hermitage, we may look round the neighbourhood for any whose name suggests a connection with a cave, *uam*, or weem. In the Irish Calander a certain Fillan, the Leper, is said to be of Rath Eran in Scotland, evidently St. Fillan's at the southern end of Loch Earn. He is in evidence in Strathfillan, and is also connected with *Pittenweem* on the coast of Fife. The word "weem" we hold not to be Gaelic, nor is the word "pit" necessarily so. *Pit* seems a Pictish remainder, and being frequently rendered by the Gaelic "baile," a town, is considered by authority to be allied to the Welsh *peth*, part, Gaelic, *cuid*. To say the

least of it, it is a curious co-incidence that the word which commences Pittenweem is in the Gaelic equivalent to the second name of the island in Sligo Bay mentioned above.

(To be concluded.)

SERGEANT MACDONALD.

By J. P. MACLEAN, Ph.D., Ohio, U.S.A.



THE Western Isles of Scotland have furnished a numerous, brave, and hardy race of the surname of Macdonald. Under the Lords of the Isles it defied the kings of Scotland and established a power of its own. Trained in war, its military prowess was second to none. Scotland contains 36,600 of the name, followed by Ireland with 19,500 more. The family has filled conspicuously every station in life, and the British army owes much of its achievements to this valorous clan.

During the American Revolution the Macdonalds had the misfortune to choose the wrong side of the question. The list as given by Sabine, in his "Loyalists in the American Revolution," is insignificant in comparison with the actual number, as may be attested by the muster-rolls of the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment, the Royal New Yorkers, Butler's Rangers, etc. However, it cannot be said that during this period they rendered distinguished services to the British king.

Among the Highland emigrants there is one name of Macdonald deserving of the highest consideration to all lovers of the heroes of the American Revolution. It has not been embellished in story and song. Among the minor officers none had such a successful run of brilliant exploits as Sergeant Macdonald. Unfortunately, many of the essential particulars of his life have not been preserved. Some of his warlike deeds have been told by General Peter Horry and M. L. Weems in the "Life of General Francis Marion." Just how far Weems romanced will never be known, but in all probability the essential particulars are true.

Sergeant MacDonald was a son of General Donald Macdonald, who headed the insurrection of the Highlanders of North Carolina during the month of February, 1776, and whose army was overthrown at the battle of Widow Moore's Creek Bridge. He was a remarkably stout, red-haired young Highlander, cool under the most trying circumstances, and faultlessly brave. Soon after the defeat and capture of his father's army he joined the American troops, and served under General Horry of Marion's brigade. Replying to a question of General Horry rela-

tive to his enlistment under the banner of freedom, he said in substance :

"Immediately after the disaster that overtook my father at the Great Bridge, I pondered over the cause, and finally concluded that it was owing to the monstrous ingratitude of those engaged in the battle. 'Here now,' said I to myself, 'is a parcel of people, meaning my poor father and his friends, who fled from the murderous swords of the English after the massacre of Culloden. Well, they came to America with hardly anything but their poverty and their mournful looks. But among this friendly people that was enough. Every eye that saw us had pity; and every hand was reached out to assist. They received us in their houses as though we had been their own unfortunate brothers. They kindled high their hospitable fires and spread their feasts, and bid us eat and drink and banish our sorrows, for that we were in a land of friends. So indeed we found it; for whenever we told of the woeful battle of Culloden, and how the English gave no quarter to our unfortunate countrymen, but butchered all they could overtake, these generous people often gave us their tears, and said, 'Oh! that we had been there to aid with our rifles, then should many of these monsters have bit the ground.' They received us into the bosoms of their peaceful forests, and gave us their lands, and their beautiful daughters in marriage, and we became rich. And yet, after all, as soon as the English came to America, to murder this innocent people because they refused to be their slaves, then my father and his friends, forgetting all the Americans had done for them, went and joined the British, to assist in cutting the throats of their best friends! Now,' said I to myself, 'if ever there was a time for God to stand up to punish ingratitude, this was the time.' And God did stand up; for he enabled the Americans to defeat my father and his friends most completely. But, instead of murdering the prisoners as the English had done at Culloden, they treated us with their usual generosity. And now these are the people I love and will fight for as long as I live."

General Horry, when lamenting the death of his favourite sergeant, said that the first time he saw him fight was when the British held Georgetown. With the sergeant he set out to reconnoiter. The two concealed themselves in a clump of pines near the road, with the enemy's lines in full view. About sunrise five dragoons left the town and dashed up the road towards the place where our heroes were concealed. The face of Macdonald kindled with joy at the prospect of battle. "Zounds, Macdonald," cried Horry, "here's an odds against us—five to two." "By my soul now, captain," he replied, "and

let 'em come on. Three are welcome to the sword of Macdonald." When the dragoons were fairly opposite, the two, with drawn sabres, broke upon them like a thunderbolt. The panic was complete; two were immediately overthrown, and the remaining three, wheeling about, dashed for the town, applying whip and spur to their steeds. The sergeant, mounted upon his swift-footed charger, out-distanced his companion, and single-handed cut down two of the foe. The remaining one would have shared the same fate had not the guns of the fort protected him.

The first notice narrated of the sergeant was the trick which he played on a wealthy Tory. As soon as he learned that Colonel Tarleton was encamped at Monk's Corner he went the next morning to the Tory living in the neighbourhood, and passed himself off for a sergeant in the British corps. He presented Colonel Tarleton's compliments, with the request that he would send him one of his best horses for a charger, and that he would not lose by the gift.

"Send him one of my finest horses!" cried the old traitor, with eyes sparkling with joy. "Yes, Mr. Sergeant, that I will, by gad! A good friend of the king did he call me, Mr. Sergeant? Yes, God save his sacred majesty, a good friend I am and true. And faith, I am glad, too, Mr. Sergeant, that colonel knows it. Send him a charger to drive the rebels, hey? Yes, egad, will I send him one, and as proper a one, too, as ever a soldier straddled. Dick! Dick! I say you, Dick!"

"Here, massa; here! here Dick!"

"Ob, you plaguey dog! So I must always split my throat with bawling before I can get you to answer, hey?"

"High, massa, sure Dick always answers when he hear massa hallo!"

"You do, you villain, do you? Well then, run, jump, fly, you rascal, fly to the stable, and bring me out Selim, my young Selim! Do you hear, you villain, do you hear?"

"Yes, massa, be sure!"

Then turning to the sergeant he went on: "Well, Mr. Sergeant, you have made me confounded glad this morning, you may depend. And now suppose you take a glass of peach—of good old peach, Mr. Sergeant? Do you think it would do you any harm?"

"Why, they say it is good of a rainy morning, sir," replied Macdonald.

"Oh yes, famous of a rainy morning, Mr. Sergeant! a mighty anti-fogmatic. It prevents you getting the ague, Mr. Sergeant, and clears a man's throat of the cobwebs, sir."

"God bless your honour!" said the sergeant, as he turned off a bumper.

Scarcely had this conversation passed when

Dick paraded Selim — a proud, full-blooded, stately steed, that stepped as though he were too lofty to walk upon the earth. Here the old man broke out again :

"Aye, there, Mr. Sergeant, there is a horse for you! Isn't he, my boy?"

"Faith, a noble animal sir," replied the sergeant.

"Yes, egad! a noble animal, indeed—a charger for a king, Mr. Sergeant! Well, my compliments to Colonel Tarleton; tell him I have sent him a horse, my young Selim, my grand Turk, do you hear, my son of thunder? And say to the colonel that I don't grudge him either, for, egad, he's too noble for me Mr. Sergeant. I've no work that's fit for him, sir. No, sir; if there's any work in all this country that's good enough for him but just that which he is now going on—the driving the rebels out of the land!"

He had Selim caparisoned with his elegant new saddle and holsters with his silver-mounted pistols. Then, giving Macdonald a warm breakfast and loaning him his greatcoat, he sent him off with the promise that he would, the next morning, come and see how Colonel Tarleton was pleased with the horse. Accordingly, he waited on the English officer, told him his name with a smiling countenance, but, to his mortification, received no special notice. After partially recovering from his embarrassment, he asked the officer how he liked the charger.

"Charger, sir?" replied the colonel.

"Yes, sir; the elegant horse I sent you yesterday."

"The elegant horse you sent me, sir?"

"Yes, sir; and by your sergeant, sir, as he called himself."

"An elegant horse—and by my sergeant! Why, really, sir, I—I—I don't understand all this."

"Why, my dear, good sir, did you not send a sergeant yesterday with your compliments to me, and a request that I would send you my very best horse for a charger, which I did?"

"No, sir, never!" replied the colonel; "I never sent a sergeant on any such errand. Nor until this moment did I ever know that there existed on earth such a being as you."

The old Tory turned black in the face; he shook throughout; and as soon as he could recover breath and the power of speech he burst forth into a torrent of curses, enough to make any one shudder at his blasphemy. Nor was Colonel Tarleton in any degree behind him when he learned what a valuable animal had slipped through his hands.

When Sergeant Macdonald was asked how he could reconcile the taking of a horse with his conscience, he replied :

"Why, sir, as to that matter people will think differently, but for my part I hold that all is fair in war; and besides, sir, if I had not taken him, Colonel Tarleton no doubt would have got him. And then, with such a swift strong charger as this, he might do us as much harm as I hope to do them."

Harm he did with a vengeance; for he had no sense of fear, and for strength he could easily drive his claymore through cap and skull of an enemy with irresistible force. He was fond of Selim, and kept him up to the top of his mettle. Selim was not much his debtor; for, at the first glimpse of a red-coat, he would paw and champ his iron bit with rage, and at the moment of command he was off like a thunder-bolt. The gallant young Highlander never stopped to count the cost or number, but would dash into the thickest of the fight and fall to hewing and cutting down like an uncontrollable giant.

(To be concluded).

THE CRYSTAL BOAT.

LONG years ago, in Tara's Hall,
A fairy bride her lover claimed;
With honied words she held in thrall
Connla, the brave by fame proclaimed.
In vain King Conn, of high repute,
Called back his dearest, youngest born;
For him, the hunter's horn lay mute,
Its rousing sounds of chase foresworn.
So softly sung, so lowly sung,
None heard her whispering accents there;
'Mid knight and dame, her arms she flung
Round Connla—Connla of the golden hair.

Dim grew the lights in Tara's Hall,
Faded the voices into space;
He heard no kingly-voiced recall,
Saw but the fairy's winning grace.
The Red Branch Knights upraised their shields
To guard him from the unholy spell;
Upon her outstretched arms he yields,
And on her heaving bosom fell.
So softly sung, so lowly sung—
"My sceptre with my love I'll share."
In a crystal boat on a crystal sea,
They sailed away on the summer air.

Here and there on the friendless earth,
In the unknown paths of the secret grove,
Bearing the marks of their wondrous birth,
The fairy children of Connla rove.
They hear in the darkness the bitter storm
Of tears, and weave them to pearls so rare;
The burning circlet of pain they form
Into a golden crown to wear.
Singing their songs of the mystic land,
Where they untrammelled may wander free;
When the sun sinks low o'er the silver sand,
In a crystal boat on a crystal sea.

Alice C. MacDonell
Of Keppoch.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

MARBHRANN DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC DHOMHNUILL (LAMENT FOR SIR JAMES MACDONALD).

This is one of the Songs for the Best Rendering of which the Glasgow Inverness-shire Association offer a special prize at the Mòd in September.—C. M. P.

GLEUS C.

LE IAIN LOM.

{	: d' . d'		t : l : d'		r' : —	}
	Gur a		mis' tha fo		phràmh,	

{	: m' . r'		d' : s : l		s : —	}
	Thuit mo		chridh - e gu		làr;	

{	: s . s'		l : d' : r'		m' : —	}
	Ri' s		deac - air dhomh		tàmh	

{	: r'		r' : - : r'.r'		r' : d'	}
	's mi		beò;		'Se do thurus	

{	: r'		m' : - : m'.r'		d' : s	}
	o'n		Dùn A dh'fhag snidh air			

{	: l		r' : - : d'.t		d' : l	}
	mo		shùil, 'S a bhi		faicinn	

{	: f		s : - : m		r : —	
	do		thùir gun		cheò.	

Tha do bhaile gun spéis,
Gun eich 'gam modhadh le sréin;
Dh' fhalbh gach fasan le Seumas òg.

Bhiodh do ghillean mu seach
Taomadh dibhe b' fhearr blas,
Fion Spainteach dearg datht' is beòir;

'S uisge beatha nam pìos,
Rachadh t' airgead g'a dhiol;
Chit' an glòin' e mar ghriog an òir.

'Nuair a rachadh tu strìth
Ann an armailt an rìgh,
Bhiodh do dhiollaid air mil-each gorm.

Na 'm biodh gairm ort a mach
A chur naimhdean fo smachd
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's Mac Leòid.

Bu leat fir an taoibh tuath,
Fir a' bhraighe so shuas,
Is Mac Griogair o Ruadh-shruth chnò.

Bhiodh Clann Iain a nall
O throm dhubhar nam beann,
Chuireadh saighead le srann am feòil.

Bhiodh á Atholl a nìos
Comhlan gasda gun sgìos
Fo 'n triath gaisgeanta, finealt', òg.

Bu leat Clann Phàrlain nan sgiath,
Bh' aig fear t' àite-sa riamh;
'S Mac an Aba le chiad fear mòr.

Gum a sealbhach mar thriath
Do dheagh mhac air an t-sliabh,
Ann an dùthaich nan clìar r'a bheò.

Fhir a dh' fhuiling am bàs,
'S a dhòirt t' fhuil air ar sgàth,
Na leig mulad gu bràth d' a chòir.

AN T-EUN-SIUBHAIL.

GLEUS D.

An t-òran le Iain Mac-a'-Chlàirich.
Am fonn le Calum Mac Phàrlain.

{	.s		d' ., d' :	d' ., d'		d' . m' : d' .,	}
	O, 's sgairteil		buille		bras do	sgìath,	

{	l		s ., s : s ., m		s : —.	}
	'S tu		greasad dian thar		chuain,	

{	m		r ., m : f ., l		l . s : m .,	}
	Eòin bhig,		'chuir cùl ri		dùthaich chéin,	

{	r		r . d : r ., m		f . s : m .,	}
	'S a ghabh an		t-astar		mòr leat fhéin	

{	m		s . s : l . t		d' . t : d' .	}
	Gun		laigse crìdh' roimh 'n doineann thréin,			

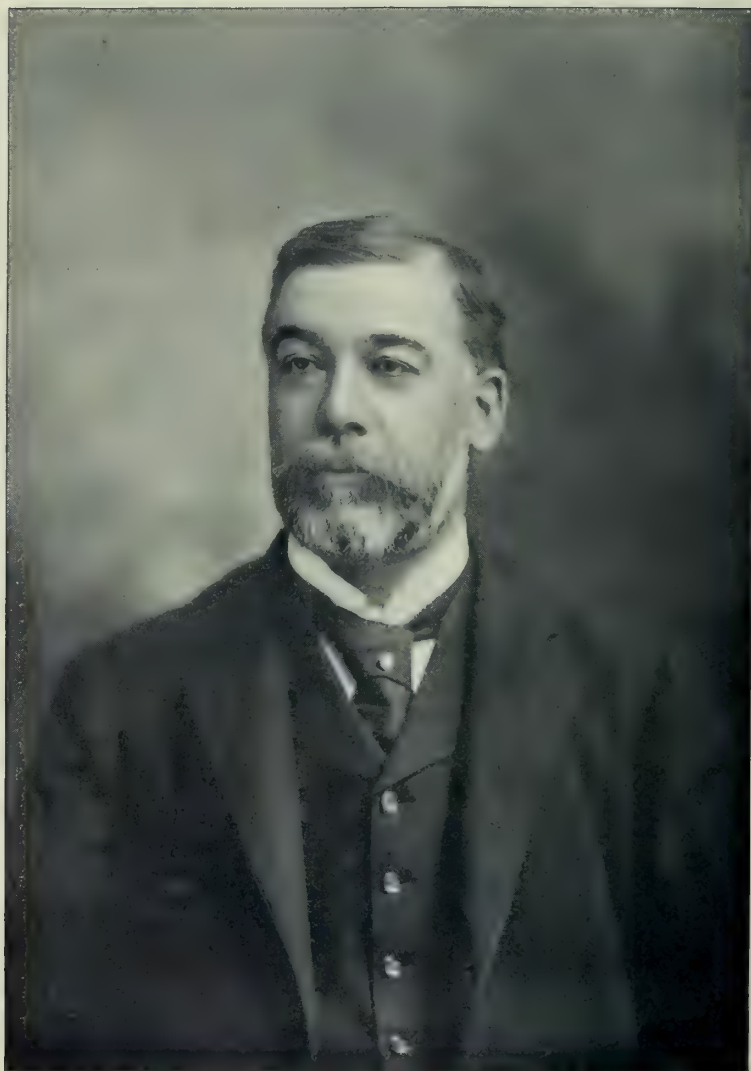
{	r'		m', d' . — : s ., t		d' : —.	
	Nuair		's àirde geum nan		stuaadh.	

Thu 'd aonaran, 's an speur 'na smùid
A' mùchadh gréin an àigh;
A' mhuir fo ghruaim, 's a tonnan sgìth,
Gun chlos ri gaothan garg a' strìth;
Am fànas dorch le ceathach min:
Cò dh' innseas c' àit' eil tràigh!

Gun ghuth 'gad chòir their riut bhi treun,
Ach beuc nam mòr thonn àrd;
Gun ruith-rath'd air an laidh do shùil,
Gun neach no nì a bheir dhuit iùl;
O, 's cinnt' tha spiorad gràidh dhuit dlùth,
'Gad stiùradh dh' oidhche 's là.

O, buail do sgiath gus cas, 's do dhùil
Ri doire dlùth is ceòl,
Gun eagal ann ad chridh', no smuain
Gu 'n tig ort ceò is seachran cuain,
No 'n àird na h-oidhch' gu 'n laidh ort suain,
'S gun àite taimh 'gad chòir.

Dean cabhag, dean, gu gleann nan craobh,
'S thig fois an déigh a' chruais;
Is coma 'n sin, fo 'n oidhche chaoìn,
Ged chì thu anns an aisling fhaoin
Trom fhainge 'ruith, 's ged thig a glaoth
Mar ghuth na h-aoidh, gu d' chluais.



HON. JAMES SUTHERLAND, M.P.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

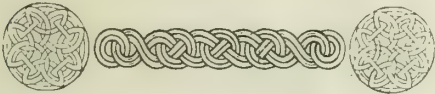
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THE HON. JAMES SUTHERLAND, M.P.,
MEMBER OF THE CANADIAN CABINET.

THE HON. JAMES SUTHERLAND, M.P., Member of the Cabinet of the Dominion of Canada, whose portrait we give in this number of the *Celtic*, is a remarkable example of the tendency of men of Scotch stock the world over to rise to the top in executive, commercial, and other prominent departments of national life.

Mr. Sutherland, like the late Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Oliver Mowat, his fellow Canadian statesmen, is a distinguished son of a native of the land of the Sutherlands, Sinclairs and Mackays, that heroic Highland North which has furnished Canada with so many able statesmen and public men.

He was born at Ancaster, Ontario, in 1849, and is the son of the late Alexander Sutherland who left Caithness-shire for Canada in 1841. His mother, Allison Renton, who was the daughter of one of the noted Scotch pioneers of Ancaster, died when he was only three years old; and his father when he was scarcely eight. Just before his death Mr. Sutherland's father removed from Ancaster to the Township of East Zorra in the County of Oxford, one of the most famous Highland Counties of Canada, being largely a settlement of sturdy Northern Scotchmen. Here, amid this energetic and progressive community of Mackays, Mackenzies, Morrisons, etc., which has produced men of note in the intellectual and spiritual world, this young Scotch orphan was destined to rise by his own gifts to the enviable position he now occupies in the political and commercial life of the Dominion.

Educated by his own effort at the local common school and the Woodstock high school, he at the age of fifteen entered into the service of a general merchant at Ingersoll. When

twenty years of age he set up in business for himself, and four years afterward sold out, and bought a prominent Woodstock Banking and Exchange business. A little later he bought the Ontario Vinegar Works at Hamilton, and is now the principal owner in large works for the manufacture of calcium carbide, with manufacturing at Merriton, Ontario, and the Chaudiere Falls, Ottawa. This rapid rise to wealth and business responsibility has been brought about by that energy, tact, caution and business insight which characterises the successful Scotsman.

His public career, like his business one, began at an early age. Elected at the age of twenty-seven a Town Councillor, he soon rose to be Mayor of Woodstock, and a County Councillor; all this time taking a leading and active part in local, educational and other public affairs; being largely instrumental in establishing the Woodstock Board of Trade, besides taking a strong interest in military affairs, being at present Major in the 22nd Battalion of Oxford Rifles. Elected to Parliament to represent North Oxford in the Dominion House in 1880, by a large majority over another prominent Scotch Liberal, he has had the distinguished honour to represent his Constituency continuously ever since, being returned six times to Parliament with majorities increasing to 1602 in the latest election. Chosen Chief Liberal Whip in 1891 and Chairman and Organiser of the great Liberal Convention of 1893, he became Director of Ontario Liberalism in Dominion affairs, and by his splendid administrative ability had much to do with the after victories of his Party. In 1896 he refused a portfolio in Sir Wilfred Laurier's Government, but on September 20th, 1899, at the urgent request of the Party leaders, he accepted office and was sworn in a Member of the Dominion Cabinet. His acceptance of the honours and responsibilities of this important position in the Councils of the Nation was the occasion of one of the greatest demonstrations ever tendered to an Ontario public man, showing Mr. Sutherland's great popularity among all classes of the people he represents, irrespective of politics.

As Chairman of the Railway Committee, the largest Committee of the House, he has shewn a strong and clear grasp of public matters and statesmanlike abilities. Since his entrance into the Government, he has been in turn Acting Minister of the Departments of the Interior and Railways and Canals, and is at present administering the important Department of the Postmaster General and that of Labour, in the absence of the Honourable William Mulock in Australia.

In addition to a fine executive ability, Mr. Sutherland possesses a keen insight into men and affairs, and a business caution which has won for him a high place in the regard of the people and his Colleagues in the Government.

As a Parliamentarian he is no florid orator. He speaks rarely, but always to the point, and commands the House. Modest and not self-seeking, he is a worthy representative of Canadian citizenship, and of the Highland stock from which he is sprung.

In 1899 Mr. Sutherland had the honour of being elected one of the Chieftains of the Clan Sutherland Society, of which His Grace The Duke of Sutherland is Chief. True to his ancestry, he combines with the intellectual those physical qualities for which the North of Scotland is famous. He was for many years Captain of the noted Zorra Tug-of-War Team, and now holds in his possession the handsome trophy which goes with the championship of America. He is unmarried, and has his residence at Woodstock, Ontario.

LOUDOUN F. MACLEAN, C.I.E.

LLOUDOUN FRANCIS MACLEAN, C.I.E., was a Civil Engineer. Born in 1848, he was the youngest son of Lachlan, fifth of the Gallanach (or "Clann Eachainn Mhic Dhonaill") family, in Coll, who was the son of Charles, the son of Lachlan, the son of Charles, the son of Hector, the *eldest* son of Donald, twelfth of Coll.

He received his Diploma of Proficiency in Engineering Science from Glasgow University, in 1867. Professor Rankine considered him a "distinguished student," and certified that, in his written exercises, he had obtained "94½ per cent of the greatest possible number of marks." From August, 1868, to March, 1869, he went through a comprehensive course of Chemistry at Charing Cross Hospital, where he made "rapid progress," and showed "great aptitude for scientific study."

After serving for nearly a year as an Assistant Engineer on the Dingwall and Skye Railway, he proceeded to India in 1871, as

Assistant Engineer in the Public Works Department. He was first posted to the Indus Valley Railway, but, in 1872, was transferred to the Punjab Irrigation Department. In due course he became an Executive Engineer, and took a leading part in works of great magnitude, such as the Sirhind Canal, the Sidhnai Canal, the Chenab Canal, and others; repeatedly receiving the thanks of the Local Government, and of his Departmental Chiefs, for the excellency of his work.

But it was in the construction of the great Weir across the Chenab, near Wazirabad, that the skill, energy, and bold ingenuity for which he was distinguished found the fullest scope. The work commenced about the middle of January, 1890, and was practically completed in February, 1892; a record, which, to quote the Chief Engineer's Report, "has certainly not been surpassed, and probably has never been equalled in the history of the construction of canals."

The *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore, of April 19th, 1892, thus describes this "colossal" work, that gives our Engineers entire "control of the water of one of our Punjab rivers"—

"Even the non-professional visitor can grasp the meaning of what he now sees; the great stone bar, four thousand feet long, stretching across the glaring white bed of the river, with the water held up in a deep pool above, until topping the crest of the Weir, it goes rushing and tumbling in sparkling waves down its slope, like some gigantic rapid in a mountain torrent. In the cold weather when the river is low, he would see that the whole Weir can be raised six feet, by putting up what are technically known as 'shutters.' . . . The design of these 'shutters' is a novel and most ingenious one, the invention of Mr. Maclean, the Executive Engineer, who has held charge of the Weir work since its commencement, and to whom the credit of its early completion is primarily due . . . an unprecedented feat in India."

Loudoun Maclean was appointed Companion of the most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire on 24th May, 1892, and was thanked by the Government of India in the Official Gazette, for his services on the Chenab Weir, followed some time afterwards by promotion to the high and responsible grade of Superintending Engineer. But his career was cut short in a tragic manner. He had been suffering from neuralgia, for which his medical attendant had prescribed strychnine, in a certain number of doses; but the native compounder, by mistake, put the total quantity into each of the doses, and the first taken, proved fatal in ten minutes.

Loudoun Maclean took out several patents



LOUDOUN F. MACLEAN, C.I.E.

for inventions connected with Engineering subjects, and one of these was for the "shutters." He was, professionally, an exceptionally able draftsman, and an artist, of no mean order, in oils and water colours, besides being devoted to music.

He married, in 1884, Emily Sherwood Winser, daughter of Mr. James Winser, of Watford, Hertfordshire, and is survived by her and their two children:—Lachlan Loudoun, born 23rd July, 1890; Loudoun James, born 1st February, 1893.

This brief sketch hardly does justice to one whose singularly useful, and distinguished career, in our Indian Empire, seems deserving of a place in the records of his clan at large, as well as of his own family (Clann Eachainn Mhic Dhonuill) of Gallanach, who have good reason to be proud of him.

THE KENNEDYS OF LOCHABER.

BY FIONN.

(Continued from page 189).

 HE cradle of the Kennedys is believed to be in Carrick, Ayrshire. The name appears in Ayr and Galloway as early as 1222. "John MacKennedy was Captain of the Clan of Muintircasduff in the reign of David II. Without the *Mac* it became the surname of the powerful family of Cassilis, lords of Carrick; the first of the noble family of Cassilis and Ailsa appears in the year 1214-1249 as Gillescop MacKenedi, seneschal of Carrick, and his descendant next century married the heiress of the family called 'de Caarick,' at the same time dropping the *Mac* and calling himself simply Sir John Kennedy of Dunure."^{*}

The Gaelic of Kennedy is usually *Ceanaideach*, but in Lochaber and Argyle the bearers of this name are known as *Clan Uraig* or *Clan Ualraig*. Buchanan of Auchmar, in 1723, thus refers to the Kennedys of Lochaber:—"The MacWalkicks, also, who derive their origin from one Ulrick Kennedy, a son of the family of Danures, who for slaughter, fled divers ages ago to Lochaber; his progeny from the proper name of their ancestor deriving their surname of MacWalricks; the principal person of whom is MacWalrick of Lianachan in Lochaber, who with his sept are descendants of Keppoch." This historical reference is corroborated by tradition. According to tradition the Kennedys were invited north to form a Black Watch to keep down cattle-lifting, their special patrol

being the Great Glen. They did their duty well, but latterly their employers failed to pay them; so they turned to cattle-lifting from them by way of reprisals, making their headquarters in Lochaber.

The history of one of these forays taken part in by Kennedy of Achluachrach, about the year 1670, is told by "Glenmore" in the following words:—

Some two hundred years ago, there lived at a place called Dalnabatnich, on the banks of the Dulnan, in Strathspey, an individual of very low stature and dwarfish proportions, known by the name of *Iain-beag-mac-Andrea*, or Little John MacAndrew. In the days of MacAndrew the use of fire-arms had not entirely superseded that of the bow and arrow, and John's fame has descended to posterity on account of the dexterity and accuracy with which he handled and guided those destructive weapons of ancient warfare. Many instances are recorded of the little man's proficiency in archery, but the great event of his life, and that which subsequently subjected him to many restless days and sleepless nights, is told as follows:—

In some parts of the Highlands, it was in those days an established custom for a bridegroom, with as many followers as he could muster, to make a foraging expedition into the territories of a neighbouring proprietor, and remove from thence all the bestial stock and other spoil they might be able to carry forcibly away. This was considered a necessary provision for the wedding feast, and whoever had not the resolution and courage to conduct and head such an expedition, was to be considered unworthy of a wife, and unfit to provide sufficiently for the requirements of a family.

A gentleman of Lochaber, "Fear Achluachrach," i.e., the laird or tacksman of Achluachrach, being on the eve of marriage with a maiden of his own country, made a predatory excursion into the Lowlands for the purpose of lifting the "Creach Pòsaidh," or marriage foray. He invaded the estate of Rose of Kilravock in Nairnshire, and drove away all his best cattle, with which he had reached Croclach, in the braes of Strathdearn, without suffering the least molestation. The freebooters considering themselves safe at this place, and beyond the reach of danger, resolved to rest for the night.

The cattle were accordingly let loose to feed on the rich pastures, for which this glen is celebrated, and the rievvers themselves having slaughtered one of the beeves, fared no less sumptuously.

Meanwhile Kilravock had missed his cattle, and with all the assistance he was able to procure, was now in eager pursuit of the depredators. Rose made a call in passing upon his

* Dr. MacBain in Inverness Gaelic Society Transactions, vol. xx., p. 312.

friend the laird of Kylochie, in Strathdearn, who at once armed and turned out at the head of his servants and retainers, and joined in the pursuit. John MacAndrew happened to be in the employment of Kylochie at the time, and formed one of the party. The little man was considered a valuable acquisition to the force, as, besides his well-known superiority as a marksman, he was well acquainted with the ground which had to be traversed. Just as the sun was disappearing in the western horizon, the diminutive Strathspeyman and the advance guard of Kilravock's following, came in sight of the camp-fires of the Lochabermen, and Kilravock with savage delight beheld his own valuable

herds browsing quietly on the green slopes of Croclach. He was, however, well aware that without a struggle and bloodshed the booty was not to be redeemed, and although his own followers in number far exceeded those of the freebooter, he was by no means ignorant of the warlike character of the race he had to deal with. Kilravock and his advisers on that account felt that the utmost caution in attacking them was necessary, and unless they were to be taken in some measure by surprise, the result might terminate fatally to some of themselves, or, at least, to many of the undisciplined band which they commanded. It was therefore resolved to delay an attack upon the rieviers



GLEN SPEAN, LOCHABER.

until the silent hour of midnight, when it was to be supposed they would be less prepared to defend themselves, and a greater chance might exist of escaping the vigilance of the sentries.

This precautionary measure turned out in every way as anticipated—the rieviers had reposed in fancied security, and placed a very inefficient watch, who lay down among the heather and fell fast asleep. At the set time, and in breathless silence, Kilravock and Kylochie led their men towards the camp, and the first warning of their approach the doomed party had, was a shower of arrows falling in their midst, and which pierced the bodies of a few of their number.

Upon the instant the men of Lochaber sprung to action, but the glimmering light of their own fires, and the density of the surrounding darkness, prevented almost any chance of execution on their part, while their assailants from the same causes were doubly favoured. The services of little John MacAndrew were noticed to have been of no mean value. He sought and singled out the chief of the party, which he was able to distinguish by the superiority of his dress, and when his always well-directed arrow was observed to lodge in the breast of "Fear Achluachrach," Kylochie called out in appreciation of his conduct, "Dia 'us buaidh leat Iain Mhic Aindrea bho Dhailnahatnich," *i.e.*, God

and victory be with you, John MacAndrew of Dalnabatnich. John considering this ill-timed compliment on the part of Kylochie, in case that any should escape and bring his name to Lochaber, replied, "Mile mallachd air do theanga Iain chaim Choileachaidh, *i.e.*, a thousand curses on your tongue, gleyed John of Kylochie.

It is said, that with the exception of the faithless sentry, not a single individual survived to carry the tale to Lochaber, but even he was sufficient to convey the sad intelligence to the disconsolate Bride of Achluachrach, that her betrothed had fallen at Croclach by the hands of John MacAndrew of Dalnabatnich. As John himself had anticipated at the time, Kylochie so very imprudently made use of his name in the engagement, he was long after obliged to lead a very unsettled life. The friends of Achluachrach had sworn vengeance against the murderer of their kinsman, and made repeated visits to Strathspey for the express purpose of falling in with John MacAndrew.

The following song was composed by his bride to Kennedy of Achluachrach, Lochaber, and the raid which proved so fatal:—

BUIDHEANN MO CHRIDHE CLANN-UALRAIG.

Oran le te a mhuinntir Lochabair d'a leannan,
Fear Achluachrach.

LUINNEAG.

Buidheann mo chridhe Clann-Ualraig ;
Bheireadh iad suas na h-ìomainean.
Bheireadh iad crodh dhe na buailtean
'S chuireadh iad sluagh bho chinneachadh.

'S olc a fhuair sinn crodh nam baran,
Bodaich bheag' nam briogais gheala ;
Cha b' iad a b' urrainn air an fhalachd,
Ach fir Strath-Eireann 's Strath-Narainn.

'S olc a fhuair sinn crodh nan Ròsach,
Is Clann-Chatain air an tòrachd,
Baran liath na coise breòite ;
'S air mo dhaoine 's rinn iad feòlach.

'S a Chrò-chlach am Braigh Srath-Eireann,
Oidheche dhorch' air nach bu leir dhaibh,
'Cur nan saighdean ait a cheile,
Thuit mo leannan 's deich fir threuna.

Nuair a shaoil leam 'bhi gu uasal
Am bhean-taighe Achluachrach,
'S ann a tha mi gu bochd, suarach
'Bleoghann a chruidh 'feadh a bhuachair.

NOTE.—I have to express my indebtedness to Miss MacDonell of Keppoch for some of the information contained in this and the previous article.—FIONN.

THE MACLEANS OF COLL.

SIR,—The letter of "Hector A. C. Maclean" of Westminster, in the June issue of the *Celtic*

Monthly, shows very clearly that, *with or without* the deprecatory brackets, he is not entitled to be called "Maclean of Coll." He does not inform us whether the gap which the Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair shows as existing between the Neil Maclean of 1773, and John Garve, eighth of Coll, has been bridged, or whether the missing marriage certificate of "about the year 1650" has been discovered. He leaves it to be inferred that no gap exists, and that a *tradition* constitutes sufficient proof. But if so in his case, why not also in others? His remarks about my "many emotions" are all rubbish, and of course meant to withdraw attention from himself. As I did not see his article of June, 1900, until some person sent it to me in April, 1901, I could not have taken notice of it sooner than I did.

I have never put forward a claim in the sense implied by him. I consider, that should the island of Coll, at some future time, revert to a Maclean, he will, quite irrespective of pedigree, become the holder of the title coveted by your correspondent. Until that happy time arrives, it may well remain in abeyance. But I have never hesitated to state, when approached on the subject, or when circumstances demanded it, that, as the lineal descendant of Hector, the *eldest* son of Donald, twelfth of Coll, I consider myself also, *by direct descent*, as the present representative of John Garve, the first of the Coll family.

Further, that Hector was unjustly deprived of his birthright, and set aside in favour of a younger brother, also called Hector, who, in turn, transmitted the title and lands to another, and very much younger half-brother, from whom came the lately extinct Coll family. I may point out that assuming, if only for argument's sake, the correctness of the Coll tradition, related by Mr. Maclean Sinclair, as to Isabel, daughter of Sir Roderick Macleod of Talisker, being the mother of Hector, the *eldest* son of Donald, as well as of the *second* Hector, who supplanted him, the case for the *eldest* Hector, my ancestor, would be at once established. That Hector the *second* was Donald's lawful son, is of course unquestioned. By a curious coincidence, my father was tacksman of Talisker, from 1817 to 1825, when he unfortunately took Rum.

Your worthy correspondent reproaches me with casting reflections on "the last five or six most honourable holders of the title and lands," forgetting, or not caring, that that is exactly what he himself is doing, by implication, on the predecessors of "his gallant General and most worthy Highlander," since the time of Donald, whose name should be erased from the list. Remembering how the last Laird of Coll treated my father, about Rum, I have no reason to love *him*. Incidentally, this would be clear, if on a future occasion, and with your permission, I sent you a note written by my father, on the Rum evictions, for which he has been most unjustly blamed. Alexander of Coll treated my grandfather like a brother, and my father like a son, and I have been taught to reverence his memory.

Trusting you may find space for the insertion of this letter, which, as far as I am concerned, closes the subject.—I am, etc.,

C. S. MACLEAN, Major-General.

A Sketch of the Parish of Luss in "Days of Yore."

By F. MARY COLQUHOUN.



Reproduced from Photo by)

[Miss Grace M. Wilson, London.

LUSS PIER, FROM LOCH LOMOND.

IN view of a happy meeting we hope of Clansmen in July, a short sketch of the Parish of Luss in olden times will, I hope, be acceptable to those who are always "shoulder to shoulder" as true "sons of the Gael" on the shores of Loch Lomond.

Let me then begin by saying that the ancient Parish of Luss comprised the present Parishes of Luss and Arrochar, also portions of Buchanan and Bonhill. The detached lands of Buchanan were joined to Inchcailloch, being parted from Luss in 1621, and the lands of Auchindenan, Cancrow, Stockrobert and Tullichewan, were disjoined in 1850, and added to Bonhill. At this period Arrochar was erected into a separate Parish, 1658. The Parish was a Rectory, and the Rectors are named in some very ancient charters as witnesses in Courts of Justice. The Bishop of Glasgow, John Cameron, built this

church between 1426 and 1432, the Patron, "John de Collequhone," "Lord of Luss," with a prebend of his cathedral, consenting. The Patron and his successor were allowed to present the prebend, and the care of the parish was served by a "Vicar Pensioner," bound to make it his fixed abode, his provision and collation belonging to the Bishop, receiving an annual income of twenty merks. In 1432, in "Bishop John's" Statutes, the Luss prebendary is taxed by merks for the support of the Chorale Vicars of the cathedral. The church of Luss was dedicated to Saint Kessog, Bishop and Confessor in the Province of Boina.

King Robert the Bruce confirmed to John de Luss (Knight), a charter by Malcolm, Earl of Lennox, in which he granted for the honour of his patron "the most holy Saint Kessog," and to his beloved, faithful "Bachelor" (Baculario),



From Photo by)

[Miss Grace M. Wilson.

LOCH LOMOND, FROM U. F. CHURCH MANSE.

Sir John of Luss, freedom from exactions for the Royal Household during the King's Progresses, within the lands of Luss, an exemption from appearing as witnesses before the King's "Justiciar."

At the mouth of the Enrick, near Buchanan, there was a dependant chapel, and there was also another at Rosdhu with an endowed "chaplaincy," and at Auchenheglish are the foundations of an ancient church. In Baiamonds tax-roll the Rectory is estimated at £160, and we find in the sixteenth century it is named at £136.

Before 1225, the lands of Luss were handed over to the Dean of Lennox by Earl Alwyn. From the recognition of Earl Maldoven, he would appear to have taken possession of three lower quarters of the Barony of Luss, *viz.*, Achadtulach, Dunfin, Inverlauren, and of the other portion west of Luss. Being penitent for having taken these lands without right, Earl Alwyn restored them to Dean Maldoven and his son Gillemore, except the portion between Cledhebh and Banbrath, with its islets. The Dean and his heirs paid to the Earl, when the King's host, for all this territory, two cheeses out of every house in which cheese was made, and they were charged with as much of the common service to be done to the King as belonged to Arrochar in the Earldom of Lennox.

Maurice, Lord of Luss, granted in 1276 to the Church of Glasgow, any timber which might be needed for the "Tower and Treasury" of the Cathedral, also protection was given to the builders and workers. In addition, they were granted pasturage for their horses and cattle employed in the work.

Malcolm, Earl of Lennox, at the end of the thirteenth century, transferred to Sir John of Luss, the homage and service of "Maldofen Macgille Mychelmores" and his heirs, and Gilchrist Maccrystine and his heirs due for the land of Banwrith with the Islands of Innes-



From Photo by]

[Miss Grace M. Wilson.

ON THE LUSS ROAD.

cónogaig and Elanclew, for a reddendo of two cheeses from every house where cheese was made, when the King's host was levied.

"Wyfray of Colquhowne, Lord of that Ilk," is witness to an indenture made at Dunbarton on the 18th December, 1400.

Vinfry of Colgwhone, Lord of Lus, is witness to an indenture made at Balloch, on October 18th, 1405.

MR. GEORGE J. FRASER, BLOEMFONTEIN, a Highlander of whom his countrymen at home are proud, writes as follows:—"I am very pleased to see the patriotic spirit of the new Lovat Scouts, and have no doubt they will prove of the right stamp. I had the pleasure of meeting Lord Lovat when here a few months ago. I earnestly trust, however, the necessity for a further continuation of the present state of affairs may soon disappear."

SERGEANT MACDONALD.

By J. P. MACLEAN, Ph.D., Ohio, U.S.A.

(Continued from page 199).

A DAY or two after the victory of General Marion over Colonel Tynes, near the Black river, General Horry took Captain Baxter, Lieutenant Postell and Sergeant Macdonald, with thirty privates, to see if some advantage could not be gained over the enemy near the lines of Georgetown. While partaking of a meal at the house of a planter, a British troop attempted to surprise them. The party leaped to their saddles and were soon in hot pursuit of the foe. While all were excellently mounted, yet no horse could keep pace with Selim. He was the hindmost when the race began, but with widespread nostrils, long-extended neck and glaring eyeballs, he seemed to fly over the course. Coming up with the enemy Sergeant Macdonald drew his claymore, and rising in his stirrups, with high uplifted arms, he waved it three times in circles over his head, and then with terrific force brought it down upon a fleeing dragoon. One of the English officers snapped his pistol at him, but before he could try another the sergeant cut him down. Immediately after, at a blow apiece, three more dragoons were brought to the earth by the resistless claymore. Of the twenty-five, not one escaped, save an officer who struck off at right angles for a swamp, which he gained and so cleared himself. So frightened was Captain Meriot, the officer, that his hair, from a bright auburn, before night had turned gray.

On the following day General Horry encountered one third of Colonel Gainey's men, and in the encounter the latter lost one-half of those who were in the action. In this conflict, as usual the sergeant performed prodigies of valour. Later in the day Colonel Gainey's regiment again commenced the attack when Macdonald made a dash for the leader, in full confidence of getting a fine charger. Colonel Gainey proved to have been well mounted; but the sergeant regarding but the one enemy passed all others. He afterwards declared that he could have slain several in the charge, but wished for no meaner object than the leader. Only one, who threw himself in the way, became his victim, whom he shot down as they went at full speed along the Black river road. When they reached the corner of Richmond fence, the sergeant had gained so far upon his enemy as to plunge his bayonet into his back. The steel parted from the gun, and, with no time to extricate it, Colonel Gainey rushed into

Georgetown with the weapon still conspicuously showing how close and eager had been the charge, and how narrow the escape. The wound was not fatal.

On another occasion General Marion ordered Captain Withers to take Sergeant Macdonald, with four volunteers, and search out the intentions of the enemy in Georgetown. On the way they stopped at a wayside house and drank too much peach brandy. Sergeant Macdonald, feeling the effects of the potion, with a red face, reined up Selim, and drawing his claymore, began to pitch and prance about, cutting and slashing at the empty air, and then cried out, "Huzza, boys! let's charge!" Clapping spurs to their steeds, these six men, huzzaing and flourishing their swords, charged at full tilt into the town, then garrisoned by three hundred British soldiers. The enemy, supposing this to be the advance guard of Marion's army, fled to their redoubts; but all were not fortunate enough to reach that haven, for several were overtaken and cut down in the streets, among whom was the sergeant-major, who fell from a back-handed stroke of a claymore dealt by Macdonald. Out of the town the young men galloped without receiving any injury.

Not long after the above incident, the sergeant, employing himself after his usual manner, in watching the movements of the enemy, climbed up into a bushy tree, and thence, with a musket loaded with pistol bullets, fired at the guard as they passed by; of whom he killed one man and badly wounded Lieutenant Torquano; then sliding down the tree, mounted Selim, and was soon out of harm's way. Repassing the Black river he left his clothes behind him, which were seized by the enemy. He sent word to Colonel Watson if he did not immediately return his clothes, he would kill eight of his men to compensate for them. He felt it was a point of honour to recover his clothes. Colonel Watson, greatly irritated by a recent defeat, was furious at the audacious message, and contemptuously ordered the messenger to return. But some of his officers, aware of the character of Macdonald, urged that the partisan's clothes might be returned, as he would positively keep his word. Colonel Watson yielded, and when the sergeant received the apparel, he said to the messenger: "You may now tell Colonel Watson I will kill but four of his men."

The last relation that General Horry gives of Sergeant Macdonald is in reference to Captain Snipes and MacAulay, with the sergeant and forty men, having surprised and cut to pieces a large part of the enemy near Charleston.

Sergeant Macdonald did not live to reap the fruit of his labours, nor did he see his country free. He was killed at the siege of Fort Motte,

May 12, 1781. In this fort was stationed a British garrison of one hundred and fifty men under Captain Macpherson, which had been augmented by a small force of dragoons sent from Charleston with despatches for Lord Rawdon. General Marion, with the assistance of Colonel Henry Lee (Light Horse Harry) laid siege to the fortress, which was compelled to surrender, owing to the burning of the mansion in the centre of the works. Mrs. Rebecca Motte, the lady who owned the mansion, furnished the bow and arrows used to carry the fire to the roof of the building. Nathan Savage, a private in the ranks of Marion's men, winged

the arrow with the lighted torch. The British did not lose a man, but General Marion lost two of his bravest—Lieutenant Cruger and Sergeant Macdonald.

The resting place of Sergeant Macdonald is unknown. No monument has been erected to his memory; but his name will endure so long as men shall pay respect to heroism and devotion to country. Soldier rest. Thou didst not live in vain. Thy heroic deeds inspired others to the lofty sacrifices to which thy young life was devoted. A grateful country has not forgotten thee.

(Concluded).

LOGIERAIT PUBLIC SCHOOL GAELIC CHOIR.

GAELIC SONGS are fairly well known in Perthshire especially the Highland part of the County, but concerted or part-singing is somehow little practised in schools, nor are Gaelic Choirs, save in the town of Perth, so numerous or well supported as they ought to be. With the idea of keeping alive a liking for

the language and music of the Gael, the above Choir was formed in the lovely Vale of Atholl, where, as is well known, Her Grace The Duchess has warmly supported for many years local efforts and teaching by having annual competitions among the various districts and schools in Atholl for prizes. The visit of the



From Photo by]

[J. S. G. Birchcraig, Tullinnist

LOGIERAIT JUNIOR GAELIC CHOIR.

Highland Mòd to Perth in November caused much enthusiasm among the young choir, when it was found they were not only allowed but pressed to enter for some of the sections, and their success has not only been thorough but it has stimulated them to further efforts in singing with expression and taste the simple, yet rich

in feeling, and touching songs of our native land. We venture to think the above photo of Teachers—Mr. Kennedy, Miss Kennedy and Miss Dawson—and Choir will prove of interest to our readers at home and in far lands. It at least shows that Highland Perthshire is not quite dead to “Cainnt is ceòl nan Gaidheal.”

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

AUGUST, 1901

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our next issue completes Volume 9 of the *CELTIC*, and October number commences the new Volume. The Annual Subscriptions are now due, and as we are desirous of completing the list of subscribers for the next year as soon as possible, our readers would confer a favour by sending their annual contribution (4s. post free) at their earliest convenience to John Mackay, 'Celtic Monthly' Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

HIGHLAND ORNAMENTS AND WEAPONS.

Some remarks on their origin and present-day manufacture.

THE artistic taste of the Gael found expression in various directions, in the richly carved stones of the Highlands and Islands, and in the gorgeous illuminated manuscripts which are still treasured in the seats of learning on the Continent, and to a lesser extent in our own country. These were the products of ecclesiastical culture, and took a different form from that practised by the people as a race. The Highlander was essentially martial in his disposition, and never ventured on a journey without his Claymore strapped to his back, his Dirk dangling at his side, a Sgian-Dubh peeping from the folds of his Hose, and his Targe of stout bull's-hide slung over his shoulder. These were business-like weapons, but one had only to glance closely at each to often find the individual artistic taste of the wearer. On his favourite weapons the Gael bestowed the best product of his gifts, and on many of these ancient articles will be found the most exquisite carving; the handle of the Dirk and Sgian-Dubh, the whole surface of the Powder Horn and Targe, the Buckles, Brooches, Sporrans and other Ornaments of personal use being completely covered with beautiful designs of Celtic Ornamentation. The historic Brooch of Lorne, the Mackay of Ugadale Brooch, and many other ancient objects, will illustrate this.

The Highlander no longer finds leisure to devote to the cultivation of such gifts, but the desire to wear beautiful Ornaments and Weapons is still cherished by him as strongly as ever. The Art of Celtic decoration is not lost.

We found some little time ago on visiting the "Celtic Workshops" and Show-rooms of Messrs. Forsyth, Renfield Street (whose name as specialists in matters relating to the Highland Dress and Ornaments is world wide), the ancient art of the Gael practised with a skill that shows no falling off from the old ideal. Here every article of Highland Equipment is manufactured, from the "rough" to the finished article, be it Brooch, Dirk, or Sporrans, each product passing from hand to hand, until it leaves the workman adorned with the beautiful Celtic ornamentation which distinguishes all Messrs. Forsyth's goods. This firm's reputation for excellence of workmanship is generally known. His Majesty's Government have entrusted them with orders for the Highland Accoutrements of all the Kilted Regiments, five in number, and this in addition to the large orders they have on hand for the entire equipment of Scots Kilted Corps abroad, Cadet Corps, and their extensive Home Trade, which has no equal in this way.

Messrs. Forsyth's reputation in equipping our Highland Regiments has been so satisfactory to the War Office that it has entrusted them with orders which will keep their "Military Department" fully employed till near the end of the year. They have recently extended this section of their business in order to meet the increased demand for Highland goods.

We have pleasure this month in presenting our readers with a special plate showing two of the Sections in Messrs. Forsyth's Workshops. Here everything is "self-contained," every detail of manufacture is completed in these premises, in which respect we believe they are unique. In one room Workmen may be seen employed in the manufacture of Highland Silver Accessories, while in the other the making of Military Sporrans is well illustrated. The product of these Workshops can be seen in endless and charming variety in Messrs. Forsyth's Highland Show-rooms.

A QUEENSLAND ROMANCE.

SIR,—In the article "Platonic and—Failed" from the pen of Mr. Angus Mackay, which appeared in your March number, reference is made to loss of the ship "Fiery Star" bound from Moreton Bay to London, and it is stated that the vessel was never heard of again. Surely Mr. Mackay as an old Queenslander should know better. The "Fiery Star" was burnt at sea, but one of the boats with its occupants was picked up; that boat was in charge of the chief officer, Mr. Sargent, who afterwards commanded the clipper ship "Golden City," and latterly became a member of the firm of Potts, Paul, & Sargent, Ship-Chandlers, Brisbane. So far as I know, he is still to the fore, although retired from business. Perhaps Mr. Mackay will now remember the circumstances.—Yours truly, A. MACINTOSH.

Wellington, New Zealand.

JOHN SINCLAIR, SHEPHERD.

PART II.

"SOME says that he's a stickit meenister, and others will be saying that it was a schoolmaister he was to be?" So interrogatively said Jock Forbes, 'the mairchant,' to old Widow Sutherland.

"Hoch, man, it's little I'll be caring what havers folks will be keeping about John Sinclair, I only ken that he's as wise-like a lad as ever ludged in my hoose. A bar o' yaller soap, if *you* please."

"Ay," commented Jock, paying no heed to his customer's request, "wise-like is he? Noo, will he be asking a blessing when he gets his diets? Ye might ken by that if he was a stickit meenister or no'."

"If ye think, Jock," said his customer with some asperity, "that I'll be glowerin' at the lad ilka time I put a bit o' meat afore him, yer mistaken. An' I'll be much obleeged if ye'll serve me as I'll need to be getting up the brae."

"Hoots, wuman, there's no' need to pit yersel' aboot for speirin' a bit after yer ludger."

But he took the hint all the same, and deftly severed the bar of yellow soap with the knife



From R. R. M'Intosh's]

HIGHLAND SHEPHERD.

"*Highlanders at Home.*"

used indifferently for bacon, cheese, or bread.

"Ay," he continued, as he went to the till for change, "I'm jalousin' that he thinks himself above the ordinar', for he's never bought so much as a half ounce o' tabaggar twist frae me—maybe he gets it in the toon?"

"He disna smok'," said the widow, shortly. "Good evening to you."

"Ay, ay," she said to herself as she took the brae, "Ay, ay, so they're commencing to speak aboot John. Them an' their clash-ma-clavers, indeed! Weel, weel, it's no' much change that they'll get oot o' Bell Sutherland."

But if Widow Sutherland had chosen she

could have given a good deal of information about John Sinclair; not from any information volunteered by himself, for he was silent on his own concerns to the point of taciturnity, but by the feminine art of putting two and two together. She felt sure that he had studied for the ministry, for he had in his possession several books inscribed, "John Sinclair, Aberdeen University"; amongst his Sabbath collars she had found a minister's bands, and on this fact she based her certainty that he had indeed entered the ministry; but why he had left it and taken to shepherding was the point on which she stuck.

"He's no' din anything wrang," she said to herself, loyally, "or it's mysel' that'll never believe in the look o' a man's face again. He's no' very weel satisfied wi' himsel', but he's naething on his mind."

When she reached the little white-washed cottage which had been her home for forty years, she saw John seated on the bench at the west-end of the house. He had in his eyes the rapt expression of the dreamer as he watched the sun sinking behind the west hills. How often from Isauld had he watched it set with radiant glory in the Atlantic, or in a grey impalpable mist.

When he had first come to the Black Isle, the Caithness man had found the scenery almost too fertile and exuberant for eyes accustomed to the wide, wind-swept moors, and measureless expanse of ocean. Indeed, even yet he had the feeling of being oppressed and shut in by the over-shadowing hills and darkening woods.

He was feeling depressed to-day. It seemed to him that there was nothing left for which he could hope. He had had his chance in life and had failed. Only an endless vista of shepherd-ing stretched before him; no, not endless, there was old age and after that death. The sunset colours had faded out of the west; there was no after-glow; a grey pallor spread over sky and mountain. John shuddered and went into the house.

It was cheerful enough indoors; the white-washed walls of the little kitchen reflected the glow of the peat fire, and the brisk old woman was busy preparing tea. John sat down without a word. She asked a blessing, but he looked out of the window.

"Now take your tea, John, and something to it." She always treated her lodgers like guests. "There's tatie scones fresh made, an' I got a nice drappie cream frae Jock's wife."

"Widow Sutherland," said John, irrelevantly, "in all the months I've been with you, you've never questioned me about myself. There's few men that would have treated me as you have, and, I believe, not another woman."

"Losh, man," said the widow, "did ye think that it was always the weemen-folk that would be asking questions? Gang awa' doon to the shoppie, an' Jock will put mair questions to ye while he's getting change for a bawbee than I'll ask in a month o' Sabbaths."

John smiled. Thus encouraged, the widow continued:—

"It's no' that I dinna tak' an interest in ye that I'm backward in putting questions to ye. Na, na, John, it's just that yer no' like ither men. Whiles I think to mysel', 'John has had some sair trouble an' it's aged him afore his time'."

John smiled again. This was a very delicate manner of questioning.

"And you are not like most other women, Mrs. Sutherland," he rejoined. "If you care to hear it I'll tell you some of the miserable story of the last few years. Ambition, avarice, and conceit, have led me to my everlasting shame and well deserved punishment."

He spoke with passionate self-accusation. Rising, he walked the length of the house and back again. Then he stood with his back to the window and began to speak of his life as he had spoken to no one since Sandy's death. He did not spare himself in the telling.

"Sandy promised that light would come to me someday," he ended, "and so I hoped, but it's long in coming. I am no longer contented to be a shepherd; and, seeing that there is no light, no hope, in my own soul, how can I bear the message of peace and hope to others?"

He seemed to have forgotten his listener, and his voice was very weary as he said:—

"I have sinned, but I sometimes think that my punishment is greater than I can bear."

He went slowly, with bent head, out of the cottage, and disappeared in the gloaming.

The widow had made no sign or comment whilst John was speaking, and the room had grown too dark to see her face. When he had gone out she went to the door and called, "John," softly, then louder, but receiving no answer she returned to the kitchen.

"Oh, but he's noble," she cried, "noble, noble. He's like the Ross-shire meenisters o' the Disruption—giving up ilka thing for conscience sake. Ay, but it's an a'fu' peety that mair young sticks o' meenisters wudna think like him! I won'er uoo wull he ever go back to the meenistry. Maybe they wudna take him. Ay, but there's many a one in it uo' so near the light as he is."

She was busy washing up the tea-things when a gentle knock came to the door.

"That'll be Annie," said the widow to herself. "Come awa' in, Annie. I canna open the door, my hands is fu' o' suds"

The door opened and a girl entered.

Where did you get that 'Rossetti' face, Annie? Your thick, wavy hair, the beautiful curve of your cheek, and the full, yet delicately chiselled, lips would have delighted him. The dreamy questioning of your dark grey eyes under the finely pencilled eyebrows always puts me in mind of his "Proserpine." Ill-natured people said that as you grew older your mouth would fall in, and the curve of your nose and chin draw too near each other. Perhaps. I do not know, but I am, at least, certain that the beautiful expression that came of thinking

charitable thoughts would have remained there always.

Annie was not considered a beauty by her acquaintances; hers was too rare a type to please every eye. She was not a general favourite either; "Too fond of keeping herself to herself," said the neighbours.

But Widow Sutherland loved Annie, and greeted her affectionately.

"Ay, but I'm glad to see you, my dearie; I've been thinking long for a sight o' your face. An' hoo's yersel'? Turn to the light till I'll see you. Noo, Annie, yer no' looking at a' weel, an' yer coughing. I'm thinking that the toon hasna din ye muckle good."

"I've not just been very well," said the girl, gently, "but I'll soon get set up again in this fine air."

"An' hoo long are ye to be at home?" "Till the Autumn, I think," replied Annie, "and then I want to get a place again. But how have you been keeping, Mrs. Sutherland? I'm hearing that you have a new lodger?"

Mrs. Sutherland was not given to betraying confidences, but she was so full of John's "nobleness" that she felt she must tell someone, so out it all came. If in her enthusiasm she made John more of a hero than he deserved who shall blame her? And Annie? All the innate poetry, all the hero-worship of her pure



From R. R. Mian's)

HIGHLAND DROVERS—THE EVENING MEAL.

(*"Highlanders at Home."*)

soul leapt forth as she listened to the troubles of the man who had given up so much for conscience sake. Yet we who know John's story understand better than those two simple women did, how his first sacrifice was offered on the altar of ambition, and his second was the outcome of his desire to atone for his first mistake. He would have been the last man to wish to pose as a hero, and yet if he had not first entered Annie's heart in this guise how much tender joy and deep, sweet pain might have been lost to each.

John's step was heard outside, and his knock came at the door as the two women were discussing his merits. When he entered Annie

stood up to leave. As the light from the widow's little lamp fell on her face, John started, and the words that came to him were, "This is my Beloved." He shook himself morally, but the words reiterated themselves, "This is my Beloved."

* * *

It was some weeks after the last scene that a little group gathered in Jock's shoppie.

"Weel, freen's," began Jock, "I'm thinking that we'll be hev'in' a merriage afore very long."

"If there's no there should be," said the schoolmaster's servant, sourly.

"Is it John the shepherd, an' Annie Fraser that yer meaning?" asked another.

"Ay, ay, an' who else? He'll get a useless piece, whatever, when he gets her."

"It'll be a come-doon for prood Annie to tak' a shepherd."

"But he's no that at a'," said Jock, with a sly chuckle.

"What wud ye think, nee'bours, if I was to tell ye that 'quate John is a meenister? Ay, I ken it for a fac'."

He paused to give this piece of news full weight. There were ejaculations of pleased surprise.

"Man, I often heard it, but I wasna giving any heed to it."

"Do ye really ken it for a fac'?"

"Why did he tak' to the shepherding?"

"That's the pint," said Jock, with another oily chuckle, "what do ye say, freen's, to John, quate, dacent body, being turned oot o' the meenistry?"

The ejaculations of pleased surprise gave place to those of delighted horror. In five minutes John had all the cardinal sins fastened on him, each person asseverating that "this was kened for a fac'." By the time the gossips separated John had not, figuratively, a rag to his back; and it was decided that Annie should be 'warned.'

And up on the heights John was tending his sheep, and thinking of Annie. That he loved her was no new thought to him; that his love was worthy of her acceptance he knew, for was it not as true as it was strong, and as strong as it was pure? All his past sorrows seemed as nothing in the light of this great joy that had come to him, and also as less than nothing beside the anguish of the thought that he had forfeited his right to offer her such love. For ought he—a failure in profession and purpose—to offer the broken fragments of his life for her acceptance?

"No, no," said John, "I ought to leave the place before I'm tempted to tell her."

"You cannot," cried John's heart, "she is yours for better, for worse."

And the thought came to him with a swift stab, half pain, but half pure joy, that Annie loved him.

"She might forget me if I went away now," said John.

"Women like Annie never forget," answered John's heart.

"If she knew what a weak, ambitious brute I have been she would despise me," said John, savagely. And to this his heart answered nothing.

He left the field where the sheep were grazing, crossed the dyke, and walked slowly into the

wood. The setting sun glimmered through the trees, and the heathery turf sprang up after the pressure of each footstep. He went on until he came to the edge of a reedy loch, round whose margin the little white tufts of cotton-grass gave the impression that flocks of snowy-plumed birds had moulted there. It was the nesting season, and black-headed gulls flew round him, beating the air with their wings and screaming in shrill anxiety. The loch and its precincts teemed with bird-life. John sat down to watch it. A party of young teal swam about the loch; a curlew skimmed, but never touched, the surface of the water, uttering its melancholy whistle as it sped inland; behind him he could distinguish the 'drumming' of a snipe; and far above the loch an old 'hoodie' crow sped homewards. John followed its flight, with keen vision, over the dark line of fir trees to where the mountains touched the skyline. When he brought his eyes to the level of the trees again he saw a woman coming towards him, walking, it seemed to John, in the golden path of the setting sun. He knew before he could distinguish her features that it was Annie. His heart beat loud and fast, and then seemed to stop. She came slowly on, and shading her eyes with her hand, looked earnestly at the man watching her. John's heart went on again, and the words that it beat to were, "This is my Beloved."

He knew that she must take the path by the loch and he set out to meet her. For a few moments he lost sight of her in the belting of trees, and then they came face to face. He put out his hands and took hers in his own.

"My Beloved," said John, and for a while there was silence.

The gulls hushed their wild shrieks and sank back to their nests; the sun dropped behind Ben Wyvis; and then from the moor a peewit cried, and the curlew whistled as he directed his flight seawards; nothing else broke the stillness but the whispered fragments of the story that has been since the beginning, and will be until the end.

"And you knew the truth about me before you knew me," said John, "and yet you could like me, Annie."

"I knew," said Annie, "and I loved you the better for it, John."

RYEFIELD, ROSS-SHIRE. MYRA K. G. WARRAND.

The *Celtic* has many readers in all parts of South Africa, and curiously in Bloemfontein, O. R. Colony, there are no fewer than four Frasers on our subscribers' roll. Mr. J. L. Fraser writes: "I shall be glad if you will kindly see that the *Monthly* is correctly addressed in future; I value the paper too highly to run the risk of not receiving it."

THE SAXON AND THE GAEL.

BY W. C. MACKENZIE.

ACCORDING to the majority of Scottish historians—Hill Burton among the number—the battle of Harlaw was fought on a question of racial supremacy between the Saxon and the Gael, and the issue of the fight determined the continuance of Saxon predominance. That this is a mistaken view it would not be difficult to prove, but the mere fact of its acceptance by critical historians is sufficient to demonstrate the antagonism which prevailed between the two races at the commencement of the fifteenth century. And this spirit of racial animosity is further shown in the frequent insurrections against the central authority which took place, more particularly in the Hebrides, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In the coherence of the Highland chiefs lay their chief strength and the Government's chief danger. However deadly their internecine feuds, they closed up their ranks and stood shoulder to shoulder when threatened by a common danger. During successive reigns the policy of the Scottish kings and their advisers consisted in setting the chiefs at one another's throats in the hope of vitiating their power of combination and their consequent power of resistance to authority. This policy was modified by James IV. who was a statesman as well as a warrior. The results of a generous policy were soon apparent. The chiefs who had been willing at all times to offer their swords to England against Scotland—without counting it treason to do so—fought for their king at Flodden against the national foe, and some of them, like their monarch, fell fighting on that disastrous field.

Perhaps the most effective instrument in breaking up the solidarity of the Hebridean chiefs, in partially obliterating the dividing line between Saxon and Gael, and in initiating the extraordinary devotion of Highlanders generally to the House of Stewart, was that remarkable bond which is known as the Statutes of Icolmkill. The famous Statutes opened up at the commencement of the seventeenth century a new era in Highland history; and it is doubtful whether the importance of the work achieved by Bishop Knox has yet received adequate attention from Highland historians.

Notwithstanding this and other measures, however, the race cleavage, although less clearly defined than in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, persisted down to the middle of the eighteenth century. The Montrose campaign and, particularly, the risings of the '15 and the '45 were largely influenced by racial factors.

Since the '45, the question of supremacy between the Saxon and the Gael, except in friendly contests, has ceased to possess other than an academic interest; the test of battle is, fortunately, for evermore impossible, so far at least as Scotland is concerned. The Grampians, as natural barriers against the fusion of the two races, have been moved out of their place. In our Highland regiments, the man from Lewis or Strathnaver fights side by side with the man from Fife and the Lothians, oblivious or careless of the fact that their forefathers were hereditary and irreconcilable foes. In Glasgow, in Edinburgh, in London, the lad from the Highlands finds a career which he cannot find at home; while in the pure mountain air of the Highlands the tired Saxon from Buchanan Street, from Princes Street, from Piccadilly, finds a tonic which is far to seek in the busy town. And so the reciprocity goes on: the Celt finds scope for his energies when he comes south; the Saxon finds recuperation for his energies when he goes north.

It is curious to note that the most turbulent of the Highland clans in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were those of the Hebrides. The Clan Donald, north and south, the various branches of the Clan Gilleonan, the Clan Leod, the Clan Fingon: these were the principal insular tribes that gave my Lords of Council many anxious hours, and that threatened more than once to shake the throne itself to its very foundation. And it is precisely in those islands that the Norseman had his home for five hundred years more or less. That during this period Norse influences permeated the Hebrides and permanently modified pre-existing Celtic characteristics there is little or no room for doubt. To these influences, acting in combination with those of environment, may be ascribed the so-called "Celtic gloom" of the Hebrideans. It is hard to believe that the average Lewisman, for example, and the typical Irish peasant have sprung from the same stock. The man from the Hebrides or the West Highlands has a seriousness of demeanour, a cautious slowness of thought and speech, combined, as a rule, with a shrewdness of outlook which contrast stangely with the irresponsible gaiety, the quick intelligence, and the ready wit of the Irishman. Difference of religion may have partly contributed to difference of temperament, but it is probable that the chief cause of differentiation lies in the fact that the peasant of the south of Ireland is a purer Celt than the crofter of the north of Scotland.

At the present day we hear occasionally of "Celtic fringes" and "brutal Saxons." Each phrase conveys, in point of fact, an unintentional compliment. A fringe is an ornamental ap-

pendage, while strength is the chief attribute of the brute. If the Celt is picturesque, the Saxon is strong; if the Celt is poetic, the Saxon is practical. A combination of grace and strength makes the perfect man and the progressive nation. Each quality forms the true complement of the other; each by itself is incomplete, ineffective; it is the conjunction that yields the superlative good. It needed not Matthew Arnold's eloquent analysis of the Celtic nature to show that the Celt is a creature of the imagination rather than of the senses. The "brutal" element in the normal Gael (it is unnecessary here to draw fine distinctions between the words "Celt" and "Gael") is inconspicuous; his spiritual outlook is as wide as his theological creed is narrow. The genuine Celt is rarely a materialist. The very idea of materialism is repugnant to his conception of the universe and its laws. And this is not due to his theology; it is due to his nature; it is an hereditary instinct; it runs in the blood; it is, in short, the Celtic temperament. And the inconsistencies or defects of that temperament are as conspicuous as its virtues.

Does the critical historian prove that many of the idols still cherished by the Highlander have feet of clay? His faith survives the ordeal; his devotion remains unimpaired. For Celtic idealism kicks against Saxon realism, and clings to the romantic glamour of the past. Does an enterprise require courage, dash, ardour? The Celt will have finished it, while the Saxon is weighing his chances of success. Does an occasion arise which requires, above all things, endurance, patience, dogged determination? The Gael will attack the problem fearlessly, but failure brings discouragement, and discouragement is the mother of despair. The Saxon will try too and fail, but will try again and perhaps fail again. But, unlike the Celt, he keeps on trying until, to use a French expression, he "arrives." Enthusiasm is pre-eminently a characteristic of the Gael. Whether he is storming a height or getting up a testimonial, his ardour is unexampled. "Enthusiastic," indeed, is an adjective which is frequently employed to describe the *ne plus ultra* of Highland virtue. Like every other excess, enthusiasm carries with it the danger of re-action: Highland ardour is not infrequently followed by Highland lassitude. Normally, the Saxon is cold and unemotional, but once he is deeply stirred, he surpasses even the Celt in extravagance. It is rarely, however, that he "lets himself go"—fortunately, perhaps, for the peace of mankind. The Celt is an active volcano; the Saxon is like the cold impassive mountain which once in a generation spits fire and destroys villages.

In the Latin States of Europe the pride of

the Saxon is a byword. In the United Kingdom, Highland pride is a more common conjunction than any other. Highland pride has its phases, some grotesque, some pitiable, some splendid. The Saxon may boast of his landed estates; the Gael takes greater pride in his family tree. Ancestor-worship is not confined to the Chinese; it is to be found in the Highlands. He who glorifies his ancestors simply because they *are* his ancestors makes a fetish of them. He who boasts of his descent from a truculent and treacherous ruffian because he happened to be a Highland chief has a pride which he is better without. But he who is stimulated to brave and good deeds by the example of his forbears; who is inspired by their actions to tread closely in their footsteps; such an one is influenced not by paltry pride, but by a sentiment which makes not only for self-respect but for the respect of others. There is as much virtue in being proud of the blood of a wolf or a sheep as of a man who was either a ruffian or a coward. But if a man have the blood of chivalry, of high honour, of bravery and of fidelity coursing through his veins, he has indeed something of which to be proud; and if the pride do not make a better man of him, he has not the making of a better man in him. Of the self-respect and independence of character, mis-called pride, in many a Highland heart, which shrinks from soliciting help, which conceals from the public gaze poverty, trouble, even disaster, what can be said except that it is a feature of which every Celt should be proud? It is to be feared it is a quality that is disappearing all too rapidly from the Highlands; but the causes of the change are quite beyond the scope of this paper.

The pride of the Saxon may or may not be centred in Mammon. His force of character, his practicalness, his comparative want of sensibility make him a more fitting piece of mechanism for amassing wealth than the sensitive Celt with his inferior talent of perseverance, his smaller power of concentration, his less material outlook, can ever hope to be. The Saxon frequently prides himself more on the possession of these qualities than on the possession of the wealth which they bestow upon him. But even in business life, the element of imagination counts for something, and this is the element which the Gael supplies. Hence, perhaps, the reason of Glasgow being, besides the second city of the empire for size, the first city of the empire for progressive, enlightened, and bold ideas. The stolid unimaginative Saxon increases his breadth of outlook, and widens the channels of his enterprise when these are subjected to Celtic influences. In Glasgow, in Belfast, in the United States of America, where Saxon forcefulness

and Celtic eagerness meet, coalesce, and co-operate, the result of the combination is conspicuous. Celtic renaissances and Gaelic revivals are good so far as they go, but if they imply an antagonism towards all Saxon influences they are to be deprecated. Just as Saxon strength and stubbornness are rude ineffective implements until tempered by Celtic fire, so is the Celtic temperament perfervid, extravagant, and unconcentrated until steadied and sobered by Saxon solidity.

MACLAGAN.

THE CLANS CUIL AND CLACHANE, AND THE COMBAT ON THE INCH OF PERTH.

BY R. C. MACLAGAN, M.D.

(Continued from page 197).

St. Fillan connection of the Maclagans—Folk stories of the cave of Weem—Police duties of the Atholl men and of the Dewars of the Coigreach compared—Possible origin of story of Maclagan connection with capture of Bruce's brooch.

THE period of St. Fillan is much about the same as that of Adamnan. By philologists the name is accepted as meaning "the little wolf" from the old Irish *fael*, more modern *faol*, a wolf. In composition, in Ireland, the name appears in *Killhelan*; in Scotland as *Kylheylan*, also *Killallan* (Origines Parochiales, vol. i., p. 81). In the martyrology of Aberdeen, the saint's name is spelled *Felan* (Calendar of Scottish Saints, p. 127). The Dean of Lismore spells the name the same way, "*Felan*"; in the Irish *Leabhar Breac* it is *Foelain* (*Felire* of Angus, p. 95). From this it seems clear that the vowel likely to be used in a word, compounded of the same elements as that of St. Fillan, would be an E. Wherever we have now to look for the patron saint of the clan *Qwhewyl*, authority (the Lyon Office) connects the Maclagans neither with Adamnan nor Cuthbert, but with St. Fillan. In a collection of blazons preserved in the Lyon Office, made by Joseph Stacie, a Scottish herald who died in 1687, not, however, as part of his original MS., but as a later addition by a different hand, is the following entry:—

"*Maclagan*, a branch of the *McCleland*, or, two cheverons sable within a bordure of the last. Crest, a Morter piece. Motto, *Superba Frango*."

The name *McCleland* is thus explained by MacBain:—"Mac-Lellan, G. *McGillfhaolain*,

M. G. *McGillelan* (D. of L.), *Gillafaelan* (1467 MS.), St. Fillan's slave, E. Ir. *Faelan*, O. Irish *Failan*, from *fail*, now *faol*, wolf."

Notice here that in spite of the spelling of the name *McLagan*, the punning crest points to the authority for this originally as having spelt his name with two C's or with a C and a K (*Macklagan*), change the vowels and you have *Muckle gun*, the "*Morter piece*." The rather pretentious motto shows Jacobite predilections. David MacClaggan who died of old age in Edinburgh in 1766, and was said to have been engaged in the troubles of 1715, seems the probable originator.

Some Maclagans have used as a crest a running dog. In connection with this we may note that the Clelands of Cleland (*ic-gille-fhillan*) who were hereditary foresters to the Earls of Douglas have for arms, as shown on the book-plate of an ancestor of the writer's, a greyhound with a hunting horn hung round its neck.

Is there any reason for being positive that the name Fillan means Little Wolf. Has not this derivation been arrived at on purely philological grounds? There seems no objection to believing that there was a name Little Wolf at the date ascribed to the saint; but, we have in enduring brass what must be considered a symbol of, or at anyrate is somehow connected with the saint on the handle of his bell. It is ornamented with two indubitable phalli. This seems to be explained quite satisfactorily by the old Irish *fele*, the male pudenda (Whitley Stokes, Archiv. fur Celtische Lexikographie, vol. i., p. 478). There can be little doubt that the maker of that bell, at anyrate, gave the latter word as much credit for the origin of the saint's name as the word *fael*, a wolf. If, then, in the seventh century, *Faolan*, now *Fillan*, meant a little wolf, at the date of the manufacture of that bell, certainly anterior to 1396, *Fillan* meant, to some, at least the equivalent of St. Phallus.

In discussing the termination *ane* of the name *Maclagan*, attention was called to the Gaelic MS. of above 1450, in which the words "*Do Genelach ic an abhane*" were quoted to show that they were a genitive termination to the word *ab aba*, an abbot. On p. 153 of Henderson's *Bricriu's Feast* is mentioned on the authority of Rhys, apropos of the word *Vipogeni*, "the Picts, adopting this name, treated the ending *en* as their own genitive termination, so that they next inferred *Vepog*, the *Vipoig* of the list of Pictish Kings."

The Tay valley we found was in Pictland, now compare with this *Aba*, *Abhane* Stokes' *Fele*, and the Dean of Lismore's *Felane*, the genitive of Fillan's name. Then *cloch*, old Gaelic *clochane*, and form a name *MacClauchane*.

Local traditiom accentuates the femininity of the locality of Weem. Below the cave with a spring in it, is a rocky fissure which is said to communicate with Loch Glassie, two miles away in the moor above. The story is that the lady of the district sent her daughter and step-daughter, or by another version, her two daughters and her step-daughter to seek a calf that had strayed into the rock. She protected her own child with a cross as a talisman (or a bible, other version), but during their wanderings the child handed the talisman to the step-daughter. They followed the lowing of the calf until it led them to the cave into which the younger sister entered, but only re-appeared as a mangled body floating at the head of Loch Glassie. In the ballad describing the incident, the one who enters complains of being retained by "iron gates," and says that "the man of the red hood" is between her and returning. Compare this with the esoteric explanation of the incident of Lohengrin and the Venusberg, and other such phallic stories. Now, the Loch Glassie, in another legend of the near neighbourhood, is called Loch Lassie from a girl the only one saved of a party of children who had mounted a waterhorse which plunged with them into the loch, the little "lassie" saved having fallen off in a fright. We see in this legend how the rock of Weem communicates by an underground passage with a reservoir called Loch Lassie (Dargo Duncanson in the *Highland News*, 3rd March, 1900). Here, we have another Low country word forming the basis of the folk-lore of this district. Referring to the incident of the calf in the above local legend, the following, also communicated to me by Dr. MacLagan Wedderburn, is another traditional explanation of the name MacLagan. "On some cattle-lifting expedition, a man swam across the river Lagan, in the north of Ireland, when in flood to recover a calf, and swam back with it; in remembrance of which feat his companions dubbed him the son of Lagan. This man, however, had nothing to do with our family who were really Macdougalls, and only adopted the name." Dr. Wedderburn, though a descendant of James MacLagan of the well-known Gaelic MS., when he wrote this was probably not aware that *Loegan* (Rev. Celt. x., p. 224) is Gaelic for a calf, and may be quoted especially as another evidence of the small account paid to vowels in traditional etymology, at anyrate. As the swimmer swam the Lagan, we have also evidence of the piling on of etymologies for an incident which could only have originated in one of the ways mentioned.

In connection with St. Fillan we would call attention to the Police Duties performed by the Dewars, the keepers of his staff. There is a

Gaelic word *cuaille*, *cuaille*, a weapon of the bludgeon sort, a rung, a thick stick. Compare with this other known *bachulls* and the staff with which St. Cuthbert drove the devil from his bath. Now, the Earls of Atholl had the same rights for their district as the Abbots of Glen Dochart possessed in their territory. This is made clear by the law called "Claremathane" of William the Lyon. If the Dewars held office on the strength of St. Fillan's staff, which they undoubtedly did, were they not sons of Cuaille. No doubt their staff was called the *coigreach*, which seems to mean, the stranger, a name thoroughly accounted for by the fact that one crozier head contained within it an older one which probably disappeared more or less notoriously when the strange one represented it. Now, at Logerait, the so-called "bal no maoir," translated "the town of the thief-takers," the head of the earldom of Atholl, had in its immediate neighbourhood at Strowan, which is dedicated to St. Fillan, the *clag buidheann*, the bell of the troop, which in 1879 was in the possession of Miss MacInroy of Lude. Putting the presence of the clan Donnachie in the raid of Angus in connection with this St. Fillan dedication of Strowan, we have corroborative evidence of his consideration from the south end of Loch Earn to Logierait, and from thence to Glendochart, the very country in which we have located the clans Cuaille and Clachynha. Of course, the criticism of the sticklers for exactitude will tell us that the Dewars of the Coigreach—the pilgrims of the stranger (staff)—are not called MacCuaille; but students of folk-lore must admit that when it comes to Gaelic derivation, even in our oldest authorities, it is by no means singular to find several interpretations of the same name quoted one on top of the other as if they had equal authority. It seems to us as if in this case those who had been ranged under the authority of the Abbott of Dunkeld and Dull as the men of Angus, had subsequently acquired distinctive names from their possession of various relics, which relics themselves were liable to change as in the case of the crozier; or to seizure by those who wished to exercise the power which they represented. Jealousies would creep in, and the disputes would naturally be settled by the arbitrament of the sword. One set of MacCuailles might hold by the Tual derivation, some by the staff derivation, some by the cave, storehouse, weem derivation. And apropos of this we may quote what Spencer and Gillen say of the duties of the headman of a group of native Australians (The Natives Tribes of Central Australia, Introduction, p. 11). "The most important function of the Alatumja is to take charge of what we may call the sacred store-house, which has usually the form of a cleft

in some rocky range, or a special hole in the ground, in which, concealed from view, are kept the sacred objects of the group. Near to this store-house, which is called an *Ertnatulunga*, no woman, child, or uninitiated man dares venture on pain of death."

One is loath to give up as non-historical so exciting an incident as the capture of the Bruce's brooch by members of the MacLagan clan. One may say that they may have done it, at anyrate; that they did do it, or who are the representatives of those who did it, probably we shall never know. When we find, however, such Gaelic words as *leag*, a precious stone, *leicc*, the crystal of a watch, *leice*, an oval charm crystal, one begins to have a strong suspicion especially when one remembers the sort of brooch it is supposed to have been, indeed that it is, that a diminutive from some of such words as those quoted (see O'Rielly's Irish Dictionary) are the basis of the story, much as the word *loegan*, a calf, and *lagan*, the river, have been made name-fathers to the Maclagans.

It has been mentioned that the MacQuaills of Glenerchy call themselves Macdonalds. Some Maclagans also say they are Macdonalds. The story in support of this tells how it was in crossing a river in the time of Prince Charlie that they changed their name. Crossing the river is of course in accord with the swimming of the Lagan for the calf, formerly mentioned. The referring to Prince Charlie's time is absurd, but many other old stories are loaded to to the back of some personage within the knowledge of the reciter, and all one can say is that apparently the repeater of the story had in this case merely mentioned what seemed to her a probable period.

(Concluded).

THE POWERS OF EVIL IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES.

BY MISS A. GOODRICH-FREER.

(Continued from page 195).

A MAN told my informant that one day when he was ploughing one of his horses fell. He took the tail of the horse in his hand and put it to his mouth while he repeated a charm, and the horse recovered.

A woman in Eriskay related that one day she was taking home a load of sea-ware in a cart, when a person who had the Evil Eye came by and the horse fell down and could not rise for a long time, and even then was quite weak and could not take food. When she got home,

her neighbour filled a bowl of water taken from a boundary stream and put silver into it, and threw it over the horse's back, and it immediately got better. She had herself been once "overlooked," and was ill for many days in consequence, but I forget whether by this person or another.

If in such a case as this the silver remains at the bottom of the bowl, it is an indication that the *snaithean* must be resorted to. This is in most cases the ultimate appeal, and I never heard of a case in which it had failed.

The *snaithean** is made of wool, often black, so as not to be easily seen. If you buy a cow or horse in the market you are almost sure to find a piece of black wool round its tail, well out of sight under the hair. Certain persons in most districts know how to make it, and can repeat the charm which is part of the process. The person who fetches it should carry it in silence, and in the palm of the hand—not between the finger and thumb, because with them Eve plucked the apple and they are "not blessed." It must be burnt when removed, and must not be paid for, though those receiving it consider themselves under an obligation which is to be discharged somehow.

When it is the Evil Eye that has fallen on the victim, the person making the *snaithean* is seized with a fit of yawning, or becomes ill in proportion to the disease of the sufferer and the duration of his attack. Whether the author is male or female is generally determined by casting the *Frith*, or horoscope, which is another story and belongs to the subject of divining.

When the thread is put about the cattle, first is said the *Pater*, and then the following:—

"An Eye will see you.

A Tongue will speak of you.

A Heart will think of you.

He of the Arm is blessing you (i.e. St. Columcille).

The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Four persons there are who may have done you harm.

A man, a wife, a lad, a girl.

Who is to turn that back?

The Three Persons of the Most Holy Trinity,

The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

I call Mary to witness, and Brigid,

If it be a human thing that has done you harm

With wicked wish,

Or with wicked eye,

Or with wicked heart,

* Cf. *Folk-Lore*, vol. vi., p. 154. The information there given as to the use of the *snaithean* is said to be derived from "a native of Bernera," which I take—judging from differences of method—to be Bernera, Harris. There is little in common between the far more conventionalised people of the Lews, with their Free Kirk precision, and the less self-conscious native of the Outer Isles.

That you (name of person or animal) be well
From the time I place this about you.
In the Name of the Father, the Son, and the
Holy Ghost."

A very respectable widow related with great detail how she was once under the Evil Eye. She was going along the Machaire (the sandy plain near the sea-shore) with two ponies, and she met a man with some grain on his back, going to the mill, and immediately she began to feel very weak. When she came to the nearest house, she found that she could not go any further, and felt a sort of retching, with cold shivers all over her. They brought butter and put it into warm milk to restore her, and a man, who was present, felt sure that she had fallen under the Evil Eye, and they duly sent for a certain Ranald who knew how to make spells. He twisted some threads and passed them round the fire three times. (It must be remembered that the fire would be in the middle of the room.) Then he tied it on her hand, and she began to get better immediately. Ranald told her it was the Evil Eye of a man that had affected her, but she did not know how he made that out. It must certainly have been the man with the grain.

This woman's husband had knowledge of the *snaithian*, as we discovered another time. Perhaps he was dead or away on the occasion when Ranald was sent for. A girl came to him one day and begged him for the love of goodness to make it for her sister, who was very ill. There were several men in the house at the time, and he said he would not do it, as Father Donald, the priest, had told him not to be doing it. But the girl got him outside and asked him for the pity of God to help her, and he then asked his wife (who told the story) for some wool and she twisted some for him on her wheel. The girl got better, and is alive to this day to prove the efficacy of the cure.

She said the *eolas* (spell) would not be right if it were not paid for, but she did not know what was the rate of payment. I can personally testify that when silver is put into a bowl of water to work a spell, the wise woman keeps the silver. The theory is that when the water is thrown over the patient it does no good unless the silver sticks to the bowl. She told us also that not long since a woman from a small neighbouring island went to K—, to ask for rennet, which the servant gave her without asking her mistress. Some time after, the cattle went all wrong with their milk, and the servant confessed what she had done, as this was probably the cause of the trouble; but we did not hear what steps were taken for its removal. One poor beast that we came across had been smitten by two Evil Eyes at the same

time. The maker of charms, at first much perplexed, at length discovered the cause, and said the creature would be ill for a year, which came to pass.

Many stories in the Hebrides are on lines which the Society for Psychical Research would call "telepathic suggestion." A good many examples of wisdom are told of tailors, just as in England they are told of cobblers (who have little employment in islands where women and children go barefoot). A tailor's wife was busy churning, when a woman came in to ask for fire. "Keep busily at it," called the tailor to his wife, and gave the woman the embers she required, but dropped one into a tub of cold water. This happened a second and a third time, and though the tailor's wife was ready to drop with fatigue, she churned away as she was told. When the third ember was dropped into the tub, the woman sat down moaning: "Oh, in the name of God, let my hand away!" The tailor said he would not, unless she promised never to trouble him or his house again, which she did, and then showed her hand, all bruised and blue from the blows the tailor's wife had given it in the churn. The lid was taken off, and there was nothing within but watery stuff, but in the tub were three large lumps of beautiful butter.

I will conclude with a warning against lightly meddling with matters so serious as these. A man was going to mass early on Sunday morning to Kiloanan. As he crossed the strand, he found a woman and her daughter actively engaged in framing witchcrafts by means of pieces of thread of various colours. He tore up the whole apparatus and rebuked them for malice and for breach of the Sunday. They entreated him not to reveal what he had seen, and promised their protection in return for his silence. Nevertheless after mass he told the story. Shortly after, when he was about to sail for the mainland, a black crow settled on the mast of his boat and a storm arose in which he perished. The story is not only true, but of recent occurrence.

(Concluded).

New York, June 21, 1901.

SIR,—I will be pleased if any of the readers of the *Celtic Monthly* could give me some information in regard to the old family of Stewarts of Gartnafauran of the parish of Balquhiddier, Perthshire, which became extinct, I believe, some time in the last century. I would also like some information concerning the family of Stewarts descended from Garth, who were formerly for many years residents of Glenfinlas near Loch Katrine. I will greatly appreciate any particulars which I may receive in response to the above inquiries.—I am, etc.,

H. C. STEWART.



RODERICK MACLEAN, J.P.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

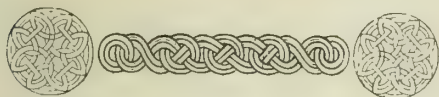
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RODERICK MACLEAN, J.P., of Gometra.



MR. Roderick Maclean, second son of the late Hector Maclean, merchant, Dervaig, Mull, was born in the *Eilean Muileach*, and received his education in the village school.

When quite a young lad he came to Glasgow, and served his apprenticeship to the grocery trade with the late J. Burns, Argyle Street, in whose employment he remained for five years. Soon afterwards he commenced business on his own account, and by his talent and enterprise established a large and prosperous wholesale business, now carried on in Glasgow and Whiteinch under the name of R. Maclean & Co. Some years ago the subject of our sketch ceased to take an active interest in the business, his partner clansman, Mr. R. Maclean now superintending that flourishing concern.

About eight years ago he bought the Island of Gometra, Mull, where he resides for the greater part of the year. Here he devotes his time and energy to the improvement of his estate and the breeding of Highland cattle. Living within a short distance of the classic Isles of Iona and Staffa, and surrounded with exquisite scenery, his life may be considered an enviable one indeed.

Mr. Maclean is a liberal in politics, and like his forefathers a staunch Free-Church man. He has not hitherto taken any prominent part in public affairs, but is nevertheless in full sympathy with every scheme operating to improve the condition of the Highland crofters and for the benefit of the Highlands generally. Mr. Maclean married recently a daughter of the late

Rev. Roderick Macdonald, parish minister of South Uist, and only last month we observed with pleasure his name appearing among the list of gentlemen appointed Justices of the Peace for the County of Argyll, an honour which he well deserves.

The subject of our sketch is a typical representative of his clan and race, appearing at his best in his Highland home, where his many friends always receive a hearty Highland welcome. A real *Muileach*, everything relating to the Island of Mull is an attraction to him. He is particularly interested in its history and antiquities.

Mr. Maclean's successful career should prove a stimulus and example to the youth of his native isle, and to all young Highlanders who, without influence or means, desire to make a position for themselves in the great towns of the South.

THE GARDEN OF WOMANHOOD.

Through the gate of glad Girlhood, she passed
Reaching her goal, the Garden, at last.

The thousand hues of a myriad flowers
Fill with new scents the lingering hours ;
Apples of laughter—green branches of song
Waving in sunlight all the day long.
(Too soon to forget this wonder-stage,
May she feel gently the Evening age).

Yet in this Garden, fair with God's work,
Full many a weed, though unseen, may lurk.
Some flowers are wanton in colour and pride :
Others content their sweet fragrance to hide
In some modest dell, where the green shadows sleep,
And from their moss-bed the shy violets peep.

(Of her may this be in after years told :—
"She chose the flowers that never grow old.")

In the dusk twilight, may some cool hand
Smooth out her sorrows in the far Dream Land.
May she, 'midst the blossoms, the Queen of them
move
Plucking pale lilies of pureness, red roses of love.

COINNEACH DUBH.

THE PICTURE OF THE CORRIGAUN: OR, THE STORY OF A NATURAL PHENOMENON.

BY ALICE C. MACDONNELL, OF KEPPICH.



HE brown and orange sails of the fishing smacks passed slowly up and down the Sound of Iona. Here and there one, snowy white, showed in their midst, flitting like a swan over the waters. Away there, in the distance, were the peaked ridges of Staffa, the Isles of Coll and Tiree; and still further off, the trailing smoke of a steamer outward bound for Barra and the further Hebrides.

The hum of a spinning wheel mingling with the laughter of girls, coming from the cottages below, reached the ears of a man lying face

downwards among the heather blooms, inhaling the delicious aroma from the strong honey-scented bells, with the pungent scent of the bog myrtle. Crushing his face down on to them, he lay in a perfect ecstasy of nature love, lost to all outward sights and sounds, wrapped round with the magic air of the isle of sainted Columcille. Idle of hand, idle of brain, drinking in the fresh salt breath of the sea, bathed in the glorious June sunshine; revelling in the graceful flight of the seabirds, dipping and wheeling overhead, or in full flight to the tiny rocky islets where they made their summer homes; letting all things go—in the sublime holiday rest that only a being as hard worked as he could



EILEAN BAN, ISLAND OF MULL.

thoroughly appreciate. Pencil and palette lay untouched by his side. He had come to rest, and rest he meant to have. Perhaps the total abandonment of all mental effort laid by a reserve fund—drawn upon later on, in his great triumph for the Paris Salon, the picture of a memorable year.

Baron le Vallon came of an old Breton family, whose ancestors owned the old and rather dilapidated chateau not far from Plonharuel. Coming to Scotland for the first time, his knowledge of his native Breton stood him in good stead, enabling him to easily master the Gaelic tongue, much to the surprise of those around him. Making friends quickly with the

peasants, his great companion for boating excursions was Donald Dubh (Black Donald), in whose mother's cottage he lodged. Evening after evening he spent lying at the stern of the fisherman's smack, listening, entranced, to the old-world traditions and legends peopling these haunted regions, Donald only too willing to impart his knowledge to so sympathetic a listener.

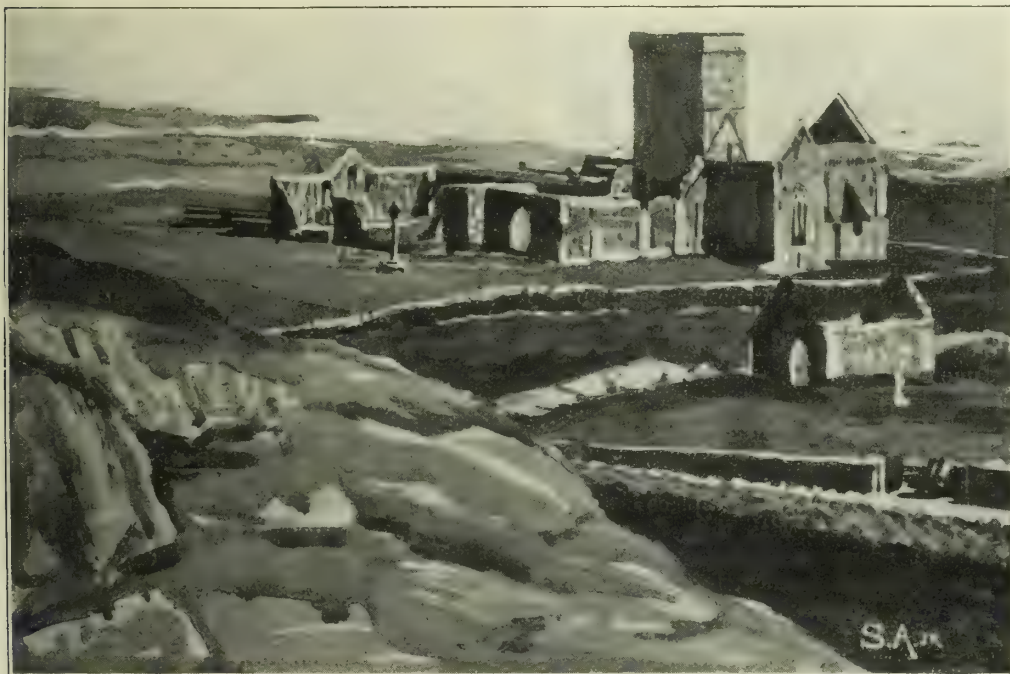
The hum of the great world came to this quiet abode only as the roar of the sea heard in the prisons of the Bass. Days there were, however, cordially detested by the artist, when the tourist steamer disgorged its contents on these peaceful shores, when loud-voiced strangers proclaimed

their advent in strident discords—a terrible contrast to the musical intonation of the Celt. Crushing the beautiful delicate shells with large flat feet, poking in and out cottage homes with the usual indelicacy of the underbred, crumbling away pocketsful of the tiny pale green pebbles that dot the shore; making day hideous with the idiocy of their blatant remarks, even within the precincts of the old cathedral. It was always with a sigh of relief Le Vallon stood watching the swift steamer depart, leaving him once more alone to the solitude of his beloved hills.

Everything was of interest to this artistic

nature in Iona; for alas! how few painters *are* artists. One thing there was more than all the rest, surrounded as with the halo of mystery.

During one of his frequent evening sails with Donald, on rounding a point they came into a lovely bay near the Ross of Mull. All at once a most lovely cottage, high perched on a rocky point, came into view—the walls almost concealed by brilliant creepers of every hue. Roses, clematis, passion flowers and honeysuckle twined and intertwined over pillars of purest marble, on to the gabled roof, over a verandah extending the length of the building; in at the open casement they peeped, gorgeous of hue and delicate



IONA CATHEDRAL.

of perfume. The back of the half-hidden habitation nestled against a heather-covered, pine-crowned rock, the two sides so completely sheltered by wood that you might pass and never perceive a sign of human life, unless you sailed up directly in front of the house as they had done. Steps cut in the rock led down to the beach, where a tiny skiff rocked at anchor.

"What an ideal dwelling-place!" cried the Baron in rapture. "Donald, you have never told me of this sweet place, although you have spoken of nearly every hill and stone on this coast. It looks just such a spot as one of your 'ban-siths' would inhabit."

"*A Dhia gleidh sinn*" (God protect us),

Donald muttered. "I never thought how near we were, and the wind rising, too!"

"What in heaven's name do you mean, man?" asked the Breton crossly, as the fisherman tightened the sails and sped like a flash out of sight of the cottage and its bay. "Is there a hideous old witch up there that you fear may send a 'buidseach' after you, or what?"

"No, no, sir," replied Donald gravely, "it is the beautiful maiden she is, whatever; but whether she has the buidseachd (witchcraft) or no, I cannot say. It is where she is loving and pitying the most she will be doing the greatest harm, 'bròinean bochd' (poor little thing)."

The back of the fisherman's rough hand went

up to his eyes as he spoke, wiping away a salt tear that had gathered there in sad remembrance.

The artist's interest was now thoroughly aroused, and he begged of the fisherman to relate the story of the fair 'incognita' of the enchanted cottage.

Shaking his head mysteriously, Donald answered in a hushed voice, as one speaks in the chambers of the dead: "'Deed, sir, I just couldna, even if I would. The only man that knows it right would be Dr. M'Innes. He knows more nor any o' us. Whiles we will be hearing her singing the sad love songs, and then we will be knowing that she is looking away over to Barra—where *he* lies sleeping among the chiefs of Barra. Whiles she will be going away by herself for hours in the wee skiff yonder, and it is fearing she will never come back we will be. But death will not come to them that go out open handed to meet him."

No more was to be got out of old Donald Dubh, the most skilled fisherman and the best company to be met with in the Hebrides. So Le Vallon sought out his only other intimate on the island the following evening, in the hope that Dr. M'Innes would prove a more tractable subject from whence to extract information than Donald, and persuaded him to go for a long ramble over the moors in the soft gloaming of the June evening.

DR. M'INNES' STORY.

"So far as secrets are concerned," began the Doctor, seating himself down on the heather and motioning his companion to a place beside him, where they both sat with their backs resting comfortably against a moss-grown rock; "so far as secrets are concerned, I fear you will be somewhat disappointed. There are positively none in the life of poor Nina Olivari, save one, and that is Nature's own—which she, poor child, has no knowledge of, and even I can only in part account for. I know well the peasantry here believe in their heart of hearts that she is a kind of witch; and looking back upon many events that have happened—her strange advent among them, the mystery of her life, and other curious phenomena—I can hardly blame them. It is a long story and a sad one; yet, as I fear there is an absence of the usual dramatic incidents, it may not appeal to your imaginative mind."

"Nay, M'Innes, *mon ami*, let me be the judge of that. You tell me of a beautiful, mysterious creature, half woman, half 'corrigaun,' hinting at some 'triste' story in the background, then coolly remark to me, a Celt and a Breton, that there is nothing there to appeal to the imagination! *Tiens!* you have a poor opinion of me, *mon ami*."

An impatient gesture on the part of the Baron denoted his *ennui* at the tale he was anxious to hear having to be dragged out of these islanders, as limpets off their native rocks.

"Hold hard! hold hard! you fiery young Frenchman," laughed M'Innes good-naturedly. "I do not wish to add to your excitable temperament by pretending to retail something which *may*, mind you I say *may*, disappoint you after all. In the first place, what age do you picture this divinity to be?"

"Ah! an angel of surpassing beauty in the dawn of youth perhaps? Yet no; you say she has suffered much? Her face, then, to an artist would be of double interest. A woman, perhaps, in her thirtieth year?—an interesting age, I think."

"A woman of forty-five," quietly remarked the doctor.

"*Elle a des années alons!*" cried Le Vallon. "But continue; I am still interested. Each age of woman has its own peculiar charm."

"I said a woman of forty-five," resumed M'Innes. "Were you to meet Nina to-night you would probably, and with reason, doubt my veracity. Her baptismal register makes her age as such. In reality, she is not more than five or six and twenty."

"You speak in riddles, my friend. I, being unlettered in the sciences, fail to grasp your meaning."

"I could adduce many instances of what I say," remarked the doctor. "In my country women have a longer girlhood than with you, consequently the freshness of youth is not forced into maturity too soon. But this case I speak of is altogether exceptional even here. Besides, Nina is not of our blood."

"Now you remind me of the old classic days, when Helen of Troy and Cleopatra set the world on fire—one in her thirty-sixth year, the other about the age you mention. Without doubt, there are strange things in nature."

"Aye! you may well say," quietly answered the Highlander. "Count Olivari and his little girl came here under strange circumstances. They were wrecked off this coast in one of the fiercest storms I have ever witnessed. It was his own yacht that went down that night. None were saved except himself, Nina, and a nurse who did not long survive the cold and the shock. We did what we could for the survivors. They stayed in my house until the fever which attacked the Count had passed away, and he had regained his usual health. As to the child, she did not suffer at all. Always gay, always laughing, she won the hearts of all around her. The Count's wife was not on board. I gathered from his pained reserve on the subject and the ravings of his delirium, that some terrible

tragedy lay behind that name which he never alluded to in his sane hours.

"A scholar of profound learning, a man fit to be a leader among men, it was always a matter of wonder to me how he managed to settle down in an out-of-the-world corner of the Highlands as he did, building himself yon sweet home you say you passed last night in old Ian's smack."

"Yes. I wondered at the foreign character of the architecture; now I understand," said the Breton.
(*To be concluded*).

HOSPITALITY OF THE CELTS.



THE Celts in general have always been renowned for their hospitality—the MacDonalds especially so, for they have seldom been surpassed in practising this generous function on a magnificent scale. People imbued with such feelings must have had some very fine points in their character, which were evidently not appreciated by those who had axes of their own to grind. They fought well, they loved well, and they feasted well—and could sing well, too. One of the functions of the bards was to extol the hospitality of the chiefs; and like their predecessors among the ancient Gauls, they sat at their master's table and enlivened the banquet by reciting adulatory effusions. Diodorus Siculus informs us that the Celts took the greatest delight in inviting strangers to their tables, before whom were always placed the fairest and best joints. The Celtiberi were famous for their civility and courtesy to strangers, and those who had it in their power to entertain guests were esteemed favourites of the gods. Cæsar also celebrates their hospitality, and Tacitus remarks that no nation on earth was ever more liberal than the Germans in deeds of hospitality and social feasts. Strabo and other ancient writers likewise extol the Celtic feasts.

Ariannes, a wealthy Galatian, entertained all his countrymen for a whole year at his individual expense. He divided the roads throughout the provinces into convenient day's journeys, and with reeds, poles, and willows erected pavilions capable of containing three hundred persons or upwards; and having for the preceding year employed numerous artificers to make cauldrons, he placed them in these buildings and kept them continually full of all sorts of flesh. Every day many bulls, swine, sheep, and other cattle were slain, and many measures of corn and much barley meal, ready kneaded, was procured; and all this was not confined to the inhabitants, but the servants were instructed to constrain all strangers to partake of the feast.*

* Athenæus, IV.

The riches of the Gauls enabled them to indulge in very extravagant expenditure. Luernius, a king of the Averni, to court popularity, was accustomed to throw silver and gold among the crowds who followed him as he drove through the fields. On one occasion he enclosed a space of twelve furlongs, in which he had constructed ponds filled with costly and delicious liquors. Stores of victuals, ready cooked, were also provided, sufficient for all who chose to partake of them for many days.*

The Highlanders of Scotland formerly carried their hospitality to as great an extent as the ancient Celts. In past ages it was uniformly a practice to leave their doors open at night as well as in the day, that any traveller might be able to avail himself of shelter and entertainment. It was considered infamous in a man of condition to have the door of his house ever shut, lest, as the bards expressed it, the stranger should come and behold his contracted soul. The gate of Fingal stood always open, and his hall was the strangers' home.† All over the Highlands the guest of a Highland chief was not questioned as to his business until the expiration of a year, should he stop so long. After successful expeditions the chiefs gave great entertainments, to which all the country round were invited. On these occasions, whole deer and beeves were roasted and laid on boards or hurdles of rods placed on the rough trunks of trees, so arranged as to form an extended table; and the uisge-beatha and "slige-chreachainn"‡ went round freely. The pipers played during the feast, after which the women danced, and when they retired the harpers were introduced. There were also dramatic entertainments, which, according to Dr. John Macpherson and the Rev. Dr. Macleod, consisted of some selections from Ossian, etc. Their "little dramas" also embraced more than a dozen dramatic dances, which had all the appearance of being very ancient, and which were acted throughout. Of these, the Uist drama of "Cailleach an Durdain" and the Skye dance of "Buailidh mi's a' chlaiginn thu" are familiar examples.

The Lords of the Isles were famous for their liberal entertainments, lasting many days, and for their liberal patronage of the church and of learning. At the burial of one of the Lords of the Isles in Iona, nine hundred cows, valued at three merks each, were consumed.§ Such entertainments were well calculated to have a great influence on the people under their sway, and cement that loyalty to the chief so character-

* Ibid, from Posidonius.

† Smith's "Gaelic Antiquities."

‡ A scallop-shell used as a drinking cup.

§ Logan's "Scottish Gael."

istic of the Highlanders. As Professor Mac-kinnon remarked in his introductory lecture in October, 1899, "by the fall of this old and princely house the people of the Isles had good cause for many a long day to echo the sad refrain of the old bard: 'Ni h-eibhneas gun Chlann Dhomhnuill'—There is no joy without the Clan Donald."

On her liberation from the Tower of London, and after her return to Skye, Flora Macdonald, the heroine, resided for some weeks at Monkstad, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald, where "all the principal families in the island were invited to a splendid banquet which he gave in honour of his fair namesake. The festivities extended over four days, when high and low were entertained in a manner that did credit to the friendly generosity and hospitality of the great Mac Dhomhnuill of the Isles." Among the party were Flora's brother from Milton and Clan Ranald and his lady. Her own wedding festivities at Flodigarry on the 6th of November, 1750, were also conducted on a large scale, and lasted for the greater part of a week.

The following account of a worthy Macdonald of the old school was related by Mr. Donald Macpherson, author of "Melodies from the Gaelic": Donald Macdonald, Esq., of Aberarder, a relative of the Keppochs, father of Captain Macdonald of Moy, was remarkable for his hospitality. Aberarder House is situated in a very romantic spot at the side of Loch Laggan, and is distant on one side four and on the other six miles from any house. In good weather he used to seat himself on a green knoll above the mansion-house, which commanded a view of the road at least a mile each way, and when he discovered a traveller he used to desire Mrs. Macdonald immediately to prepare food, for that he had discovered a stranger whose slow progress indicated the necessity of refreshment. Sometimes it happened that the stranger passed without calling, on discovering which he would exclaim: "Damn the scoundrel! I am sure he is a bad fellow at home."

When King James V. visited Perthshire on a hunting expedition, he was entertained for three days by the Earl of Athole at the rate of £1000 a day. The menu on that memorable occasion consisted of beef, mutton, lamb, veal, venison, goose, grice, capon, cran, swan, partridge, plover, duck, drake, brissel-cock and pawnsies, black-cock and muir-fowl, capercaillies; and also the tanks that were about the castle were full of all delicate fishes, such as salmon, trout, perch, pike, eels, etc.; besides wheat-bread, main-bread, and ginger-bread; also all kinds of drinks, such as ale, beer, wine (both white and claret), Malvasy, Muskadel, Hippocras, and Aquavita; and there were provided

stewards, cunning bakers, excellent cooks, and pottingars, with confections and drugs for their desserts. And the halls and chambers were prepared with costly bedding, vessels, and napery, to suit a king; so that the royal sportsman was better treated than he would be in his own palace.*

Lord Lovat also, as late as 1725, when engaged raising his company of the "Freiceadan Dubh," entertained largely. Numbers of the vassals were about the house, and were all entertained at the chief's expense. The lairds sat towards the head of the table, and drank claret with their host; next to these were seated the daoine uasal (gentlemen), who drank whisky punch; the tenants, who were beneath these, were supplied with ale; and at the bottom, and even outside, a multitude of the clan regaled themselves with bread and an onion, or bread and cheese, and table beer. Lovat, addressing the second class, would say: "Cousins, I told the servants to hand you wine, but they tell me ye like punch best"; to others: "Gentlemen, there is what ye please at your service, but I send you ale as I know ye prefer it."

The Welsh and Irish, as members of the "Celtic fringe," were also famous for their hospitality. Giraldus Cambrensis relates that when strangers are present among the Welsh, the master and mistress of the house always serve them personally, and never taste anything until the guests have finished their repast, in order that, should there be any deficiency of provisions, it may fall to their share. He also mentions that when a stranger entered a house water was immediately brought for him to wash his feet. If he did so it was then known that he would stop some time—for the night, or longer—which diffused great joy throughout the family, and every entertainment that they could afford was provided for their guest.

The practice of entertaining a stranger as long as he chose to stop, by a whole circle of friends, was zealously adhered to in Ireland. "It was said of O'Niel, in the language of the bards, that 'guests were in his house more numerous than trees in the forest.' The MacSwineys were anciently famous for their hospitality. Near Clodach Castle, an old seat of theirs, a stone was set up by the highway, on which was an inscription inviting all travellers to repair to the house of Edmund MacSwiney for refreshment." Dr. Molloy relates that one of his ancestors, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, entertained 960 men at Christmas in his house of Broghell.

The hospitality of the Highlanders towards Prince Charles Edward Stewart, and Flora MacDonald's singular devotion to his cause, have no parallel in history.

Edinburgh.

K. N. MACDONALD.

*Pittscottie p. 147 fol. ed.

SIMON FRASER, TENTH LORD LOVAT.*

HERE is a story told in the Highlands that Patrick Macalpine Grant of Rothiemurchus and Lord Lovat were playing cards together. Macalpine hesitated for a time over his play, until Lovat, growing impatient, urged him to go on with the game. "Well, Lovat," said Macalpine, "the truth is I have a hand that puzzles me. You'd be fitter to play it yourself, for it's a knave between two kings."

A knave between two kings! In this witty description is summed up the common estimate of Lord Lovat. He was, in the popular opinion, a knave and a trimmer, an abandoned villain, who betrayed everybody and ended by betraying himself. The story of his career is so familiar and accessible that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon it. Securing, after long and tedious disputes, the estates and peerage of Lovat, he endeavoured to aggrandize himself by doing what Marlborough and Bolingbroke had done before him. He intrigued with the Stuart princes at St. Germain's while professing loyalty to the sovereign in London. When Prince Charles Edward raised the standard of revolt in Scotland in 1745, Lovat remained at home, but sent his clan to assist the insurgents. As a result of his action, the aged chief was tried for high treason and executed on Tower Hill in 1747.

History and tradition have joined in condemning Lovat. He was, according to Mr. Andrew Lang, "a bad man, a bully, a traitor from of old, vain, sentimental, and a braggart." To John Hill Burton his name was synonymous with all that was infamous. Anderson, the historian of the Frasers, describes him as "a man in whom were united, in miniature, the arts of a Machiavel with the tyranny of a Cæsar Borgia." Dr. Johnson used to repeat "with great energy," according to Boswell, some lines which appeared in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* at the time of Lovat's execution.

"But Lovat's fate indifferently we view:
True to no King, to no religion true.
No fair forgets the ruin he has done;
No child laments the tyrant of his son;
No Tory pities, thinking what he was;
No Whig compassions, for he left the cause;
The brave regret not, for he was not brave;
The honest mourn not, knowing him a knave."

In all this severity there is undoubtedly some evidence of the truth of the well-worn adage: "Give a dog a bad name." "Malheur," says Montesquieu, "a la reputation de tout prince qui est opprimé par un parti, qui devient

dominant, ou qui a tenté de détruire une préjugé qui lui survit!" Woe to the reputation of the prince who struggles with a party which overcomes him or a prejudice which survives him! Montesquieu's statement is true of others besides princes. It is not too much to say that the memory of every man who falls in support of a lost cause runs some risk of being treated with less than justice. Men have always revenged themselves on the good fame of the dead for the troubles and difficulties which they caused while alive.

The reputation of Lovat has suffered more severely than those of his fellow Jacobites, because he represented a type of politician, astute and subtle, which has always been distasteful to the Anglo-Saxon mind. "Am I politic? Am I subtle? Am I a Machiavel?" asks mine host of the Garter in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," expressing a concatenation of qualities singularly disagreeable to Englishmen. The reputation of slipperiness is fatal to politicians in England. Lord Shelburne, as Disraeli so often insisted, was one of the ablest of British statesmen, yet Lord Rosebery has pointed out how he was hampered by the reputation of subtlety, which procured for him the nicknames of "Jesuit" and "Malagrida." Lovat was as unfortunate as Shelburne. He was a born intriguer, with the intellect of a mediæval Italian rather than that of a Scots Highlander. He used to repeat the Virgilian lines:

"In utrum paratus,
Leu versare dolos, seu certae occumbere morti."
and the words were not unsuitable to himself. His character recalls Lord Herries and the Frenchified Scotsmen, who formed the *entourage* of Mary Queen of Scots and plotted and schemed for the accomplishment of her ambitions. The Saxon mind condemns and censures in the subtle Lovat acts which in the case of blunter intellects it regards with indifference or indulgence.

Whether or not the popular verdict on Lovat's career is correct, the present writer believes that there were traits in his character which were good and which have not received sufficient recognition. He was above all things a strong man, with a strong mind and a strong will. He was ambitious. "Quoi que vous me pussiez dire contre l'ambition," wrote the Marquise de la Frezelière to Lovat, "elle ne mourra dans votre cœur qu'avec vous. Elle est l'âme des Frezels."—Whatever you may say against ambition, it will only die in your heart with yourself. It is the soul of the Frasers.* Lovat's hold on

* Some writers call Simon Fraser the *twelfth* Lord Lovat. The enumeration adopted is that of Burke's "Peerage."

** "Major Fraser's Manuscript," edited by Ferguson, i., 136.

life was strong and vigorous; he lived a life full of adventure and variety. He was a Highland chief, yet he was as much at home in the Strand or Cheapside as he was on the shores of Lochness. Now we hear of him living among the mountains of Inverness-shire; again we read of him haunting the streets of London; at one time he lives with Thomas Clark, apothecary, near the monument; at another time he is living in Soho Square. He was flattered by Lord Townsend; he was friendly with Hogarth; he lost money in the South Sea mania; he fought a duel with the Duke of Wharton in Hyde Park over a lady in the retinue of the Spanish Ambassador; he mixed in the humblest society and in the highest. He undoubtedly established himself as a favourite with George the First, and had, as he told the Duke of Cumberland, carried him in his arms in the parks at Kensington and Hampton Court, and held him up to his royal grandfather to embrace. "At one time," says John Hill Burton,* "a mountain brigand, hunted from cave to cave; at another, a laced courtier, welcomed by the first circle in Europe. In summer a powerful baron, with nearly half a kingdom at his back; in winter, dragged ignominiously to the block. By turns a soldier, a statesman, a Highland chief, a judge administering the laws of the land, and, if tradition speaks true, a Jesuit and a parish priest. Uniting the loyal Presbyterian Whig with the Catholic Jacobite, and supporting both characters with equal success."

The passion of Lovat's life was the aggrandizement of his clan. To secure the love and obedience of the Frasers was the chief object of his most ardent desires; in all his schemes this was the end for which he most eagerly worked. In 1718, Lovat, "being now very ill of a dangerous fever," writes "to the Honourable the Gentlemen of the name of Fraser." In his letter he tells them: "I loved you all . . . and as I loved you, so I loved all my faithful commons in general more than I did my own life, or health, or comfort, or satisfaction. . . My greatest desire and the greatest happiness I proposed to myself under Heaven was to make you all live happy and make my poor commons flourish. . . I did likewise design to make my poor commons live at their ease and have them always well clothed and well armed after the Highland manner and not to suffer them to wear low country clothes, but make them live like their forefathers with the use of their arms."

The Frasers had always been a powerful and distinguished clan, and it was the aim of Lovat to maintain their high reputation. Writing to Lochiel after the departure of his son to join

the Prince, he says: "I had much rather hear of my son's death and my clan's than that they should misbehave; since history cannot show an occasion in which the Frasers misbehaved, for I thank God they were always known to be brave." Lovat's pride of race and name was evinced in many ways. One of the articles of his impeachment at his trial was his having accepted from James the Third a patent creating him Duke of Fraser. A curious document was drawn up, at Lovat's instance, which throws light on this side of his character. Prior to the French Revolution there flourished in Tourraine a noble family of great antiquity named Frezeau de la Frezeliere, which claimed kinship with the Frasers of Scotland. Lovat and the Marquis de la Frezeliere, having struck up a friendship, entered into a formal league of amity, and compiled an Act and Record acknowledging the relationship of the two families and declaring an alliance between them. It was executed on the one part by the Marquis de la Frezeliere, the Duc de Luxembourg, the Duc de Chatillon, and the Prince de Tingrie; on the other by Lovat, John Fraser, his brother, and George Henry Fraser, Major of the Irish Regiment of Bourke in the French service.

Lovat's rule of ethics for the Highlanders was loyalty to the chief of the clan. A person who travelled in the Highlands immediately after the Fifteen, said that Lovat distinguished himself by his opposition to schools and education generally, and by his activity in reviving a clannish spirit, which had greatly declined since the revolution—using all popular arts to impress upon the minds of the rising generation how sacred a character that of chief or chieftain was. His opinion of the allegiance due from clansmen to their chief is shown in connection with the monument to his father, which he erected in the church of Kirkhill. It bore the following remarkable inscription:

"To the memory of Lord Thomas Fraser of Lovat, who chose rather to undergo the greatest hardships of fortune than to part with the ancient honours of his house, and bore these hardships with an undaunted fortitude of mind. This monument was erected by Simon, Lord Fraser of Lovat, his son, who likewise having undergone many and great vicissitudes of good and bad fortune through the malice of his enemies, he in the end, at the head of his clan, forced his way to his paternal inheritance, with his sword in his hand, and relieved his kindred and his followers from oppression and slavery; and both at home and in foreign countries by his eminent actions in the war and the state, he has acquired great honours and reputation.

"Hic tegit ossa lapis, Simonis fortis in armis,
Restituit pressum nam genus ille suum.
Hoc marmor posuit cari genitoris honori;
In genus afflictum par erat ejus amor."

When Sir Robert Munro said: "Simon, how

* "Life of Lord Lovat"—introduction.

the devil came you to put up such boasting, romantic stuff?" Lovat answered: "The monument and inscription are chiefly for the Frasers, who must believe whatever I, their chief, require of them, and their posterity will think it as true as the gospel."

If an advocate of the name of Fraser appeared against his chief, if a clergyman of the clan disobeyed the chief's injunctions, Lovat could find no name bad enough for him. He was an unnatural villain, or an unparalleled traitor, or a horrible parricide. In the election of 1740 in Inverness, the Laird of Macleod opposed Sir James Grant of Grant. Lovat supported Macleod; Fraser of Fairfield gave his vote to Grant. Lovat's description of Fairfield's conduct is vigorous. He "took his journey by Castle Grant, and, for a promise that the Laird made him of an ensigny to his son, the poor covetous, narrow, greedy wretch has renounced his chief and his kindred. . . He then discovered himself to be an unnatural traitor, an infamous deserter, and an ungrateful wretch to me, his chief, who had done him such signal services. . . He should be hanged for deserting of me to serve any Grant that ever was born, or any other Scotsman."

Lovat showed a wonderful ability in securing the affection and loyalty of his clan. He knew the weaknesses of the Highlanders, and took full advantage of this knowledge. The fundamental idea which underlay the social life of the Highland clans was that every clansman was the kinsman of his chief, and consequently, that every clansman was a gentleman. During the Fifteen, when the Earl of Mar proposed that certain measures should be taken by consent of the majority of the gentlemen in the army, Sir John Maclean haughtily declared that all his regiment of eight hundred men must be admitted to vote, "since every Maclean was a gentleman."

(To be continued.)

CLAN DONNACHAIDH SOCIETY.—The General Meeting of the Clan will be held in the Masonic Hall, 100 W. Regent Street, Glasgow, on Friday, 20th September. A large gathering is expected, and a number of interesting clan relics are to be exhibited. The Society has just issued a handsome little booklet, bound in Robertson tartan, containing a list of members, annual reports, and other useful information regarding the work of the clan. A membership card has also been issued, artistically got up with designs of the tartan, scene in the Atholl country, armorial bearings, clach-na-brataich (or banner-stone), etc. Copies can be had, price 1s. each. We are pleased to see Clan Donnachaidh making such splendid progress. Mrs. Robertson Matheson, the energetic secretary, is to be congratulated on the flourishing position of the society.

ODE TO THE CREED.*

THIS river, after a turbulent career, empties its dark brown waters into Stornoway Bay. Its valley is beautifully wooded, and becomes, as it approaches the bay, more picturesque and interesting.

Fair Creed, that tumbles to the sea
Through deep defile and rocky bed,
Ye mind me, though I'm far from thee,
Of pleasures past and days long fled.

Fond Mem'ry, like a tender heart,
Clings kindly round those early scenes
That once—but stern laws made us part—
Gave many joys and pleasant dreams.

Dame beauty o'er thy landscape smiles,
Stern nature bends before her tread;
And twilight hour the step beguiles
To linger here till day is fled.

When shim'ring Luna from the wave
Casts o'er the scene a fitful gleam,
Thy dark ravine, where waters rave,
Enchantment to the soul would bring.

When winter's torrents pour along
In thund'rous floods upon their way,
Soft-muffled, sweet, like distant song,
Creed's deafening roar floats o'er the bay.

And where thy dark-brown waters meet
The bay, whose shores are well engirt
By nature's walls, a scene more sweet
The travelled eye ne'er saw, I wot.

Fair Creed! upon thy banks there grew,
In wild profusion, flowerets rare,
That wantoned in the winds that blew,
And sapped their beauty from thy wave.

The primrose comes to cheer the scene
That lies in winter's cold embrace;
And celandine, as it would seem,
Peeps from the grass with modest grace;

The myrtle wild, like manhood, strives
Mid harsher scenes and ruder cares;
When Sol pales low his evening fires
What fragrance can with it's compare?

The foxglove rears its stately stem
Deep in the shade of rock and bower,
And fairies, so the natives tell,
Their "thimbles" ring at witching hour.

Near to thy banks the curious eye
With awe looks on that cold retreat,
Where, when avenging hand was nigh,
The brave outlaw, safe, took his sleep.

And like a guardian o'er the vale,
Brave Cnoc-na-Croich heaves high his head,
Whereon, tradition tells the tale,
The island chiefs stern vengeance sped.

Ah! that my wandering steps once more
Could by thy banks again be free,
I'd see the primrose as of yore,
I'd hear the sounds that used to be!

Durham.

* A river in Lewis.

W. M.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The *CELTIC MONTHLY* will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

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SEPTEMBER, 1901.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

This issue completes Volume 9 of the *CELTIC*, and next number commences the new Volume. The Annual Subscriptions are now due, and as we are desirous of completing the list of subscribers for the next year as soon as possible, our readers would confer a favour by sending their annual contribution (4s. post free) at their earliest convenience to John Mackay, 'Celtic Monthly' Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

Readers in Canada and the United States may remit by dollar bill, which is equivalent in this country to 4s.

THE MÒD.—We need hardly remind our readers that the Gaelic Mòd takes place in the Berkeley (St. Andrew's) Hall, on 19th September, when a long and most attractive programme of competitions will be carried out. In the evening a grand Gaelic concert, by the combined choirs, presided over by the Marquis of Graham, will be given in the large hall of the Exhibition. Full particulars will be found in our advertising pages, and copies of the detailed programme can be had by applying at the office of the *Celtic Monthly*.

We may mention that Mr. Robert Scott, 8 Buchanan Street, has been entrusted with the order to supply the medals for the Mòd, which are to be of a beautiful Celtic design.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY. TOUR TO THE REAY COUNTRY.—The programme for the Annual Tour has now been issued to members. Quite a number of clansmen and friends have arranged to take part, and the proceedings at the various gatherings promise to be of the most interesting character. The

party meet in Thurso on Tuesday, 3rd September, leaving next morning for Melnich. Farr is reached on the 5th; Tongue, 6th; Melness, 9th; Durness, 10th. At each gathering competitions in Gaelic singing, reading, pipe music, etc., will be held, followed by a concert and dance in the evening. The proceedings will commence at noon each day, and last till the following morning. Great preparations are being made all over the Reay country for the event, a public holiday will be held in each parish on the day of the deputation's visit, and a most enthusiastic welcome will be extended to the clansmen from the South. Over 200 Gaelic volumes and handsome money prizes are offered for competition.

CALEDONIAN MEDICAL SOCIETY.—The Annual Dinner in connection with this flourishing Society took place in the Windsor Hotel, Glasgow, on Friday, 9th August. Dr. H. C. Gillies, London, presided, and was supported by Sir Hector Cameron, Drs. M. D. Macleod, Beverley (croupier), S. R. Macphail, Derby, W. A. Macnaughton, Stonehaven, Grant Kerr, Hartwood, P. Macgregor, London, Sheriff MacLachlan, Mr. H. Whyte, (*Fionn*), Messrs. D. MacLachlan, Jas. Grant, John Mackay, and many others. The proceedings were of the most enthusiastic and interesting nature, and the usual toasts were drunk and speeches delivered. In proposing the toast of "Kindred Societies" Dr. Macnaughton made a very flattering reference to the *Celtic Monthly*, which, he stated, was read by members of the profession in all parts of the kingdom, and its arrival each month was always welcomed—a compliment which the editor suitably acknowledged. The whole tone of the gathering was so distinctly Highland that even Gaelic music was not omitted, Mr. John Macleod of the St. Columba Gaelic choir giving a capital rendering of two favourite melodies. Pipe-major F. Macrae and Mr. Kenneth Macdonald gave some excellent selections on the *piob-mhor*. Altogether the Caledonian Medicals spent a most enjoyable evening, and we felt highly honoured to be their guest on such an auspicious occasion. There are doubtless many doctors on our list of readers who are not connected with this Society. To them we would just say, "lose no time in becoming a member; it is an excellent institution."

HIGHLAND HOME INDUSTRIES.—A great sale of work representative of the Home Industries of the Highlands, will take place in the St. Andrews Halls on 22nd and 23rd October, at which the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Montrose, and many other ladies of rank will personally assist. City Treasurer Murray and Mr. John Mackay, Editor *Celtic Monthly*, are making the arrangements for the entertainments which will be appropriately of a Highland character. Mr. Archd. Ferguson with his famous St. Columba Gaelic Choir, will render some popular Gaelic songs, and Pipe-major Jas. McKillop, Jr., will bring the Pipe Band of the Highland Club. Visitors to Glasgow at that time should arrange to attend this very interesting function.

DEATH OF MR. ALEX. MACDONALD, BALEARNALD.—Our readers will regret to learn of the death of this well known Highlander. He is succeeded by his son, Mr. J. A. Ranald MacDonald, Dunblane, who now worthily represents this ancient cadet family of Clan Donald.

HIGHLAND RELICS AT THE EXHIBITION.

THE "BANNOCKBURN" BAGPIPES OF CLAN MENZIES.

By D. P. MENZIES, OF MENZIESTON, F.S.A. Scot.

Author of

The Red and White Book of Menzies.

THE office of pipers to the chiefs of Clan Menzies was held hereditarily by a family of MacIntyres, a name which means "the sons of the carpenter." Traditionally they are said to have been the pipers to The Menzies since before the days of Bruce, and to have



headed Clan Menzies playing the bagpipes at the battle of Bannockburn. The pipes preserved in their family, and handed down from father to son until the time of the late chief, Sir Neil Menzies, of Menzies, Bart., are now known as

"The Menzies Bannockburn Bagpipes." They are referred to by Macintyre North in his *Book of the Club of True Highlanders*, in which is a plate of them (No. 56), described as "the remains of the oldest known bagpipes." Three portions of them remain:—

(1) The Chanter, which has the same number of finger-holes as the modern chanter, but there are two extra holes on each side. These holes are much worn away round their edges. The chanter measures over all $13\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and gradually tapers for 12 inches, from $\frac{3}{4}$ inch at the reed socket to 1 inch diameter at the point, from where it is gradually convexed outward for $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches to form the horn-shaped or trumpet end or mouth, which measures 2 inches diameter over all, with three turned lines on its bottom surface. The inside core tapers from $\frac{7}{8}$ inch in diameter at the horn end to $\frac{1}{4}$ inch diameter at the reed end.

(2) The Blowpipe, which is square, but graduates to the round at the mouthpiece, measures $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches long over all, with male socket at wide end $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches deep by $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch diameter; it is 1 inch square at this end, and tapers for $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches to $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch square, then graduates on to the round, having a male socket for mouthpiece $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep by $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch diameter, tapering to $\frac{7}{16}$ of an inch diameter.

(3) The Drone. The top half only of it remains. It measures $9\frac{1}{8}$ inches over all, and is bored out inside for 6 inches by $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch diameter bore, then other 3 inches by $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch diameter bore, which forms a female socket: the outside at this part is $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches diameter $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches up, it then tapers towards the centre from 2 inches diameter to $\frac{3}{4}$ inch diameter; here there is a rudely formed band, $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch broad and 1 inch diameter, having two small bands at its edges; from this it tapers for $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches to $1\frac{3}{8}$ inches diameter at the end of drone; at the socket end it is mounted with an ancient looking horn band $\frac{5}{8}$ inches deep, which has three small lines round it

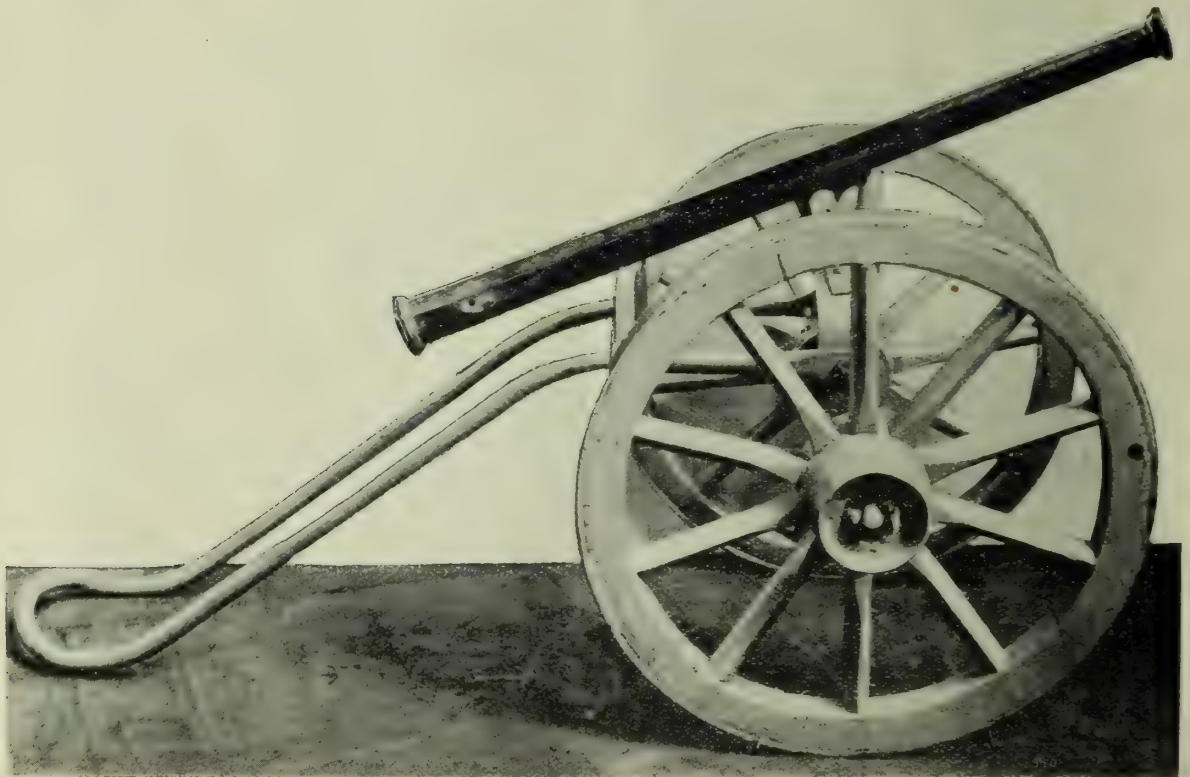
The bag and bag-sockets, as shown in the reproduction are restorations, and were executed by Pipe-Major Duncan MacDougall, Aberfeldy, who, on completing them played a selection of Highland tunes. To get them to play, however, it was necessary to fill up the worm-eaten holes, but after much trouble and care he was successful in restoring them to a playing condition. Their tone is somewhat loud and harsh, but from their having only one drone, the air or melody is heard more distinctly than in the modern bagpipe. He also sent me the following identification of them by an old pupil of the MacIntyres:—

"I have interviewed Alexander Menzies, Aberfeldy, with regard to the old relics of bag-

pipes, said to have belonged to the MacIntyres, hereditary pipers to the Menzies' of Menzies. Alexander Menzies, now over eighty years of age, lived next house to the MacIntyres in Rannoch, 1820-1840, and was a pupil learning pipe-music with them. He well remembers seeing the pieces of the old bagpipes with the MacIntyres, who put great value on them, from their having been in their family for several hundred years."

These Menzies pipers lived at Rannoch in later times. They seem to have been sent by the chiefs of the Menzies from time to time to the MacCrimmons, the well-known teachers of pipe music at Dunvegan, Isle of Skye. The first of them of whom we have any note is Donald Mòr MacIntyre, as having returned from the Isles, as the piper to the chief, Sir Alexander Menzies, first Baronet of Menzies, about 1638. His son, John MacIntyre also completed his knowledge of pipe music under Patrick Oig MacCrimmon, piper to the chiefs of the MacLeods. He is known as the composer of the piobaireachds, "The Field of Sheriffmuir" and "The Menzies Salute," *Faillte Mhèinnearaich*. Mackay says, in his *Collection of Ancient Pipe*

Music, 1838:—"This fine, bold piobaireachd is the composition of John MacIntyre, son of Donald MacIntyre, in the Brae of Rannoch, who was, at the time of the battle of Sheriffmuir, piper to Menzies of that Ilk, chief of the name about 1715." His son, Donald Bane MacIntyre, succeeded him as hereditary piper to the chiefs, Sir Robert Menzies, third Baronet of Menzies; Sir John, fourth Baronet; Sir Robert, fifth Baronet; and Sir Neil, sixth Baronet of Menzies, some years after whose succession to the chieftainship Donald Bane died, and left two sons, Robert and John. Robert had become piper, before his father's death, to the late W. Robertson MacDonald, chieftain of Clan Ranald. On the death of his father, being the elder son, the "Menzies Bannockburn Pipes" came into his possession. He, on the death of chieftain MacDonald, went to America, but left the old pipes in Scotland with the MacDonalds of Loch Moidart, and they were sent to me by Mrs. MacDonald-MacVicar of Invermoidart, and have now been identified by his father's old pupil, Alexander Menzies, who herded the piper's cattle when a boy. John MacIntyre, the brother of Robert, lived in the Menzies Rannoch country,



THE MENZIES CANNON FROM CASTLE MENZIES, USED IN THE WARS OF QUEEN MARY.

where he died about 1834-5, leaving a son, Donald, who had a farm called *Allarich*, at the top of Loch Rannoch. Robert MacIntyre, the last of the race of Menzies pipers, unfortunately having gone to America, the chief, Sir Niel Menzies, appointed Alexander Dewar as piper to Clan Menzies, but he went to Mid-Lothian about 1842-43, when John MacGregor was appointed to the office, which he held under Sir Neil, and Sir Robert, the present chief, until 1890, when he died, and was succeeded by his son, Neil MacGregor, who is now piper to Sir Robert Menzies, seventh Baronet.

Since the battle of Bannockburn it is just possible that these old pipes have been in all the battles with Clan Menzies, at Otterburn, Flodden, Tibbermuir, Kilsyth, Killiecrankie, Sheriffmuir, Prestonpans, Falkirk, Culloden. But the last occasion on which they were played at the head of a portion of the Clan was at an "At Home" of the Clan in Glasgow on the 22nd May, 1895, when the gathering was opened by a reception by Walter Menzies, Esq., J.P., and Col. James Menzies. The party on leaving the drawing-room for the dancing hall, were headed by the piper playing on the Menzies Bannockburn Bagpipes the national tune of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

THE MENZIES CANNON.

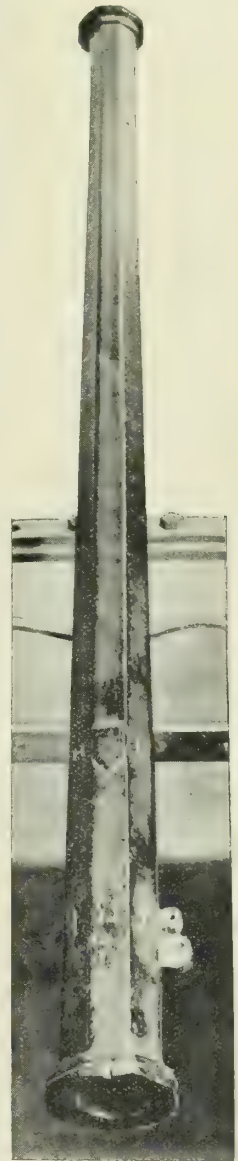
Among the interesting collection of Highland relics shown at the Exhibition is the Menzies Gun, regarding which a few particulars may interest your readers.

During the minority of Queen Mary and the regency of James Hamilton, second Earl of Arran, who was the lineal descendant from Annabella Menzies, a daughter of the chief of Clan Menzies, who, by her marriage with his ancestor, Sir David Hamilton, about 1346, brought into his family the lands and barony of Kinneil and Bo'ness, since which time the relationship had been kept strong between the two families. Sir Robert Menzies became Protestant. This caused Clan Menzies to give the Regent Arran their strenuous support during the wars of Queen Mary. Henry VIII., to force the Scots to agree to the marriage of their queen with his son, sent an army to invade Scotland, which landed at Leith and proceeded to attack Edinburgh. Arran, who had called out all the armed men and clans available — among which were a body of Clan Menzies — marched to the relief of Edinburgh. On his approach the English, after burning and wasting all within their power, made a rapid and disorderly retreat. Next year Clan Menzies, led by their chief, Sir Robert, formed a part of the earl's army which defeated the English forces, with great slaughter, under Lord Evers at Penielhaugh, near Jedburgh,

17th February, 1545. In 1547 an English army of 18,000 men invaded Scotland, and encountered the Scots under the Earl of Arran at Pinkie, where in their eagerness to attack the English, they abandoned a most favourable position and were defeated with great loss, in which the Menzies also suffered. The regent, however, by his prudence, prevented it from being of any advantage to England. Owing to these conflicts, the regent determined to arm those patriotic Scottish nobles and chiefs, who had so ably and nobly assisted to drive the English from Scotland, with the latest and best make of artillery.

Accordingly, in 1553, he had a number of bronze guns cast off a pattern, light and handy, which when mounted on light carriages, could be pulled along by three or four clansmen and brought into action as rapidly as the clansmen or foot soldiers could manœuvre. These cannon he entrusted to his most tried friends, among whom was chief Sir Robert the Menzies, and his son, Sir Alexander Menzies of Rannoch, to whom he gave several of these guns. Tradition says that, when not away with Clan Menzies engaged in the wars, they were mounted on each of the flanking turrets of Castle Menzies and from the gun ports protecting its ancient doorway, in which case Clan Menzies must have got at least seven bronze cannon. One of these guns was discovered at Castle Menzies, in July 1893, by the author, but without its carriage. Herewith is a description of this fine piece of ordnance, now known as "The Menzies Gun":—

The Menzies Gun measures 4 feet long, is octagon in shape, with a beautiful moulding round the muzzle and breech, showing



THE MENZIES CANNON.

each about seven lines in their formation. The bore is about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches diameter. Across the extreme breech it measures $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, in which it has a hole to act as a socket for a lever to steady the gun when firing; this is formed by a diaphragm about three inches from the end. The muzzle measures $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches over all, and has a sighting notch cut in the mouldings at muzzle and breech. The flash-pan is to the right side of the gun, and is somewhat ornamental; it has been much used, as part of the bronze is eaten away by the action of the powder. It has a carriage socket two feet from the muzzle, with a hole to bolt to the carriage. On the top is a shield with three cinquefoils, the arms of Hamilton, and on either side H (shield) I, the initials of James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, Regent of Scotland; underneath is the date 1553. The gun weighs $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. without carriage. As a bronze casting it is a very fine specimen, and would tax our present tradesmen to produce its equal; altogether it is beautifully proportioned, and indeed a work of art.

There are several of these guns at Hamilton Palace, which were last used at the battle of Langside, doubtless along with "The Menzies Guns," but all was of no avail as that battle settled the fate of Queen Mary. They were exhibited at the "Old Glasgow" Exhibition in 1895. On 7th October, 1893, "The Menzies Cannon" was exhibited at the Gathering of the Menzies Clan Society at Weem, and again at the Gathering of the Clan in Glasgow, 28th November, 1895, being on both occasions of the greatest possible interest to clansmen.

LINES TO THE FARQUHARSONS: "CLAN FIONLAY."



VALIANT sept of Clan Chattan, descended from the Mackintoshes through the Shaws of Rothiemurchus. MacKinlays and MacKerchars are of the same race.

Breathe on my harp, ye southern winds,

And wake to song its strings;

And bear me back to rugged glens

Where Dee unwearied sings;

Where lofty snow-streaked Lochnagar—

Aspiring to the sky—

Behind the forests of Braemar

Its shoulders raise on high;—

To vales and glens that heard of old

The slogan of the brave,

And stalwart clansmen, leal and bold,

To king and country gave;

That to the field of Pinkie sent—

In trying days of yore,

To bear the loyal flag in front—

The famous Finlay More;

Whose hardy kilted warriors cross'd

The broad majestic Tweed,

When James's cause seemed all but lost,

'Neath Preston's walls to bleed;

And 'mongst the bravest of the brave,

Leal sons of wild Braemar

On bleak Culloden found a grave,

When set Prince Charlie's star.

Clan Finlay, ye may proudly trace

Descent from Chattan's line,

And Rothiemurchus' ancient race

Of island, lake, and pine.

The forest cat is yours by right

To crest your quartered shield,

The symbol of your father's might

On many a gory field.

Your olden sires bequeathed to you

A grand and famous name;

'Tis yours, like clansmen leal and true,

To strive for greater fame.

Hatfield.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S LOVE.



WHEN I first saw the Chieftain I admit

I was startled. It was in the late

Autumn. I had been staying for my

holidays at a small hamlet in the West High-

lands, and on this particular day, the second of

my visit, I was returning from a long ramble.

The time would be about 8-30 p.m., and the moon

was full. He was sitting on a large slab raised

about two feet from the ground by two smaller

upright slabs placed under each end. Dressed

in full highland costume, with his long plaid

wrapped closely round him, and his tam-o'-shanter

beside him on the slab, he sat there muttering

to himself. Never had I seen a weirder figure,

and the moonlight seemed but to "Lend enchant-

ment to the view." Ever and anon he started

up, his muttering rising to a wild cry, and paced

round and round the slab. I watched him with

a kind of fascination, wondering if he were a

madman escaped from an Asylum, till the thought

of his dress dispelled the idea. Suddenly his

muttering ceased. Drawing himself to his

fullest height, he seemed, though he made no

sound, to be addressing an imaginary host. His

long white hair reached down to his broad

shoulders, and waved from side to side with the

swaying of his body. Then, with a strange

gesture he placed his tam-o'-shanter on his head

and walked swiftly away. I watched his tall,

well-made figure, set off to such splendid advan-

age by the Highland dress, till it disappeared

over the brow of a little hill. Only then did I

seem to remember I had seen something strange,

and obeying a sudden impulse I went over to the

slab. It was about seven feet long, and three

broad, and on its rough face, ill-hewn and badly

shaped were the words:—

"Ian Donn, Chief of his Clan."

Next morning I asked the only person with

whom I could claim any acquaintance in the Glen, who was the strange person I had seen. I did not expect to be told anything at any length, for a Highlander is chary of tale-telling to a Sassenach, but I was mistaken. The old schoolmaster was sympathetic, and walking to the door he looked in the direction of the slab and sighed. "It's a common story, very common" said the old man, "and perhaps it would not interest you." "I am sure it would" I replied. "It must be interesting to have had such a strange outcome." "And yet" went on the old man as if to himself, "It's only a tale of love, true love, but all on one side." "It's often the case" I murmured sympathetically as I settled myself to listen.

"It is seldom" he began "that anything happens here to make people talk; yet Ian did" suddenly changing from the abstract to the personal. "Yet how soon do we become reconciled to what is at first so strange. No one in the Glen now thinks Ian's conduct strange. At first, for weeks we looked with wonder at the extraordinary change that broke his poor widowed mother's heart; now familiarity has bred—pity! Ian was a fine boy till the Sassenach lady came to the lodge," nodding towards the Shooting lodge half hidden in the wood near by. "When she first came he was like any of the other gillies, after she came again he was like what he is now." He stopped a moment. "Ian fell in love with her, and every day saw his passion increase. It was not the temporary passion of a boy for something beautiful. It was such a love as a man knows but once, and in the breast of the Celt passion's fire burns deep, yet Ian concealed it from everyone but my lady herself. She knew it in every glance, and every look of his, and woman-like she felt pleased at the thought, yet felt it was presumption on Ian's part. Still, however much displeased she may have been when she thought of his being only gillie, she often cast sly looks at Ian, and showed a preference for him among all the gillies. One day in the hill she said to him "Ian, why do you not wear a kilt"? Ian looked foolish and said nothing. "I do love to see a man with a kilt" she went on looking slyly at him. He, poor boy, grew so red and confused that my lady laughed merrily and thought it a fine joke. But Ian went home that day with his heart beating, vowing that he would wear a kilt as soon as one could be made. Some mornings afterwards he came to the lodge wearing a kilt, and when my lady saw him she clapped her hands and said "Bravo, Ian, now you do look a Chieftain." That day in the hill, it was the day before my lady's return to London, she talked so much with Ian that he was well nigh frantic, and seized the first chance to tell her his love. It was only

what my lady exerted herself to receive, so after a moment she laughed as she said, "Ian, when you are a real chief, and have a pedigree and a family vault, then you may say to me what you said just now." Ian caught her hand and covered it with kisses, for in his joy he grew bolder. In the morning he came carrying a bunch of white heather, and as he gave it to her, she said "Do you know what this means, Ian"? and then in a low tone "You shall have an answer when I come next year, but remember, a Pedigree," and Ian went home and leapt for joy. Next year she came again, and with her, her husband whom she had but lately married." Here the old man paused and after a minute resumed. "The morning after their arrival Ian came whistling to the lodge. He was dressed in the kilt and felt happy at the thought that he was going to see her, and as he came along he met them. "Oh Arthur" she said "here is Ian—you remember I told you about." Poor Ian, this was his answer. He saw how matters lay at once. His words of welcome died away on his lips, and in his sorrow he turned from them and ran blindly away. She never came back to the lodge after that season, and she did not stay to see it out. Within a week a change came over Ian, and shortly afterwards, when his mother died, his heart was broken, he became wrong altogether. He got a Pedigree and a vault, for he is now Chief of his Clan, and his vault is the slab where you saw him. In the glen we call it "Ian's Tomb." All this was forty years ago. Poor Ian, how we used to romp together as boys" and the old man brushed away what looked very like a tear. "It is a sad story and a very touching one too, yet who knows, stranger things have happened, and Ian may yet become his old self." The schoolmaster shook his head as I rose to go, and my own thoughts belied my words.

The wheel of time had taken another turn and once again I found myself in the little West Highland Glen. I arrived late in the evening, but next morning I bent my steps in the direction of "Ian's Tomb," half expecting to see there the tall form of the chief. Instead, all was silence—no one was there. But there had been a change. The ground around the slab had been dug up, and from the soil several bunches of white heather peeped forth. Around it all was a pretty wooden pailing about two feet high. The slab itself had been chiselled into smoothness in its roughest parts, and to the crude lettering of the Chief were prefixed two words. The inscription now read:—

"Here lies Ian Donn, Chief of his Clan."

As I read it I reverently bared my head, "So" I whispered "they have buried the Chief in his own burying-ground."

W. MACDONALD SMITH.

AUTUMN.

THE glorious purple of the hills has long since faded and given place to great patches of fawn and sombre brown, relieved by the russet hue of faded brackens. Far in the distance the hills of other glens gleam faintly blue through the haze of an autumn evening.

From amid the predominating brown of the trees on the steep hillside and the restful green of those which have been spared a little longer from the withering hand of autumn, there shows up, in startling brilliancy, the varied colours of leaves gradually changing into that hue so

characteristic of dying things; and truly, the dying of the leaves with all their fiery beauty, their daring dashes of crimson and vivid yellow, is but like the flame which flickers up brightly for a little before going out for ever.

But the sun is sinking slowly into the west as the doors of the night close gradually upon it. Its long rays striking through the close trunks and stems of the forest trees down to the floor of the forest slash in red-gold bars athwart the faded, decaying russet leaves of autumns gone by. Lower and lower sink its rays, longer and longer stretch the shadows. No more does it lend its crimson glory to heighten the gorgeous colouring of the woods,



From R R M'lan's

HARVEST TIME IN THE HIGHLANDS.

[*"Highlanders at Home."*]

for now the last ray is shut out, the last hill-top left in the shadow of the night.

The air is chill and sad, and the night comes quickly. The unceasing murmur of the river but adds to the deep solemnity of the lonely glen with its black shadows. A mournful sigh of wind sweeps now and again over the withered heather, carrying with it, not inappropriately, the harsh kir-r-wak-wak of a startled heather-hen.

But see the silver glow which brightens the lower edges of the clouds above the horizon! It is the harvest moon which shows her face on the hill, and lights up with her silver beams the stubble fields. The Sassenach blesses her ray as he comes wearily over the hill with the last

of the season's stags, its noble head still upraised on the deer saddle as when, in the glorious summer days, it stood high, high above the blue-blackness of deep-shadowed corries, full of life and freedom.

Ah! how soon will a wilder blast sweep over the deserted moors and howl through the forests! How soon will the spectre-like rain stalk along the hill-side, and the skeleton trees stand disconsolately waving there bare arms and shrieking like the ghosts of Ossian through the darkness! "Arise! winds of autumn, arise! Streams of the mountains, roar! Roar! tempests, in the groves of my oaks! Walk through broken clouds, O moon!"

Lochaber.

MARY CUMMING.

GAELIC TECHNICAL TERMS CONNECTED WITH CALANAS, ETC.

MOD PRIZE PAPER BY MRS. K. W. GRANT, Port-Elizabeth.

(Continued from page 188).

DATHAN.

An Dara Clàr.

Dath (Colour).	Gaelic.
Black,	Rùsg Feàrna,
Black,	Bun na Copagaich,
Black,	Bun an t-Seileisdeir,
Blue,	Dearcan-monaidh, le falm,
Blue,	Druman, le falm,
Brown (yellowish),	Cnotal,
Brown,	Duileasg,
Brown,	Preas Dhearc, le falm,
Brown (dark),	Dearcan-monaidh le ùbhlán-daraich,
Crimson,	Cnotal geal,
Crimson (dark),	Cnotal dubh,
Flesh-colour,	Cairt-Sheilich,
Grey,	Bun an t-Seileisdeir,
Green,	Bealaidh,
Green,	Rùsg Conaisg,
Green,	Lus-an-Fhùcadair,
Green (dark),	Fraoch, le falm,
Magenta,	Beàrnán-Brìde,
Orange (dark),	Preas Smeur,
Purple,	Lus na h-Eàrnaich
Purple,	Cnotal còinnich,
Red,	Cnotal nan creag,
Red,	Cnotal geal,
Red,	Bun an Ruaimh,
Red,	Leanartach,
Scarlet,	Cnotal cloich-aoil,
Violet,	Biolair,
Violet,	Cairmeal,
Yellow,	Roid,
Yellow,	Freumh na craoibh uinnsinn,
Yellow,	Bun na Rainich,
Yellow,	Lus-Chaluim-Chille,
Yellow,	Lus-an-Fhùcadair,
Yellow,	Cnotal (faded leaf colour),
Yellow (bright),	Lus-na-h-Earnaich, le sùgh cabar-féidh,
Yellow (dirty),	Sùith na mònadh,
	Fraoch, le falm,

DYES.

Second List of Dyes.

Na Dathan (Dyes).
Alder-tree bark.
Dock root.
Water-flag root.
Blaeberries, with alum.
Elder, with alum.
Lichen (Par. saxatilis).
Dulse.
Currant bush, with alum.
Blaeberries, with gall nuts.
White Lichen.
Dark Lichen.
Willow-bark.
Water-flag root.
Broom.
Whin-bark.
Teazle.
Heather, with alum.
Dandelion.
Bramble.
Sundew.
Lichen Cup-moss.
Rock Lichen.
White Lichen.
Rue root.
Tormentil.
Limestone Lichen.
Water Cress.
Tuberous bitter Vetch.
Bog Myrtle.
Ash-tree root.
Bracken root.
St. John's Wort.
Teazle.
Lichen.
Sundew, with ammonia.
Peat soot.
Heather, with alum.

To prepare a pot of indigo :—22 gallons urine, 2 lb. salt. Heat to half boiling-point, stir frequently, then add 1 lb. prepared indigo and 1 lb. madder. Mix the whole and keep warm. Let it remain covered all night, put the wool or yarn into it in the morning.

The following measurements were given to us some time ago :—Five ells, or seven yards, should make a suit of men's clothes ; 6 ells, a lady's costume ; 8 ells, a costume, including outdoor cloak or jacket.

Amount of materials for a suit (tweed) :—1 lb. wool, an ell of cloth (a little less for ladies' stuffs) ; 7 lb. clean wool makes 3 yards of druggat ; 1½ lb. warp, ½ lb. good indigo.

Carding and spinning, 8d. per lb. ; weaving, 7d. per yard.

Chaidh na tomhasan a leanas a thoirt duinn o chionn ghreis—

Còig slatan Gàidhleadh, deise firionnaich. Seachd slatan Gallda (36 òir) deise firionnaich. Sèa slatan Gàidhleadh, deise boirionnaich. Ochd slatan Gàidhleadh, an earradh gu h-ìomlan, a' filleadh a stigh na seacaid, no an tonnag air son dol a mach leis.

Nì, 1 pnd. clòimhe, 1 slat Gàidhleadh de aodach fhear ; beagan na 's lugha air son aodach bhan. Am figheadh—7d an t-slat. 7 pnd. clòimhe ghlan, 8 slatan drògaid. 1½ pnd. dlùth, ½ pnd. Guirmein mhath. Snìomh is càrdadh 8d. am pnd.

MINEACHADH NAM FACAL A TH' AIR AN UISNEACH-
ADH MU OIBREACHADH OLANN.

(Glossary of Terms connected with
Wool-worker).

Abhras, spinning; balg-abhrais, wool-bag, a batch of wool.

Acfhuinn, apparatus.

Amraichean, vats; amar, a vat.

Aodach, cloth; also written "Eudach."

Armadh, oiling.

Bad, badan, a tuft of wool.

Ban-sniomhaiche, spinner (fem.).

Ban-fhigheadair, weaver (fem.).

Beairt, loom.

Beairteachadh, "beaming," putting in the loom.

Breabadair (*one who kicks*), weaver (masc.)—Perthshire.

Bunach, "cutch," roots of wool, to be shaken out of the tufts.

Breacan, tartan cloth, checked cloth.

Buinne, border, selvage.

Cadadh, tartan for hose.

Caimleid, "woollen," a hard woollen cloth, dressed in the Lowlands.

Caitein, nap on cloth.

Calanas, spinning, wool working by women.

Caoin, right side of cloth; caoin air as-caoin, inside out.

Caora, sheep;

Càrlag, lock of wool.

Casa-feannaig, cross-stitch, "herring-bone."

Casan, treadle of loom; caslachan cranna-cas—Hebrides.

Càrd, a wool-comb; càrdadh, combing.

Cèas, a coarse tuft of wool.

Cèaslach, wool on the coarser parts of a fleece.

Cealter, thick grey broadcloth.

Ceirsle, clew (Scot.), ball of worsted.

Cìbeir, shepherd.

Clom, a kind of wool comb.

Clom, to tease or comb wool; cìr, to comb wool with the hand.

Cinn, heads of yarn, 4 to 6 cuts or hanks.

Clach, 1 stone weight.

Clach-ghorm, blue-stone.

Clach-ghuail, shale.

Clàd, a hackle for wool.

Clàdadh, combing, heckling.

Cliath-luathaidh, fuller's hurdle-frame.

Cleachd, fillet of combed wool.

Clò, homespun or broadcloth.

Cnaimh-nighidh, no'n slachdan, beetle, or mallet for washing clothes or fulling cloth.

Coire, vat—or rather, boiler.

Còta, coat.

Cothlamadh, wool-mixture.

Craicionn, a skin.

Craithleag, creel, a shallow basket.

Crann-aodaich, cloth-beam.

Crann-deilbhe, warping-frame.—Mainland.

Crannadh, operation of winding warp round the beam of a loom.—Argyle.

Crann-dlù, warp-beam.—Mainland of Argyll.

Crann-snàth, warp-beam.—Hebrides.

Crois-iarna or cuibheal-iarna, hank-reel.

Crois-thachrais, or eachan, worsted-winder.

Croiseadh, reeling—a hank, 300 yards.

Cuibheal-sniomhaidh, spinning wheel.

Cuibheal-iarna, hank reel, cuta, a hank, or cut.

Cuinn (conn sing), lease bands dividing the hanks, cuts.

Cuigeal agus fearsaid, dealgan, spindle and distaff.

Cungaidh, stuff, i.e., texture; "Tha'n deadh chungaidh ann"—*it is good stuff*.

Dath, dye, colour.

Dathadair, dyer.

Deilbh, warping cloth, casting on stitches for knitting.

Eachan (horsie), a worsted-winder.

Earradh, costume, dress.

Figheadh, weaving;

Failceadh, bath, bathing.

Figheadair, weaver.—Argyll.

Figheachan, web; eige (do chlà), web of home-spun.

Falm, alum.

Fuaidnean, warping-pins.

Fual, urine.

Fùcadair, a fuller.

Fuigheagan, thrums.

Garmain, the beam.

Garmain-uchd, the breast-beam—Argyll; sliseag-uchd—Hebrides.

Gaog, inequality of fineness in yarn.

Gaogach, unequally spun.

Gaogag, running into too great slenderness.

Geir, tallow; créis, fat; blonag, lard.

Gìog, prickle of the teazle.

Glaogh, glue.

Guirmein, indigo, woad.

Iarna, a hank of 300 yards of worsted.

Iomairt, operation, process.

Iomallan, heddles.

Iteachan, bobbin, spool.

Luathadh, fulling, waulking (Scot.).

Maistir, urine prepared for dyeing.

Marachann, marbh-fhionn, as boicionn, a buck-skin, minichionn, kid-skin, so this has become "marachann," the flayed skin of any dead sheep, with wool which is to be plucked from it for use.

Meidhis, part, measure.

Mogul, mesh, heddle-eye.

Mùgaid, a dyeing-bath—or rather, its contents.

Muillear-luadh, a waulk-miller.

Mùrlainn, a canoe-shaped bait-basket, to hold the uncombed wool for the comber; the creel held the "rolagan."

Oir, selvage; oirean, "buine" in the Hebrides.

Ola, oil ; generally pronounced *uile*.
 Olann, olunn, wool.
 Olla, woollen.
 Peurda, tuft of prepared wool.
 Rollag, a single fillet or tress of wool for spinning.
 Rùsg, fleece.
 Sailleann, weaver's paste.
 Sgaradh, shed of the warp.
 Sgeith, fraying.
 Slat-leòid, temples, stretchers.
 Slinn, the skay, or reed.
 Sliosan, plates.
 Snàth, yarn.
 Sniombadh, spinning, twisting.
 Spiorad-buidhe, spirits of salt, yellow spirits.
 Tachras, winding (of yarn).
 Tomhas, measure ; slat-thomhais, yard-stick.
 Treisginn, "dressing" paste.
 "Twills" ceithir-chuairt, four-leaved twills.
 Uchd-crochte, hanging-bank ; uchd-suidhichte, standing-bank.

(To be continued.)

THA MO DHÙIL.

THIS song is taken from *An Duanaire*, a collection of odd songs and rhymes in Gaelic, by Donald C. MacPherson. There are other versions of the song which have many more verses. It is well-known in the West Highlands, particularly in Skye. The air given is not the only one to which the song is sung. It would be interesting to have the other versions of the words and music.

MALCOLM MACFARLANE.

GLEUS D.

{ : r. m | s : f. m | r : r. r | d' }
 SEISD—Tha mo dhùil, tha mo dhùil, Tha mo dhùil—

{ : d', r' | m'. r' : r'. d' | t : d'. l | s }
 sa ri tilleadh Dh'ionnsuidh Dùthaich Mhic Leòid

{ : f. m | r : m. s | d'. t : l. l | s }
 Far an òg robh mi 'mireadh. Tha mo dhùil,

{ : f. m | r ||
 tha mo dhùil.

Fhuair sinn litrichean o'n rìgh
 Gus sinn fhìn dheanamh ullamh
 Los a dhol a null do'n Fhraing
 A chur braing 'san fhear-mhillidh.

Nuair a chuir iad sinn air bòrd
 Anns an òrdugh bu ghrinne,
 Bha gach fear is bean ag ràdh
 "Cha dean pàirt aca tilleadh."

Nuair a thog iad rithe siùil,
 Ri ! bu tìrsach bha sinne :
 Bhi 'gar cur a null do'n Fhraing
 Gus am Frangach a thilleadh.

Nuair a chuir iad sinn air tìr,
 Am measg sìbein is murrain,
 Thug sinn baiteal air an tràigh,
 'S gu'n d' rinn pàirt againn fuireach.

Trath ràinig sinn an camp,
 Gur ann ann a bha 'n iomairt
 Eadar Shasunnach is Ghall,
 'S iad an geall bhi 'nar cuideachd.

Thàinig esan, mac an rìgh,
 'S e mar aon anns a' chuideachd :
 "Mo cheist Gaidhil an Taoibh-tuath ;
 Bha sibh uam, fhuair mi nis sibh."

Fhir a dh' imicheas do'n Iar,
 Ged robh bliadhna mu'n ruig thu,
 Thoir an t-soiridh so do m' ghràidh :
 Ma is slàn mi, gu'n tig mi.

BOCH OIRINN O!

THE following song is well known, but suffers from having only a few lines preserved, making an incomplete song. It is a grand air, and for that reason I have added some half-dozen simple lines which make the song complete and carry out the spirit in which it is begun.

C. M. P.

St. Kilda air.

GLEUS C.
 RANN.

{ d' : t | l : s, m. - | d' : d'. r' | m'. r' : d' }
 'S truagh a rìgh, nach robh mi thall ud, O,

{ d'. t : l. s | d' : m | s : l. t | d'. t : l }
 Anns an tìr 'sam bheil mo leannan, O.

SEISD.

{ s : m, r | d : - | m : s. l | s : f. m | s : l. t | d' : - ||
 Boch oirinn, O, Boch oirinn oirinn, Boch oirinn, O !

Anns an tìr 'sam bheil mo leannan, O !
 Tìr nam beann, nan gleann 's nam bealaichean ;
 Eòin air géig is féidh 's an langanaich ;
 Uaislean suaice d' an dual a bhi barrasach ;
 Rachadh do'n bhlàr gu dàna, feardhalach ;
 Leanadh an ruaig le luaths an dealanaich ;
 Ged is bàigheil, blàth aig baile iad ;
 'S trom mo chràdh o'n dh' fhàg mo leannan mi
 Dhol do'n mhòr-thìr a chòmhnuidh maille riu ;
 'S truagh nach d' fhuair mi seòladh thairis leis.

DR. LACHLAN MACLEAN AND THE RUM EVICTIONS.

SIR—The Rev. A. MacLean Sinclair, at page 241 of his recent work on the Clan Gillean, writes that the late Dr. Lachlan MacLean, of the Gallanach family of Coll, has been severely blamed for the evictions which took place from the Island of Rum, in the early part of the last century, and leaves it to be inferred that the censure thus passed upon him is just. Such a conclusion would be altogether unwarrantable.

The enclosed extract from a memorandum written by my father in 1872, shows how he came to take Rum, and proves conclusively that all his dealings with the people of the island redound to his honour. The evictions had been in progress for some time, before, acting on a sudden impulse, he resolved to take the island on lease. In order to enable him to do this, he had to sell to his own father, Charles Maclean of Gallanach, the estate of Ardlu in Mull, which he had only purchased in 1825, from Dr. John MacLaine of Killundine.

The Rev. Mr. MacLean Sinclair has now an opportunity of correcting the wrong impression created among the readers of his book at home and abroad by his remarks, which cast unmerited aspersions on the memory of a just and generous man.—I am, etc.,

25th June, 1901.

C. S. MACLEAN, Major-General.

THE RUM EVICTIONS.

EXTRACT FROM A MEMORANDUM BY THE LATE
DR. LACHLAN MACLEAN.

“In the first place I will explain how I was induced to take the Island of Rum.—For some years before I took a lease of it, the inhabitants became very unreasonable, and would not pay for rent what was reasonable, but what they pleased. At last it was resolved to let the whole island to one person. The proprietor was to pay the passage of all who chose to go to British America—to which the people agreed the more readily as a considerable number had some years previously emigrated and settled, and wished their friends to follow them. Their arrears of rent were also given up to them. The island was advertized, and understanding that a Club were (about) to offer for it, who would show no sympathy for the people, and happening to be in Edinburgh at the time, I made an offer which was accepted. This was in 1825, and the following year, 1826, I took possession. I bought, or rather took at valuation, all their live stock and everything they had to dispose of. About 130 of the inhabitants being poor, they did not take the benefit of this generous offer. These remained on the island for two years, and were all employed by me and fairly paid. Hearing favourable accounts from their friends, they at last followed—their passage being paid, to which I contributed £150. I was always an advocate for emigration—if done in a kind and liberal way, as in this case. *All were well pleased.* [Italics mine.—C.S.M.] They had a great advantage in the fact that the proprietor encouraged them for many years previously to educate their children, I may say at his own expense, so that all of them could read and write. This was the system on all the property of that

exemplary proprietor, Alexander MacLean of Coll, who went under the name of the last of the Laids, as he was in reality the last Highland Laird who knew and practised his duty to his tenants. He gave up the management to his son, who was kind and amiable, but wanted steadiness and judgment, and very often forgot his promises.”

18th July, 1872.

(Signed) LACH. MACLEAN.

THE MOUNTAINS.

THE mountains! the mountains!

The mist upon the brae,
The thunder of the western seas,
The dash of salted spray;
The carol of the waking birds
To greet the birth of day!

O the blossoms! the blossoms!

Wet with early dew,
That perfume all the hilly land
They lavishly bestrew;
The trails of berry and of moss,
The lochs where lilies grew!

O the mountains! the mountains!

In silence and in dreams;
The passing of the hero-hosts
In scudding cloudland gleams,
The clashing of their bossy shields
To roar of tumbling streams.

O the rivers! the rivers!

With rock and wood between;
The treasures of the ferny world
That lurk in clefts unseen,
The queen of all 'neath giant oak,
In robes of tenderest green!

O the mountains! the mountains!

The glamour of the nights,
When soft the crescent moon appears
To steal o'er wooded heights;
The darkening shadows o'er the loch,
The myriad sounds and sights!

O the music! the music!

Distinct in every burn,
The secret of the waters
Only favoured ones may learn;
The haunting of the melody,
That bids us turn and turn!

O the mountains! the mountains!

The master-painter towers
Transcendent in his majesty
Where we, in careless hours,
His angel-woven carpet trod
Of honey-scented flowers!

O the moorland! the moorland!

The purple streak of morn,
The mystery of that fated hour
When life seems most forlorn;
The passage of the dying soul
On heavenly pinions borne!

O the memories! the memories!

With time but dearer grown,
Around each peak and rock and stream
Or lichen-covered stone,
Ablaze with heather and with broom
In glens we name our own!

ALICE C. MACDONELL, of Keppoch.



